

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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J. Byron

THE
OF
LORD BYRON



The Corsair's life

FREDERICK WARNE & CO.





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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.



THIS Edition contains the whole of Byron's Poems as published by him during his lifetime. They have been carefully compared with existing issues, and a few notes added where information appeared necessary.

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HOURS OF IDLENESS:

A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1807.]

‘*Virginitibus puerisque canto.*’—HORACE, lib. iii. Ode 1.

‘*Μῆτ’ ἄρ με μάλ’ αἶνεε, μῆτε τι νεύει.*’—HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249.

‘He whistled as he went, for want of thought.’—DRYDEN.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC. ETC.,

THE SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

OBLIGED WARD AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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.

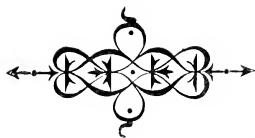
These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is perhaps unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits: under the 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 a social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated: yet, ‘to do greatly, we must dare greatly;’ and I have 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 everybody; because they who have no connection, 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 denied 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 '*virium et vitare per eris*.' 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 Peerage 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 especially 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 heretofore, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor, even in the very doubtful event of resent indelgence, 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, 'that when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he is served to have his merit handsomely allowed,' 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 censures of an unmerciful criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

* The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause, to which by their intrinsic worth they were well entitled.



HOURS OF IDLENESS.

WRITTEN FROM 1810 TO 1817

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,*

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM.†

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,

Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay where once such animation beam'd;
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey:
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars
Beyond where splend' shines the orb of day;
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain;—
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

TO E.—

LET Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth,
Yet envy not this gaudy state;
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

TO D.—

IN thee I fondly hop'd to sleep
A friend, whom death alone could sever;
Till envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forc'd thee from my breast,
Yet in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;
There, there thine image still must rest,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And when the grave restores her dead,
When life again to dust is given,
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—
Without thee, where would be my heaven?

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐν ζωαῖσιν ἔως.
LAEKTIVS.

Oh Friend! for ever lov'd, 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!
I 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 liv'd 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 deplores 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?

* Admiral Parker's daughter

† The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than perhaps any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

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.

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-encumbered stone,
My epitaph shall be my name alone;
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.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

* Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged
days? Thou lookest from thy tower today, yet a
few years, and the blast of the death comes, it
howls in thy empty court.—OSSEAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newcastle, 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 bloss'd in the
way.

Of the mules, and all the rest, which sprang from the
Leda's egg, and the Phœnix's nest,
The great variety of which, when we were young,
rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain,

No more doth old Robert, with heart-stringing
numbers,

Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurel's
wreath;

Near Askalon's towers John of Horistan slumbers,
Umervil is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy,
For the safety of Edward, and they fell;
My fathers! the tears of your country distress ye;
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can
tell.

On Marston, with Rupert, '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.

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.

LINES

WRITTEN IN 'LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND
AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J. ROUSSEAU:
FOUNDED ON FACTS.'

' Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts:
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED
TO MISS —.

DEAR, simple girl, those flattering arts

From which thou'dst guard frail female hearts.

Exist but in imaginations—

Mere phantoms of thine own creation:

For he who views that witching grace,

That perfect form, that lovely face,

With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,

He never wishes to deceive thee:

Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,

Thou'lt there discover thy own grace

Which from our sex attracts such praises,

But envy in the other lies—

If he who looks thee with thy beauty,

Believing, only does his duty:

Ah! fly not from the candid youth;

It is not flattery—'tis truth.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL, WHEN
DYING.*

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 wond'ring humour gay,

But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD IESUM

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—

Greater than Jove he seems to me—

Wies, free from jealousy's alarms,

So surely views thy matchless charms

* Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated—Prince Rupert, son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

* Animula! vagula, Mandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Que nunc abbas in loca—
Follidula, rigida, mullula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?

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 MARCUS.

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
 And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
 By Death's unequal hand alike controll'd,
 Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

**Sulpicia ad Cerinthum.*—*l. ib.* iv.

CRUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease
 Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please?
 Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
 That I might live for love and you again;
 But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate;
 By death alone I can avoid your hate.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

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 mov'd:
 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 overflow,
 Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow:
 Thou art the cause of all her woe,
 Receiptacle 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 dis sever;
 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 HORACE.

THE man of firm and noble soul
 No factious clamours can controul;
 No threaten'ing tyrant's dark'ning brow
 Can swerve him from his just intent:
 Gales the warring waves which plough,
 By Anster on the billows spent,
 To curb the Adriatic main,
 Would awe his fix'd, determin'd mind in vain.
 Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
 Hurling his lightnings from above,
 With all his terrors there unroll'd,
 He would unmoved, unawed behold
 The flames of an expiring world,
 Again in crushing chaos roll'd,
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
 Might light his glorious funeral pile.
 Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON.

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 advanced 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 chorals 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 melodious songs being,
And sweetly on the walls was sung;
My harp shal'ld be ever instrumental,
To tell to all my heart most true;
Love, Liberty, and glory for our claim,
In song of olden days, and of our name.

FRAGMENT ANACREON.

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven
Her car half round yon stable heaven;
Bootes, only, seem'd to roll
His arctic charge around the pole;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to sigh, or ceased to weep;
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quickening the direst his course,
And knock'd, with all his little force,
My vessel full of blissful repose—
'What stronger breaks thy bliss repose?
'Alas! replies the wily child,
In faltering accents sweetly mild,
'A hapless infant here I am,
Far from my dear maternal home,
Oh! shield me from the ventry blast!
The nightly storm is pouring fast,
No prowling robber here is here,
A wailing baby who can fear?
I heard his wailing wiles of yore,
I heard his wailing wiles of yore;
My friends were all departed,
But felt for all the little ones,
I drew the curtain by the light,
Young boys, and infants, met my sight;
Heedless of the storm's rattling,
And their dear kind parents' wailing,
(Alas! how I did ask to be)
Would I could see you in my heart)
With care I had my wailing guest,
His little name, 'O' the little one;
His glossy curls, his starry eyes,
Which drop with nightly showers, I wipe;
His slaving, but not evil, wailing,
And now resting on the storm,
Since I could not his wailing cheer,
Than suit his wailing under cover;
'I fear you'll have my wailing host;
He'll be the first to be the first;
I fear, unless I can be the first;
The string, their former wailing,
With penitence, his wailing,
Deep in my tortured breast;
Then bid the joy be the first;
'My love, and still hope of the first;
'Tis truly my first, thy wailing,
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 sought Ocean's mossy hall,
My voice shall raise no pious strain,
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hestione 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.

TO EMMA.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover
Since now our dream of bliss is past,
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas! that pang will be severe,
Which bids us part to meet no more;
Which takes me far from one so dear,
Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,
And joy will mingle with our tears;
When thinking on these ancient towers,
The shelter of our infant years;

Well! to this Gothic casement's height,
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell;
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
We linger, look a last farewell,

O'er paths through which we used to run,
And spend the hours in childish play;
O'er shades where, when our race was done,
Reposing on my breast you lay;

Whilst I, a hating, too remiss,
Forgot to ward the hovering flies,
Yet dived every fly the kiss
It dared to give your slumbering eyes;

See still the little painted bark,
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;
See there, high waving o'er the park,
The high chamber'd for your sake.

The time is past—our joys are gone,
You leave me leave this happy vale;
The time is past—I must retrace alone;
Without thee, what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,
The anguish of a last embrace,
When, torn from all you fondly loved,
You bid a long adieu to peace!

This is the deepest of our woes,
For this these tears our cheeks bedew;
This is of love the final close,
O God! the fondest, last adieu!

TO M. S. G.

WHENE’ER I view those lips of thine,
 Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
 Yet I forego that bliss divine,
 Alas! it were unhallow’d bliss.

Whene’er I dream of that pure breast,
 How could I dwell upon its snows!
 Yet is the daring wish repress;
 For that—would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye
 Can raise with hope, depress with fear;
 Yet I conceal my love—and why?
 I would not force a painful tear,

I ne’er have told my love, yet thou
 Hast seen my ardent flame too well:
 And shall I plead my passion now,
 To make thy bosom’s heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,
 United by the priest’s decree:
 By any ties but those divine,
 Mine, my beloved, thou ne’er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,
 Let it consume, thou shalt not know:
 With joy I court a certain doom,
 Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,
 By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;
 Rather than such a sting impart,
 Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I’d brave
 More than I here shall dare to tell;
 Thy innocence and mine to save—
 I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
 And hope no more thy soft embrace;
 Which to obtain, my soul would dare
 All, all reproach—but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
 No matron shall thy shame reprove;
 Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
 No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE.

THINK’ST thou I saw thy beautiful eyes,
 Suffused in tears, implore to stay,
 And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
 Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears express,
 When love and hope lay both o’erthrown;
 Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
 Throb’d with deep sorrow as thine own.

But when our cheeks with anguish glow’d,
 When thy sweet lips were join’d to mine,
 The tears that from my eyelids flow’d
 Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou could’st not feel my burning cheek,
 Thy gushing tears had quench’d its flame;
 And as thy tongue essay’d to speak,
 In sighs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
 In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
 Remembrance only can remain—
 But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!
 Ah! if thou canst, overcome regret;
 Nor let thy mind past joys review—
 Our only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm,
 Ne’er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;
 For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,
 And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet still this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
 That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sere:
 That age will come on, when remembrance, deplo’ring,
 Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a tear;

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining
 Their anburn, those locks must wave thin to the
 breeze,

When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,
 Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

’Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o’er my
 features,

Though I ne’er shall presume to arraign the decree,
 Which God has proclaim’d as the fate of His crea-
 tures,

In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,
 No doubt can the mind of your lover invade;
 He worships each look with such faithful devotion,
 A smile can enchant, or a tear can disengage.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o’ertake
 us,

And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy
 glow,

Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,
 When calling the dead, in earth’s bosom laid low,—

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of
 pleasure,

Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow:
 Let us pass round the cup of love’s bliss in full mea-
 sure,

And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

TO CAROLINE.

OH! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow?
 Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight from this
 clay?

The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow
 But brings, with new torture, the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses,

I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me from bliss;
For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses
Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes
brightning,

Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could
assuage,

On our foes should my glance launch in vengeance its
lightning,

With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,

Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight :

Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,

Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,

Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer.

Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation ;

In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place
me,

Since, in life, love and friend-ship for ever are fled?

If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee.

Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS

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 vain, fictitious flame ;
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Α Βαρβίτος δε χορδαῖς

Ἐρωτα μουνον ἤχεϊ.—ANACREON.

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 rhymers, whose bosoms with fantasy 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 re-
prove,

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.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your own,

When Probus fill'd your magisterial throne ?

As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,

Had'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,

So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,

And seat Pomposus where your Probus sat.

Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,

Pomposus holds you in his harsh control ;

Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,

With florid jargon, and with vain parade ;

With noisy nonsense and new-fangled rules,

Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools,

Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,

He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause ;

With him the same dire fate attending Rome,

Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom :

Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,

No trace of science left you, but the name.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

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 ; *

* At every public school, the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, nor far beneath the throne.
Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control,
Though passive tutors, 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 simple 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, for-
bear ;
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 gleam the laurel meteor of an hour ;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside ;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
In life just gaz'd at, in the grave forgot :
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herakl's roll,
That well-embazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'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 forth.
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 ordain'd to shine ;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.
Such 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 ;

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew ;
Peace, that reflection never from n'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 breath'd in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF
MISS CHAWORTH.

HILLS of Annesley! bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests, warring,
How above thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see ;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

GRANTA: A MEDLEY

Ἀργυραίς λόγχασι μάχου καὶ πάντα Κρατήσαις.

OH! could Le Sage's demon's gift*

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.

Lo! candidates and voters lie
All huff'd in sleep, a goddly number;
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H—, 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,†
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal;
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle:‡

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothense.

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,
Across the green in numbers fly.

Lo! 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 list'ning 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 asked to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspired by stratagem 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 dunce a soul will stay to read;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low;
'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

* The Diablic Boit-out of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

† Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

‡ The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and is not very intelligible.

* The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothense is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

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 Juppiter annos.'

VIRGIL.

THE scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollec-
tion

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 ;

Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied,
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remem-
brance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied !

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where
we fought ;

The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we re-
sorted,
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 ;
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 sur-
rounded,
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown ;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses re-
sounded,
I fancied that Mossop 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.

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 pleasures 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'ershadows 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 clate
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,
How'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 holdest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze ;
Thy beauty must enrapture all ;
But who can dare thee in dead 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 sauns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.*

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 naught ;
But, plac'd in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
O Memory ! thou choicest blessing
When join'd with hope, when still possessing ;
But how much curs'd 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 !

* Mossop, a contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

* * Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return —
SHAKESPEARE.

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.*

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,
She! 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!

Al! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sm in my dream, I atone for it now,
'Tis doubtful 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 slumber beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE

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 spring from beauty's mould,
The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, not 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.

* This line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

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.

TO LESBIA.

LESBIA! since far from you I've ranged,
Our souls with fond affection glow not;
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,
I'd tell you why—but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;
And, Lesbia! we are not much older
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
Two years have lingering pass'd away, love!
And now new thoughts our minds engage,
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'Tis I that am alone to blame,
I that am guilty of love's treason,
Since your sweet breast is still the same,
Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;
Warm was the passion of my youth,
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended;
For, oh! I loved you most sincerely;
And—though our dream at last is ended—
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers—
Absence has made me prone to roving!
But older, firmer hearts than ours
Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
No w beauties still are daily bright'ning;
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
The force of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
Many will throng to sigh like me, love!
More constant they may prove, indeed;
Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,
WHO HAD BEEN ALARMED BY A BULLET FIRED
BY THE AUTHOR WHILE DISCHARGING HIS
PISTOLS IN A GARDEN.

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl! the hissing lead,
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurtling o'er thy lovely head,
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force,
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide;
But Heaven, with interposing power,
In pity turn'd the death aside.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear
Upon that thrilling bosom fell;
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,
Extracted from its glistening cell:

Say, what dire penance can atone
For such an outrage done to thee?
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
What punishment wilt thou decree?

Might I perform the judge's part,
The sentence I should scarce deplore;
It only would restore a heart
Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make
Is to become no longer free;
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,
Thou shalt be all in all to me,

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
Such expiation of my guilt:
Come, then, some other mode elect;
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless! and I swear
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent;
Yet hold—one little word forbear!
Let it be aught but banishment.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

'Αει, δ' αει με φευγει.—ANACREON.

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

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 which 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,
Astra 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!

DAMETAS.

In law an infant, and in years a boy,*
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
I 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,
Dametias 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,

* In law, every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

Or bends the languid eyelid down,
 But shuns the cold, forbidding frown.
 Then resume thy former fire,
 Some will love, and all admire ;
 While that icy aspect chills 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, curtsies, 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 (what'er
 I think, is neither here nor there)
 Is, that such lips, of look, and bearing,
 Were form'd for better things than sneering ;
 Of soothing compliment directed,
 Advice at least's disinterested ;
 Such is my artless song to thee,
 From all the flow of flattery free ;
 Counsel like mine is like a brother's,
 My heart is given to some others ;
 That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
 It shares itself among a dozen.
 Maron, when I oh, pry thee slight not
 This warning, though it may delight not ;
 And, lest my precepts be despis'd, bring
 To those who think restraint me to bring,
 At once I'll tell thee our opinion
 Concerning woman's soft dominion ;
 How ever we gaze with admiration
 On eyes of lute or lips of carnation,
 How ever the flowing locks attract us,
 How ever those beauties may distract us,
 Still tickle, we are prone to love,
 These cannot fix our souls to love ;
 It is not too severe a stricture
 To say they form a pretty picture ;
 But wouldst thou see the secret chain
 Which binds us in your humble train,
 To hail you queens of all creation,
 Know, in a word, 'tis ANXIATION.

TO A LADY, ✓

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF
 HAIR BRAIDED WITH HER OWN, AND ACCOMPANIED
 A NIGHT IN DECEMBER, TO MELT HIM IN THE
 GARDEN.

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
 In firmer chains our hearts confine,
 Than all th' unmeaning protestations
 Which swell with nonsense a love oration.
 Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it,
 Nor time, nor place, nor art have mov'd it ;
 Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
 With groundless jealousy repine.

With silly whims and fancies frantic,
 Merely to make our love romantic ?
 Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,
 And fret with self-created anguish ;
 Or doom the lover you have chosen,
 On winter nights to sigh half-frozen ;
 In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
 Only because the scene's a garden ?
 For gardens seem, by one consent,
 Since Shakespeare set the precedent,
 Since Juliet first declared her passion,
 To form the place of assignation.
 Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
 And seat her by a sea-coal fire ;
 Or had the Bard at Christmas written,
 And laid the scene of love in Britain,
 He surely, in commiseration,
 Had changed the place of declaration.
 In Italy I've no objection ;
 Warm nights are proper for reflection ;
 But here our climate is so right,
 That love, itself is rather frigid ;
 Think on our chilly situation,
 And curb this rage for imitation ;
 Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
 Beneath the influence of the sun ;
 Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
 Within your mansion let me greet you ;
 There we can lay our hours together,
 Much better, in such snowy weather,
 Than plac'd in all th' Arabian groves
 That ever witnessed rural loves ;
 Then, if my passion fail to please,
 Next night I'll be content to freeze ;
 No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
 But curse my fate for ever after.

OSCAR OF ALVA.*

A TALE.

HOW sweetly shines through azure skies,
 The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore ;
 Where Alva's hourly 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 vi'ld at midnight's silent noon,
 Her clicks in gleaming mail array'd ;
 And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
 Which snow'd o'er ocean's sullen flow,
 Pale in the scatter'd banks 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.

* The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of 'Jeronymo and Lorenza,' in the first volume of Schiller's *Tragicum; or, The Gift of Sorrow*. It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of *Macbeth*.

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 grey 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 eddying 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'd oft beneath their steel;

And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

While Allan's soul bellied 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 linds to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beautiful bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smil'd;
It soothed the father's fœdal 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 choral 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 unkin'd?
Would I 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 grey 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 liv'd, 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 scripples 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 to-morrow past,
What smiles the lover's 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
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
The blue flames curl'd o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red.
His voice is like the r'ising 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.

Sadden 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 marr'd Oscar's death or flight.'

'Tis well,' replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye;
'Thy Oscar's fate I am 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.*

'Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
With wine let every cup be crown'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?

* Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

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
A down 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 plac'd.

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 rais'd 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 deeply 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 reel wounds there,
And fixed 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 Glent-nar'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 had his wounded pride rebel;
Alas! that eyes 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 corpse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel grey, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan'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 JUNEID, LIB. IX.

NISUS, the guardian of the port, 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 Danian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier men 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,

My sire secured them: on that fatal day,
 Nor left such bowls 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 Debi gave,
 While yet our ves-sels press'd the Punic wave:
 But when the hostile chiefs at length low down,
 When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
 The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steel
 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 good-like 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 allieus 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-lov'd child may live again;
 Her dying hours with pious con-duct 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 overflow;
 Such love was his, and such had been his woe
 'All thou hast asked, receive,' the prince replied;
 'Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
 To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
 Crensa's 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;
 Euryalus' utmost skill had graced the steel,
 For foils to envy and for foes to feel:
 A tawny lady, the Moorish lions' spoil,
 Stain'd amidst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
 Men-stroth to guard the elder youth bestows,
 And old Æthetes' 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 prayer 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 bristles, 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 my 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 ease, 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 chari-deer along his consort'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 swollen veins the blackening torrents pour;
 Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
 Young Lamyris and Lamus next expire.
 And gay Scramus, filled 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 Rhesus sees the threatening steel;

* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

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,
 C'nwath'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 morn.'

What silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
 What hounds and mantles in confusion toss'd,
 They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize
 Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
 The gilded harness Khaumes' contrivers felt,
 The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt
 This from the pallid corpse 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 Turmus' 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 Turmus with their master's promise sped;
 Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
 When, on the left, a light reflection falls:
 The plumed helmet, through the waning night,
 Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
 Volscens with question fond 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:
 Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
 The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;
 But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
 To where Latimus' 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 hears the noise
 The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys:
 The hapless boy a ruffian 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 wish'd to live?
 Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
 On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye:—
 'Godless scene, 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 you vaulting 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 Salmus' entrails lay,
 Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
 He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
 Unconscious when e the death, with horror gaze,
 While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
 A second shaft with equal force is driven:
 Hence 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—hurl not—lo! the guile confest!
 All, all 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 gor'd;
 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, ex-pires beneath the share;
 Or a crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
 Dehning gently, falls a falling 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 a crowd 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 is 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'd,
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 desire
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 may 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 bow'r;
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 deploras,
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 loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key†
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,
Magnus his ample front sublime appears:
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 critic's ken
What, though he knows not how his fathers led,
When civil discord paled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering Ian be a vance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France,
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well 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 even 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's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
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 dis-please the Dean,

* Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus from which this is taken here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

† The original means literally 'disclosing the bright key of the mind.'

While every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
No matter what, so it can not be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
Who speaks the fastest 's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the worldly race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sloping shade;
Where on Cam's sedge banks supine they lie
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think of Learning fix'd within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts and string toodespise,
Yet praise Bentley's, Brinkley's, or Porson's note,*
More than the verse on which the critic wrote:
Vain as their honours, heavy as their tale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship lea'd, though not to night to feel
When Scott and Clarendon had a bigot zeal,
With eager haste, the votive load of power,
Whether his Pitt or Parnell's star'd hour,
To him, with supplicants, they 'sail the head,
While distant nitre to the eyes water'd paid,
But shall I esteem a wreath him with disgrace,
They'd fain to seek the best who fill'd his place,
Such are the men who Lear's gems to treasures guard!
Such is the ir practice, and 's their reward!
Tis not, he that I said, to say presume to say—
The premium not even of the price they pay.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall never 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 none, and mine are regret;
In vain I bid thee mingling sighs,
Another to the future plies:
Perhaps 'tis this not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we in our silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels;
Decit the guilty lips impart,
And hush the immodities 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, reprov'd us,
Say rather, 'twas the spirit mov'd 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 make me wish for endless night.
Since, oh! what'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 dearest of my bosom's care:
'May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker
That anguish never can o'ertake her;
Thy 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!

THE CORNELIAN.

No specious splendour of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;
With lustre only once it shone,
And I blushes modest as the giver.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have for my weakness oft reprov'd me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize,
For I am sure the giver lov'd me.

He offer'd it with downcast look,
As fearful that I might refuse it;
I told him, when the gift I took,
My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
And ever since I've lov'd a tear.

Still to adorn his humble youth,
Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield;
But he who seeks the flowers of truth
Must quit the garden for the field.

* Professor Porson, of Trinity College, Cambridge; a man in whose powers of mind and writings may perhaps justify their preference.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well proportioned to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
His form had fix'd her fickle breast;
Her countless boards would his have been,
And none remain'd to give the rest

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE
OF THE 'WHEEL OF FORTUNE' AT A PRIVATE
THEATRE.

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 of 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.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX.

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU
APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER

*OUR nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when Pitt resign'd his breath:

These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where justice points it's due.'

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES
SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

O 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 it's due';
Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corpse 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.

THE TEAR.

'O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix I in iino qui scatementem
Pectore te, jua 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 Atlantic 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-crimson'd spear,
All his toils are repaid, when, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth! 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 possess'd, 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 rests with the splendour of woe,
Which the hollow vanity rear,
No fiction of fame shall live in my name,
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

REPLY TO SOME VERSES

OF J. M. B. POOL, ESQ., ON THE CRUELTY OF
HIS MISTRESS.

WHY, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,
Why thus in despair do you fret?
For months you may try, yet, believe me, a sigh
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? For a time seem to
love;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile,
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the arts of these fanciful fair,
They think all our homage a debt:
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,
And seem her hauteur to regret;
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;

Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly; but yet,
Though my heart they enthrall, I'd abandon them
all,
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by
the smart,
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

YOUR pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend,
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er:
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret;
She's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
Of this quickly-reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
Ere in your verses what else she deserved,
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,
And your fair was so selfishly reserved.

Since the palm-breathing kiss of this magical miss
Can such wonderful transports produce;
Since the "world you forget, when your lips once
have met,"
My counsel will get but abuse.

You say, when 'I love, I know nothing of love;
'Tis true, I am given to range:
If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
To hum our a whimsical fair;
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown won't
affright,
Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform,
To mix in the Platonist's school;
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
Whose image must fill my whole breast—
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—
What an insult 'twould be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good-bye, I cannot deny
Your passion appears most absurd;
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
For it only consists in the word.

* Harrow.

TO ELIZA.

ELIZA, what fools are the Mussuhnan sect,
Who to women deny the soul's future existence!
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,
He ne'er would have women from paradise driven;
Instead of his hours, a flimsy pretence,
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!—
With souls you'd dispense; but this last who could
bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made,
On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most uncial;
Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
'Though women are angels, yet wellock's the
devil.'

LACHIN Y GAIR *

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 foun-
tains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains 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 I 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.

* *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our 'Caledonian Alps.' Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near *Lachin y Gair* I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.

† This word is erroneously pronounced *plaid*: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.

'Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding'
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,†
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;‡
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 flowers 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 Pylades 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!

* I allude here to my maternal ancestors, 'the Gordons, many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntly, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland. By her he left four sons; the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, *'Piper's Ayr to do.'*

‡ A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a Castle of Braemar.

§ It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Eurydus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, or the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

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 pinnons 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 motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow
For any pang 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 frenzy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant bard that I not may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
Even now the gulph appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Conspired 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, COMPLAIN-
ING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS
RATHER TOO WAKELY DRAWN.

"But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
Should condemn me for printing a second edition;
If good Marianne Spintem my work should abuse,
My I venture to give her a smack of my muse!"
New Bath Guide.

CANDOUR compels me, Eucher I 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 will I 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?
Precepts 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,
Outstrip 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 contain 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 Hebeon 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 duple in a modest smile,
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe—
She whom a con-dious 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 can 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.

FLEGGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY

"It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before
me with all their deeds.—OSSIAN.

NEWSHEAD fast-falling, on a resplendent dome
Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's 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 malked serfs, † obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross demand; ‡
Or gay assembly round the festive board
Their chiefs retainers, an immortal band:

Disc 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.

* Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

† This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, *The Heart of Midlothian*, synonymous with vassal.

‡ The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.

But not from thee, dark pile I 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 adjured 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 fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming* spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary paid,†

Years rolled 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 Henry 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 halls 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 fortress 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 foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

* As 'gloaming,' the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr Moore in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

† The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

‡ At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd still, his faction there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wish'd to strew
Self-gathered 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 him from the unequal strife,*
In other fields the torrent to repel,
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
To lead the band where godlike Falkland fell.†

From thee, poor pile I 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 course,
Noisome and ghastly defiles thy sacred soil,
O'er mingling man, and horse—omnivorous with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould,
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Naked from repose in search of 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 satiated 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 fan.

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 tombs she welcomes his exiring groans;
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;
Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,
Loathing the offering of so dark a death.‡

* Lord Byron and his brother Sir William held high commands in the royal army. The former was general-in-chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

† Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

‡ This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers; both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition, but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave for

The legal ruler* 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 echoes float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees,
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake:
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase
The flying stag seeks refuge in the lake;
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 grey 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 are 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
Or gongaw 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.'

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 confined,
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 she-ils 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.
Eh! 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, seems the same;
Through winding paths along the glade, I trace
The social smile of every welcome face;
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
Our fends dissolv'd, 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 tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dear-bought knowledge purchas'd by deceit,
Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,

the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

* Charles II.

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 friends 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 most 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 sabbie 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, 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 arbour 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 led 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 ruler 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 gravell, the other just begun ;
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire ;
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 command'd, 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 seal'd,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd ;
Here Probus came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell ;
And here one night abroad they dur'd 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—

* Dr Drury. This most able and excellent man re-
tired in March, 1805, after having resided thirty-five
years at Harrow: the last twenty as head-master.

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 unfur'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 joy,
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 I was near;
My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of Ida danced before my eyes;
I saw the sprightly wain here's pouring along,
I saw and join'd again the joys as throng;
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.

Yet why should I alone with such delight
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause but on the Roman claim
Endear'd to all in child blood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vites 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.
These hearts, dear Ida, have I from I in thee—
A home, a world, a garb, his home
Stern Death forbids me explain uth to share
The ten-ter guidance of a father's care
Can I ask, or e'en a girl's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?
For this can wealth or title's sound alone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
For me how ill the vicar's moments rise,
To no fond illusion fabled kinhood nest!
Oft in the progress of some flattering dream
Fraternal smiles collect, and I have 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 I die;
I hear again,—but ah! in vain the voice,
A hermit, amidst of crows, I fan myself stray,
Alone, though thou and pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blooming mine;
What then remains? in solitude to grow,
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! best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name embles 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 declivity shore,
Our phantom limbs the buoyant 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 I
Davius, 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,
Thy rustic's mask and arm'd against my life;
How you'd in air the mazy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
While I, in combat with another foe,
Forgot on me unconscious th' impending blow;
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
I toward you sprung, insensible to fear;
Disarm'd, and I bailed by your conquering hand,
The provelling savage roll'd upon the sand:
An act like this, can simple thanks repay?
Or all the labours of a grateful lay?
Oh no! when'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, Davius, it deserves to bleed.

Lycus! 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 couldst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
A Spartan firmness with Athian wit:
Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
Lycus! thy father's fame will soon be thine,
Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
Whom may we hope from genius thus refin'd!
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 Euryalus pass by unsung?
From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung:
Wilt thou though one so I dissent should bade us part?
Thy name is yet embalm'd within my heart:
Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
And p'pitate, responsive to the sound,
I my dissolved out 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.
Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
But that thy tongue could never forge deceit;
The courtier's supple bow and sheering 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 Cleon stand,
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studious race began,
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 speakers, 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 Fancy'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 are twined,
When Probus' praise repaid my lyric song,
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 lasting 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 honoured 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.

* This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

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 unlike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone;
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

Ida! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide,
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bowers, 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 whir'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 status or emine, 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 unequal'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 pimon, smiled on youth.*

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM,
ENTITLED 'THE COMMON LOT.'†

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot,
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

'Unknown the region of his birth,'
The hero rolls the tide of war; ‡
Yet not unknown his martial worth,
Which glares a meteor from afar.

* 'L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes' is a French proverb.

† Written by James Montgomery, author of *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, etc.

‡ No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince,

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
Perchance may 'scape the page of fame;
Yet nations now unborn will know
The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
Must share the common tomb of all;
Their glory will not sleep the same;
That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
Assumes the ghastly stare of death;
The fair, the brave, the good must die,
And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
Still beaming through the lover's strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still survives;
She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, unfiring, waxes his wing,
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb;
The old and young, with friends and foes,
Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
Yet falls at length a useless fame;
To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

What, though the soul may be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to gear;
A bright renown shall be enjoy'd
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. PECHER, ON
HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE
WITH SOCIETY.

DEAR Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind;
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement at or is with the tone of my mind;
I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me at once to go forth;
When infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;
At length in a volume terrific reveal'd,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

Oh! thus the desire in my bosom for fame,
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise.
Could I soar with the phoenix on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

For the life of a Fox, or a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I
brave!

Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath;
Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd?
Why bow to her leaders, or cringe to her rules
Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd?
Why search for delight in the friendship of fools?

I have taste'd the sweets and the bitters of love;
In friendship I early was taught to believe;
My passions the matrons of prudence reprove;
I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

To me what is wealth?—it may pass in an hour,
If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown;
To me what is title?—the phantom of power;
To me what is fashion?—I seek but renown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul;
I still am unpractis'd to varnish the truth;
Then why should I live in a hateful control?
Why waste upon folly the days of my youth?

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.*

DEAR are the lays of youth! Age dwells on their
reminiscence 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
soul'd through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in
their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The grey stone
marks his narrow house. He looks down from edifying
trappings; 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 Fin-
gath. His steps in the field were marked in blood.
To Fin's sons had fled before his angry spear; but
mail was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his
yellow locks; they stream'd like the meteor of the
night. No mail was the sign of his soul; his thoughts
were given to friendship;—to dark-haired Orla, de-
scribed of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle;
at home was the pride of Orla;—gentle alone to
Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.
From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue

and in more modern times the fame of Marlborough,
Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden,
etc., are familiar to every historical reader, but the
exact places of their birth are known to a very small
proportion of their admirers.

* This story, though considerably varied in the
catastrophe, is taken from *Arms and Biographies*, of
which episode a translation is already given.

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 Cathullin 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 Tremor! 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 ear-borne Cathullin. 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, ere 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 red hawk, and the feasts 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 yell and 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 her 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 fall in smoke. All is hush'd; 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; suest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The Mood 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 crowds 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, reeking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered wrecks of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Kyno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar strikes the spear. The eagle wing of Fulan 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 grey

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 Othona. He was unmatched 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 furled sails, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm.'

TO EDWARD NOELL LONG, ESQ.

'Nil ego contulerim jam lo sanus amico,'—

HORACE.

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 signs of future peace,
And bids the war of temp'ors cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking anxious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's first thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with manly freight,
And still indulge my wouled theme,
Although we never again can trace,
In Granta's vale the pendant'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 bright 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 wouled headless 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 even 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 thank upon your shade no more.
Thus, when the whirlwin's rage is past,
And eaves their sullen roar enclose,
We hold no more the wintry blast,
When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
Attun'd to love her languid lyre;
But now, without a theme to choose,
The strains in stolen sighs expire.
My youthful nymphs, that are flown;
I—beauty at a mother,
And Cor's sighs alone,
And Mary's gaze, are left another;
And Cor's eye, which roll'd on me,
Can now no more my love recall;
In truth, dear Long, 'twas time to flee;
For Cor's eye will shine on all,
As though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a star,
Those that 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 dying flames are low,
The wind which once improved their light,
And made them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with passion's fire,
As many a boy and girl remember,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear Long, 'tis midnight's noon,
And beams of serene 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 your 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 soul shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

—
TO A LADY.

OH! 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 with 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 matrons' 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 abhor'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, even in this 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.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

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 Saxon pride*
Accords not with the free-born 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 among 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 darkening 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 boisterous 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.†

* Sassenach, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

† 'And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.'—*Psalms* lv. 6.

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark
 heath,
 And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow,*
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,†
 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?

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 on my bosom impress'd,
 I loved my bleak regions, nor pant'd 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 arose 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 vestures were rag'd;
 The mountains are van'ish'd, my youth is no more;
 As the last of my race, I stand there alone,
 And delight but in days I have with thee spent;
 Ah! splan-bear-lar-rasell! how often I weep;
 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 Collbeen;‡
 When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
 I think of those eyes that endur'd the rude scene;
 When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
 That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
 I think on the long-flowing ringlets of gold,
 The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

* Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire.
 † Gornal of snow' is an expression frequently to be
 found in Ossian.

† This will not appear extraordinary to those who
 have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no
 means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-
 neviss, Ben-y-bouril, etc., to perceive, between the summit
 and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occa-
 sionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator
 literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure
 from its effects.

‡ Breasting the lofty surge.—SHAKSPEARE. The
 Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge,
 and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

§ Collbeen is a mountain near the verge of the High-
 lands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

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 waste delights of our childhood retrace;
 When pride steals the bosom, the heart is unbending,
 An I what would I be justice appears a disgrace.

If never, dear George, for I still must esteem you;
 The few whom I love I can never upbraid;
 The friend who has best may in future redeem you,
 Repentance will cancel the wrong 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 dissension we both should endeavour,
 I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

'Tu semper amaris
 Sis memor, et cari comitis ne alscedat imago.'
 VAL. FLAC.
 FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
 Like striplings, mutually beloved,
 With friendship's purest glow,

The bliss which winged 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 fall,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah ! never !

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from 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 besides :
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, melodious 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.

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 criticism to be vex'd,
I really will not fight them.*

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 friend-ship 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

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 :

* Little was a *non de plume* of Tom Moore's.

* Alluding to a hostile meeting between Moore and Jeffrey at Chaik Farm.

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 I soothe my dying hour,—
 If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,—

To know some humble 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;
 Wropt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
 Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
 Blest by the tongue that charm'd my youthful ear,
 Mour'd by the few my soul acknowledged here;
 Deplor'd by those in early days allied,
 And unremember'd by the world beside.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

FROM 13; TO 106

ON REVISITING HARKOW.

Hark! once engaged the stranger's view,
 Young Friendship's record simply traced;
 Few were her words, but yet, though few,
 Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,
 The characters were still so plain,
 That friendship once return'd, an I gazed—
 Till Memory had'd the words again.

Repentance plac'd them as before,
 Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
 So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
 That friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the reader now have seen;
 But, ah! in spite of Hope's cruel power,
 Or Friendship's tears, Fair Friendship between,
 And blotted out the line for ever.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS OF SOUTHWELL.

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
 He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
 He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last;
 For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not *carry* off,—so he's now *carried* on

FAREWELL! THY EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL! if ever I must prayer
 For others' weal avoid on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But wait thy name beyond the sky.
 'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
 Oh! more than tears of loss I 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 pains that pass not by,
 The thought that never shall sleep again.
 My soul her restless fires complain,
 Thy negligence has set her there rebel;
 I only know we both are vain—
 I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
 No lovelier spirit than 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 emeralds 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 my 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 chillish 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 unconfin'd,
 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 so much I 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 though 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)

E'en 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, how'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, anything, but—mean.

INES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED
FROM A SKULL.

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 tender 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 woe
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband'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 break;
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 me.

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 couldst 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
NEWFOUNDLAND 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 rest 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,
Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lost, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocritical, 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.

TO A LADY.

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING
ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bad 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, while 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 the wish of dwelling there.

REMINDE ME NOT, REMINDE ME NOT.

REMINDE 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 reproached, 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' darken'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 very 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.

And from that hour, when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrang,
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 that were.

Yes! my adored, but 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 a while my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine

O 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 weep.

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;

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.

I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth :

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where 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 wanderer, and be less ?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress ?

Ah ! 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 behold that wondrous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT
MALTA.

AS o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by ;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye !

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM, AND
WHILE BEWILDERED NEAR MOUNT PINDUS
IN ALEBANIA.

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 cross'd,
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.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name

A shot is fired—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 who '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 wandering 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 thou art 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, amid 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 rallery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st on 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 AMERACIAN GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast;
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

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 raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets cur'd I
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.

* Mrs. Spencer Smith.

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.*

IF, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly 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 jet;
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;

* On the 3rd of May 1810, while the *Sabette*, (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Darlanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across; and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the Straits as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress, and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the *Sabette's* crew were known to have accomplished

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.

Σὴν μου, σὰς 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,
*Σὴν μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.**

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

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
Think of me, sweet ! when alone,
Though I fly to Isthmool,‡
Athens holds my heart and soul ;
Can I cease to love thee ? No !
Σὴν 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.

a greater distance ; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicality.

* Romaic expression of tenderness : if I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I suppose they could not ; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, 'My life, I love you !' which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day, as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized.

† In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations), flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c., convey the sentiments of the parties, by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, 'I burn for thee !' a bunch of flowers tied with hair, 'Take me and fly ;' but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.

‡ Constantinople.

'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.

*Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.**

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 hills of city seeking,†
Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, etc.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie ?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally !
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved thee 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, etc.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG.

*Μπενω μες 'τοσ' περίβολι
'Ωραιότατη Χάηδη, etc.‡*

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
Beloved and fair Haidée,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.

* The song was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original.

† Constantinople.

‡ The song from which this is taken is a great

Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to a love 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 Haidee.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandon'd the lowers;
 Bring me hemlock—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 talice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
 Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save;
 Will naught to my lesson restore thee?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

A—the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierc'd through my heart to its core.
 Ah, tell me, my soul, what aiff I possess
 By pang, which a smile would dispel?
 Would the hope, which thine once had + me
 cherish,
 For torture repay me too well?
 Now sad is the garden of roses,
 Bloom'd but false Haidee!
 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
 Unwanted back to thine
 Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see;
 The tear that from thine cyloid 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.

favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. The air is plaintive and pretty.

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; recious 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 *

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
 A sire's disgrace, a man's decay;
 Ah! happy if each tear of thine
 Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
 Ambitious 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 add I sweet in sound;
 The heart that off' r'd both was true,
 An ill deserved the fate it found.

The 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,
 Re-string the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;
 The chain is broke, the music mute,
 'Tis part—to them and thee adieu—
 False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY LANE
 THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.

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 fame,
 Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

* The Princess Charlotte.

Ye who beheld (oh! sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)
Through clouds of fire the massive 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,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly 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 tears 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—ere 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 frivolity 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 dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!

* Sheridan.

Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forebear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echoed 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 fair 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.

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN.

WHEN Dryden's fool,* 'unknowing what he sought,
His hours in whistling spent, ' for want of thought,
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
Supplied, and amply too, by innocence.
Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
These fair green walks disgraced by infancy
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass,
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

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 *fierce* 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—

He! thou! who on my birth bestow'st
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.

* See Dryden's 'Cymon and Iphigenia.'

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.

Yet even 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 not add a night to woe ;

For them, 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 sink, and now thou art
A blank ; a thing to count and curse,
Through each dull tedious trailing part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even 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 ROMANTIC 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, slum 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 grieve'st,
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 warn'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 even now,
Even 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 destroy'd might thee 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 even 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.

SONNETS TO GENEVRA.

I.

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 charmed from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
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 Magdalen of Guido saw the mora—
Such seen'st thou—but how much more excellent !
With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

II.

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 to say 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, through 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.

'TU MI CHAMAS.'

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 even 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.

ANOTHER VERSION.

YOU call me still your *life*.—Oh! I change the word—
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh;
Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my love can never die.

WINDSOR POETICS.

LINES COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT BEING
SEEN STANDING BETWEEN THE COFFINS OF
HENRY VIII. AND CHARLES I., IN THE ROYAL
VAULT AT WINDSOR.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry 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 discharge
The blood and dust of both—to mould a George!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name;
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame;
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness
cease?

We repent, we adjure, we will break from our
chain,—

We will part, we will fly to—unite it again!

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!
Forgive me, where'd one be for sake, if thou wilt;
But the heart which is thine shall expire unbased,
And *man* shall not break it—whatever *thou* it may'st.

And stern to the haughty, but kind to the low,
This soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more
sweet,

With thee by my side, than with worlds at my feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or vex, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to mine.

ADDRESS

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE
CALLEDONIAN MEETING, 1814.

WHO hath not glow'd above the page where fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;
The mountain land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane:

Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command!
That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath;
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who led
While cheerily following where the mighty led—
Who sleep beneath the un-listinguish'd sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse;
She on high Allyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze;
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose,
The Highland seer's anticipated woe,
The bleeding phantom of each martial form,
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;
While sad she chants the solitary song,
The soft lament for him who taries long—
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
The croonach's wild requiem to the brave!

'Tis heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow,
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
Of half its bitterness, for one so dear;
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thoughtless pillow for the widow's head;
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE
REGEN'T'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS.
MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhor'd,
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
That left a likeness of the brave or just;
What most admir'd 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 fountain that only wants its living stream ;
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam,
Lost to our eyes the present forms 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
It's hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

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 bleed 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.

TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR ! from the banquet turn,
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall ;
Behold I while yet before thee burn
The graven words, the glowing wall.
Many a despot men miscall
Crown'd and anointed from on high ;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
Is it not written, thou must die ?

Go ! dash the roses from thy brow—
Grey hairs but poorly wreath with them ;
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
More than thy very diadem,
Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem :—
Then throw the worthless bauble by,
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves condemn ;
And learn like better men to die !

Oh ! early in the balance weigh'd,
And ever light of word and deed,
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
And left thee but a mass of earth.
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth :
But tears in Hope's averted eye
Lament that ever thou hadst birth—
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

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 hush'd winds seem dreaming ;

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain 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

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

'O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatenstem
Pectore te, pia 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
dull 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 it-
self be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the woe of
happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess;
The magnet 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 dis-
tract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their for-
mer hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined 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.

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 burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes

To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwell within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contained;
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 birds
shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and 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,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corpse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Iured their rank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered 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—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written FENEL. 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!

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.

Even 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 passed 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 vie,
The praised, the proud, who made his praise their
prize.

When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder, his the avenging roll,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!
Which shook the nations through his lips, and
blazed
Till 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 seemed 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 track the steps of glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
Half to the arbour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny!
These are his portion—but if joined 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 Iniquity—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 fall?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling's 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 burst
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 *Tiber*,
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 boundless range,
Complete in kind, as various in their change;
While Eloquence, Wit, Poesy, and Mirth,
That luminate Harmonist of care on Earth,
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
Of pride in Men'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!

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

A FACT LITERALLY REMEMBER'D.

I STOOD beside the grave of him who had
The credit of a sense not to be sold;
The humblest of all sepulchres, and yet
Within it the loss of a man not to be met;
On that neglected turf and lowly mound,
With name no clearer than the grave-stone's ground,
Widely and far, and in the midst of all,
The Garb of a dead grand, why did I stand?
That for this plain stranger, and so many a soul,
Through the thick darkness of a long night,
And thus he answer'd: 'Woe, I have not seen,
Why frequent travellers turn to my grave,
He died before my days of Sorrow;
And I had not the privilege of saying,
And is this all? I thought it better to
The vale of Immortality;
I know not what of this world's life,
Through unhornage, and the world's life,
Season, and I see not what of this world's life,
The Architects of ill, and the architects of ill,
For Earth, and the world, and the world's life,
To extricate man from his mortal coil,
Who, struggling, might, and the world's life,
Were it not that all life, and the world's life,
Of which we are but the poor, and the world's life,
As 'twere the twingling of a man's sin,
Thus spoke he: 'He, the man of the world,
You wot, who lies in this, and the world's life,
Was a man of the world, and the world's life,
And therefore travel, and the world's life,
To pay him homage, and the world's life,
Your honours, and the world's life,
From my grave, and the world's life,
Some sort of man, and the world's life,
Perform I give them, and the world's life,
Some such, but not, and the world's life,
I see ye, ye profane, and the world's life,
Because my hand is plain, and the world's life,
You are the fools, and the world's life,
With a deep thought, and with a deep eye,
On that old Sexton's grave, and the world's life,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame—
The glory and the Nothing of a Name.

PROMETHEUS.

TITANI! 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 recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the culture, 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 I 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 of Fate,
The reling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refus'd thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift Eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well,
All that the Titaner woe'd from thee
Wail'd at the moment which flung back
On his tormentors the rock;
That to thy rocks, as well foresee,
But would not to oppose him tell;
And in the Scales it was his Sentence,
As thou hast always in report me,
As thou hast in this, and the world's life,
Thou in his love, the lightning's trampled.

Thy rock, as thou wot, is to be kind,
For thou art with thy receipts less,
Heaven, and man, and wretchedness,
And thou art man with his own mind;
But couldst thou wot, and the world's life,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the embrace, and the world's life,
Of thine imperial Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse.
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol, and the world's life,
To mortals of their fate and fore,
Like thee, Man, in part divine,
A trouble I strain from a pure source;
And Man in part, and the world's life,
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unaltered existence,
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself—in feeble to all woe,
And I a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can destroy
Its own concentrated recompense,
Triumphant where it dare's defy,
And making Death a Victory!

A FRAGMENT.

COULD I remount the river of my years,
To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,

I would not trace again the stream of hours
Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,
But bid it flow as now—until it glides
Into the number of the nameless tides.

What is this Death?—a quiet of the heart?
The whole of that of which we are a part?
For life is but a vision—what I see
Of all that lives alone is life to me;
And being so—the absent are the dead,
Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
A dreary shroud around us, and invest
With sad remembrances our hours of rest.

The absent are the dead—for they are cold,
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
And they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet
The un-forgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided—equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
It may be both—but one day end it must,
In the dark union of insensate dust.

The under-earth inhabitants—are they
But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
The ashes of a thousand ages spread
Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
Or do they in their silent cities dwell
Each in his incommunicative cell?
Or have they their own language? and a sense
Of breathless being?—darken'd and intense
As midnight in her solitude?—O Earth!
Where are the past?—and wherefore had they birth?
The dead are thy inheritors—and I we
But bubbles on thy surface; and the key
Of thy profundity is in the grave,
The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,
Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
Our elements resolved to things untold,
And fathom-hidden wonders, and explore
The essence of great bosoms now no more.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU*—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Staël—
Leman! 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 dwell 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!

* Geneva, Ferney Copet, Lausanne.

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD
ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA,
*Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following
purpose.*

THE Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,
On the moment he ordain'd
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recall'd them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
'Wherefore call on us, O King?
What may mean this gathering?'
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow;
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtain'd Alhama's hold.'
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see:
'Good King! thou art justly served,
Good King! this thou hast deserved.'
Woe is me, Alhama!

'By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the Chivalry.'
Woe is me, Alhama!

'And for this, O King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:

Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.

Woe is me, Alhama!

'He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone.'

Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.

Woe is me, Alhama!

'There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings;
Thus, smothering with his choler, said
The Moorish King, an I don't bid him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfoqui! Moor Alfoqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeas'd.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

'Cav'd her, an I'm an I'm worth it!
Let this world be mine, I'll fight it;
Let the Moorish King be my law,
That to him I nothing owe.'

Woe is me, Alhama!

'But on my soul Alhama weighs,
An I on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the King his hand hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.

Woe is me, Alhama!

'Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another we die, or fame.

Woe is me, Alhama!

'I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubtless a hundred I would I pay,
An I think her ransom cheap that day.'

Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They sever'd from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And men an I infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THEY say that hope is happiness,
But genuine love must prize the past,
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless
They rose the first—they set the last;

And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only Hope to be,
And all that hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory.

Alas! it is delusion all;
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every state.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brank,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
A— 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 mine!

ODE ON VENICE.

1818

THE "Ode to Venice" was written during the period of Byron's residence in the "city of a hundred isles," in 1818. Shelley, who visited him at that period, used to say that all he observed of the workings of Byron's mind during his visit, gave him a far higher idea of its powers than he had ever before entertained.

The city, the history of which is so full of romantic and poetic incidents, suggested also the poet's two dramas, "Marino Faliero" and the "Two Foscari."

The lament for the lost glory of the Ocean Queen has happily *not* proved prophetic.

"There is no Hope for Nations," cannot be said of the ransomed Venetia, who shares the hopes, the energies, and the future of young Italy. There was something prosaic, and like this workaday nineteenth century, in the means employed for her deliverance; but the origin of her freedom may be traced back to the fields of Magenta and Solferino, red with the best blood of her brethren.—*Edit.*

I.

OH Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls

Are level with the waters, there shall be

A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,

A loud lament along the sweeping sea!

If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,

What should thy sons do?—anything but weep:

And yet they only mourn in their sleep.

In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,

The dull green ooze of the receding deep,

Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam

That drives the sailor shipless to his home,

Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,

Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping
streets.

Oh! agony—that centuries should reap

No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years

Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears,

And every monument the stranger meets,

Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;

And even the Lion all subdued appears,

And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,

With dull and daily dissonance, repeats

The echo of thy tyrant's voice along

The soft waves, once all musical to song,

That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng

Of gondolas—and to the busy hum

Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds

Were but the overheating of the heart,

And flow of too much happiness, which needs

The aid of age to turn its course apart

From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood

Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.

But these are better than the gloomy errors,

The weeds of nations in their last decay,

When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,

And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;

And Hope is nothing but a false delay,

The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,

When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,
Steals ven from vein and pulse by pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
To him appears renewal of his breath,
And freedom from the mere numbness of his chain;
And then he talks of life, and how again
He feels his spirit soaring—albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he would seek:
And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
And so the film comes o'er him, and the dizzy
Chamber swms round and round, and shadows
busy,

At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth
That which it was the moment ere our birth.

II.

There is no hope for nations!—Search the page
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,

The flow and ebb of each recurring age,

The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,

Hath taught us nought, or little: still we lean

On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear

Our strength away in wrestling with the air:

For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the beasts

Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts

Are of as high an order—they must go

Even where their driver goads them, though to
slaughter.

Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,

What have they given your children in return?

A heritage of servitude and woes,

A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.

What! do not yet the red-hot plough-shares burn,

O'er which our nature stumbls in a false ordeal,

And deem this proof of loyalty the *real*;

Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,

And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?

All that your sires have left you, all that Time

Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,

Spring from a different theme! Ye see and read,

Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!

Save the few spirits who, despite of all,

And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd

By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,

And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,

Gushing from Freedom's fountains, when the crowd

Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,

And trample on each other to obtain

The cup which brings oblivion of a chain

Heavy and sore, in which long yoked they plough'd

The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,

'Twas not for them, their necks were too much

bow'd,

And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:

Yes! the few spirits,—who, despite of deeds

Which they abhor, confound not with the cause

Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,

Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite

But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth

With all her seasons to repair the blight
With a few summers, and again put forth
Cities and generations—fair, when free—
For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

III.

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!
The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
When Venice was an envy, might abate,
But did not quench her spirit; in her late
All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs knew
And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
Although they humbled—with the kingly few
The many felt, for from all days and climes
She was the voyager's worship; even her crimes
Were of the softer order—born of Love,
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread
For these restored the Cross, that from above
Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
Now, creaking in the cars of those who owe
The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles;
Yet she but shares with them a common we,
And call'd the 'kingdom' of a conspiring foe,
But knows what all—and, most of all, we know—
With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

IV.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the growing globe;
Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
If the free Switzer yet bestride a lone
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,

As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feeblecrag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have
bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still for
ever,

Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thou and lazy channels in our veins,
Damn'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering;—better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or over the dorp
Fiy, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose
daughter had recently died shortly after her mar-
riage; and addressed to the father of her who had
lately taken the veil.
Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And going upon *either*, both required.
Mum, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
Becomes extinguish'd, soon—too soon—expires:
But thine, within the closing grate retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
I to the marble, where *my* daughter lies,
Kush,—the swollen flood of bitterness I pour,
And knock, and knock, and knock—but none
replies.



HEBREW MELODIES.

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

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 aspir'd 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 tangleless 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;
Mourn—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 ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Zion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—O God! Thy thunders sleep

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

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

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

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero silent!
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 hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smil'd 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 the 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 doom'd 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 tame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen son,
The slughters 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
Disclaim'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.

S A U L.

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 !'

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.

' 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 Jushah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels held
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
An Iwre to aifen sund;
The fingers of a man,—
A solitary hand
Along the left is ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and look'd,
And made no more response;
All hopeless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice,
'Till the men of Babel appear,
The wretches of the earth,
And expound the wondrous fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.

Chaldees' secrets 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 on the earth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth
The lamps around wax'd bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

'Belshazzar's grave is made,
His king long pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud his robes of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mele 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 be hid,
Distinct, but ob'stant—ob'our, 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 wandered from far Galilee;
It was but a juring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

If thou hadst never triumph, then God is with thee!
If thou should'st only smite, thou art spotless and free!
If the exile on earth is an outcast on high,
Lave on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

Thou canst not give that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know,
In His heart is my heart, and in His hope—and in thine
Thy land and the life which for Him I resign.

HELENA'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

OH, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou had'st is bleeding;
No longer dost thou agony,
And wilt remove to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
In a vision dost thou hear my latter pleading;
Altho' should'st thou—thou would'st pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
To quench my frenzy's jealous raving?
My sword that did my own despair
Thou should'st 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's sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I sought that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;
An Herod's the guilt, and mine the hell,
Thou' 'twere mine should'st thou doom;
And I have carried those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF
JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

I look'd from the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,
I beheld thee, O Zion, when render'd to Rome;
Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy
fall
Had'd back on the last gloom 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 eye, the high spot whence I gaz'd
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blaz'd;

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 Pagin 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, O Father! is only for Thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT
DOWN AND WEPT.

WE sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaugt'ers!
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, O 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,
O 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 strewn.

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 heaved, and for ever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide
But through 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-bearing 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 unfix'd, 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, unsnoted by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

A SPIRIT PASSED 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 even 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!



POEMS ON NAPOLEON.

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

* *Expende 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. 229.

'TIS done—but yesterday a King I
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 sable sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity
The rapture of the strife*—
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 Arbitrer 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 prowler's prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman,† 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 thunder-bolt 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!

* Milo Crotoniensis.

† Sella.

‡ Charles V., son of Juana of Spain and Philip the Handsome, succeeded his grandfather Ferdinand in 1516; became Emperor of Germany in 1519; abdicated 1555.

* *Certaminis gaudia*—the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus

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 thy 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 pedagogue† hath now
 Transferr'd his byword 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,*
 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;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day—there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign,
 Had been an act of purer fame,
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,
 And don the purple vest!
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star, the string, the crest?
 Vain forward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great?
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes—'ne—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one!

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—
 Rising from each gory trunk,
 Like the waterspout from ocean,
 With a strong and growing motion:
 It soars and mingles in the air,
 With that of lost L'abedoyère—
 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!

* Maria Louisa.

† Dionysius of Sicily, who, after his fall, kept a school at Corinth.

‡ The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

* Prometheus, said to have stolen fire from heaven.

Like the Wormwood Star foretold
By the sainted Seer of old,
Showering down a fiery flood,
Turning rivers into blood.*

II.

The chief has fallen ! but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo !
When the soldier-citizen
Sway'd not o'er his fell women—
Slain in deeds that led them on
Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—
Who, of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief compete !?
Who could boast o'er France defeated,
Till lone Tyranny's common leproy
Till, goaded by auditions' sting,
The Hero sunk into the King ?
Then he fell—so perish all,
Who would men by man enthrall !

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume,
Whose realm refused thee even a tomb ;
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 wars,
Who thy blood bought to lead an army,
Little didst thou deem, when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which her chief darts,
While helmets cleft, and flags were flying,
Shone and shiver'd fast as metal—
Of the fate at last which found thee !
Was that haughty plume—
By a slave's dishonour'd blow ?
Once—as the moon sways o'er the tide,
It roll'd in air, the warrior's glory,
Through the smoke-crests of night
Of the black and sulphurous flight,
The soldier raised his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendancy—
And, as it onward rolling rose,
So moved his heart upon our foes,
There, where death's brief pang was quicken'd,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder clon'd to fan her,
How could then her wing arrest—

* See Rev. viii. 7, etc. 'The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, etc. Ver. 8. 'And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood,' etc. Ver. 12. 'And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp; and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters, Ver. 13. 'And the name of the star is called *Wormwood*; and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.'

Victory beaming from her breast)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell, or fled along the plain ;
There be sure was Murat charging !
There he a'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 ;
Even 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 b' lieve—and tremble ;
Smile they at this ille threat ?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

TO NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,*
Sever'd from thy faithful few ?
Who can tell thy warriors' 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 ?

* 'All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer, who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most mental capacity, which could not be admitted.'

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.*

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 I 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
Hearts 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 now 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, each divine,*
An I fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blend'd 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
Haloed in radiance of its light;
The three so mingle I did beseech
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
E'en, O 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, O Godless! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the Land where the bloom of my glory
Arose and overshadow'd the earth with her name—
She abunds in me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have war'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of conquest allur'd me too far;
I have oppos'd with the nations which dread me thus
I only,

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
fast,

Had still scar'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 tear 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!

* The tricolour.

* At Waterloo, one man was seen whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, "Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort!" There were many other instances of the like. This, however, you may depend on as true.—*Private Letter from Brussels.*

POEMS TO THYRZA.

1811 TO 1812.

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 lonely 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 painless 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 eyes,
In that dread hour ere death's power,
When silent sorrow fears to die.

Till all was past? But when no more
'Twas thine wreck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd a 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 thoughts of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
That Love each warmer wish forsook;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even 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 thou?
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 these souls again
To me they speak of brighter days—
But hush! 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, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
Belov'd 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,
Even 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 shrunk 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 pressed.
 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 tear.

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.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche, to the last
 Thy features still serene to see :
 Forgetful of its struggle past,
 Even 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
AND FAIR.

'Hec, 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 seat,
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 fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that followed 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, howe'er 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 !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through 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,
An I, 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 Lethæ for despair,
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
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 I then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd urn ?
No, no—it is my crown'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 for 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.



DOMESTIC PIECES.

1816.

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 on the brain;

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from pining—
They stood aloof, the 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 once hath been.'
COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well;
Even 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 glance'd o'er,
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,
Even 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 wench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth,
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the madd'ning 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.

Alas! 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 hand 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 mayst 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,
Withier, yet with *love* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now;

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts ye cannot bribe
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunit'd,
To run from every nearer tie,
Scar'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

A SKETCH.

'Honest—honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.'
SHAKESPEARE

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 toilette 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 circle which she serv'd 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 candour 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,
 Cas'd 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 defin'd !
 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 bosom with reflected blight !
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black—as thy will for others would create :
 Till 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,
 Even 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 abhor'd compeers,
 And festering in the infamy of years.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

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 chang'd, 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 fix'd in thee;—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—even to me.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

THOUGH the dily 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 condemn;
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 fitter to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
And if dearly that error hath 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 wide 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 grand-uncle's fate of yore,—
He had 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 run would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, 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 land-scapes which create
A fund for contemplation—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a triviale date;
But something worthier do such scenes inpire
Here to be lonely is not to be lone.
For much I view which I could not describe,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own good field.

Oh that thou wert but with me— I feel, I see
The fold of my own wilderness; I see
The solitude which I have yearned for;
Hast lost its presence, but I do not regret;
There may be others which I do not see slow;—
I am not of the plant you call the wild yet;
I feel an club in my pluck to play,
And the tide rising in my altar'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall which may be mine no more,
Leman's is fair; but think not I feel
The sweet remnant rance of Lake Geneva;
Sad have I Time must with my beauty make,
Ere *thou* 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 which she will give me—
It is but rich in sun, and rivers, and lake,
To mingle with the poet's lake,
To see her gentle face without a mark,
And never gaze on it with awe;
She was my early friend, and I know I'll 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 where in my life I grew
The earliest—on the only path I knew;
Had I but sooner learn'd the crowd to shun,
I had been enter'd that I never could be;
The passions which have torn me, all I have
I had not suffer'd, and I had not wept.

With false Ambition what I'll do to be
Little with Love, an' least of all with Fame;
And yet they came, an' sought, an' led me on,
And made me all which they can make—
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a noble crew;
But all is over—I am one the more
To be call'd millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me depend 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 be numb
My feelings further—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 one, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined; till death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endure, the last I

THE DREAM.

I.

OUR life is twofold; Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things mis-named
Death and existence; Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.
And beings in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They lie a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They divide our being; they become
A part of ourselves as of our time,
As the black heralds of eternity;
They pass like sports of the past,—they speak
In the days 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 dream of your hid 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 free all vision which I dream'd
Permeate in sleep; for in itself a thought,
A shimmering thought, a gleam of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the days of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green, and of mild divinity, the first
As two reapers of a long life of such,
So that there was room to live its lease,
But a most living land scape, and the wave
Of water and command, and the abodes of men
Sate'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar dilemma
Of trees in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the part of nature, but of man;
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Going—the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself—but the boy gaz'd 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 eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colour'd all his objects :—he had ceas'd
 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
 Even as a brother—but no more ; 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friend-ship had bestow'd on him ;
 Herself the solitary seion 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 caparison'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.
 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 hoary 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 aspect ; 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,
 Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
 While many of his tribe slumber'd around ;
 And they were canopy'd 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 bad 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
 Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
 The self-same 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 ?

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 thus 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 strips 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 Contentment ; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until
I like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
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 is past ; it had no further change,
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus trace'd out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery

LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY LYRON WAS ILL,
AND thou wert sad - yet I was not with thee !
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near ;

Methought that joy and health alone could be
Where I was *not*—and pain and sorrow here !
And is it thus ?—it is as I foretold,
And shall be more so ; for the mind recoils
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils,
It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.
I am too well avenged !—but 'twas my right !
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent
To be the Nemesis who should requite—
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument,
Mercy is for the merciful !—if thou
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now,
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep !—
Yes ! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art fallow'd on a curse too deep ;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
The better harvest in a woe as real !
I have had many foes, but none like thee ;
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
And be avenged, or turn them into friend ;
But thou in safe implacability
Hast nought to dread—in thy own weakness shielded,
And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,
And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare ;
And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth,
And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—
On things that were not, and on things that are—
I'ven upon such a basis hast thou built
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt !
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
And hew'd down with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life
Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part,
But of thy virtues dost thou make a vice,
Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
For present anget, and for future gold—
And buying other's grief at any price,
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,
The early truth, which was thy proper praise,
Did not still walk beside thee—but at times,
And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,
Deceit, averments incompatible,
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus-spirits—the significant eye
Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext
Of prudence, with advantages annex'd—
The acquiescence in all things which tend,
No matter how, to the desired end—
All found a place in thy philosophy.
The means were worthy, and the end is won—
I would not do by thee as thou hast done !

SATIRES.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS:

A SATIRE.

WRITTEN 1808.

'I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew I
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.'

SHAKSPEARE.

'Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.'

POPE.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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, 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 his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, 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?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl*
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll put lish right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my grey-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 rise?
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas time to write,
But thou, at least, mine own essential pen
Once laid aside, but now resumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamlet's, shall be free†
Though spinn'd by others, yet beloved by me;
Then let us swear to lay to rest our pen,
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 sword high way,
And men through life her willing slaves obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Unfolds her motley store to out the time;
When knave, and fool, and mad man all prevail,
When justice halts, and right is trod on all;
E'en then the boldest start from their seats,
Afrail of shame, unknown to their fears,
More darkly sin, by some 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, even for me to censure,
And yield at least an argument in the cause;
Laugh when I laugh, I seek not to be false;
The cry is up, and so I'll raise my voice;
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, leave at you all!
I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme;
A schoolboy froak, now ritely put to shame;
I printed—older ed. I print, to the same.

* IMITATION:

* Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reperitur,
Vexatus toties rati? Theseide. *Comed.*

JUVENAL, *Sat.* 1.

Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Goldsmith the 'Small Beer Poet,' reflects his annual tribute of verse on the 'Literary Fund'; not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

† Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of *Don Quixote*. Oh that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli!

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.
Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
This Lambie must own, since his patrician name
Fauld to preserve the spurious farce from shame.*
No matter, George continues still to write,†
Though now the name is yell'd from public sight.
Mox'd 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 his kney'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 foaming—pass your paper jest,
And stain the critic's hated yet sacred sheet.

And shall we own such judgment? No: as soon
Suck 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 heat, or Lambie's Boctian head;‡
To the young tyrants, by themselves misplaced,
Condemn'd usurpers on the throne of taste;
To the so, when authors bend in humble awe,
And had 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 ran,
'Tis doubtful when to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we whom to spare, or where to strike,
Our bars and censor are so much alike.

Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er
The path that Pope and Gilford* trod before;
If not yet slicken'd, you can still proceed;
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
'But hold!' exclaims a friend, 'there's some neglect:
This—that—and I'd their line seem incorr.'t

* This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with the production, in another place.

† In the *Inductor's Review*.

‡ Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambie are the Alpha and Omega, the first and last, of the *Edinburgh Review*; the others are mentioned hereafter.

§ IMITATION:

* Stultus est Clementia, cum tot ubique
occurras puritute pariter charte.—
JUVENAL, *Sat.* 1.

† IMITATION:

* Cur tam n hoc libere potius decurrere campo
Per quem magnus cepios Aurora flexit alumnus:
Si vacat, at placidè ratione m. adhibitus, edam.—
JUVENAL, *Sat.* 1.

* Author of the *Review* and *Messenger*, and first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden—'Ay, but Pye has not':—
Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
Ignoble themes obtain'd mist-ken praise,
When sense and wit with poetry allie'd,
No faded 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's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;
A polish'd nation's praise aspir'd to claim,
And roared the people's, as the poet's name.
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 fit,
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feebler 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 I 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 grows,
And printer's devils shake the fire-woy bones;
While Southey's epics crown 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 swoll'n 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!
Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, press in long review:

* Dramatist; author of *Love for Love*, etc. etc.
† A dramatist; the author of *The Two Friends*,
etc. etc.

‡ T. Moore, who published at first under the name
of Thomas Little.

§ Eccles. i.
|| Stott better known in the *Morning Post* by the
name of Hafiz. This person is at present the most
profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when
the reigning family left Portugal, a staccato ode of
Master Stott's beginning thus (Stott loquatur quoad
Hibernia):

'Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza', etc.
Also a sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and
a most thundering ode, commencing as follows:
'Oh for a boy! loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore!
Lord have mercy on us! the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*
was nothing to this.

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,
E'er 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 dainties 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 how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidden ladies 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! thy vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to fast thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
Not when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are scar, their former laurels fade,
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt!

* See the *Lay of the Last Minstrel, Passim*. Never
was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground-
work of this production. The entrance of Thunder
and Lightning pre-announcing to Bayes' Tragedy, un-
fortunately takes away the merit of originality from
the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood
and I tell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable
William of Deloraine, 'a stark mostrooper,' *redoubt*,
a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and
highwayman. The propriety of his magic, if holy's in-
junction not to read can only be equalled by his
candid acknowledgment of his independence of the
trammels of spelling—although, to use his own elegant
phrase, 'twas his neck-verse at Harribee, *i. e.* the
gallows.

† The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the mar-
vellous pedestal-page, who travelled twice as fast
as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagu'd
boots, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste.
For incident we have the invisible, but by no means
sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and
the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle,
under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay.
Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly
what William of Deloraine would have been, had he
been able to read and write. The poem was man-
ufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller,
worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt
of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspira-
tion, it is a very creditable production. If Mr Stott
will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymas-
ters, but not disgrace his genius, which is un-
doubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad mutations.

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 had 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 even in rum-bads the language live.
Not so with us, though minor bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent ;
With eagle pinnon soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise !
To him let Camoens, 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 Bol-bird for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in glory's niche ;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen,
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on ;
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son ;
Dondaniel'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 the race !
Well might triumphant genius bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense !
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
Cacque in Mexico, and prince in Wales ;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.

* 'Good-night to Marmion'—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire on the death of honest Marmion.

† As the *Odyssey* is so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the *Paradise Lost* and *Gerusalemme Liberata* as their standard efforts, since neither the *Jerusalem Conquered* of the Italian, nor the *Paradise Regained* of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

‡ *Thalaba*, Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. *Joan of Arc* was marvellous enough, but *Thalaba* was one of those poems 'which,' in the words of Porson, 'will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then.'

O ! Southey ! Southey ! 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 unevil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil, †
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :
'God help thee,' Southey, 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 brother, confounded night with day ; ‡
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 request
To him who takes a proxy for a muse, ¶

* We beg Mr. Southey's pardon ; 'Madoc disclaims the degraded title of epic.' See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romancers of Masters, Cottle, Laureat, Pyc, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse ; but as Mr. Southey's poem, 'disdains the appellation,' allow us to ask—Has he substituted anything better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

† See *The Old Woman of Berkley*, a ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub on a 'high trotting horse.'

‡ The last line, 'God help thee,' is an evident plagiarism from the 'Anti-Jacobin' to Mr. Southey, on his *Dactyls*. 'God help thee, silly one.—Poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' page 23.

¶ *Lyrical Ballads*, page 4.—*The Tables Turned*, Stanza 1.

Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.

|| Mr. W., in his preface, labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same ; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable :

'And thus to Betty's question he
Made an answer, like a traveller bold,
The cock did crow to-who, to-who,
And the sun did shine so cold,' etc. etc.—

Lyrical Ballads, page 120.

¶ Coleridge's Poems, page 11, *Songs of the Pious*, i. c. Devonshire Fairies ; p. 42, we have *Lines to a Young Lady*, and p. 52, *Lines to a Young Ass*.

Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
How well the subject suits his noble mind,
'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.'

Oh! wonder-working Lewis! monk, or bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a churchyard!
Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
By gibbering 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.!* from whose infernal brain
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 Vest's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are
hush'd?

'Tis Little! young Catalus 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,†
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 Camoëns 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 piffer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

In many marble-cover'd volumes view
Hayley, in vain attempting something new;

* 'For every one knows little Matt's an M. P.'—See a Poem to Mr. Lewis, in the *Statesman*, supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

† The reader who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to Strangford's *Camoëns*, p. 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the *Edinburgh Review*, of Strangford's *Camoëns*.

‡ It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as Poems of Camoëns, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon.

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 *Musick's Triumphs* all who read may swear,
That luckless music never triumph'd there.*

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Gradame, 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, undisturbed by conscientious quahms,
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 sonneteers.
At least 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;‡
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 parer 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,

* Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are *Triumphs of Temper* and *Triumphs of Music*. He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, etc. etc. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H. s consideration, viz. 'to convert his poetry into prose,' which may easily be done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

† Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of *Sabbath Walks and Biblical Pictures*.

‡ See Bowles's *Sonnets*, etc.—*Sonnet to Oxford*, and *Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend*.

§ 'Awake a louder,' etc. etc., is the first line in Bowles's *Spirit of Discovery*, a very spirited and pretty dwarf epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following:

A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power,' etc.
That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss,
very much astonished, as well they might be, at such
a phenomenon.

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 bard sighs forth a gentle episode,*
And gravely tells—often I could cautious miss!—
When first Malraire tumbled to the rocks,
Bowled in thy way, or at his feet tread,
Stuck to thy somersault, or in his dust lay sunk,
But if some new-born warrior larger fame,
Proud thy cradle brain, and I find thee for a striver;
If chance some bard, though ne'er y' dances to it,
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame on I'genius first in the first
I have told thee, best of critics, ne'er is the worst,
Do thou essay; each truth, on his feelings can;
The first of poets-wisdom is that man,
Rake from each ban, not laugh, but cry aloud,
Consult Lord Bunsby, and he will in a word,
Let all the standards of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flatter over thy page;
Affect a can'tour when a thou can't do it,
Go the envy in the garb of honest toil,
Write, as it St. J. his soul could steal a spiry,
An' I do from hate what Malraire did from love;
Oh! ha! ha! thou! I'll not say thou'ldst be so;
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph, but through
Throug'd with the rest, and in the same way,
Nor rise I thy high anger, nor thy love;
A meet reward he'll send thee, if thou'ldst be so;
And link thee to the Daner, for thy poem.

Another episode which might seem
More to kiss thy cheek, than to be from thee?
Boman Cattle, red, black, and grey,
Imparts odd ideas, of a different way,
An' I send his good, but mark the words,
Lanes forty the number, and the number of
Fresh fish from Humber, and the number of
The pre-terious, and the number of
Too much in turn's Breeds, and the number of
Too much o'er bowls, and the number of
If Commerce fills the purse, and the number of
And Ames-Cattle, and the number of
In him an author's, and the number of
Condemn'd to make thee, and the number of
Oh, Ames-Cattle!—Pho! his, and the number of
To fill the speaking trumpet, and the number of

* The episode here alluded to is the story of 'Robert a Maclin' and 'An' auld' a pair of constant lovers, who, after a long time, have mentioned, that started the mode of Malraire's.

† Gill is one of the heroes of the *Proverbs*, and was a book-seller. Lord Bunsby is the real name of Lord Harvey, author of *Letters to the Dunces*, &c.

‡ Lord Bunsby's name, Lord Malraire, was given to him after his fall, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bunsby, called the *Proverbs*, which, though it speaks ill of mankind in general, had ordered to be destroyed.

§ Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhyming boy; Silence ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls, Making night hideous; answer him, &c.

|| See Bowles's late edition of Pope's Works, for which he received a pension; thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another than to elevate his own.

Oh, Ames-Cattle! for a moment think
What measure ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse the pre-stated realms?
Oh! ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Had ye not staid, and left the counter's side,*
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!

As S. gullus against the infernal steep
Rings the danger, who's motions ne'er may sleep.
So ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!

With his keen lyre, and check serenely pale,
I'll not let him wander down the vale;
Enough for they rise, and I might have bloom'd at
I'll not let him wander down the vale;

His songs have peep'd in the northern blast;
Nip'd in the cold by Gales, and steam gales,
He'll not let him wander down the vale;
Over his last works let the Sheffield weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!

Why, then, why, then, the bird at once resign
His nest, and leave the nest to the infernal Nain?
For ever staid, by the mangled howl
Of the infernal, and the mangled howl;
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!

He'll not let him wander down the vale;
I'll not let him wander down the vale;
In his, and the number of, yet just,
Some took it, and the number of, sign'd his trust,
An' I'll not let him wander down the vale;
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!
Ye're taking, ring from pen and ink!

* Mr. Cattle, Am. J. Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once's Bards of books they did not write, only by writers of books that do not sell, have published a paper of epics; *A Fool*—poor Alfred! Pye's son at him too!—*A Fool* and the *Fall of*

† Mr. Mason hath manufactured the component parts of a poisonous quarto, upon the *Revelations of Robert a Maclin*, and the like; it also takes in a charming view of Orinham Green, Hammer-smith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

‡ Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius; his *Wanderer of Switzerland* is worth a thous and *Lyrical Ballads*, and at least fifty degraded epics.

§ Arthur's Seat, the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

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 too,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling tells some recompense 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?
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;
Two ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career:
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 his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:
Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth storey, 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.

* In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggonery in the daily prints.

† The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

‡ This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

But Calestionia'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 restor'd it to her favourite's head;
That he should, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Diana caught the golden shower,
And, though th' thickening dross will scarce refine,
Arguments 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 chief-tain of the critic clan.
First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
The travell'd thame, Athenian Aberdeen.*
Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer,† and some-
times,

In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.
Smug Sydney,‡ too, thy bitter page shall seek,
And classic Hallam,§ much renown'd for Greek;
Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
And pretty Pillans|| shall traduce his friend;
While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lamb,¶
As he himself was damn'd, shall try to damn.
Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
Thy Holland's banquet shall each toil repay;
While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
To Holland's hirclings and to learning's foes.
Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,

* His Lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of Gell's *Topography of Troy*.

† Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a *Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer*; the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:

'Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot;
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.'

‡ The Reverend Sydney Smith, the reputed author of *Peter Plymley's Letters*, and sundry criticisms.

§ Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's *Taste*, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein; it was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.

¶ The said Hallam is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his Lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better.

|| Pillans was a tutor at Eton.
¶ The Honourable G. Lamb reviewed Beresford's *Miseries*, and is, moreover, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stannore; and damned with great expedition at Covent Garden. It was entitled *Whistle for It*.

Beware lest blundering Brougham* destroy the sale,
Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail,[†]
Thus having said, the kilted goddess kiss'd
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.†

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot!
Holland, with Henry Petty; 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 to the founder of the feast,
Declare his landlord can translate at least!‡
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
They write for fool—and feed because they write:
And lest, 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.¶

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,¶
And Dibdin's nonsense, yield complete content,**
Though now, thank Heaven, the Kosciomania'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,

* Mr. Brougham, in No. xxy. of the *Edinburgh Review*, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cavallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

† I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice; but, alas, what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "kelchies," &c., are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess therefore has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with anything heavenly.

‡ Marquis of Lansdowne.

§ Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author; both are depreaved by his *disinterested* guests.

¶ Certain it is, her Ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the *Edinburgh Review*. However that may be, we know from good authority that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.

¶ In the melodrama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage—a new asylum for distressed heroes.

** Thomas Dibdin, author of *The Cabinet*, *English Fleet*, *Mother Goose*, etc., and son of the great English lyrist.

†† The performances of a child called the young Koscius; his name was Betty.

While Reynolds vents his 'Damnes!' 'Poohs!' and
'Zounds!'

And commonplace and common sense confounds?
While Kenny's† *World*, just suffer'd to proceed,
Proclaims the audience very kind indeed!
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words;‡
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! Cumberland, awake!
Ring the alarm-bell! let folly quake!
Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy assume her throne again;
Abjure the mummery of the 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 Buffoonry'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,
And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;§
Nor sleeps with 'Sleeping Beauties,' but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on,||
While poor John Bull, bewild'rd 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,¶

* All these are favourite expressions of Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.

† Author of the farce of *Raising the Wind*, and other pieces.

‡ Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane Theatre, stripped the tragedy of *Bondica* of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caratacus. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

§ Mr. Greenwood was scene-painter to Drury Lane Theatre.

¶ Mr. Skeffington is the illustrious author of the *Sleeping Beauties*, and some comedies, particularly *Mauds and Bachelors*: *Baccadaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni*.

¶ Naldi and Catalani require little notice: for the visage of the one and the salary of the other will

Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Aunsonia, 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 th' 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;
Collini trill 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!*
Where you proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd fan,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
Behold the new Petronius of the day,†
The arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired cunch, 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, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine:
Each to his humour—Comus all allows;
Champagne, 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 titled 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,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,

enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds.
Besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze
on the first night of the lady's appearance in trousers.

* To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a
street for a man, I beg leave to state that it is the In-
stitution, and not the Duke of that name, which is
here alluded to.

† Petronius, 'Arbiter elegantiarum' to Nero, 'and
a very pretty fellow in his day,' as Mr Congreve's
Old Bachelor saith.

Each in id 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, a Paget for your wife;
Fit consummation of an earthly race
Begin in folly, ended in disgrace,
While none but menials o'er the bed of death
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering
breath;
Traded 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 flowery 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 hard 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.

* I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday
night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all
the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morn-
ing, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all
that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of
passions. He was a gallant and successful officer;
his faults were the faults of a sailor; as such, Britons
will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a
better cause [he was killed in a duel]; for had he fallen
in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he
was just appointed, his last moments would have been
held up by his countrymen as an example to succeed-
ing heroes.

† What would be the sentiments of the Persian An-
acreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre
at Sheeraz, where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi,
the oriental Homer and Catullus, and behold his name
assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent
and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

What harm? In spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
 Miles Andrews 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 pining of Carlisle.
 The puny school-boy and his early lay
 Men push on, if his follies pass away;
 But who forgives the seniors ceaseless rage,
 Whose lines grow hoary as his rhymes grow weak?
 Whar hetero-geneous hours dash the pen?
 Lord, rhymester, *poet, orator, poetical art!*
 So dull in youth, so drowsy in his age,
 His verses stand and fall, like a forsaking stage;
 But no dangers for once, to his "Holl' or half"
 Nor shag'd their audience with the tragic strain,
 Yet at their judgment let his Lord linger stay,
 As to his volumes in a general way,
 Yes! doat that covering, where no more is seen,
 And hang a calfskin on to screen the poet's name.

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lore,
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
 With you I war not; for our lives heavy hand
 Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On 'all the talents' vent your vocal spheres,
 Want is your plea, let pity be your cry,
 Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
 And Melville's Mantle prove a cloak to you?
 One common leather will each hapless pair,
 And peace be with you! 'tis your best reward,
 Such dancing fame as this world only give,
 Could I but your lines have and a morning live;
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note to bid the page
 Far be't from me, unkindly to upbraid,
 The lovely Ros's praise in many a psalm,
 Whose strains, the faithful, less I fear to tell,
 I have won long comparisons in our tale;
 Though Bell has lost his might, and his owl,
 Matilda snivels still, and Hans is wiser,
 And Crusoe's spirit, rising from the dead,
 Revives in Laura, Quiz, and N. Y. &c.

* The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteenpenny pamphlet in the style of the *Age*, and offers his loan for building a new theatre, which he hopes his Lordship will be permitted to bring forward anything for the stage—except his own trash.

† Doat that covering, &c.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*.

Lord C.'s works, most respectfully bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his bookshelves.

‡ The rest is all but leather and jamella.

§ This lively little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K——, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of *The Monk*.

¶ These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers,

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
 Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
 St. Crispin quits, and cobblides for the muse
 Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds
 approach!

How it has read, an I *know*: hand!
 If chance a good-will'd wag should pass his jest,
 'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best?
 Genius must guide whom wits admire the rhyme,
 And Capel left the doors his quite sublime.*
 Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
 Swains, quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
 For Burns an I *know*: hand! nay, a greater far,
 Can't he be born beneath an adverse star,
 To see the labours of a servile state,
 Strive, like the pale steers, an I triumph'd over fate:
 'Tis not the gods alone? if Phoebus smiled on you,
 Burns and I, why not on brother Nathan too?
 Heat not the steaming mill the muse, has seized;
 Not in vain would I come, to his case:
 And I've not a cream-suck his hat abode,
 Nor a penny for an o'lock, with out an o'od.
 O'er his increase I refinement deigns to smile
 On I *know*: hand's sons, and bless our gentl' isle,
 Let P. be poet, tho' he evade the whole,
 Alike the rate, and me, his idle soul.
 Yet the cold cobblers! still your notes prolong,
 To sing at once a squire, and a song;
 So shall the fur your handiwork peruse,
 Yet sometimes sure shall please, perhaps your shoes.
 My dear, an I *know*: hand! boast Pindaric skill;
 And tailors' lives be longer than their bill!
 While your mad beaux reward the grateful notes,
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

‡ The fame I thing now paid the tribute due,
 No more I'll grieve, till I come turn to you.
 Come forth, O Camp bell! give thy talents scope;
 Whose claims aspire if thou must cease to hope?
 And thou, my bus Rogers! rise; at last;
 Recall the pleasing imagery of the past;
 And I'll thy brave and true, still inspire,
 As I scribble to you, till I'm stily hallo'd lyre;
 Restore Apollo's glorious throne,
 As art thy country's honour and thine own.
 What I mind the vert' 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.

* Capel left, Esq., the Mechanics of shoemakers, a little of his writing, moral, & obtruded verses: a little of his own, as heur to those who wish to be understood in rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth.

† See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of *Hampton Green*.

‡ Vide *Rev. Johnson's of a Weaver in the Moorlands* & *Staffordshire*.

§ It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader, the authors of *The Pleasures of Memory* and *The Pleasures of Health*, the most beautiful dialectic poems in our language, if we except Pope's *Essay on Man*; but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.

No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,

The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
Who, least affecting, still affect the most;
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel:
Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil.*

* 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?
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?

Are there no sins for satire's lard 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! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit;
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal 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 nursed 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 stram'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:

* Gifford, author of the *Paradise* and *Morand*, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.
Sotheby, translator of Wieland's *Oberon* and Virgil's *Georgics*, and author of *Stout*, an epic poem.

Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly *Scotland's South*; or, *The Wars of War*, of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

† Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the *Paradise* and *Morand* should not be his last original works. Let him remember 'Mox in reluctantis dracones.'

‡ Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee 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 canvas 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 bowler
Where dwell the muses at their natal hour;
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd
The aim,

The climate that nours 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 hall-w'd feelings for those classic lands;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye.
Wright! † '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! who snatch'd to light;
Those gems too long withheld from modern sight;
Whose mingling taste could bid to cull the wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flang,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
Now let those minds, that nobly could transuse
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 symbols, more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now, worn down, appear in native brass;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around
Evaporate in similes and sound;
Him let them slun, 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.

* Mr. Shee, author of *Rhymes on Art*, and *Elements of Art*.

† Mr. Wright, late Consul-General for the Seven Islands, author of a very beautiful poem entitled *Horse Venice*; descriptive of the isles and adjacent coast of Greece.

‡ The translators of the *Anthology* have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

§ The neglect of the *Botanic Garden* is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

Whose verse, if all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Laube and Lloyd : *
Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach :
The native genius with their being given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott, resign to minstrels rule
The wilder slogan of a border feud ;
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;
Enough for genius, if itself inspire !
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse ;
Let simple Wordsworth claim his furbish'd verse,
And brother Coleridge huff the fiddle at nurse ;
Let spectro-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost ;
Let Moore be lowly ; let Strangford steal from Moore,
And swear that Camoens sang such notes of yore ;
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,
And golly Grahame chant a stupid stave ;
Let sonnetteering Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourth line ;
Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest
Of Grob Street, and of Grosvenor Place the best,
So raw on, till death release us from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
But thou, with powers that mock the toil of praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bard a noble lay ;
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nans,
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.

* Messrs. Laube and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

† By the by, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem his hero or heroine will be less ad libitum to *Goa* *1803*, and more to grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her bravo Williams of Deloraine.

‡ It may be asked why I have excused the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has for a series of years beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl, no—his works come early in review with those of other patrons *à la mode*. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said anything in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere re-entailment. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be an indulgent relation to Lord Carlisle; if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from eulogies, elegies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies, bearing his name and mark.

* What can enable knaves, or *foes*, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!

So says Pope. Amen!

Say, will not Caledon's annals yield
The glorious record of some nobler field,
Than the wild foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
Or Marston's acts of darkness, fitter food
For outlaw'd Sherwood's tales of Robin Hood?
Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And let thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet met 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 I tell the tale of what she was before,
To future times her faded fame recall,
And I save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
To cope our 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 ;
Then now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may
claim
The transient mention of a dubious name !
When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest
flame,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last ;
And glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
Exhales her hours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall she 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, and epic blank by Hoyle ;
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.*
Ye, who in Grant's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a tuff-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 doggerel 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'd falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind,
Himself a living libel on mankind.†

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race †
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace ;

* The *Gamet of Hoyle*, well known to the votaries of whist, chess, etc., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "plagues of Egypt."

† This person, was the writer of a poem denominated the *Art of Poaching*, as 'twas a non lucendo, containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acted as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the *Saturday*.

‡ Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus trans-ported a considerable body of Vandals.—*Gibbon's*

So sunk in dulness, and so lost to shame,
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy
fame!
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons justly praise their sires.*

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 dictatress, ocean's mighty 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 Cassantra's fate,†
With warning ever scold'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, thy 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 Portland; 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,¶
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 book on the stage,
Let vain Valentin†† rival luckless Carr,
And equal him whose work he sought to mar:

Decline and Fall, page 23, vol. ii. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

* The *Aboriginal Britons*, an excellent poem by Richards.

† Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, King of Troy—Apollo bestowed on her the gift of prophecy; but added to it the curse that no one should believe her predictions.

‡ A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an old woman, replied, 'he supposed it was because he was past bearing.'

§ Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

¶ Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

** Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

†† Mount Caucasus.

†† Lord Valentin (whose tremendous travels are

Let Aberdeen and Elgin* 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 classic Gell; †
And, quite content, no more shall interpose
To stun mankind with poetry or prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, 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 I now at once I tear the veil away—
Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
Uncared by all the din of Melbourne House,
By Lamb's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edna's brawny sons and brimstone page,
Our men's 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 dance.

Thus much I've dared to do; how far my lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others
say:

This let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

forthcoming, with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposited, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Dulois's satire prevented his purchase of the *Stranger in Ireland*. Oh fie, my Lord! has your Lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist? But 'two of a trade,' they say, etc.

* Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of Phidias! 'Credat Judæus!'

† Mr Gell's *Topography of Troy and Ithaca* cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresting* Muse, whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly riddle:

‘Tantene animis cœlestis ira ire!’

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, ‘An’ I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him d—d ere I had fought him.’ What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accuse I me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary anthropologist, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by ‘lying and slandering,’ and slake their thirst by ‘evil speaking?’ I have a three facts already well known, and of Jeffrey’s mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he hence sustained any injury; what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I put England because I have censured there ‘persons of honour and wit about town;’ but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal, those who do not may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been even alluded to; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sunny carrels; but, alas, ‘the age of chivalry is over, or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no sport now in days.’

There is a worthy yeoman Hewson Clarke (St. John’s Hospital), a Sizar of Emanuel College, and I believe a demagogue of Barley-sheep-on-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet. He is, notwithstanding, a very sly dog, and I for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a dear, kept by me at Cambridge, to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, till a *Saturday*, for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the *Saturday*. He has, therefore, no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiarist, he is rather *abused* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the Editor of the *Saturday*, who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his generosity to his sallow and its scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerminham is about to take up the cudgels for his Majesty, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few who, in the very darkest intercourse that I will have to do with him here is when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, ‘point on, I will endure.’ This, nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher, and, in the words of Scott, I wish

‘To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.’

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.*

WRITTEN 1811.—PUBLISHED 1828.

‘Pallas, te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immitat, et pernam scelerato ex sanguine sumit’—*Æneid*.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his ruse be run,
Along Moræa’s hills the setting sun;
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;

O’er the lush’d deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows,
On old Ægina’s rock and Hydræ’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,
Moræa’s glory purged, meet his melting glance;

* This Satire on Lord Elgin for bringing the remains of Grecian art from the Parthenon to England, was not published by Lord Byron. He suppressed it, and used the beautiful opening lines in his poem ‘The Corsair.’ It was given to the public four years after his death, in 1827.

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 clos'd their murder'd sage's* latest day;
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing 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 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:
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:†
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,
Lulls 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!

* Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

† The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

‡ The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ælissus has no stream at all.

§ The Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva.

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 record'd 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 chang'd
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she rang'd!
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 illëgis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal gaunt;
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp;
And, ah, though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owl circl'd 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 *last* by all, and *least* by me:
Chide if 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,
Scourg'd from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both,
Survey this vacant, violated fane;
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:
These Cecrops plac'd, *this* Pericles adorn'd,*
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd.
What more I owe, let gratitude attest—
Know Maric 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!
But 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 wisely stole what less barbarians won.
So when the lion quits his fell repast,
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make 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!

* This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympus, by some supposed the Parthenon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble architecture.

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.*

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling 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 land †
Hath Wisdom's godless 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
Dilates 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 everywhere but north,
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
And thus—accurs'd 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 tomb'd) 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 ;

† His Lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon ; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the baso-reliefs, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

† 'Irish bastards,' according to Sir Callaghan O'Brailaghan.

Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest, *nattre* gusto is—to sell :
To sell, and make—may shame record the day !—
The state receiver of his peer'd prey,
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.
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" there.
Round the throng'd gates shall sauntering coxcombs
creep,

To lounge and lubricate, 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* and *those*,
And envies Laïs all her Attic haux.
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.
Oh, bath'd 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 Eratostratos* and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line ;
Alike reserved for aye to stand accurs'd,
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 fit 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 perilous war,
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
Or break the compact which herself had made ;
Far from such counsils, 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 hated and alone.

'Look to the east, where Gauges' 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 purpured flood,
And claims his long arrears of northern blood.
So may ye perish !—Pallas, when she gave
Your freeborn rights, forbade ye to enslave.

* Eratostratos, who, in order to make his name remembered, set fire to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

* Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hand she hates,
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—you love not to look there,
On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
Your city saddens; loud though Kevel 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,"* who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas plucked each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdained 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 senators 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 croud,
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.†
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,

* "Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly."
POPE.
† The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

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 Allion wear the chains.
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;
The frozen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That led the fee defiance ere they come,
The hero's landing 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 Havoë 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 the ravish'd dame,
The riled 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 dunes
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames
Nay, frown not, Allion! 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.

1813.

'Quails in Euboic rîps, aut per juga Cynthi,
Erat' of Diana choros.' VIRGIL.

'Such on Euboea's banks, or Cynthi's height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful godless leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads.'
DRYDEN'S *Virg.*

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 preside the waltz in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *virgin*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came off in our old chariot; of which, by the by, 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 Tipton, her partner-general and Popo's knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for *l'air de la mode*) 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 pieces 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 Loke,† only more *'a-pl'-'nove'*, till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By and by they stopp'd a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down. But no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, *'quam pariter ardet'* (as Terence said when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then sat it again, like two cockshafers spitted upon the same lodkin. I ask'd what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the *Paris* of *Hollands*, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenkack) said, 'Lord! Mr. Hornem, what you see they are valding' or waltzing (I forget 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 victors (about 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 declaiming his father's late sermon of 'A Dignity and Address'), I composed the following hymn, who reward it to me, like my countrymen's known to the public; whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics—I am, Sir, your Obedt. &c. &c.

HORACE HORNEM.

* State of the poll (last day). †

† My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said to have forgotten what he never remembered; but I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest for a three-shilling bank token, after much haggling for the *error* sixpence. I grudged the money to a Papist, being all for the memory of 'Pro Rex and 'No Popery,' and quite regretting the downfall of the Pope, because we can't burn him any more.

MUSE of the many-twinkling feet! * whose charms
 Are now extended up from legs to arms;
 Tersichore!—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 reasonably high;
 Thy breast, if bare enough, requires no shield:
 Dance forth—*sans amour* thou shalt take the
 field,
 And own—impregnable 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 spurs 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 Hounslow'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 'energize the object I pursue,'
 And give both Belial and his dance their due!

* 'Glance their many-twinkling feet.'—GRAY.

† To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases. The one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for; and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, 'by Shrewsbury clock, without gaining anything in that country but the title of 'the great Lord,' and 'the Lord,' which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being to whom *Dei Deorum* for carnate is the rankest blasphemy. It is to be presumed that the general will one day return to his Sabine farm, there

'To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,

Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain!

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer; we do more: we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If 'the great Lord's *Cincinnati* progress in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according to the farmer's proverb, be 'ploughing with dogs.'

By the by, one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten; it is, however, worth remembering—'*Salvador del mundo! crédito, poster!*' If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a man who has not yet saved them—(query, are they worth saving, even in this world? for, according to the mildest modifications of any Christian creed, those three words make the odds much against them in the next. 'Saviour of the world,' quotha!)—it were to be wished that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it—his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connexion between superstition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics too) who can confer such an appellation on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will be entitled the 'Virgin Mary'; if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

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 cellar—*thou* our living stock.
 The head to hock belongs—thy subtil art
 Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
 Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

O Germany! how much to thee we owe,
 As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
 Ere curs'd confederation made thee France's,
 An I only left us thy d—d debts and dances I
 of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
 We bless thee still—for George the Third is left I
 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 our faults—
 A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her, her emperor and diet,
 Though now transferr'd to Bonaparte's 'fiat I'
 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
mairs,

Ere yet unlucky Fame, compelled 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 *Monitor* nor *Morning Post* can match;
 And, almost crushed 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 ensure a wind,
 Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to back it,
 Of Heynè, 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 bubbling 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 rigabon,
Scotch reels, avant! 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 publish'd upon every clime!
Oh, say, shall dull Romaniak's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggles, or Bolero'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 Morer'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;
Fools' Paradise is dull to that you lost.
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
No stiff-starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache
(Transfer'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 oppress'd;
Superfluous hartshorn and reviving salts,
Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial, 'Waltz.'

* Dancing girls.

Seductive Waltz!—though on thy native shore
Even 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 even proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
The fashion hails—from courtesies 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 even clumsy cits attempt to pounce,
And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.
Gods! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of 'Waltz'

Blest was the time Waltz chose her for *début*:
The court, the Regent, like her self, 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 ribbons, deck'd alike in hue,
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 minnets, 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 Gloucester'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 stranger's 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;

* Jenkinson.

† 'We have changed all that,' says the Mock Doctor; 'tis all gone; Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have Nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history, viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and when divided, you find a *foe* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

The other to the shoulder no less loyal,
 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 or slow,
 The genial contact gently undergo;
 Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,
 If 'nothing follows all this palming work.*
 True, honest Mirzy!—you may trust my rhyme—
 Something does follow at a fitter time;
 The breast thus publicly resigned 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 heldames still!
 Thou ghost of Queensberry! 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;

* In Turkey, a pertinent, here an impertinent and superfluous question—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a waltz in Pera—*vide Morier's Travels*.

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—
Howe, 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; romantically applied,
 Round the slight waist, or down the flowing 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 blasphemous
 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 amends,
 Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WAT TYLER.'

PUBLISHED IN THE 'LIBERAL.' 1822.

'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 renegade 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 anywhere, except 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*?

2^dly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3^dly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full Parliament, 'a ravenous ronegabo?'

4thly, Is he not Poet Laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

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 *malice*, 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. Hence all this 'skimbles-scambles stuff' about 'Satanic,' and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—'quod ab ipso fit.'

If there is anything obnoxious to the poetical 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 everything else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonize 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 *Edison*, 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 judgments in the next world, is like his own judgments 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.—It is 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 insular-like Mr. Southey. The whole act passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's *Wife of Bath*, Pulei's *Morganatic Maggiori*, Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, etc., may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.—Q. K.

. 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 meantime have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called; otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate Jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey breatheth grievously 'one Mr. Lumbor,' who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verse; 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 Lumbor (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)—

'Arise, 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?'
'Gehir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,
Though them indeed his d dily face adored;
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!—

Göber, 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 scraps 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 quenched his innate thirst of evil
(Here Satan'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 peopled 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 beast; but ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
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 left 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 ought 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 pierc'd
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 *was*? 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 unumm'd 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 has gone
For him, unless he left a currian 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.

I know this is unpopular; I know
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we're cram'm'd
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
I know that all save England's church have
shamm'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 am fit for such a noble dish,
As one day will be that immortal fry
"Almost everybody 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 all save a saint exclaim;

But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, 'There's another star gone out, I think I'

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flap'd his right wing o'er his eyes—
At which Saint Peter yaw'n'd, and rubb'd his nose,
'Saint porter,' said the Angel, 'prithce 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 tussle,
And ne'er world 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;
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 how,
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 shoulders,
There would have been a different tale to tell;
The fellow-feeeling in the saint's 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 do! 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 Inde,
Or Thames, or Tweed), and midst the m 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 waded
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 St. 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 icher.
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
Like birds when scorns 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 all are 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 even 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.'

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 teenning
With earthly likenesses; for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
Johanna Southcote, 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 nends' 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 pass'd—he stood;
Before him the young cherubs and saints 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 archangelic 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 soul-re-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 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their *chaos* o'er the
spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space: we know
From Job, that Satan 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 'twould 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 title 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; Satan met his ancient friend
With more *hauteur*, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diadem'd brow
An instant; and then raising it, he stood
To act to assert his right or wrong, and show
Clearly why King George by no means could or
should
Make out a case to be exempt from war;
To mild more than other kings, endued
With better sense and hearts, who in history men-
tion'd;
Who long have pav'd hell with their good in-
tentions.*

XXXVIII.

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this
man,
Now dead, and brought before the Lord?
What ill
Hath he wrought in his mortal race began,
That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do
thy will,
If he be just: if in this earthly 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 gates 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 dead
To thee and thine, because nor wife nor last
Were of his weakness: yes, 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 compass; nor, alas,
Need He then serv'd to envy me my lot:
With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
In worship round Him, He may have forgot
Yon 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
Said him he consum'd. 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 Caesars' 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 sleeker sire, and middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon a throne:
His 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."

* 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 pav'd with good intentions."

XLVII.

'The New World shook 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 retaught 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, un-
explored
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 abhorrd
The foe to Catholic participation
In all the licence 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 open her portals to this Gueph,
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 Beilam begot range
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!
Saint P' replied Satan, 'you do well to avenge
The wrongs he made your satellites endure
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 I and devil!
Pray, not so fast; you both outran discretion
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
And condescension to the vulgar's level:
Even saints sometimes forget themselves in
session.
Have you not more to say?'—'No.'—'If you please,
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses.'

LII.

Then Satan 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
A ne of Satan's most sublime inventens.

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controis
Of worlds past, present, or to come: no station
Is 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 are proud of this, as very well they may,
It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
Stuck in their loins; or like to an *entre*
Up the back stairs, or such freemasonry.
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 *weather* is not too severe.

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 Satan's couriers bound for their own clime
The sun takes up one year 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
(I've seen a something like it in the skies
In the Aegean, ere a squall); 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 ere saw a crowd
Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these:
They shadow'd with their myriads space; their loud
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 Frenchghost swore

In certain terms I shan'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, an 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 'subpena,' 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 rambo, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Satan: 'Why,
My good old friend—for so I elect you, though
Our different parties make us fight—why,
I ne'er mistake you for a French or English;
Our difference is, a *bonaparte* or *bonaparte*.
Trust that, whatever may be our behav,
You know my great respect for you; and this
Makes me regret white or you do amiss—'

LXIII.

'Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
My call for witnesses? I did not mean
That you should half of earth and hell produce;
'Tis even 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.

Satan 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 'multifac'd'
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 Satan 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 these are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 'tis for an election that they hawl,
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?'

LXVIII.

'Sir,' replied Michael, 'you mistake; these things
Are of a former life, and what we do
Above is more august; to judge of kings
Is the tribunal met: so now you know.'
'Then I presume the gentlemen with wings,
's I Wilkes, 'our' sheriffs; and that soul below
Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind
A good deal of let—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 ought to arraign in him, the tomb
Gives licence to the humblest beggar's head
To lift itself against the loftiest.'—'Some,
Said Wilkes, 'don't want to see them laid in lead
For such a liberty; and I, for one,
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

* George III's Ministers.

To see him punish'd here for their excess,
 Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in
 Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,
 And vote his *habes corpus* into heaven.'

LXXII.

'Wilkes,' said the devil, 'I understand all this;
 You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
 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 la-
 bour,
 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 reels farther ill;
 I'll have him *gag'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 rann'd, and jamm'd (but to be talk'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 its 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; 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 phantasmagora 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 epistolary 'Iron Mask.'

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's
 fancies,
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

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 filled 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 'Nomius Umbra;' and while speaking yet,
 Away he melted in celestial smoke.
 Then Satan 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
 ghastly

'I know it, quoth the infernal; 'but he
 Shall be one, if you leave the air to me.

LXXXVI.

'Confound the rascal! 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 ram'd),
 I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
 And stooping, caught this fellow at a flit—
 No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

'The former is the devil's scribbler, and
 The latter yours, good Michael; 'tis the old air
 Belongs to all of us, you and I agreed.
 I set it up first, just as you set him there,
 And I brought him off for some time to 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 Satan said, 'I know this man of old,
 And have expected him for some time here;
 A stiffer fellow you will scarce behold,
 Or more contented 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 hea I clerk to the Fates,
 Who knows to what his rhymer may run,
 When such an ass as this, like B'diam'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, began to
 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.

XCII.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurrd
 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
 Of all his founder'd verses under way,
 And cried, 'For God's sake stop, my friend; 'twere
 best—
Non De, non De, non De—you know the rest.'

XCIII.

A general battle spread through out the throng,
 Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
 The angel's had of course enough of song
 When upon service; and the generation
 Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
 Before, to profit by a new occasion;
 The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, 'What!
 what!
 Do come again? No more—no more of that!

XCIII.

The tumult grew; an universal cough
 Convuls'd the skies, as during a debate,
 When a strong enough has been up long enough
 (But he was First Minister of State,
 I mean the *air's* *hair* *now*); some cried, 'Off,
 off!

As at a fair; till, grown quite desperate,
 The dear 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 culture 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 in level was hopeless as can be,
 Quite a peculiar felony *'de se'*.

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trumpet, 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 hings when fairly overcrow'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 pleas'd 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 moral than 'twas clever;
 Then grew a hearty anti-Jacobin—
 Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his
 skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, *an*, again
 In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
 Reviewing '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 man'd!
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker
 prose,
 And more of both than anybody knows.

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life;—here turning round
 To Satan, '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.

Satan 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 trumpet. 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 Alfonso. 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, 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.'

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 do-
 minions
 (For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
 And I leave every man to his own 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 knocked 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 Laureate's final wreath, when'er
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,
 But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
 For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks,‡
 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 Wellborn says—'the devil turn'd prosaian.'

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.

* See *Life of Henry Kirke White*.

† Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolemaean system, said that 'had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities.'

* See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared 'with a curious perfume and a most melodious twang;' or see the *Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 225.

‡ A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

THE AGE OF BRONZE;

OR,

CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.

Impar Congressus Achilli.

I.

THE 'good old times'—all times when old are good—
Are gone; the present might be if they would;
Great things have been, and are, and greater still
Want little of mere mortals but their will:
A wider space, a greener field, is given
To those who play their 'tricks before high heaven.'
I know not if the angels weep, but men
Have wept enough—for what?—to weep again!

II.

All is exploded—he it good or bad,
Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deem'd him such,
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—
Athos and Ika, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,
As the deep billows of the Aegean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Thyrigan shore.
But where are they—the rivals! a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
Which hushes all! a calm, unstormy wave,
Which oversweeps the world! The theme is old
Of 'dust to dust;' but half its tale untold;
Time tempers not its terrors—still the worm
Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its form,
Varied above, but still alike below;
The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow,
Though Cleopatra's mummy cross the sea
O'er which from empire she lured Anthony,
Though Alexander's urn a show be grown—
On shores he wept to conquer, though unknown—
How vain, how worse than vain, at length appear
The madman's wish, the Macedonian's tear!
He wept for worlds to conquer—half the earth
Knows not his name, or but his death, and birth,
And desolation; while his native Greece
Hath all of desolation, save its peace.
He 'wept for worlds to conquer!' he who ne'er
Concepted the globe, he panted not to spare!
With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,
Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne.

III.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car

Thy new Sesostris, whose unharness'd kings,
Freed from the lot, believe themselves with wings,
An I spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd of late,
Cham'd to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
Yes! where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild,
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were
thrones;

Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile,
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
Smile to survey the squeller of the nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines;
O'er petty quarrels upon petty things,
Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
A surgeon's statement, and an earl's harangues!
A bird delayed, a book refused, can shake
The sleep of him who kept the world awake.
Is this indeed the tamer of the great,
Now slave of all could tease or irritate—
The paltry glorer and the prying spy,
The staring stranger with his note-book high?
Plunged in a dungeon he had still been great;
How low, how little was this middle state,
Between a prison and a palace, where
How few could feel for what he had to bear!
Vain his complaint,—my lord presents his bill,
His food and wine were doled out duly still;
Vain was his sickness, never was a clume
So free from homicide—to doubt's a crime;
And the stiff surgeon, who mant'nd his cause,
Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause.
But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart
Disclaim, defy, the tardy aid of art;
Though, save the few fond friends and imaged face
Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
None stand by his low bed—though even the mind
Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind;
Smile—for the fetter'd eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again.

IV.

How, if that soaring spirit still retain
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,

How must he smile, on looking down, to see
 The little that he was and sought to be!
 What though his name a wider empire found
 Than his ambition, though with scarce a wound;
 Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
 He tasted empire's blessings and its curse.
 Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape
 From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape,
 How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,
 The proudest sea-mark that o'er tops the wave!
 What though his gazer, dutious to the last,
 Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep him fast,
 Refusing one poor line along the lid,
 To date the birth and death of all it hid;
 That name shall hallow th' ignoble shore,
 A talisman to all save him who bore:
 The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
 Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast;
 When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,
 Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,
 The rocky isle that holds or held his dust,
 Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,
 And mighty nature o'er his obsequies
 Do more than niggard envy still denies.
 But what are these to him? Can glory's lust
 Touch the freed spirit or the fetter'd dust?
 Small care hath he of what his tomb consists;
 Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists:
 Alike the better-seeing shade will smile
 On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,
 As if his ashes found their latest home
 In Rome's Pantheon or Gaul's mimic dome
 He wants not this; but France shall feel the want
 Of this last consolation, though so scant:
 Her honour, fame, and faith demand his bones,
 To rear above a pyramid of thrones;
 Or carried onward in the battle's van,
 To form, like Guesclin's* dust, her talisman.
 But be it as it is—the time may come
 His name shall beat the alarm, like Ziska's drum.

V.

Oh heaven! of which he was in power a feature;
 Oh earth! of which he was a noble creature;
 Thou isle! to be remember'd long and well,
 That saw'st the unfeigned eaglet chip his shell!
 Ye Alps, which view'd him in his dawning flights
 Hover, the victor of a hundred fights!
 Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Caesar's deeds outdone!
 Alas! why pass'd he too the Rubicon—
 The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,
 To herd with vulgar kings and parasites?
 Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
 Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
 And shook within their pyramids to hear
 A new Cambyzes thundering in their ear;
 While the dark shades of forty ages stood
 Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood;
 Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle
 Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,

* Guesclin died during the siege of a city: it surrendered, and the keys were brought and laid upon his bier, so that the place might appear rendered to his ashes.

With clashing hosts, who strew'd the barren sand,
 To re-manure the uncultivated land!
 Spain! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
 Beheld his banner floating thy Madrid!
 Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital
 Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall!
 Ye race of Frederic!—Frederics but in name
 And falsehood—heirs to all except his fame:
 Who, crush'd at Jena, crouched at Berlin, fell
 First, and but rose to follow! Ye who dwell
 Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet
 The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt!
 Poland! o'er which the avenging angel pass'd,
 But left thee as he found thee, still a waste,
 Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,
 Thy lott'd people and extinguish'd name,
 Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,
 That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear—
 Kosciusko! On—on—the thirst of war
 Gasp for the gore of serfs and of their czar.
 The half barbaric Moscow's minarets
 Glean in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets!
 Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
 For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
 To see in vain—*he* saw thee—how? with spire
 And palace fuel to one common fire.
 To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
 To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
 To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
 The prince his hall—and Moscow was no more!
 Sulmest of volcanos! Etna's flame
 Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame;
 Vesuvius shows his blaze, an usual sight
 For gaping tourists, from his hackney'd height:
 Thou stand'st alone unrival'd, till the fire
 To come, in which all empires shall expire.

Thou other element! as strong and stern,
 To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn!—
 Whose icy wing flapp'd o'er the filtering foe,
 Till fell a hero with each flake of snow;
 How did thy numbing beak and silent fang
 Pierce, till hosts perish'd with a single pang!
 In vain shall Seine look up along his banks
 For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks!
 In vain shall France recall beneath her vines
 Her youth—their blood flows faster than her wines,
 Or stagnant in their human ice remains
 In frozen mummies on the Polar plains.
 In vain will Italy's broad sun awaken
 Her offspring chill'd; its beams are now forsaken.
 Of all the trophies gather'd from the war,
 What shall return? the conqueror's broken car!
 The conqueror's yet unbroken heart! Again
 The horn of Roland sounds, and not in vain.
 Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,
 Beholds him conquer, but, alas! not die:
 Dresden surveys three despots fly once more
 Before their sovereign,—sovereign as before;
 But there exhausted Fortune quits the field,
 And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanquish'd yield.
 The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
 To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide;
 And backward to the den of his despair
 The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair!

Oh yet and each and all! Oh France! who found
 Thy long fair fields plough'd up as hostile ground,
 Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still
 His only victor, from Montmartre's hill
 Look'd down o'er trampled Paris! and thou Isle,
 Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
 Thou momentary shelter of his pride,
 Till wood'd by danger, his yet weeping bride!
 Oh, France! retaken by a single march,
 Whose path was through one long triumphal arch!
 Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo!
 Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,
 Won half by blunder, half by treachery:
 Oh, dull Saint Helen! with thy gaudier sigh—
 Hear! hear Prometheus from his rock appeal*
 To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel
 His power and glory, all who yet shall hear
 A name eternal as the rolling year;
 He teaches them the lesson taught so long,
 So oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong!
 A single step into the right had made
 This man the Washington of worlds betray'd;
 A single step into the wrong has given
 His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;
 The reed of Fortune, and of thrones the rod,
 Of Fame the Moloch or the demigod;
 His country's Cesar, Europe's Hannibal,
 Without their decent dignity of fall;
 Yet Vanity herself had better taught
 A surer path even to the fame he sought,
 By pointing out on history's fruitless page
 Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.
 While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
 Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
 Or drawing from the noble's kindled earth
 Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth;
 While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er
 Shall sink while there's an echo left to air;
 While even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war
 Forgets Pizarro to shout *Bizar!*
 Alas! why must the same Atlantic wave
 Which wafted freedom girl a tyrant's grave—
 The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave,
 Who burst the chains of millions to renew
 The very fetters which his arm broke through,
 And crush'd the rights of Europe and his own,
 To fit between a dungeon and a throne?

VI.

But 'twill not be—the spark's awaken'd—lo!
 The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow:
 The same high spirit which I cast back the Moor
 Through eight long ages of alternate gore
 Revives—and where? in that avenging clime
 Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,
 Where Cortes and Pizarro's banner flew,
 The infant world redeems her name of 'New.'
 'Tis the old aspiration breath'd afresh,
 To kindle souls withn degraded flesh,

* I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in *Æschylus*, when he was left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the chorus of Sea-nymphs.

Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
 Where Greece teazs—No! she still is Greece once more.

One common cause makes myriads of one breast,
 Slaves of the East, or helots of the West:
 On Andes' and on Athos' peaks unfurl'd,
 The self-same standard streams o'er either world:
 The Athenian wears again Harmodius' sword;
 The Chili chief abjures his foreign lord;
 The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek,
 Young Freedom plumes the crest of each cacique;
 Debating despots, hemm'd on either shore,
 Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar;
 Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides advance,
 Sweep slightly by the half-tamed land of France,
 Down o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would fain
 Unite *Ausonia* to the mighty main:
 But driven from thence awhile, yet not for aye,
 Break o'er th' *Ægean*, mindful of the day
 Of *Salamis*!—there, there the waves arise,
 Not to be lull'd by tyrant victories.
 Lone, lost, abandon'd in their utmost need
 By Christians, unto whom they gave their creed,
 The desolated lands, the savag'd Isle,
 The foster'd feud encouraged to beguile,
 The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
 Prolong'd but in the hope to make a prey:—
 These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can show
 The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.
 But this is well; Greeks only should free Greece,
 Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace,
 How should the autocrat of bondage be
 The king of serfs, and set the nations free?
 Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
 Than swell the Cossack's prowling caravan;
 Better still toil for masters, than await
 The stroke of slaves, before a Russian gate,—
 Number'd by herds, a human capital,
 A live estate, existing but for thrall,
 Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward
 For the first courtier in the Czar's regard;
 While their immediate owner never tastes
 His sleep, *sars* dreaming of Siberia's wastes:
 Better succumb even to their own despair,
 And drive the camel than purvey the bear

VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime
 Where Freedom dates her birth with that of
 Time,
 And not alone where, plunged in night, a crowd
 of Incas darken to a dubious cloud,
 The dawn revives renown'd, romantic Spain
 Hail back the invader from her soil again.
 Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde
 Demand her fields as lists to prove the sword;
 Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth
 Pollute the plains, alike abhorring both;
 Nor old Pulayo on his mountain rears
 The warlike fathers of a thousand years.
 That seed is sown and reap'd, as oft the Moor
 Sighs to remember on his dusky shore
 Long in the peasant's song or poet's page
 Haunts dwelt the memory of Abencerrage;

The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung
Back to the barbarous realm from whence they sprung.
But these are gone—their faith, their swords, their
sway,

Yet left more anti-christian foes than they;
The bigot monarch, and the butcher priest.
The Inquisition, with her burning feast,
The faith's red 'auto,' fed with human fuel,
While sate the catholic Moloch, calmly cruel,
Enjoying, with inexorable eye,
That fiery festival of agony!
The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both
By turns; by the haughtiness whose pride was sloth;
The long degenerate noble; the debased
Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced,
But more degraded; the unpeopled realm;
The once proud navy which forgot the helm;
The once impervious phalanx disarray'd;
The idle forge that form'd Toledo's blade;
The foreign wealth that flow'd on ev'ry shore,
Save hers who earn'd it with the natives' gore;
The very language which might vie with Rome's,
And once was known to nations like their homes,
Neglected or forgotten:—such was Spain;
But such she is not, nor shall be again.

These worst, these *home* invaders, felt and feel
The new Numantine soul of old Castile.
Up! up again! undaunted Tauridor!
The bull of Phalaris renews his roar;
Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not in vain
Revive the cry!—'Iago! and close Spain!'
Yes, close her with your armed bosoms round,
And form the barrier which Napoleon found,—
The exterminating war, the desert plain,
The streets without a tenant, save the slain;
The wild sierra, with its wilder troop
Of vulture-plumed guerrillas, on the stoop
For their incessant prey; the desperate wall
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall;
The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
Waving her more than Amazonian blade;
The knife of Arragon,† Toledo's steel;
The famous lance of chivalrous Castile;
The unerring rifle of the Catalan;
The Andalusian courser in the van;
The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid;
And in each heart the spirit of the Cid:—
Such have been, such shall be, such are. Advance,
And win—not Spain! but thine own freedom,
France!

VIII.

But lo! a Congress! What! that hallow'd name
Which freed the Atlantic! May we hope the same
For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,
Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,
The prophets of young Freedom, summon'd far
From climes of Washington and Bolivar;
Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;

* 'St. Iago! and close Spain!' the old Spanish war-cry

† The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd;
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But *who* compose this senate of the few
That should redeem the many? *If* ho renew
This consecrated name, till now assign'd
To councils held to benefit mankind?
Who now assemble at the holy call?
The blest Alliance, which says three are all!
An earthly trinity! which wears the shape
Of heaven's, as man is mimic'd by the ape.
A pious unity! in purpose one—
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed;
But these, more hungry, must have something
more—

The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
Ah, how much happier were good Aesop's frogs
Than we! for ours are animated logs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow;
All duly anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX.

Thrice blest Verona! since the holy three
With their imperial presence shine on thee!
Honour'd by them, thy treacherous site forgets
The vaunted tomb of 'all the Capulets';
Thy Scaligers—for what was 'Dog the Great,'
'Can Grande,' (which I venture to translate.)
To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,
Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;
Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate;
And Dante's exile shelter'd by thy gate;
Thy good old man,* whose world was all within
Thy wall, nor knew the country held him in;
Would that the royal guests it girds about
Were so far like, as never to get out!
Ay, shout! inscribe! rear monuments of shame,
To tell Oppression that the world is tame!
Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,
The comedy is not upon the stage;
The show is rich in ribandry and stars,
Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are free

X.

Resplendent sight! Behold the coxcomb Czar,
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit;
Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But harden'd back whene'er the morning's raw;
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.

* The famous old man of Verona.

How well the imperial dandy prates of peace!
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free
Greece!

How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet!
How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant pulks, to lecture Spain!
How royally show off in proud Madrid
His goodly person, from the South long hid;
A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
By having Muscovites for friends or foes.
Proceed, thou namesake of great Philip's son!
La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on;
And that which Scythia was to him of yore
Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.
Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged youth,
Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruthi,
Thou hast to add thee, should his lot be thine,
Many an old woman, but no Catherine.*
Spain, too, hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles—
The bear may rush into the lion's toils.
Fatal to Goths are Ne're's sunny fields;
Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's vict'ry yields?
Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords
To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashk'r herds,
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knot,
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,
To infest the clime whose skies and laws are pure
With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure,
Her soil is fertile, but she feels no foe;
Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago;
And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey?
Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
I am Diogenes, thou Russ and Hun
Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun;
But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander!
Be slaves who will, the cyme shall be free;
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinoe;
Still will he hold his lantern up to scan,
The face of monarchs for an 'honest man.'

XI.

And what doth Gaul, the all-prolific land
Of *ne plus ultra* ultras and their land
Of mercenaries? and her noisy chambers
And tribune, which each orator first clambers
Before he finds a voice, and when 'tis found,
Hears 'the he-echo' for his answer round?
Our British Commons sometimes deign to hear!
A Gallic senate hath more tongue than ear;
Even Constant, their sole master of debate,
Must fight next day his speech to vindicate.
But this costs little to true Franks, who'd rather
Combat than listen, were it to their father.
What is the simple stamling of a shot,
To listening long, and interrupting not?
Though this was not the method of old Rome,
When Tully fulmin'd o'er each vocal dome,
Demosthenes has sanction'd the transaction,
In saying eloquence meant 'Action, action!'

* The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy), when surrounded by the Musulmans on the banks of the river Pruthi.

XII.

But where's the monarch? hath he dined? or yet
Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt?
Have revolutionary patés risen,
And turn'd the royal entrails to a prison?
Have discontented movements stirr'd the troops?
Or have *no* movements followed traitorous soups?
Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
Each course enough! or doctors dire dissuaded
Rejection? Ah! in thy dejected looks
I read all France's treason in her cooks!
Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,
Desirable to be the 'Desm?'
Why wouldst thou leave a calm Hartwell's green abode,
Apician table, and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love a mug rather to be scourged than school'd?
Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones; the table sees thee better placed:
A mild Epicurean, form'd, at best,
To be a kind host and as good a guest,
To talk of letters, and to know by heart
One *hazy* the poet's, *all* the gourmand's art:
A scholar always, now and then a wit,
And gentle when digestion may permit;—
But not to govern lands enslaved or free;
The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

XIII.

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
I rom a bold Briton in her wanted praise?
'Arts—arms—and George—and glory, and the isles—
And happy Britain—wealth, and Freedom's smiles—
White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof—
Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof—
Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl'd,
That nose, the hook where he suspends the world!*
And Waterloo—and trade—and—(hush not yet
A syllable of imposts or of debt)—
And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
Whose penknife slit a goose-quill 't'other day—
And "pilots who have weather'd every storm,"
(But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name reform.)
These are the themes thus sing so oft before,
Methinks we need not sing them any more;
Found in so many volumes far and near,
There's no occasion you should find them here.
Yet something may remain perchance to rhyme
With reason, and I, what's stranger still, with rhyme.
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
And never, even in that dull House, couldst tame
To unheaven'd prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more;
Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man, because
Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.
The hounds will gather to their huntsman's holla,
And where he leads the duteous pack will follow;
But not for love mistake their yelling cry;
Their yelp for game is not an enlogy;

* 'Naso suspendit aluenco.'—HORACE.
The Roman applies it to one who merely was impertinent to his acquaintance.

Less faithful far than the four-footed pack,
A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back,
Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,
Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;
The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last
To stumble, kick, and now and then stick fast
With his great self and rider in the mud;
But what of that? the animal shows blood.

XIV.

Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now uncountry gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a melody of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,
Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.
And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign?
He was your great Triptolemus; his vices
Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd your
prices;

He amplified to every lord's content
The grand agrarian alchemy, high *rent*.
Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?
Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
The man was worth much more upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,
But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt;
But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day.
But where is now the goodly audit due?
The purse-proud tenant, never known to fail?
The farm which never yet was left on hand?
The marsh reclaim'd to most improving land?
The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
The doubling rental? What an evil's peace!
In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
In vain the Commons pass their patriot bill;
The *landed interest*—(you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the *land*)—
The land self-interest groans from shore to shore,
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
Up, up again, ye rents! exalt your notes,
Or else the ministry will lose their votes,
And patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her loaves will lower to the market price;
For ah! 'the loaves and fishes,' once so high,
Are gone—their oven closed, their ocean dry,
And nought remains of all the millions spent,
Excepting to grow moderate and content
They who are not so, *and* their turn—and turn
About still flows from Fortune's equal urn;
Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves prepared.
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle—why? for rent!
Year after year they voted cent. per cent.,

Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent!
They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they swore they
meant

To die for England—why then live?—for rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all misspent,
How reconcile? by reconciling rent!
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No; down with everything, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent!
Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau, for a mess;
Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten less;
Now thou hast swill'd thy postage, thy demands
Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.
Such, landlords! was your appetite for war,
And gorge'd with blood, you grumble at a scar!
What! would they spread their earthquake even o'er
cash?

And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash?
So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,
And found on 'Change a *Fondling* hospital!
Lo, Mother Church, while all religion writhes,
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring, Tithes;
The prelates go to—where the saints have gone,
And proud pluralities subside to one;
Church, state, and faction wrestle in the dark,
Toss'd by the deluge in their common ark.
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,
Another Babel soars—! ut Britan ends.
And why? to pamper the self-seeking wants,
And prop the bill of these agrarian ants.
'Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise!'
A haire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations:—pray, *who made it high?*

XV.

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
The new Symplegades—the crushing Stocks,
Where Midas might again his wish behold
In real paper or imagined gold,
That magic palace of Alcma shows
More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,
Were all her atoms of unclean'd ore,
And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.
There Fortune plays, while Rumour holds the
stake,

And the world trembles to bid brokers break.
How rich is Britain! not indeed in mines,
Or peace, or plenty, corn or oil, or wines;
No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money;
But let us not to own the truth refuse,
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews?
Those parted with their teeth to good King John,
And now, ye kings! they kindly draw your own;
All states, all things, all sovereigns they control,
And waft a loan 'from Inlus to the pole.'
The banker—broker—baron—brethren, speed
To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.

Not these alone; Columbia feels no less
 Fresh speculations follow each success;
 And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
 Her mild per-centage from exhausted Spain.
 Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march;
 'Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch.
 Two Jews, a chosen people, can command
 In every realm their scripture-promised land:—
 Two Jews keep down the Romans, an' uphold
 The accursed Hun, more brutal than of old:
 Two Jews—but not Samaritans—direct
 The world, with all the spirit of their sect.
 What is the happiness of earth to them?
 A congress forms their 'New Jerusalem,'
 Where baronies and orders both invite—
 Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see the sight?
 Thy followers mingling with these royal swine,
 Who spit not 'on their Jewish garbage-line,'
 But honour them as portion of the throne—
 (Where now, oh Pope! is thy forsaken toe?
 Could it not favour Judith with some kicks?)
 On Shylock's shore behold them stand afresh,
 To cut from nations' hearts their 'pound of flesh.'

XVI.

Strange sight this Congress! destiny I to unite
 All that's incongruous, all that's opposite,
 I speak not of the sovereigns—they're alike,
 A common coin as ever might could strike;
 But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
 Have more fidelity than their heavy kings,
 Jews, authors, generals, heralds, 'em' in;
 While Europe wonders at the vast design:
 There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,
 Cypriote; there Wellington forgets to fight;
 There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs;
 And subtle Greek intrigues for stupid Turins;
 There Montmorency, the sworn foe to charters,
 Turns a slight orator of great elat,
 To furnish articles for the 'Délats,'
 Of war so certain—yet not quite so sure
 As his dismissal in the 'Moniteur.'
 Alas! how could his cabinet thus err!
 Can peace be worth an ultra-minister?
 He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again,
 'Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.'

XVII.

Enough of this—a sight more mournful soon
 The averted eye of the reluctant queen,
 The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
 The imperial victim—sacrificed to pride!

The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
 The young Astyanax of modern Troy;
 The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
 That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;
 She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
 The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
 Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
 A daughter? What did France's widow there?
 Her fitter place was by St Helen's wave,
 Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
 But, no—she still must hold a petty reign,
 Flank'd by her formidable chamberlain;
 The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes
 Must watch her through these paltry pageantries,
 What though she share no more, and shared in vain,
 A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
 Whence swept from Moscow to the southern seas!
 Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,
 Where Parma views the traveller resort,
 To taste the trappings of her mimic court.
 But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
 Of all her beams—while nations gaze and mourn—
 Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
 To chill in their inhospitable clime;
 (If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold;—
 But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould.)
 She comes!—the Andromache (but not Racine's,
 Nor Homer's,)—Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
 Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
 Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,
 I offer'd and accepted?—Could a slave
 Do more? or less?—and *he* in his new grave!
 Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
 And the ex-empress grows as ex a wife!
 So much for human ties in royal breasts!
 Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jest?

XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
 And sketch the group—the picture's yet to come,
 My muse 'gan weep, but ere a tear was split,
 She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
 While through'd the chiefs of every Highland clan
 To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!
 God bless grow's Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
 Whose of the Common Council cry 'Claymore!'
 I see proud Allan's tartans as a belt
 Gird the great surcoat of a city Celt,
 Still burst into a laughter so extreme,
 That I aw-ke,—and lo! it was no dream!

Here, reader, will we part:—if there's no harm in
 This first, you'll have, perhaps, a second 'Carmen.'

* Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the manuscript, to which I have since made some amendments at Verona from literary sovereignty. Alas! Monsieur C., are you related to that Chateaubriand who—

she who has written—*Chateaubriand, l'écrit quelque chose*. It is said that the author of *Atala* repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.

THE BLUES:

A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

‘Nimium ne crede colori.’—VIRGIL.

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,
Though your *hair* were as *red* as your *stockings* are *blue*

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

London.—Before the Door of a Lecture Room.

Enter Tracy, meeting Inkel.

Ink. YOU'RE too late.

Tracy. Is it over?

Ink. Nor will be this hour.

But the benches are cram'd like a garden in flower,
With the pride of our belles, who have made it the
fashion;

So, instead of "beaux arts," we may say "a *belles*
passion"

For learning, which lately has taken the lead in
The world, and set all the fine gentlemen reading.

Tracy. I know it too well, and have worn out my
patience

With studying to study your new publications.

There's Vamp, Scamp, and Mouthy, and Words-
words and Co.

With their damnable—

Ink. Hold, my good friend, do you know

Whom you speak to?

Tracy. Right well, boy, and so does "the Row;"

You're an author—a poet—

Ink. And think you that I

Can stand tamely in silence, to hear you decry
The Muses?

Tracy. Excuse me: I meant no offence

To the Nine; though the number who make some
pretence

To their favours is such—but the subject to drop,

I am just piping hot from a publisher's shop,

(Next door to the pastry-cook's; so that when I

Cannot find the new volume I wanted to buy

On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two paces,

As one finds every author in one of those places:)

Where I just had been skimming a charming critique,

So studded with wit, and so sprinkled with Greek!

Where your friend—you know who—has just got such
a thrashing,

That it is, as the phrase goes, extremely "*refresh-*
ing."

What a beautiful word!

Ink. Very true; 'tis so soft

And so cooling—they use it a little too oft;

And the papers have got it at last—but no matter.

So they've cut up our friend, then?

Tracy. Not left him a tatter—

Not a rag of his present or past reputation,

Which they call a disgrace to the age and the nation.

Ink. I'm sorry to hear that! for friendship, you
know—

Our poor friend!—but I thought it would terminate so,
Our friendship is such, I'll read nothing to shock it.

You don't happen to have the Review in your pocket?

Tracy. No; I left a round dozen of authors and
others

(Very sorry, no doubt, since the cause is a Bro-
ther's)

All scrambling and jostling, like so many imps,

And on fire with impatience to get the next glimpse.

Ink. Let us join them.

Tracy. What, won't you return to the lecture?

Ink. Why the place is so cram'd, there's not
room for a spectre

Besides, our friend Scamp is to-day so absurd—

Tracy. How can you know that till you hear him?

Ink. I heard

Quite enough; and, to tell you the truth, my retreat

Was from his vile nonsense, no less than the heat

Tracy. I have had no great loss, then?

Ink. Loss!—such a palaver;

I'd inoculate sooner my wife with the slaver

Of a dog when gone rabid, than listen two hours

To the torrent of trash which around him he pours,

Pump'd up with such effort, disgorged with such
labour,

That—come—do not make me speak ill of one's
neighbour.

Tracy. I make you!

Ink. Yes, you! I said nothing until

You compell'd me, by speaking the truth—

Tracy. *To speak ill!*

Is that your deduction?

Ink. When speaking of Scamp ill,

I certainly *flow*, not *set* an example.

The fellow 's a fool, an impostor, a zany.

Tracy. And the crowd of to-day shows that one fool
makes many.

But we two will be wise.

Ink. Pray, then, let us retire.

Tracy. I would, but—

Ink. There must be attraction much higher
Than Scamp, or the Jew's harp he nicknames his
lyre,

Tracy. I call you to this hotbed.

Tra. I own it—'tis true—
A fair lady—
Ink. A spinster?
Tra. Miss Lilac!
Ink. The Blue!
The heiress?
Tra. The angel!
Ink. The devil! why, man,
Pray get out of the hobble as fast as you can.
You wed with Miss Lilac! 't would be your per-
dition!
She's a poet, a chemist, a mathematician.
Tra. I say she's an angel.
Ink. Say rather an *angèle*.
If you and she marry, you 'll certainly wrangle.
I say she's a Blue, man, as blue as the ether.
Tra. And is that any cause for not coming together?
Ink. Humph! I can't say I know any happy
alliance
Which has lately sprung up from a wedlock with
science.
She's so learned in all things, and fond of concerning
Herself in all matters connected with learning.
That—
Tra. What?
Ink. I perhaps may as well hold my tongue;
But there's five hundred people can tell you you're
wrong.
Tra. You forget Lady Lilac's as rich as a Jew.
Ink. Is it miss or the cash of mamma you pursue?
Tra. Why, Jack, I'll be frank with you—something
of both.
The girl's a fine girl.
Ink. As to a fool nothing both
To her good ladyship, there's reason, and a deal yet
Her life is as good as your own, I will bet.
Tra. Let her live, and as long as she likes; I de-
mand
Nothing more than the heart of her daughter and
hand.
Ink. Why, that heart 's in the inkstand—that hand
on the pen.
Tra. Apropos—Will you write me a song now and
then?
Ink. To what purpose?
Tra. You know, my dear friend, that in prose,
My talent is decent, as far as it goes;
But in rhyme—
Ink. You're a terrible stick, to be sure.
Tra. I own it; and yet, in these times, there's no
lure
For the heart of the fair like a stanza or two,
And so, as I can't, will you furnish a few?
Ink. In your name?
Tra. In my name. I will copy
them out,
To slip into her hand at the very next rout.
Ink. Are you so far advanced as to hazard this?
Tra. Why,
Do you think me subdued by a Blue-stockings eye,
So far as to tremble to tell her in rhyme
What I've told her in prose, at the least, as sublime?
Ink. As sublime? If it be so, no need of my
Muse.

Tra. But consider, dear Inkel, she's one of the
"Blues."
Ink. As sublime!—Mr. Tracy—I've nothing to say.
Stick to prose—As sublime!!—But I wish you good
day.
Tra. Nay, stay, my dear fellow—consider—I'm
wrong;
I own it; but, prithee, compose me the song.
Ink. As sublime!!
Tra. I but used the expression in haste.
Ink. That may be, Mr. Tracy, but shows damn'd
bad taste.
Tra. I own it—I know it—acknowledge it—what
Can I say to you more?
Ink. I see what you'd be at:
You disparage my parts with insidious abuse,
Till you think you can turn them best to your own
use
Tra. And is that not a sign I respect them?
Ink. Why tha
To be sure makes a difference.
Tra. I know what is what;
And you, who're a man of the gay world no less
Than a poet of t'other, may easily guess
That I never could mean, by a word, to offend
A genius like you, and moreover, my friend.
Ink. No doubt; you by this time should know what
is due
To a man of—but come—let us shake hands.
Tra. You knew,
And you know, my dear fellow, how heartily I
Wish to see your publish, am ready to buy.
Ink. That's my bookseller's business; I care not for
side;
Indeed the best poems at first rather fail
There were Keats's epics, and Botherby's plays,
And my own grand romance—
Tra. Had its full share of praise.
I myself saw it puff'd in the "Old Girl's Review."
Ink. What Review?
Tra. 'Tis the English "Journal de Trevoux,"
A clerical work of our Jesuits at home.
Have you never yet seen it?
Ink. That pleasure 's to come.
Tra. Make haste then.
Ink. Why so?
Tra. I have heard people say
That it threaten'd to give up the *ghost* t' other day.
Ink. Well, that is a sign of some *spirit*.
Tra. No doubt.
Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome's rout?
Ink. I've a card, and shall go; but at present, as
soon
As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from
the moon
(Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits),
And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,
I'm engaged to the Lady Bluebottle's collation,
To partake of a luncheon and learn'd conversation:
'Tis a sort of reunion for Scamp, on the days
Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and
praise—
And I own, for my own part, that 'tis not unplea-
sant.

Will you go? There's Miss Lilac will also be present.

Tracy. That "metal's attractive."

Ink. No doubt—to the pocket

Tracy. You should rather encourage my passion than shock it.

But let us proceed; for I think by the hum—

Ink. Very true; let us go, then, before they can come,

Or else we'll be kept here an hour at their levée, On the rack of cross questions, by all the blue bevy. Hark! Zounds, they'll be on us; I know by the drone of old Botherby's spouting ex-cathedrâ tone.

Ay! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join Your friends, or he'll pay you back in your own coin.

Tracy. All fair; 'tis but lecture for lecture.

Ink. That's clear. But for God's sake, let's go, or the Bore will be here.

Come, come: nay, I'm off. [Exit *Ink.*]

Tracy. You are right, and I'll follow; 'Tis high time for a " *Sic me servavit Apollo.*"

And yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes, Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and second-hand scribes,

All flocking to moisten their exquisite throattles

With a glass of Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's.

[Exit *Tracy.*]

END OF ECGLOUE THE FIRST.

ECLGUE THE SECOND.

*An Apartment in the House of Lady Bluebottle.
A Table prepared.*

Sir Richard Bluebottle *solus.*

Was there ever a man who was married so sorry?

Like a fool, I must needs do the thing in a hurry.

My life is reversed, and my quiet destroy'd;

My days, which once pass'd in so gentle a void,

Must now, every hour of the twelve, be employ'd;

The twelve, do I say?—of the whole twenty-four,

Is there one which I dare call my own any more?

What with driving and visiting, dancing and dining,

What with learning, and teaching, and scribbling

and shining,

In science and art, I'll be curst if I know

Myself from my wife; for although we are two,

Yet she somehow contrives that all things shall be done

In a style which proclaims us eternally one.

But the thing of all things which distresses me more

Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me sore)

Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew

Of scribblers, wits, lecturers, white, black, and blue,

Who are brought to my house as an inn, to my cost—

For the bill here, it seems, is defray'd by the host—

No pleasure! no leisure! no thought for my pains,

But to hear a vile jargon which addles my brains;

A smatter and chatter, glean'd out of reviews,

By the rag, tag, and bobtail of those they call "BLUES,"

A rabble who know not—But soft, here they come!

Would to God I were deaf! as I'm not, I'll be dumb.

Enter Lady Bluebottle, Miss Lilac, Lady Bluemount, Mr. Botherby, Inkel, Tracy, Miss Mazarine, and others, with Scamp the Lecturer, &c. &c.

Lady Blueb. Ah! Sir Richard, good morning; I've brought you some friends.

Sir Rich. (bows, and afterwards aside). If friends, they're the first,

Lady Blueb. But the luncheon attends, I pray ye be seated, " *sans cérémonie.*"

Mr. Scamp. you're fatigued; take your chair there next me. [They all sit.]

Sir Rich. (aside). If he does, his fatigue is to come.

Lady Blueb. Mr. Tracy—

Lady Bluemount.—Miss Lilac—be pleased, pray, to place ye;

And you, Mr. Botherby—

Both. Oh, my dear Lady,

I obey.

Lady Blueb. Mr. Inkel, I ought to upbraid ye;

You were not at the lecture.

Tracy. Excuse me, I was;

But the heat forced me out in the best part—alas!

And when—

Lady Blueb. To be sure it was broiling; but then

You have lost such a lecture!

Both. The best of the ten.

Tracy. How can you know that? there are two more.

Both. Because

I defy him to beat this day's wondrous applause.

The very walls shook

Ink. Oh, if that be the test,

I allow our friend Scamp has this day done his best.

Miss Lilac, permit me to help you—a wing?

Miss Lil. No more, sir, I thank you. Who lectures next spring?

Both. Dick Dunder.

Ink. That is, if he lives.

Miss Lil. And why not?

Ink. No reason whatever, save that he's a sot.

Lady Bluemount! a glass of Madeira?

Lady Bluem. With pleasure.

Ink. How does your friend Wordswords, that Windermere treasure?

Does he stick to his lakes, like the leeches he sings, And their gatherers, as Homer sung warriors and kings?

Lady Bluem. He has just got a place.

Ink. As a footman?

Lady Bluem. For shame!

Nor profane with your sneers so poetic a name.

Ink. Nay, I meant him no evil, but pitied his master;

For the poet of pedlars 't were, sure, no disaster

To wear a new livery; the more, as 'tis not

The first time he has turn'd both his creed and his coat.

Lady Bluem. For shame! I repeat. If Sir George could but hear—

Lady Blueb. Never mind our friend Inkel; we all know, my dear,

'Tis his way.

Sir Rich. But this place—

Ink. Is perhaps like friend Scamp's, A lecturer's.

Lady Bluem. Excuse me—'tis one in the "Stamps;"
He is made a collector.

Tra. Collector I

Sir Rich. How?

Miss Lil. What?

Ink. I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat:
There his works will appear—

Lady Bluem. Sir, they reach to the Ganges.

Ink. I shan't go so far—I can have them at
Grange's.*

Lady Bluem. Oh fie!

Miss Lil. And for shame!

Lady Bluem. You're too bad.

Both. Very good!

Lady Bluem. How good?

Lady Blueb. He means nought—'tis his phrase.

Lady Bluem. He grows rude.

Lady Blueb. He means nothing; nay, ask him.

Lady Bluem. Pray, sir! did you mean
What you say?

Ink. Never mind if he did; 't will be seen
That whatever he means won't alloy what he says.

Both. Sir!

Ink. Pray be content with your portion of praise;
'T was in your defence.

Both. If you please, with submission,
I can make out my own.

Ink. It would be your perdition.
While you live, my dear Botherby, never defend
Yourself or your works; but leave both to a friend!

*Apropos—*Is your play then accepted at last?

Both. At last?

Ink. Why I thought—that's to say—there had
pass'd

A few green-room whispers, which hinted,—you know
That the taste of the actors at best is so-so

Both. Sir, the green-room's in rapture, and so's the
Committee.

Ink. Ay—yours are the plays for exciting our "pity
And fear," as the Greek says: for "purging the
mind."

I doubt if you'll leave us an equal behind.

Both. I have written the prologue, and meant to
have pray'd
or a spice of your wit in an epilogue's aid.

Ink. Well, time enough yet, when the play's to be
play'd.

Is it cast yet?

Both. The actors are fighting for parts,
As is usual in that most litigious of arts.

Lady Blueb. We'll all make a party, and go the
first night.

Tra. And you promised the epilogue, Inkel.

Ink. Not quite.

However, to save my friend Botherby trouble,
I'll do what I can, though my pains must be double.

Tra. Why so?

Ink. To do justice to what goes before.

Both. Sir, I'm happy to say, I've no fears on that
score.

Your parts, Mr. Inkel, are—

* Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and
fruiterer in Piccadilly.

Ink. Never mind *mine*;
Stick to those of your play, which is quite your own
line.

Lady Bluem. You're a fugitive writer, I think, sir,
of rhymes?

Ink. Yes, ma'an; and a fugitive reader sometimes.
On Wordsworths, for instance, I seldom alight,
Or on Mouthey, his friend, without taking to flight.

Lady Bluem. Sir, your taste is too common; but
time and posterity
Will right these great men, and this age's severity
Become its reproach.

Ink. I've no sort of objection,
So I'm not of the party to take the infection.

Lady Blueb. Perhaps you have doubts that they
ever will take?

Ink. Not at all; on the contrary, those of the lake
Have taken already, and still will continue
To take—what they can, from a groat to a guinea,
Of pension or place;—but the subject's a bore.

Lady Bluem. Well, sir, the time's coming.

Ink. Scamp! don't you feel sore?
What say you to this?

Scamp. They have merit, I own;
Though their system's absurdity keeps it unknown.

Ink. Then why not unearth it in one of your lec-
tures?

Scamp. It is only time past which comes under my
structures.

Lady Blueb. Come, a truce with all tartness;—the
joy of my heart
Is to see Nature's triumph o'er all that is art.
Wild Nature!—Grand Shakspeare!

Both. And down Aristotle!

Lady Bluem. Sir George thinks exactly with Lady
Bluebottle:

And my Lord Seventy-four, who protects our dear
Earl,
And who gave him his place, has the greatest regard
For the poet, who, singing of pedlars and asses,
Has found out the way to dispense with Parnassus.

Tra. And you, Scamp!—

Scamp. I needs must confess I'm embarrass'd.

Ink. Don't call upon Scamp, who's already so
harrass'd

With old *schools*, and new *schools*, and no *schools*,
and all *schools*.

Tra. Well, one thing is certain, that *some* must be
fools.

I should like to know who.

Ink. And I should not be sorry
To know who are *not*:—it would save us some worry.

Lady Blueb. A truce with remark, and let nothing
control
This "cast of our reason and flow of the soul."
Oh! my dear Mr. Botherby! sympathise!—I
Now feel such a rapture, I'm ready to fly,
I feel so elastic—"so buoyant—so buoyant!"

Ink. Tracy! open the window.

Tra. I wish her much joy on 't.

Both. For God's sake, my Lady Bluebottle, check
not

* Fact from life, with the *words*.

This gentle emotion, so seldom our lot
Upon earth. Give it way : 'tis an impulse which lifts
Our spirits from earth ; the sublimest of gifts ;
For which poor Prometheus was chain'd to his
mountain :

'Tis the source of all sentiment—feeling's true foun-
'Tis the Vision of Heaven upon Earth : 'tis the gas
Of the soul : 'tis the seizing of shades as they pass,
And making them substance ; 'tis something divine !—

Duk. Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more
wine ?

Both. I thank you ; not any more, sir, till I dine.

Duk. Apropos—Do you dine with Sir Humphrey to-
day ?

Tra. I should think with *Duke* Humphrey was more
in your way.

Duk. It might be of yore ; but we authors now look
To the Knight, as a landlord, much more than the
Duke.

The truth is, each writer now quite at his ease is,
And (except with his publisher) dines where he
pleases.

But 'tis now nearly five, and I must to the Park.

Tra. And I'll take a turn with you there till 'tis
dark.

And you, Scamp—

Scamp. Excuse me ! I must to my notes
For my lecture next week.

Duk. He must mind whom he quotes
Out of "Elegant Extracts."

Lady Blueb. Well, now we break up ;
But remember Miss Diddle invites us to sup.

Duk. Then at two hours past midnight we all meet
again,

For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champagne !

Tra. And the sweet lobster salad !

Both. I honour that meal
For 'tis then that our feelings most genuinely—feel.

Duk. True ; feeling is truest *then*, far beyond ques-
tion :

I wish to the gods 'twas the same with digestion !

Lady Blueb. Pshaw!—never mind that ; for one
moment of feeling

Is worth—God knows what.

Duk. 'Tis at least worth concealing
For itself, or what follows—But here comes your
carriage.

Sir Rich. [Aside]. I wish all these people were
d—d with *my* marriage !

{*Exeunt*

END OF ECLOGUE THE SECOND



CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE:

A ROMANT.

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

PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.

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

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, 'Childe Harold,' I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim. Harold is a child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should like to see what ever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe,' as 'Childe Waters,' 'Childe Childers,' etc. is used as a term of distinction, with the structure of versification which I have adopted. The 'Good Night,' in the beginning of the first Canto, was suggested by 'Lord Maxwell's Good Night,' in the *Bonnet Magazine*, edited by Mr. Scott.

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

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

LONDON, February 1812.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I HAVE now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind, they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the 'vagrant Childe' (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unbecomingly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when 'l'amour du bon vieux temps, l'amour antique' flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *PARADES*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 102. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the

Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The 'Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse,' had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Saint-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage, Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—'No waiter but a knight templar.*' By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights, 'sans peur,' though not 'sans reproche.' If the story of the institution of the 'Garter' be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered and knights unhorsed.

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

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

LONDON, 1813.

TO IANTHIE†

NOT in those climes where I have late been
straying,

Though Beauty long hath there been matchless
deem'd,

Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they
beam'd—

To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee, what language could
they speak?

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

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

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

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

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

* *The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement.*

† Lady Charlotte Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, afterwards Lady C. Bacon.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

1812.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Childe Harold back'd him in the noontide sun,
 Disporting there like any other fly,
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done
 One blast might chill him into misery.
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,

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

Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
 He felt the fulness of satiety;
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's sad
 cell.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

Adieu, adieu I 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 cheek.

'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 fees 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 !

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

But whose entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things un-sightly to strange e'e ;
For hut and palace show like filthy ;
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt ;
No personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, un-
wash'd, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest
scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?

Lo ! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's
gates ?

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair :
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe ;
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there,
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair :

* The convent of 'Our Lady of Punishment,' *Nossa Senhora da Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.

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

There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him,

* The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.

And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth misspent in maddest whim;
But as he gazed on truth, his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVII

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, without end,
Spain's realms appear, whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

XXXII

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
Or e'er the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
No barrier wall, no river deep and wide,
No horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling I can have far less; ass'd,
Dark Guadiana! thou hast pour'd thy flood
In sudden billow, murm'ring at thy foot,
So mote I lament in unbroken flood,
Whom e'er upon his banks he'd lighten'd long
Of Moor and Knight, in mingled splendour drest;
Here ceased the sword their rage, here sank the
strife;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts
oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! remem'ring, raptur'd I stand;
Where is that snail-like Python's Pagan's nest,
When Cæsar's trait'ress brat, the Libel and
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic
gore?
Where are those bloody banners waving o'er
Waved o'er thy sons, victims to the gale,
And dyed at last the spoiler's red and bloody
Ked gl' amid the cross, and wane the crescent
pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Mæon's
wall.

XXXVI.

Tears not each duty with the sternest shade?
Alas! what art thou, her'ssing, libel, and
When granite pillars and white marble fad,
A peasant's plaint probing his Libel's shade,
Pride! I and thine eye, from heaven's throne
estate,
See how the mighty shrank into a wail!
Can Volcan, Pillar, Bell, preserve the great?
Or must thou trust To Libel's shade, the
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and Liberty
dies
thine wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! To Libel!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient glory, lies
But wails not, as of old, for the Libel's
Nor shakes her crimson plume, as of old,
for the Libel's

* As I found the Portuguese, I have contracted sized them. That they are so contracted, and that their courage is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cæsar. He has indeed done wonders; he has perhaps change'd the character of a nation, reconquered its liberties, and baffled an enemy who never retreat'd before his predecessors—1812.

† Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence, and the fastnesses of the Asturias.

Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through your engine's roar!
In every peal she calls—'Awake! arise!'
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His face like Hell's eyes deepening in the sun,
With death-shed eagle wing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorseth all it glares upon;
Kedless it rolls, now hush'd, and now anon
Flashing war,—and at his iron feet
Destructive owners, to mark what deeds are done;
For round his moor three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most
sweet.

XL.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
Of warriors who die thro' friend, no brother there)
The rival scars of mix'd embroidery,
Their war-worn arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-bands rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
A joy in the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the choicest prize away,
And Heaven scarce for joy can number their array,

XLI.

Three Libels, to me to offer sacrifice;
The Libel's offer strange orisons on high;
Thro' golden lyres in larks' throats the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—is it that he they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talaver's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—And iton's honour'd fools!
Ye Libel's, our decks the tariff that wraps their clay!
Vanish! plustry! in these behold the tools,
The Libel's ken tools, that tyrants cast away
By no riches, when they dare to pave their way
Who human hearts—to what?—a dream alone,
Can despots compass, aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one system of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

XLIII.

O Alameda, glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,

Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast an ill
bleed

Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient
song

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty millicent?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chants 'Viva el Rey!'
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,

The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy.
And grey-faced Treason sprang from her adulterate
joy.

XLIX.

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

L.

And when you see along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun an I whom to greet:
Woe to the man that walks in public view
With out-offendingly this token true:
Sharp is the knife, an I sudden is the stroke;
An I surely would I the Gallic women rue,
If subtle poniard is, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's
smoke.

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII.

And must they fall—the young, the proud, the
brave—
To swell one blasted chief's unwholesome reign?

in and is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in disparage of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and I raised him to the dukedom of Alcaudia, etc. etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

* The red cockade, with 'Fernando VII.' in the centre.

* 'Viva el Rey Fernando!' Long live King Ferdin-

No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's
heart of steel?

LIV.

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

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch:†

* Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

† *Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.*—AUL. GEL.

Her lips, whose kisses point to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
Her glance, how wildly beautiful! how much
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
Who round the North for paler dames would seek
How poor their forms appear? how languid, wan, and
weak!

LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;
Match me, ye harems of the land! where now
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that even a cynic must avow!
Match me those houris, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to
know,

There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV

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

LXV

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

LXVI.

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

LXVII

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

LXVIII

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

LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man,
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair;

Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII

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

LXXIV

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

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,

And wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plungings of the torturing steed:
Though man and man's avenging arms avail,
Vain are his weapons, vain is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd in a moment's course;
Another, hideous sight! unscam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source:
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he
bears.

LXXVIII.

Foild, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Fall in the centre stands the Bull at bay,
Mad wounds, and clinging darts, and lances' brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matabores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and raise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering
way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyng hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the
sand!

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

TO INEZ.

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

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

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:

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.

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

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.

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!

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.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

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

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain:

Look on the hands with female slaughter reu'd,
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
Then to the vulture let each corse remain;
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching
stain,

Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we
saw!

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas, the dreadful work is done;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fallen nations gaze on Spain: it freed, she frees
More than her fell Paturos once enchain'd.
Strange retrospects! now Columbus's ease
Regales the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unre-
strain'd!

XC.

Not all the blood at Talyvera shed,
Not all the marbles of Barray's fight,
Not all her dash of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing
tomb?
How many a bloodful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank'd her turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the
soil?

XCI.

And thou, my friend! since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the
strain—
Halt the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might for bid 'em Friendship to complain:
But thus unmerciful to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done, to sink so peacefully to rest?

XCII.

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

XCIII.

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

* Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the
governor of Cadiz, in May 1809.
† Palafox's answer to the French general at the
siege of Saragoza.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defunct chest urn!
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'twas Mars's—'twas Minerva's—'twas
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense wares, his victims slay;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built
on reeds

IV.

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

V.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps!
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,

Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shatter'd
cell!

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

Yet if, as holdest men have deem'd, there be
A blissful soil, and that sadde shore,
To whom the doctrine of the Salducee
And sophist, vainly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who make our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the
right!

IX.

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

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base!
Here, son of Saturn, was thy favourite throne!
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace

* Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

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

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

The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be : nor even can Fancy's eye
Restore what time hath labour'd to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh ;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee,
The latest relic of her ancient reign—
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !
England ! I joy no child he was of thine :
Thy free-born men should spare what once was
free ;

Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant brine.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

Cold is the heart, far Greece, that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved ;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines re-
moved

* According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis ; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See *Chandler*.

By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curs'd be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes
abhorr'd !

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

* To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation's bliss we feel
 We once have loved, though love is at an end;
 The heart, lone in armer of its battled zeal,
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend,
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
 When Youth itself survives young Love and joy?
 Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!
 Ah, happy years! once more who would I not be a boy?

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the veils of Evening's Nile,
 To gaze on Dian's ways-reflecting sphere,
 The soul forgets her's homes of Hope and Pride,
 As if lies moon-chans'er each I lackward year,
 None are so desolate but seem this globe dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
 A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own no man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a lead;
 Above o'er steep and bounding falls to lean;
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,
 One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
 Well-stand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
 Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
 Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law;
 All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:

* Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

And much she marvel'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger
dames.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose;
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes

On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each city's
ken.

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu:
Now he adventur'd on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view:
His breast was arm'd gainst fate, his wants were
few:

* Ithaca.

† Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

‡ Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the gulf of Patras. Here the author of *Don Quixote* lost his left hand.

Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :
The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed
summer's heat

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

* It is said that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levée.

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

‡ According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina : but Pouqueville is always out.

§ The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;

* The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the pachalic. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and not far from Zitza forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Etolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Kaphti, are very inferior ; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad : I am almost inclined to add, the approach to Constantinople ; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

† The Greek monks are so called.

‡ The Chimæriot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

§ Now called Kalamas.

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

LIII.

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

LIV.

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

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,†
The Laos wide and fierce came roaring by;‡
The shades of wouted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tépaleu,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and drawing
nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthen-
ing glen.

LVI.

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

LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,

Circled the wide-extending court below;
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore;
And oftimes through the area's echoing door,
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away;
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the
close of day.

LVIII.

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

LIX.

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

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

* Albanese cloak.

† Anciently Mount Tomarus.

‡ The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tépaleu, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster—at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

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

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

* Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

Where lone Utraikye forms its circling cove,
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
 Nothing at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
 As winds come whispering lightly from the west,
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene;
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
 For many a joy could he from night's soft presence
 glean.

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood,
 And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee:
 And as the flames along their faces gleam'd,
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,

* The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and indeed very few of the others.

† 'Palikar,' a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romainic: it means, properly, 'a lad.'

The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,
While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half
stream'd :

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 †

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

Dark Muehtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-hair'd* Giaour 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 †

Selictar ‡: unsheath then our chief's scimitar:
Tambourgi! thy larum gives promise of war.
Ye mountains that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

* Drummer.

† These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanian songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanian in Komaic and Italian.

‡ It was taken by storm from the French.

* Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians. Giaour: Infidel. Horse-tail: the insignia of a Pacha.

† Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

‡ Selictar, swordbearer.

§ Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains. It was seized by Thrasybulus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
Lurk there no hearts that thro' with secret pain,
Even through the closest searment half-betray'd?
To such the gentle murmurs of the main

* When taken by the Latins, and returned for several years.

† Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain:
How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
And long to change the robe of revel for the
shroud!

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column monns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;†
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Column's cliff, and gleams along the wave;‡

* On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

† Of Mount Pentelcus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will till the end of time.

‡ In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over 'bles that crown the Ægean deep; but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional but rest, as the actual spot of Falconer's shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell.

§ Here in the dead of night by Donna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.
This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a

Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the grey stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh
'Alas!'

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild:
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX.

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

great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side by land was more striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Allamians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Amavots at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

* The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,
And makes degraded nature picturesque;—
(See HODGSON'S *Lady Jane Grey*, etc.)
But there Nature, with the aid of Art has done that
for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very
superior German artist, and hope to renew my acquaintance
with this and many other Levantine scenes by the
arrival of his performances.

* Siste Viator—hera calcas! was the epitaph on the famous Count Merzi:—what, then, must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, etc., were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—'Expende—quot libras in duce summo—invenies?'—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.

XC.

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

XCI.

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

XCII.

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

XCIII.

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

XCIV.

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

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
Nor stay'd to welcome here thy wanderer home,

Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to
roam!

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?

Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak!
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the withering lip with ill-remembered sneer.

XCVIII.

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

CANTO THE THIRD.

1816.

'Afin que cette application vous forcât de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-
ci et le temps.—*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à L'Empereur, Sept. 5, 1776.*

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes, thy smile,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
Ere with a hope.—

Awaking with a start.

The waters heave around me, and on high
The winds lift up their voice: so I depart,
Whither I know not; but the lion's couch,
When Alford's leeching store shall leave my glaz'd
mine eye

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves beam beneath me as a steel
That knows his rider. Well come to their resort
Swift be their guidance, whereso'er it lead!
Though the strand must shroud my power as a
reef.
And the rent canvas flapping strew the gale,
Still I on; for I am as a weal,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, till my set breath
prevail.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

'Tis to create, and I in creating live
A being more in case, that we can bow
With form our fancy gilding as we live
To life we image, even as I do now.
What art thou? Nothing; but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought, I with whom I traverse earth,
Invisibly but going, as I glow
Mix'd with thy spirit, blend'd with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee, in my crush'd feelings'
dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly: I have thought
Too long, and I have fill'd my brain too true.

In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame ;
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late I
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time can not abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo !
How in an hour the power which gave annals
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too !

In 'pride of place* here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken
chain.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound, the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell:

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

* 'In pride of place' is a term of falconry, and means the highest patch of flight. See *Macbeth*, etc.

† An eagle towering in his pride of place, etc.
‡ See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in *Blind's Mythology*, by Mr. (now Lord Chief-Justice) Denman:

With myrtle my sword will I wreath,
; On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.

* Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the 'gentle Lochiel' of the 'forty-five.'

† The wood of Sognies is supposed to be a remnant of the Forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's *Orlando*, and immortal in Shakspeare's *As You Like It*. It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;

* My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third, cut down, or shivered, in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, 'Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded.' I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon, and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except perhaps the last mentioned.

The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake
 Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of
 Fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honour'd, but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt:
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;

* The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltes were said to be fair without, and within ashes. Vide TACITUS, *Histor.* lib. v. 7.

For daring made thy rise as fall; thou seek'st
Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the
scene!

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the foe!
Now making monarchs' necks thy foot-stool, now
More than thy means, to shelter might to yoke;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, de-
fend,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the best of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the lofty
star.

XXXIX.

Totally thy soul hath brook'd the testing tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, collieries, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy,
When the whole host of hate is too hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast
smiled
With a relate and all-enduring eye;
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and forlorn child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ill upon his piled

XL.

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

XLI.

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

* The great error of Napoleon, 'if we have writ
our aims true,' was a continued obsession on man-

XLII.

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

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion! Conquerors and Kings,
Fondlers of sects and systems, to whom add
S-plains, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
An *Esse* them gives the fools to those they fool;
Fools! yet how unenviable! what stings
Are thine! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or
rule!

XLIV.

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

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftest peaks most wrap'd in clouds and snow;
He who surveys or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below,
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And for *Esse* the earth and ocean spread,
Reared himate by rocks, and loudly blow
Containing tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits
led.

XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain,
vine.

kind of his want of all community of feeling for or
with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity
than the active enmity of more trembling and suspi-
cious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public
assemblies as well as individuals; and the single ex-
pression which he is said to have used on returning
to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his
army, rubbing his hands over a fire, 'This is
pleasanter than Moscow,' would probably alienate
more favour from his cause than the destruction and
reverses which led to the remark.

And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

A thousand battles have assau'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering
ranks:
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;

* What wants that knave that a king should have? was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they
seem.

LII.

Thus Harold duly so I, and I pass'd along,
Yet not ungentle to each which here
Awoke the second battle to early song
In gleams which might have made even exile dear;
Though, on his brow were graven lines austere,
And unequal sternness which had taken the place
Of feeling fiercer far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient
trace.

LIII.

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

LIV.

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

LV.

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

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

* The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of 'The Seven Mountains,' over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river. On this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

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

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

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

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

* The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen on the last day of the fourth year of the French

LVIII.

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

LIX.

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

LX.

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

Republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required—his name was enough. France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, *he* had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing: 'The Army of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief, Hoche.' This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Bonaparte monopolized her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland. * Ehrenbreitstein, *i.e.* 'the broad stone of honour,' one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time; and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing, observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A grey and grief-worn aspect of old days,
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild bewilder'd gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,

* The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France, who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles,—a purpose for which the whiteness imbued by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request.

Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands,
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.*

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind;
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil

* Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

† Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago. It is thus: 'Julia Alpinula: Hic jaceo. Infelicis patris infelix proles. Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fati ille erat. Vixi annos XXIII.' I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

‡ This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 30, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine. (July 20th.)—I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat. The distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

In one hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
'Midst a contentious world, striving where none are
strong.

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?

* The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal
lot?

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

Thine breathed itself to life in June, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
Thine hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss*
Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,

* This refers to the account in his *Confessions* of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common's titulation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation. A painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing

Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Tou ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so
moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol
more;

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

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

X.

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

XCH.

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

XCHH.

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

XCIV.

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

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his
way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his
stand;
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the land,
The brightest through these parted hills hath
fork'd
His lightnings, as if he did understand

That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
Here the hot shaft should blast whatever therein
lurk'd.

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

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

XCVIII.

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

XCIX.

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

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the
god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown

Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate
hour

CL.

All things are here of him ; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the
shore,
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where 't
stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

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

CIII.

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

CIV.

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

CV.

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name,*
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous
roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame :

* Voltaire and Gibbon.

They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and
the flame
Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more
than smile.

CVI.

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

CVII.

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

CVIII.

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

CIX.

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

CX.

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

CXL.

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

CXLII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
The odour of the scum will float along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thief of joy,—but I am not
So young as to regard him as a foe;
As loss or gain, he is a gift or a loss;
I stood and stand alike,—remember'd or forgot.

CXLIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world love,
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor let it
To its oblations a parcel of love,—
None will buy clerks' services, or clerical
In worship of an altar in the crowd
They could not deem me one,—for long I stood
Among them, but not of them;—but I could
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and
I still could,
Had I not flatter'd my mind, which thus itself seduced.

CXLIV.

I have not lov'd the world, nor the world love,—
But let us part fair:—as I did not love,
Thou didst not love them;—and that there may be
Words which are things,—things which will not
deceive,
As: virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Sins:—of the former; I would have thee
O'er their griefs that seem to me only mine;

— If I do thus,

for Banquo's issue have I lov'd thy mind:—*M. A. B. 1818.*

That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

CXLV.

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

CXLVI.

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

CXLVII.

Yet though I'll have as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should I be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With destruction, and a broken charm:
Though the grave closed between us,—twere the
same,

I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
A lover's attentions all would be in vain,—
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life
return.

CXLVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
Anfractured in convulsion.—Of thy sire
These were the elements, and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee; but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradle slumbers!—O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I wish such blessing up on thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst have been to me!

CANTO THE FOURTH.

1818.

TO JOHN HOBBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S., &c.

VENICE, January 2, 1818.

MY DEAR HOBBHOUSE!—After an interval of eight years I give to the country the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the author, and to whom I am fortunate in being able to avail myself of all the advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful to my country, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness, and kind in my sorrow, and firm in my prosperity, and firm in my adversity, true in counsel, and trusty in peril,—to a friend I have tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth; and in dedicating to you, in its complete or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness,

and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,* but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

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

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

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

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

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

Non movero mai corla
Ove la turba di sue ciance assolla.*

* His marriage

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

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

BYRON.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence; that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;

Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—

And light the laurels on a loftier head !
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
 'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.*
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
 I planted,—they have torn me, and I bleed ;
 I should have known what fruit would spring from
 such a seed.

XI

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust ;

* The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

† That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Piantaleone, Pantaloon, Pantaloon.

But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous
 pile

Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
 Thin streets, an I foreign aspects, such as must
 Too of remind her who and what enthrals,
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely
 walls.

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow †
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,

* The story is told in Plutarch's *Life of Nicias*.
 † *Venice Preserved*; *Mysteries of Udolpho*; *The Ghost-Seer, or Armenian*; *The Merchant of Venice*; *Othello*.

† *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and
mocks

The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, grey granite, into life it came,
And grew a giant tree—the mind may grow the
same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolate bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf lies in silence. Not best, w'ld
In vain should such examples be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mould,
Enlarge and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering hath mystery, or is mystery,
Even by the sufferer; and, by each yearning,
Ends!—Some, with hope eregible, and for a day
Return to whence they came—while others stand,
And weave their web again; some, to w'ld and
ilent,
Wax grey and ghastly, withering or stiffer they,
And perish with the root in which they grew;
Some seek devotion, toil, or rage, for crime,
According as their souls were fabled to seek or
climb.

XXIII.

But ever an Ianon of grief's cold dew
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness made
And slight withal may be the stings which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aid, for ever; it may be a snake—
A thorn of pain—summer's heat—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall
wound,

Striking the electric chain where with we are linked,
bound:

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor even trace
The light and blackening which it leaves be-
hind,
Which out of things familiar, unobscure,
When least we deem of such, call up to view
The spectres whom no eye can ever find,—
The cold—the changed—the whence the dead—
anew,

The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet
how few!

XXV.

But my soul wanders; I'd fain find it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there, to track
Fallen states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which rears the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest, and I must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,

Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and
sea.

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset livifies the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of the Frañ's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be—
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day glows the quiet Eternity;
While, on the other beach, track Duàn's crest
Flaunts for aught the azure air—on island of the
Most!

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, an Iris
With her under half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea her rays brightly, and remous
Rebells 'ere the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order—suddenly flows
The deep-poled Brenta, where their hues instal
The colour as purple of a new born rose,
Which streams up nether stream, and glass'd within
it glows.

XXIX.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse;
And now they change; a pale shallow streaks
Its centre o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the obolus, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still liveliest, this his gone—and all is
grey.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arpija—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd by their sacred vigils, repose
The bones of Lyona's lover; here repair
Many familar with his woe-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To die a foreigner, on his land's realm
For the pillage of her barbaric foes;
Weeping the true which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
Thence to the village, where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their
pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,

To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain,
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time, while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink

Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to
mourn:

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,

Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII.

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

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is

Even in itself an immortality,
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
 The starry Galileo, with his woes;
 Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

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

LIX.

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

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the sl

Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath
ta'en—

A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters
red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost
rear

Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
An almost serene aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest
daughters!

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

The Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
Ere still they soared unutterably high;
I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All save the lone Soracte's height display'd,
Not *new* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's
aid

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
My sickening memory; and, though Time hath
taught
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought

By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have
sought,

If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine: it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Barley prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd
heart,

Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXXVIII.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! an I control
In their shut breasts their petty misery—
What are our woes and sufferance? Come
and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt, and
wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample
lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap

Our hands, and cry 'Eureka!' it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former
course
Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same day
Depos'd him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay,
And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and
sway,

* Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinus, and Panvinus by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous
way,
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
Were they but so in man's, how different were his
doom!

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf! whose teats a mangled dog impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest;—Mother of the mighty host,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild
teat,
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black'd with lightning;—lo! thou
yet
Guard thine immortal cub, nor thy fond charge
forget!

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

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

XCI.

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

XCII.

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

XCIII.

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

XCIV.

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

XCV.

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

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprang forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
Deep in the unprimed forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataraets, where nursing nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such
share?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And Earth have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen

And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips Life's tree, and dooms man's worst—
his second fall.

XCVIII.

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

XCIX.

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

C.

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

CI.

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

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illumed

With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

CIII.

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

CIV.

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

CV.

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

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answer each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening grey and
bright.

And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number
mine.

CVII.

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

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.

* The tomb of Cecilia Metella.

And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with
words I draw near,

CIX.

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

CX.

Tully was not so eminent as thou,
The monarchs so chosen with the buried base I
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown'd as walk'st from his dwelling-place,
Whose arch-episcopal meets me in the face,
Tiber, or Trajan's? No; 'tis that of Time;
Triumph, arch, pillar, all be doth displace,
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial van, whose ashes slept
sublime.*

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars; thy had contain'd
A spirit which with these would I find a home,
The best of those who over the whole earth reign'd,
The Roman;—but, for aught, he sustain'd
But yield'd; he look'd his competitor—he was more
Than a man;—Aurelius, and Trajan I
With honours be did and mine, scarcely were
His severe, in virtue—still, yet, 'tis in unadorn'd

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embosom'd her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian—fitted goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cur'd all ambition? Did the Conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon tomb below,
A thousand years of sicken'd fortunes sleep—
The Forum, where the municipal seats glow,
And still the eloquent air breathe—laments with
Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, fiction, fame, and blood;
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of our life in the land
To that when further world, to conquer fail'd;
But long before that time, our face been veil'd,
And Anarchy, our chief attributes;
Till every lawless soldier's sword was fill'd

Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish nates,
Or raised the vena! voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

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

CXV.

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

CXVI.

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

CXVII.

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

CXVIII.

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

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Bleed a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art

* The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul.

Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which
cloy's?

CXX

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

CXXI.

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

CXXII.

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

CXXIII.

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

CXXIV.

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

CXXV.

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

CXXVI.

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

CXXVII.

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

CXXVIII.

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

CXXIX.

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

CXXX.

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

CXXXI.

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

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them lead and hiss,
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hand to hand—*not*—*not*—*not*—
Thy former calm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou
shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

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

CXXXIV.

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

CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it,
Heaven!—

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain scar'd, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied
away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

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

CXXXVII.

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

CXXXVIII.

The soul is set—Now welcome, thou dread
presence!
Not a slumber, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a sleep-awe, yet all distinct from fear:
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow into the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

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

CXL.

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

CXL.

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

CXLII.

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

CXLIII.

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

CXLIV.

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

CXLV.

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

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,

From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time,
 Looking tranquilly, while falls or nods
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man
 plods
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious
 dome!
 Shalt thou not last?—Time's scythe and tyrants'
 rods
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
 Of art and piety—Panthéon!—pride of Rome!

CXLVII

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

CXLVIII.

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

CXLIX

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

CL.

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

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
 Has not thy story's purity; it is
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
 Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse!
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss

To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoice the universe.

CLII.

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

CLIII.

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

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Deity, all are nish'd
In this eternal ark of war-hup-mettle!

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, seek fine I,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, ne'er be blasted by His frow.

CLVI.

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

CLVII.

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

CLVIII.

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

CLIX.

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

CLX.

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

CLXI.

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

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And maden'd in that vision—are express'd
All that could be by any ever bless'd
The mind within its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—

* The Castle of St. Angelo,
† St. Peter's.

A ray of immortality—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

CLXIII.

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

CLXIV.

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

CLXV.

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

CLXVI.

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

CLXVII.

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

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?

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

CLXIX.

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

CLXX.

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

CLXXI.

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

CLXXII.

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

* Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and Napoleon died a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

CLXXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills
So far, that the up-rooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
An I, calm as cherish'd hare, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All cou'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXXIV.

And near Albino's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean lavas
The Latic coast where sprang the Egeic war,
'Arms and the Mææ, whose ascending star
Rose o'er an empire;—but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,
The Saline farm was till'd, the weary harl's
delight.

CLXXXV.

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

CLXXXVI.

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

CLXXXVII.

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

CLXXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society when none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,

To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXXIX.

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

CLXXX.

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

CLXXXI.

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

CLXXXII.

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

CLXXXIII.

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

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

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

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my
 theme
 Has died into an echo ; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream.
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
 My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ—

Would it were worthier I but I am not now
 That which I have been—and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me—and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and
 low.

CLXXXVI.

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



T A L E S.

THE GIAOUR:*

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

1813.

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.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS,
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

LONDON, *May* 1813.

BYRON.

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 'golden time,' or because the Christians have better frame, 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 Armatois were beaten back from the Morea, 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.

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

Fair thine I where every sea-titan smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Columbia's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight
And lend to loneliness delight.

There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Refl. is the tint of many a peck
Cang's* live the laughing trials that love
These Islands of the Eastern wave;
An' 'at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome to each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale.*

The maid for whom his melody,—
His thousand songs are heard on high,

* Giaour—an Infidel. The *g* is sounded soft, as before *e* in English.

† A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

* The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the 'Bulbul of a thousand tales' is one of his appellations.

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 guitar *
 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 grace and charm 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 laborer's hour ;
 Nor claims the culture of his land
 To bloom along the fairy lan'd,
 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 languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye.

That fires not, wins not, weeps not now—
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart

The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power.
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd ! *
 Such is the aspect of this shore—
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start—for soul is wanting there.
 Hers 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 pass'd away !
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd
 earth !

Climb 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,
 O 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,
 Bequeathed 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 !

* I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description : but those who have, will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but a few hours, after 'the spirit is not there.' It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gunshot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character ; but in death from a stab, the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

* The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night : with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

'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 bondmen of a slave,*
And galled, 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 innocent 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 I roke,
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 gliding,
The shadows of the rocks advancing,
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-Parate or Munote;
And fearful for his light canoe,
He shuns the near but doubtful creak:
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And lumber'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 steel,
With slacken'd bit and loof of speed?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The cavern'd echoes wake around
In lash for lash and boom for boom!
The foam that streaks the course'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 Glaour!
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace

* Athens is the property of the Kiaslar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens.

What time shall strengthen, not efface!
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's breath;
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—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,
Kung his dark courier's hoofs of fear
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
He 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 breath'd 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 lumps arc quivering still;
Though too remote for sound to wake
In a hoos of the far tophaike,*
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 shouldst 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 darkening blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
He rang'd 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—
Downglanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade—
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As Slumber starts at owl's scream,
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
Away, away, for life he rides—

* 'Tophaike,' musket—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the Mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with ball, proclaim it during the night.

Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed*
 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.—
 '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'd
 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 of Hassan's sin was sent
 To turn a palace to a tomb ;
 He came, he went, like the Simoom,†
 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 grey 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,

* Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans.

† The blast of the desert, fatal to everything living, and often alluded to in Eastern poetry.

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 bank at Twilight's close :
 The stream that fill'd that font 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 gilded 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.' •
 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 !†

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 ;‡

• To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

† I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties, enjoined by Mohammed; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

‡ The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

The foremost of the band is seen
 An Emir by his garb of green: *
 'Ho! who art thou?'—'This low salamt
 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 fur'd, and ply
 The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,
 And midway to those rocks where sleep
 The channell'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
 Bestir'd it more,—'twas but the beam
 That chequer'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 seem'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 queen of eastern spring; †
 O'er the emerald meadows of Kasht ‡
 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 be tray'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.

* Green is the privileged colour of the Prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works; they are the worst of a very indolent brood.

† Salam alekoum! alekoum salam!—'Peace be with you; be with you peace'—the salutation reserved for the faithful;—to a Christian, 'Ururula!—'A good journey!' or 'Saban huresom, saban serula!—'Good morn, good even! and sometimes, 'May your end be happy,' are the usual salutes.

‡ The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

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 flutter by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every falling 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 only 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.*
 So withs the mind Remorse has riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death!

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
 Nor lends on woman's form his eyes;
 The unwanted chase each hour employs,
 Yet hares 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's last sun was set, †
 And flashing from each minaret
 Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
 Of Bairam through the bonniless East.
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;
 For she was down her master's rage
 In likeness of a Georgian page,

* Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned toward the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict *Felo de se*. The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Carnos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of a hypothesis.

† The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan.

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's trembling light *
 The Giaour upon his jet-black steed
 Was seen, but seen alone, to 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, as languishingly dark,
 But soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid, †
 Yea, *Senz*, and should our Prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Allah! I would answer nay;
 Though on Al-Sirat's ‡ arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With Paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris beckoning through.
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read,
 And keep that portion of his creed,
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?
 On her night Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone;
 On her fair cheek's unfolding hue
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new:
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow, ¶
 When left to roll its folds below,

* Phingari, the moon.

† The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named *Schelgerag*, 'The Torch of Night, also 'The Cup of the Sun,' etc.

‡ Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *shate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a *facilis descensus Avernus*, not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards to the Jews and Christians.

§ A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern 'any fitness of things' in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

¶ An oriental simile, which may perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed *plus Arabe qu'en Arabie*.

¶ Hyacinthine, in Arabic 'Sumbul'; as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Glean'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! *
 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 as tender to her mate—
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
 Alas! that name was not for thee!

Stern Hassan hath 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 returned to tell the tale
 Of what befel in Parne's vale.
 The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a pacha 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 many a loitering merchant Greek
 Finds 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;

* 'Frangestan,' Circassia.

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 there lay
 Small broken crags of granite grey,
 By time, or mountain lightning riven
 From summits clad in mists of heaven;
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The sack of Liakura unveil'd?

They reach the grove of pine at last;
 'Bismillah!'* now the peril's past;
 For yonder view the opening plain,
 And there we'll prick our steeds again:
 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 steel;
 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
 Descends to fight, and sweeps the 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;
 Then curl'd his very beard with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire:
 'Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 I've escap'd 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 a man
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
 Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun! †
 In fuller sight more near and near,
 The lately ambush'd foes appear,
 And, issuing from the grove, advance
 Some who on battle-charge 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 eye*
 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 blasts of winter, rave;
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
 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 lickered sabres' shivering j. r.
 And pealing wide or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The death-shot hissing from afar;
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale:
 Through few the mind cries—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 lose their hold:
 Friendly meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
 True foes, once met, are joined till death!

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
 Yet strained 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 falcion 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, †
 His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,

* Bismillah—'In the name of God;' the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

† A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman.

‡ 'Amaun,' quarter, pardon.

* The 'evil eye,' a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

† The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

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 sted
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 Allah, 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' oells are tinkling,
His Mother look'd from her lattice high—
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 was 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 calpac* 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.'

* The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

A turban 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 'Allah Hu!'
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 kerchief-green they wave,†
And welcome with a kiss the brave !
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe;‡
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis' 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 Vampire sent,§
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent :

* The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

† 'Allah Hu!' the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

‡ I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, "Come, kiss me, for I love thee."

§ Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight novitiate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no insecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full. Consult Sale's *Koran*.

|| Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.
* The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr Southey, in his notes on *Thalaba*, quotes, about these 'Vroucolochas,' as he calls them. The Romic term is, 'Vardoulacha.' I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The

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 corpse :
 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 in 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 I haggard lip ;
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Ghouls 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 left ere
 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 marked 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 widd 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.

Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that 'Broucoloka' is an illegitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the devil. The moderns, however, use the word in mention.

The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

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 to 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-abrighted friar
 When met alone would fain retire,
 As if that high 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
 To reach him e'er to smile again,
 Well were it so—such ghastly mirth,
 From joy once ne'er derived its birth,
 But sadder still it were to trace
 What *eyes* were feelings in that face ;
 True—lath not yet the features fix'd,
 But lighter traits with evil mix'd ;
 And there are hues not always faded,
 Who 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 kneel 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-illumined 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 o'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
Peals 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 breastplate 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!
Thy 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,*

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 languor of repose,
Now nothing left to love or hate,
No more with hope or pride elate,

* The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

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 qualm'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 I since but for brands
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,
 And wounds by Galileans given,
 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 enthrall ;
 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 wilt may'st hate.
 His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Tahcer
 Deep in whose darkly hoding ear*
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near,
 As filed the troop to where they fell !

* This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Taluri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. 'We are in peril,' he answered. 'What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves.' 'True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.' 'The shot! not a topshuke has been fired this morning.' 'I hear it, notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.' 'P-ha! As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.' I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basilii, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken sect. Romaic, Armut, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a '*Palaestra*' man? 'No,' said he, 'but these pillars will be useful in making a stand,' and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto 11. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of four party so accurately that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his being in 'villanous company,' and ourselves in a had neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I daresay he is now hearing more musketry

He died too in the battle broil,
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil ;
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 One prayer to Allah all he made :
 He knew and crossed me in the fray—
 I gazed upon him where he lay,
 And watch'd his spirit ebb away :
 Though pierced 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 the 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 the lava flood,
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
 I cannot prate in puling strain
 Of lady-love, and beauty's chain :
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
 Lips taug't 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 unbraid ?
 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 turn'd mine eye,
 The Morning-star of Memory !

* Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven :
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Allah 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, *hers* 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 frenzy 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 read abhorrence on thy brow,
 And this too was I born to bear !
 'Tis true, that, like that 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 !

than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnauts of Berat, and his native mountains. I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaut came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined. 'Well, Affendi,' quoth he, 'may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow; in the winter I return; perhaps you will then receive me.' Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, 'In the meantime he will join the Klephtes' (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

'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, abhorr'd all place;
Shuddering, I shrank 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 seest 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 wouldst 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 wrung
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 smile'd—I then could I smile—
When Pru lence would his voice assume,
And warn—I re-k'd not what—the while:
But now remembrance whispers o'er
Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
Say—that his boodings 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 bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him—what thou dost behold!
The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wrack by passion left behind,

A shrivel'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Scar'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
Throb'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 orson, 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; yes, she liv'd again;
And shining in her white *symar*,
As through you pale grey 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 fleeing towards the final goal,
I saw her, true, and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
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 mock 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 shrink 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;

* 'Symar,' a shroud.

Or 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.'

He pass'd—not of 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 he knew
 Of her he loved, or him he slew.*

* The circumstance to which the above story relates, was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years

ago, the wife of Mughtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity : he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanna. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night ! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror, at so sudden a 'wrench from all we know, from all we love.' The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a *Konak* and *Arnaut* ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffeehouse story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery ; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes, I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, 'sublime tale,' the *Caliph Vathek*. I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials ; some of his incidents are to be found in the *Bibliothèque Orientale* ; but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations ; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it ; his 'Happy Valley' will not bear a comparison with the 'Hall of Eblis.'

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS :

A TURKISH TALE.

'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.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND

THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED,
 WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT,
 BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND
 SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

1813.

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 Gül 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 ;

* 'Gül,' the rose.

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 sat 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 disap-
pear'd—

'Now call me the chief of the Harangian I'

With Giaffir's 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 expare,
Ere dare to sit before his sire I

'Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide
My sister, or her saddle guide,
Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
Was mine—then fall thy frowns on me—
So lowly 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 whatever 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 cyprus 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, who heard the deep tambour †
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 sacred bower
But those who watch the women's tower.'

IV.

'Son of a slave!'—the Pacha said—
'From unbelieving mother bred,
Vain were a father's hope to see
Aught that beseeems a man in thee.
Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,

And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
Thou, Greek in soul it not in creed,
Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow!
Would that thou orb, whose main 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 Staaloul'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 seest yon bow—it hath a string!

V.

No sound from Selim's lips 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 I
Those gibes had cost another dear.
'Son of a slave! and a *h* my sire?
Thou hel'd his thoughts their dark career;
And glances ev'n of more than ire
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gaz'd 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?

* 'Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.'

YOUNG'S *Revenge*.

† Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the
East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

† 'Tambour,' Turkish drum, which sounds at sun-
rise, noon, and twilight.

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

As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed ;
That eye returned him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Gaafir'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 to my sight,*
Or Christian crouching in the fight ;
But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice ;

Like Houris' hymn it chooseth 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 fountain's 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 beguile!—and evermore beguiling :
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven :
Soft as the memory of buried love ;
Pure as the prayer which Childhood wafts above,
Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his falling sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might, the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone—

* The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundredfold) even more than they hate the Christians.

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 caress,
Zuleika came—and Gaafir felt
His purpose half within him melt :
Not that against her fancied wed
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 Carasman,*
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-ferman,
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger what fate
The bearer of such boon may want.†
And now thou know'st 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 how'd the virgin's head ;
And if her eye was fill'd 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 ;

* Carasman Oglu, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia. Those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots; they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

† When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient. If, on

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,*
 Resign'd his gem-adorn'd child-empire, †
 An I mounting fealty for the meal,
 With Mangrabes, ‡ and Mamalukes,
 His way amid his Delis took §
 To witness many an active deed
 With sabre keen, or blunt jerrced.
 The Kislar only and his Moors
 Watch well the Haram's mazy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
 His eye look'd to'er the dark blue water
 That swiftly glides and gently swells
 Between the winding Dar-an-dies,
 But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
 Nor even his Pacha's turband band
 Mix in the game of nunc-slaughter,
 Careering cleve the fabled felt
 With sabre stroke right sharply dealt ;
 Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
 Nor hear I their ollahs* wil I and loud—
 He thought but of old Gaffir's daughter †

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke ;
 One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke ;
 Still gaz'd he through the lattice gate,
 Pale, mute, in languidly late,
 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 gentle flame ;
 But yet that heart, a arm'd, or weak,
 She knew not why, forbore to speak
 Yet speak she must : but wiser say ?
 † How strange he thus should turn away !

the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he is weak, as the Sultan's respect of his signature, so he is weak, as with great complacency he receives several of the presents were exhibited in the name of the Seraglio, among them, the head of the Pacha of Bagdad, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

* Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate as a profane and expellative of voice, and they have no bell.

† Chibouque, the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the bowl which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthy or lords.

‡ Mangrabes, Moorish mercenaries.

§ Delis, bracelets worn on the Earl in hope of the cavalry, an allusion to the story.

|| A twisted fold of white or red turban, and is practice by the Turks, and few but the Sultan's arms can cut through it at a single stroke ; sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerrced is a game of blunt javelins, amusing and graceful.

* Ollahs, Alla il Allah, the English, as the Spanish poets call them ; the so-called ollah—a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerrced, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their ammunition in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and combolios, form an amusing contrast.

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 Atargül's perfume,*
 An I sprinkle I all its odours o'er
 The pictured roof 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, thus from thee!
 She saw in curious order set

The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
 'He loved 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 me sage 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 sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

'What! not receive my foolish flower?
 Nay then I am indeed unblest ;
 Oh! can this thy forehead lower?
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
 Oh, Selim dear! oh more than dearest I
 Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 And I will kiss thee most at rest,
 Since words of mine, as I songs must fail
 I've from my fal'd I mightingale,
 I knew our sire at times was stern,
 But this from thee had yet to learn:
 Tris 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,

* 'Atargül,' ottar of roses. The Persian is the most.

† The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Musulman apartments are generally painted, in great heights, with one eternal and highly-coloured view of Constantinople, where in the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, standards, etc. are in general fancifully and not intelligently disposed.

‡ It has been much doubted whether the notes of this 'Lover of the rose' are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the 'errare majorem,' etc., of Mr. Fox was mistaken.

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,* 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 hand,
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,
And all, before repress'd, betrayed:
'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:
But 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* †
This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
And *Giafir* 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 shall be!
But let our plighted secret vow
Be only known to us as now.

* 'Azrael,' the angel of death.

† The treasures of the Pre-Adamite Sultans. See *D'Herbelot*, article *Istakar*.

I know the wretch who dares demand
From *Giafir* thy reluctant hand;
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul,
Holds not a Musselim's control:
Was he not bred in *Egripo*?
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.'

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, *Allah!* 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 unrummuring 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 *Giafir* 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?

* 'Musselim,' a governor, the next in rank after a *Pacha*; a *Waywode* is the third; and then come the *Agas*.

† 'Egripo'—the *Negropont*. According to the proverb, the *Turks of Egripo*, the *Jews of Salonica*, and the *Greeks of Athens*, are the worst of their respective races.

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 night,
 Allah! 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 Tchocadar,*
 My father leaves the mimic war;
 I tremble now to meet his eye—
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?

* Tchocadar, one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

XIV.
 'Zuleika I to thy tower's retreat,
 Betake thee; Giafir I can greet:
 And now with him I fain must prate
 Of firmans, imposts, 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.
 Bat, mark me, when the twilight drum
 Hath warn'd 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:
 Our 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 I what I appear.'

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water,
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely 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 the 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
 The field with blood bedew'd in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pile;
 The tombs, sole relics 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 buoyant 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.

* The wrangling about this epithet, 'the broad Hellespont,' or the 'boundless Hellespont,' whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the meantime, and probably

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,*
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 fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran:†
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet,‡
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next:
And by her comboloio lies§
A Koran of illumined dyes;
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
By Persian scribes redeen'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;

may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of 'the tale of Troy divine' still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word *ἀἰώνιος*. Probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

* Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, etc. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antiochus: the first is in the centre of the plain.

† When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight, but not disagreeable.

‡ The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second chapter of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

§ 'Combolioio,' a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own 'blues' might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

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 does 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 urg'd 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 wou'd to tune,
And oft her Koran cou'd apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dream'd what Paradise might be,
Where woman'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 Houris 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
Disguis'd things seen by better light;
The 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,
Wreath'd 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 Candiotè:
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 Galliongée.*

X.

'I said I was not what I seem'd;
And now thou seest 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!—ye't 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 forebodes ill;
But know ye all I was I for;
Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still,
Thou lo'd'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 Gaffir always seem'd thy foe;
And I, alas! am Gaffir's child,
For whom thou wert condemn'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 hallow'd with mine;
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
And he that thought thy sorrow's balm,

So may the Koran 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 Gaffir all
That Selim late was deem'd to thee;
That brother wrought a brother's fall.
But spared at least my infancy,
And bid'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;
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 Gaffir 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 Bosnia song,
And Paswan's rebel border attest;
How little love they bore such guest:
His death is all I need relate,
The stern effect of Gaffir's hate;

with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quit the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Garmoun in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

* The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge not level interserpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it what possible use such a figure could add. He said, in that, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound, and liked it because it was *puerile*. I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

† It is to be observed that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew; in-level, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's homet, and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is therefore no violation of costume to put the names of Cain or Noah into the mouth of a Muslem.

‡ Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widdin; who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

* Galliongée, or Galliongi, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor: the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of robe. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind

And how my birth disclosed to me
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

'When Paswan, after years of strife,
At last for power, but first for life,
In Widdin'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 horse-tails to the wind,*
And mustering in Sophia's plain
Their tents were pitch'd, their posts 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, 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 Pachaic 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,
Wouldst 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 wth 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 print 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 Giamr 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.
Remove I he too from Roumeie
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 Allah sends—
Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends I

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 Gallongée,
To whom thy plights I 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 seest my hand have brought,
The hands that wield are not remorse;
This cup, too, for the rugged knives
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? Proserp'd at home,
And taunted to a wish to roam;
And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
Denied the courier an I 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—

* 'Horse-tail,' the standard of a Pacha.

† Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
 Awaitedst there the field's eve it.
 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 liberate I 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!
 Ev'n 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 dialem:
 I sought by turns, and saw them all;*
 But when and where I join'd the crew,
 With whom I'm pledged 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 fitting instruments
 For more than ev'n my own intents
 And some—and I have studied all
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar Frank,
 But chiefly to my council call
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,
 The lust of Lambro's patriots there†
 Anticipated freedom share;
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate,
 To snatch the Kayahs 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-Patriarch roam,*
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!†
 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,
 Be und where thou wilt, my bark! 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' stram 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 en-
 dears.
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
 Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.‡
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
 Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
 The Haram's languid cares of listless ease
 Are well resign'd for joys—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 a kingdom beyond my sabre's length;
 Power sways but by division—her resource
 The blest alternative of fraud or force!

* The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea included to—

† Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789-90 for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at St. Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek Revolutionists.

‡ 'Kayahs,' all who pay the capitation tax, called the 'Haratch.'

* This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

† The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegade confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.

‡ 'Jannat ad Aden,' the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.

Ours be the last ; in time deceit may come
 When crties 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 into 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 promis'd 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 Giaffir'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 wouldst 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
 Wouldst 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 even 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, wider, 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—'tis 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 benumbed 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 gam'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 I
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water I

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 fix'd his chain.
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will Lover's hope remain!
His back was to the dashing spray;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay;
When at the instant hiss'd the ball—
'So may the foes of Giaffir fall!'
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer I
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 shaver'd brand;
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be mark'd; nor far remote
A broken torch, an earless boat;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote I
'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 Sigeum's sweep,
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—
What reck's it, though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?

The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robb'd the meaner worm;
The only heart, the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
And mourn'd above his turban-stone,*
That heart had burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail I
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale:
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
Thy destined lord is come too late:
He sees not—ne'er shall see—thy face I
Can he not hear
The loud *Wul-wullich* warn his distant ear?
Thy handmaid's 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 I
Ah, happy! but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy
first I
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, re-
morse!
And, oh! that pang where more than madness
lies!
The worm that will not sleep—and never dies,
Thought of the gloomy day and ghostly 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 doth spread;
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim—bled.
Now let it tear thy heart 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!

* A turban is carved in stone above the graves of
men only.

† The death-song of the Turkish women. The
'silent slaves' are the men, whose notions of decorum
forbid complaint in *public*.

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 Hour 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!

* I came to the place of my birth, and cried,
 "The friends of my youth, where are they?" and an
 Echo answered, "Where are they?"—*From an
 Arabic MS.*

The above quotation (from which the idea in the
 text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader
 —it is given in the first annotation, p. 67, of *The
 Pleasures of Memory*: a poem so well known as to
 render a reference almost superfluous, but to whose
 pages all will be delighted to recur.

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 spell,
 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 syllable 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, reclin'd, '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 flourish'd, flourisheth this hour,
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale,
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale.

* 'And airy tongues that syllable men's names.'—
 MILTON. For a belief that the souls of the dead in-
 habit the form of birds, we need not travel to the
 East. Lord Lyttelton's ghost story, the belief of the
 Duchess of Kendal that George I. flew into her win-
 dow in the shape of a raven (see *Orford's Reminiscences*),
 and many other instances, bring this super-
 stition nearer home. The most singular was the
 whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her
 daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird,
 literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages
 full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a bene-
 factress in beautifying the church, no objection was
 made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see
Orford's Letters.



THE CORSAIR.

1814.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR MOORE,—I dedicate to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots, while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit me whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East: none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found, and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality are part of your national claim of Oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of 'gods, men, nor columns'. In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but perhaps the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart. Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius. In blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the heroes that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure, certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so. If I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of 'drawing from self,' the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow, in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than 'The Giaour,' and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever *alias* they please.

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself, most truly and affectionately, his obedient servant,

January 2, 1814.

BYRON.

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,
An I 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 reck 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 course may boast its urn and narrow cave,
An I they who loathed his life may gild his grave;
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead,
For us, even banquet's 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:
'Twas such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song!

* The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Aegean isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *view* as I have often found it.

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 springes 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 nourish'd by that abstinence,
'Steer to that shore!'—they sail. 'Do this!'—'tis
done!

'Now fonn and follow me!'—the spoil is won,
Thus prompt his accents and his actions stilt,
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 tele-scope?
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 rars, the billows chafe,
They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?
Here let them haste to glad-ten 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,
An l 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 wave?
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand!
'Tis he—'tis Conrad—here, as wont—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 prat-
tling 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 of pose 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 un-
known.

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 eye row 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 perchance his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce con-
ceals.

Though smooth his voice, and calm his general
mien,
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 that murkiness of mind
Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined ;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too loose 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 !

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 nien,
He who would see, must be himself unseen.
Then—with the hurried tread, the 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 worst 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 loathed 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 feared him dared not to despise.
Man spurns 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 ; quickening 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 near 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 he 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,
Nor 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.
Ay, 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:
 Even 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 his bird of beauty sung:

'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

'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.

'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.

'My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear:
 Grief for the dead! no virtue can improve;
 Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,
 The first—last—sole reward of so much love!

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridor,
 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 sail,
 My heart abuse'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 fan'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 gaz'd—and not a brow
 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 pass'd!
 Another came—O God! 'twas thine at last!
 Would that those days 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;

Worn-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 disintwined,
 I cease 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—O 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 anchor'd in the bay:
 Her consort still is absent, and her crew
 Have need of rest before thy toil anew:
 My love! thou mock'st my weakness, and wouldst
 steel

My breast before the time when it must feel;
 But trile 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 pleas'd, I guess'd
 At such as seem'd the fairest: thrice the hill
 My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
 Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
 See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
 The grape's 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 triumf'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 fill;—or, should it vex thine ear,
 We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
 Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.*

* *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 10.

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 sprung, she clung to his embrace,
Till 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 anus,
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—how'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 frenzied 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 seaboys 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 marvel'd how his heart could seem so soft.
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possest,
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 oar:
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 wick'd to command assent;
But where he wish'd to win, so well un bent,
That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,
And others' 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 prepar'd?'

* 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 wring,
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprang,
Flash'd the dapt 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 why seem to mourn?

* By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet-lightning from the water.

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 hand to duty—not from sleep—
Equipp'd for decks 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.

* *Conoscete i dubbiosi 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 promise I 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 firm 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 price,
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 glowing valour on the Greek;
How well such deed becomes the turban'd brave,
To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!
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,*
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;
The long chibouques † dissolving cloud supply,
While dance the Almas ‡ 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 floor,
Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:

* Coffee. † Pipe. ‡ Dancing girls.

'A captive Dervise, from the Pirate's nest
Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest *
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 seemed of hardship more than years,
And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.
Vow'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 vain 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 Sauc was bound, but Alla did not smile
Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gain
The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their chains.
I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
Beyond the wan-wrening 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 soldier's rock to guard?'

* It has been objected that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature;—perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history.

'Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genserius was afterwards mortified by the discovery that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined, unless in the life of a hero.'—GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi, p. 180.

That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature, I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing *The Corsair*.

'Eccelin prisonnier,' dit Rolandini, 's'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant, il fixoit sur la terre son visage féroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation—De toutes parts courent les soldats et fes peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie univeselle éclatoit de toutes parts. . . . Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat.—Son langage étoit amer, son déportement superbe—et par son seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis'—SIS-MONDI, tome iii, pp. 279, 280.

Gizericus (Genserius, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome) statura mediocris, et equi causa claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxurie contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitas gentes providentissimus, etc. etc.—JORNANDES *de Rebus Geticis*, c. 33.

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities to keep in countenance my Glaour and Corsair.

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 hear the reckless waters roar,
Those waves that would not hear 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 Free Tom'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.'
'I've try'd to guess what shook the pious man,
Who look'd not lovingly on that Divan;
Nor show'd high relish for a banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow-guest.
'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic past
Along his cheek, and tranquillized as fast
He sat him down in silence, and his look
Resum'd 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!'

'S't it seasons dainties—and my food is still
The humblest food, my drink the simplest rill;
And my stern vow and order's 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—may 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!

* The dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
The galleys feel the flames—and I afar!
Accurs'd 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 sauntly 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 saddle plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sadder gloom
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrid sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for flight.
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 Zatanar!*

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 they'd,
The flame was kindled ere the sign it made
He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
His bugle—bro'f the blast—but shudd'ring flew:
'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?
Sweep, 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, convuls'd, o'erwhelm'd with rage, sur-
prise,

Retracts 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!
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 the 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 spare—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 chokes gasping with the volum'd 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 tune their fiercest mood,
And check the very hands with gore imbued,
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!

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,†
Few words to reassure 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 blunders o'er his error, as he eyes
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise,
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—
Slime mounts to rage—that must atone or die!
And if time for it were, and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph bids that flow'd too well—
When wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life,
Conrad behold! the danger—he beheld
His followers faint by treacherous foes repell'd!
'One effort—one to break the circling host!
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrow 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—ch'd down—and trampled o'er;

* Satan.

† A common and not very novel effort of Mussul man anger. See *Prince Eugene's Memoirs*, page 24.
* The Seraskier received a wound on the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field.

* Gulnare, a female name. It means, literally, the lower of the two eyes, &c.

But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied rather than overcome,
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
Seen'd gentler than Seyd in fondest mood.
The Pacha wou'd as if he deem'd the slave
Must seem delighted with the heat 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 by 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 wav'd, 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 revers'd 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 nerves 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 imp'lement'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 quashing with impotent 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 unbenit,
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 vain would triumph in our fate ;
The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess of 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 hath 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 steed'ly by pondering o'er his far career,
He half-way 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 Mehora greet?
Then—only then—his clanking hands he rais'd,
And strain'd with rage the chain on which he
gazed;

But soon he foun'd—or feign'd—(or dream'd) relief,
And smil'd in self-derision of his grief.
'And now come torture, when it will—or may,
More need of rest to me may for the day!
This said, with languor to his nest he crept,
And, whatsoever he aviz'd, quickly slept.
'Twas hardly an hour, when that fray begun,
For Conrad's part's capture had scarce were done;
And Ilavoc loath'd to come to late, of time,
She scarce had left him uncommitt'd crime.
One hour he bled him sin'd, the while he stunn'd—
Disguis'd, discover'd—on perching,—(a can,—con-
demn'd—

A chief on land, an outlaw on the deep—
Destroying,—saving,—prison'd,—and asleep!

XII.

He slept in calm, it seeming, for his breath
Was hush'd so deep. And happy if in death!
He slept—Who'd'er his plac'd hand or hand?
His foes are gone, and here he hath no friends,
Is it some's rapine's rest, or grand his grace?
No, 'tis an earthly form with beauty's face!
Its white arm round a flag—yet gently laid,
Lest the ray flash'd brightly on the lid
Of that close eye, which heav'd to pain,
And once unclasp'd—(but once) lay close again
That form with eyes so dark, and lips so fair,
And Auburn waves of golden—(and I had a hair;
With shape of fury heaves—on a kid's foot,
That shins like snow, and fall's on earth as mate—
Through guards and dimm'd at night how came it
there?

Ah! rather ask what will not women dare?
Whom youth an happy bed like the g. Gohure!
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 adorn'd her hand before—
And with it, scarce eye open'd, won her way
Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey,
Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
Their eyes had envy'd Conrad his repose;
And chaff and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch their listless heads, 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 gaz'd in wonder: 'Can I truly 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 rais'd 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 liv'd again.
'What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!

'Pirate! thou know'st me not;—but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
Look on me—and remember her thy hand
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful
hand.

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:
Thine is the chain—e—and let me use thy right,
But still I thank thy courtesy of time,
That would confer 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 I smil'd me, with the wisest and the best,
Till on the scaffold! echoes with their jest!
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
What I saw was that flash'd on Conrad, now
A long, long while's half unlit his brow;
And thence his accents had a sound of earth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
Yet gain'd his nature—(for through that short life,
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and
strife.

XIV.

'Conrad! thy doom is nam'd—but I have power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour
Thou would'st I spare—may 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 renits thee scarce a day.
More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both.'

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

* In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn in the Tower, when, grasping her neck, she remarked, that it 'was too slender to trouble the hangman much.' During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some *mot* as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

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 me nory 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 Seyd'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 barm 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 bon l'age 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 I
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 he now alone?
What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his
cham?

The tear more sacred, shed for others' 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 alter'd 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, and 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.

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 clos'd their murder'd sage's* latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting fingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing 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,†
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girls 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 pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,‡
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' line yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Aegean, 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.§

* Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

† The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but summer of less duration.

‡ The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Hissus has no stream at all.

§ The opening lines, as far as section ii., have perhaps little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem; but they were written on the spot in the Spring of 1811, and I scarcely know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here if he can.

‡ *The Curse of Minerva.*

II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee?
Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, what'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 Cyclopes!
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—
Would that with freedom it were thine again!

III.

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height—
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!
The 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;
Sally 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 shatter'd boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought;
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
Scarce knew they how escaped—*ohis* 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 sank 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 naught to dread.
'Tis more than nature's—like the burning night
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 throbb'd each vein—each thought—till then with-
stood;

Her own dark soul—these words at once subdued :
She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave
Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave ;
But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
They yield such aid as City's haste supplies :
Dash o'er her death-like 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 :
When seek Anselmo's cavern, to report
The tale too tedious—when the triumph short.

IV.

In that wild council, words wax'd warm and strange,
With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge ;
All, save repose or flight : still lingering there
Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair ;
Whatever his fate—the breasts he form'd and led,
Will 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 sat
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate ;
His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad'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,*
But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

' Pacha ! the day is thine ; and on thy crest
Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall 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 told
With all his treasure, not unwisely sold ;
Report speaks largely of his pirate-ward—
Would that of this my Pacha were the lord !
While lulled, 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.'

' Gulnar !—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 re-
deem !

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 sutor !—to thy virtuous gratitude,
That thus repays thy Ghaour'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
I have a counsel for thy gentler ear :
I do mistrust thee, woman ! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion's board,
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 I fly—I need no more.
Accursed was the moment when he bore
Thee from the Pacha's side, 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—on 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—
Whose 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 terror 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 Comboloto, or Mahometan rosary. The
beads are in number ninety-nine.

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 lost and dearest claim;
 The life thou leav'st behind, 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 given pangs surpassing mortal pain:
 And these 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—Gulfare—
 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 listened 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 lov'd 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-roll,
 And flash'd the lightning by the lattice bar,
 To him more gemal than the midnight star:
 Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his
 chain,

And hop'd *that* peril might not prove in vain.
 He rous'd his iron hamlet 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 pounc'd—it mov'd once more;
 Slow turns the grating bolt, and sullen key:
 'Tis as his heart fore-bode'd—that fair she!
 What'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
 And beauteous 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 shouldst 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 Seyd'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 heart is mov'd:
 It fear'd thee—thank'd thee—pitied—madden'd—
 lov'd.

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 hers 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 for 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 Seyd,
 That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
 I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
 Wrong'd—spurn'd—reviled—and it shall be
 aveng'd—

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 lov'd—he lov'd me—somewhat high—
 Since with me came a heart he could not buy,
 I was a slave unmourning; he hath said,
 But for his rescue I with thee had fled,
 'Twas false thou know'st—but let such angurs rue,
 Their words are omens Insult renders true,

Nor wail 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—an Lyon-ler rolls the sea!
 What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
 To wear but till the gliding frets away?
 I saw thee—loved thee—ow'd 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 sav'd thee—but the Pacha spared.
 Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:
 Thou lo'v'st me not—nor know'st—or but the worst.
 Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—
 Oh! couldst thou prove my truth, thou wouldst 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 Minute 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 hand
 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 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—all 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 follow'd 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 was 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
 Gleam'd the last star of night, the clearing sky:
 Yet scarcely hee'd these—another light
 From a lone chamber strack upon his sight
 Towards it he mov'd; a scarcely closing door
 Revealed the ray within, but nothing more
 With hasty step a figure outward pass'd,
 Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis She
 at last!

No pomard in that hand, nor sign of ill—
 'Thanks to that softening heart, she could not
 kill!

Ag'n he look'd, the wildness of her eye
 Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully,
 She stopp'd—threw back her dark fur-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,—chasten'd,—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 dash'd all the beauty from her cheek!
 Blood he had view'd—could view unmov'd—but
 then

It flow'd in combat, or was she l by men!

XI.

*'Tis done—he nearly wak'd—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 liv'd to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

Embark'd, the sail unfur'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; an I sorrow'd as he pass'd,
He thought of all—Gensavo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand,
He thought on her afar, his lonely lot;
He turn'd and saw—Gulnare, the homicide!

XIV.

She watch'd his features till she could not bear
Their freezing aspect on her favorite hair,
And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,
Fell speech, and a tear, to which she could not fly.
She knelt to seek him, and she wept in prayer;
*Thou may'st forgive me though all this seem'd despair;
But for that deed of darkness, what wert thou?
Repose I have—but not yet—O! my neck is true!
I am not what I seem—this fatal night
My brain bewildered—do not in my state
If I had never loved—though less my guilt,
Thou hadst not liv'd to—hate me—it thou wilt.*

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more launch'd up-
brain
Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he made:
But speechless still, deep, dark, and mournful, fast,
They bled within that silent cell, his breast
Still onward, far the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport at an idle strife to range;
Far on the horizon's verge, at peals a shriek,
A spot—a mast—a sail—in arm—'Tis he!
Their little bark her in a watch-dewy,
An lamp of canvas woods the wind from high;
She leans her down modestly year,
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 is van—again—
I am not all deserted on the main!
They own the signal—answer to the hail,
Hoist out the boat at once, and launch it
*Tis Conrad! Conrad! shouting from the deck,
Command nor duty could their transport check!
With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
They view him in front once more his vessel's side,
A smile relaxing in each rugged frown,
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 inspiring 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 to 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's fiercer than death—but grief for her distress;
What she has done no tears can wash away,
And Heaven a just punish on its angry day,
But it was done; he knew, what'er her guilt,
For him that poison smote, that blood was spilt,
As if he were free—and she for him had given
Heaven on earth, an I more than all in heaven!
And now he turn'd him to that dark-eyed slave,
Whom know was he w'd with the glance he gave,
Who now seem'd changed and humbled, faint and
weak,

But varying soft the colour of her cheek
To deeper shades of paleness all his red
That fatal spot which rest on't from the dead!
He took that hand in a tremble—now too late—
So solemnly, so wildly nerv'd in hate;
He grasp'd the hand, it trembled—and his own
Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone
*Gulnare!—but she repli'd not—dear Gulnare!
She raised her eyes—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.
Per-hance, but for the feelings of his breast,
His latest virtue then had join'd the rest.
Yet even Melora might forgive the kiss
That ask'd for form so far no more than this.
The first, the last that Faithful stole from Faith—
To lips where Love had liv'd, d'all his breath,
To lips— whose broken sighs such fragrance flung,
As he had tam'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 heaven hums with many a cheering sound,
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,

The boats are dashing 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 timeless 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 beam on an I from bower,
 And midst them Conrad looks 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 wail'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 oars give,
 He waits not, looks not—leaps into the wave,
 Strives through the surge, bestrides the break, and I
 high
 Ascends the path familiar to his eye,
 He reach'd his turret door—the portal—no sound
 Broke from within ; and all was night around.
 He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply
 Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh ;
 He knock'd, but faintly—for his trembling hand
 Refused to add his heavy heart's demand.
 The portal opens—'tis a well known face—
 But not the form he panted to embrace.
 Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,
 And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd ;
 He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—
 It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.
 He would not wait for that reviving ray—
 As soon could he have linger'd there for day ;
 But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,
 Another 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 flowers her colder hand contain'd,*
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
 As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep ;
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
 And veil'd—though it 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 !

* In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

Sinks those blue orbs in that long last cell, —
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
 Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
 An I wish'd repose—but only for a while ;
 But the white shroud, an I 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—all were answer'd now
 By the first glance on that still, marble brow.
 It was enough—she die !—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 penon, those realms where guilt can never
 soar,
 The proud, the wayward, who have fix'd below
 Their joy, and find it's earth enough for woe,
 Love in that one their all—perchance a mate—
 But who in patience parts with all delight ?
 Full many a stony eye and aspect stern
 Mark hearts where grief hath little left to learn ;
 And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
 In smiles that least befit 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,
 And 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 gleam !

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—that 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 travers'd 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 hope 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 land whom none could mourn
Beside ;
And far 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,
Lank'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.*

* That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a father and a son in the year 1747—

"Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barataria; but few, we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information of such as were ignorant with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest our readers.—

"Barataria is a bay, or a narrow arm of the Gulf of Mexico; it runs through a rich but sterile country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. The bay has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can be concealed from the sea or the country. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the south west side, and the one with the bay of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea; and there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake, in these parts. The east and west points of this island were fortified in the year 1747 by a band of pirates, under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large number of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the state of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba; and when the first war between France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony, they entered the United States, the most of them the state of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified by the governor of that state of the clause in the constitution which forbade the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, received the assurance of the governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the general government for their retaining this property.

"The island of Barataria is situated about lat. 23 deg. 15 min., long. 92 deg. 35 min., and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shellfish with which its waters abound. The chief of this

island like Charles de Moor, had mixed with his many vicious virtues. In the year 1763, this party had, from its turbulent and boldness, claimed the attention of the governor of Louisiana; and to break up the establishment, he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore offered a reward of 500 dollars for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inhabitants of the city of New Orleans, from his intimate connection, and his once having been a young-maister in the city, of great reputation, which afterwards he joined in Buonapartes' army, where he was a captain. The reward which was offered by the governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of 15,000 dollars for the head of the governor. The governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's camp, and to burn and destroy all the property, and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his banditti. This company, under the command of a man who had been the intimate associate of this bold captain, approached the bay near to the fortified island before he saw them, or heard a sound, until he heard a whistle, and make a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men, who had emerged from the adjacent coves which led into the bayou. Here it was that the modern Charles de Moor developed his new noble traits; for to this man, who had come to destroy his life, and all that was dear to him, he not only spared his life, but offered him that which would have made the hardest soldier easy for the remainder of his days, which was indignantly refused. He then, with the approbation of his captor, returned to the city. This circumstance, and some concomitant events, proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter, exertions for the destruction of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented; for an officer of the navy, with most of the gunboats on that station, had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorized an attack, one was made; and, now this almost invulnerable point an ally to New Orleans is clear of an enemy, it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong military force.—From an American Newspaper.



L A R A.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

THE Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain,*
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain;
He, their unhope'd, but unforgett'n lord,
The long self-exil'd chieftain, is restored:
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;
Far chequering o'er the pictured win'ow, plays
The unwonted fagots' hospitable blaze,
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

II.

The chief of Lara is return'd 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.
Its 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 fatherland;
But from the hour he wav'd 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 sabres which he must not wear.

* The reader is apprised that the name of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local or national description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word 'Serf,' which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain. He is meant for noble of the Morea.

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 he 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 an' gay,
An' I saw them smile or sigh their hours away;
But still he only saw, an' I did not share
The common pleasures of the general care:
He did not follow what they all pursued,
With hope still built, still to be renew'd;
Nor shal' he glory, nor substantial gain,
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:
Around him some magnificent circle thrown
Repell'd approach, and shou'd him still alone;
Upon his eye sat something of reproof,
That kept at least frivolity aloof;
And things more timid that I beheld him near,
In silence gaz'd, or whisper'd mutual fear,
And they the wiser, friendlier few content
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;
Worn in—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 me him; for his feelings sought
In that intemperance an escape from thought:
The tempest of his heart in storm had gazed
On that the feebler elements had raised;
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky;
Chau'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;
An' I 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 hur-
r'd 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 chose might smile, but some had
seen

They scarce knew what, but more than should
have been.

Why gaz'd 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,
An' 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,
An' yet they glide like happiness away;
Reflecting far and fairy-like from high
The immortal lights that live along the sky:
Its banks are fring'd with many a goodly tree,
An' flowers the fairest that may feast the bee:
Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
An' Innocence would offer to her love,
These dock 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 night of evil could I 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,
An' I his high shadow shot along the wall:
There were the painted forms of other times,
'Twas a world that left of virtues or of crimes,
Savage age traditions; and the gloomy vaults
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;
An' half a column of the pompous page,
That speaks the specious tale from age to age,
Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
An' I's like truth, and still most truly lies.
He wandering muse'd, an' as the moonbeam shone
Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
An' the high fretted roof, an' saints, that there
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,

Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
Like life, 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 be 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 glad warrior'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 yst 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 nor 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 unravell'd gloom
Came not again, or Lara could assume
A seeming of forgivefulness, that made
His vassals more amazed, nor 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 his the voice that spoke
Those strange wild accents? his the cry that broke
Their slumber? his the oppress'd, o'er-labour'd
heart
That ceased to beat, the look that made them
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'd
Much to be loved and hated, sought and fear'd;
Opinion varying o'er his hid-den lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot:
His silence form'd a theme for others' prate—
They guess'd—they gaz'd—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 own'd 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 seem'd 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 hurled ;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By chance the perils he by chance escaped ;
But 'scaped 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 battle of youth ;
With thought of years a phantom chase unspent,
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 both himself to blame,
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all fault upon the fleshy form
She gave to clog the soul, and fast the worm,
To blot that first confusion from the bill,
And half must ask 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
Them men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,
And longed 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 the 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 wandered 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 perchance love,—nor hate—nor aught
That would can image to express the thought ;
But they who saw him did not see in vain,
And one 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 dwined
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 high-born and a well-med 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 accorded 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 pass'd on earth,
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth !

XXI.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad ;
His brow believ'd 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 high,
With folded arms and long attentive eye,
Nor mark'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 eno' entering 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,
Rose ho'd fast and far the whisper'd word.
'Tis he!'—'Tis who?' they question far and near,
Till louder accents rang on Lara's ear ;
So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
The general marvel, or that single look.
But Lara stir'd not, changed not: the surprise
That sprang 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 shan no question, and I wear no mask.'

'Thou shun'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 looks 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
Besem 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 seiz'd 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 no 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? or 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 devils, and devils 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 striping 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 fate 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 steps, and clear his tones would come,
When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home
Those accents, as his native mountains 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 gret
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shon
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 pleas'd 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 curls 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 or 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 tones of other times and tongues to pore;
But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
To whom he show'd no reverence nor disdain,
But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew
No sympathy with that familiar crew;
His soul, whatever 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 tool that hand betrays,
So femininely white, it might be Greek
Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek,
But for his garb, and something in his gait,
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 *his* name—*and he bore*
Another ere he left his mountain shore;
For sometimes he would lie, however high,
That name repeated loud without reply,
As unfamiliar; or, if roused again,
Start to the sound, as but rememb' r'd then;
Unless 'twas Lara's wanted 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 tola
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 check 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 e'er ere before thought be half aware;
Whatever might Kaled's be, it was enow
To seal his lip, but agonize his brow,
He gaz'd on Ezzelm till Lara cast
That so beloved smile upon the knight he pass'd;
When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,
As if on something recognised right well;
His memory reed in such a meaning more
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore,
For ere he sprang—a moment, both were gone,
And all within that hall seem'd left alone;
Ere he had so fix'd his eye on Lara's men,
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 your 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 the yare gone—but Ezzelm is there,
With thoughtful visage and imperious air;
But long remain'd not; ere an hour expired
He waved his hand to Odus, and retired.

XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustomed couch must creep
Where joy subsales, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life;
There be love's feverish hope, and cunning's
guile,

Hate's working brain, and hill'd ambition's wife;
O'er such a van eye oblivion's pinnons wave,
And quenched 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;
O'er all for a while 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 lovelest, 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 hier,
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 fertilize the soil.

II.

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall,
The gather'd chiefs, ains 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 brows 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 hands;
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 urg'd him to prepare against to-day.
The word I pledged for his I pledge again,
Or will myself redeem his knight-hood'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 drew

'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 bear.
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 by a dextrous 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 level'd at his brow.
Then all was stern collectedness and art,
Now rise the unfeign'd hatred of his heart;
So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,
That when the approaching crowd his arm with-
held,

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, however 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 steel 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 prowler's 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 agonized hands that ceased 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 die so dear,
If not the man on whom his men could charge
Had sate too deeply were he left at large?
The general rumour ignominiously 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 he seal'd by pray'd,
The skill with which he yield'd, has keen'd his blade;
Where had his arm unwarlike sought that art?
Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?
For it was not the blade's proud edge that
A word can knittle, and a word can stray,
But the deep working of a cold and keen'd
With aught of pity where it should have lay'd,
Such as long power and vengeance's excess
Concentrates into all that's merciless;
These, link'd with that desire which ever sways
Mankind, the rather to crush him than to ease,
'Gainst Lara gathering rurs'd at length a storm,
Such as himself might fear, and foes would fly from
And he must answer for the deed that fell
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

VIII.

Within that land was many a noble potent,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he potent;
That soil full many a wringing-deep spot saw,
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law.
Long war without and frequent blood within
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That waited but a signal to begin
New havoc, such as civil discord breeds,
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends;
Fix'd in his feudal fortress, each was lord,
In word and deed obey'd, in soul ador'd
Thus Lara had inherit'd 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 angur'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;
For 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 night 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;
What'er his view, his favour more obdurate
With these, the people, than his blow-thames.
If this were policy, so it 'twas sound,
The nation judg'd 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 ruffled cot,
And scarce the serf could murmur o'er his lot;
With him old avarice found its hoard secure,
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;
Youth present cheer and promised recompense
Did not, till all too late to part from thence;
To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,
The deep prevention of delay'd revenge;
To love, long bottled by the unequal match,
The well-worn charnis success was sure to snatch.
All was ripe, he waits but to proclaim
That 'twere nothing which was still a name.
The moment came, the hour when Otho thought
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought;
His minions found the destined criminal
Bogart by the usuals in his swarming hall,
Fresh from their feudal towers newly risen,
Delaying earth, and confidant of heaven.
That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves
Who beg no land for tyrants but their graves!
Saw in their cry—some watchword for the fight
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right;
Reign—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
A word's enough to rouse 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 fiction'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 others' 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 spare 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 hoots 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 wall ?
 In this the struggle was the same with all ;
 Save that distemper'd passions lent their force
 In bitterness that banished all remorse.
 None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
 The captive died upon the battle-plan ;
 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 slay
 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 deed.

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 press,
 And think to snatch it to secure success.
 The lust of beauty, and the thirst of hate,
 Lure on the broken brigands to their fate ;
 In vain he doth whate'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 turned 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 pals 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 prefer'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 an outlaw's hate :
 Hard is the task their fatherland to quit,
 But harder still to perish or submit.

XII

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night
 Guides with her star their dun 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 shepherd's 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 foe
 Who by the 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 threw
 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 hath pass'd his lips, and onward driven,
 Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder
 riven;

Well has each steel obey'd the armed heel,
 And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel.
 Outnumber'd, not outnumbered, 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 him self 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 alone at home,
 He foils their ranks, or reunites his own;
 Himself he spared not—since they seem'd to fly—
 Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
 And shook—Why saddest, droops that plumed
 crest?

The shaft is sped—the arrow in his breast!
 That fatal gore loit' in the unguarded steel,
 And Death had stricken down your 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 fading 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 helmeted 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 urg'd him, and the hand that rem'd.
 And some too near that rolling torrent lie,
 Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;
 That panting thirst which searches 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 seek
 Their lips 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 leath'ring but devoted warrior lay:
 'T was Lara bleeding fast from life away.
 His follower once, and now his only guide,
 Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his willing side,
 And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush
 With each convulsion in a blacker gush;
 And then, as his faint breathing waves low,
 In feeble, not less fatal treckings flows;
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
 And merely adds another thro' to pain.
 He clasps the hand that pang which won't dis-
 stage,

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 rise to recollect him with his fate,
 And that escape to death from living hate:
 And other comes, and leaping from his steel,
 Look on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
 And questions of his state; he answers not,
 So ere glances on him as on one forgot,
 An I turns to Kaled:—each remaining word
 They understood not, if distinctly heard;
 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 repel'd, though faintly, to their sound,
 While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round;
 They seem'd even then— that twin—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;

That *trava* 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 throbb 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* lov'd ! 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 !—be 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 smiles 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 unfold,
 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 scattered dints of many a scar,
 Which were not planted there in recent war ;
 Where'er had pass'd 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 spoken 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,
 Heaved up the bank and dash'd it from the shore.*

* The event in section xxiv. of this Canto was suggested by the description of the death, or rather burial, of the Duke of Guiana. The most interesting and particular account of it is given by Burghard, and is in substance as follows:—On the eighth day of June, the Cardinal of Valenza and the Duke of Gandia, sons of the Pope, supped with their mother, Vanozza, near the church of *S. Pietro ad vincula*, several other persons being present at the entertainment. A late hour approaching, and the cardinal having reminded his brother that it was time to return to the apostolic palace, they mounted their horses or mules, with only

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.

1816.

TO JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS

January 22, 1816.

FRIEND.

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 country,* 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 Signor 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

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 untouched 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 Timoleon'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 Citharon'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 leaguering lines;
And the dusk Spahi's hands advance
Beneath each bearded pacha's glim-er;
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 herl,*
The sabre round his loins to gird;
And there the volleying thunders pour,
Till waves grows smother to the roar
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
Wings the far hissing globe of death:

* At that time.

† Timoleon, though tenderly attached to his brother Timophanes—whose life he had once saved in battle at the risk of his own,—killed him to save the liberty of his country, of which Timophanes had made himself tyrant.

* The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;
And from that wall the foe repiles,
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 batter'd, guard'd well,
Remains as yet impregnable,
Alighting cheerily to inspire
The soldier slaking in his fire;
The first and freshest of the host
Which Stamboul's Sultan there can boast,
To guide the followers o'er the field,
To point the tube, the lance to wield,
Or whirl around the dickering blade—
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade!

IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth
His gentle sires—he drew his birth;
But late in 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 wall, 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
Unnam'd accusers in the dark
Wail'd in the 'Lion's mouth' and played
A charge against him unprovok'd:
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 our die

V.

Coumourgi—he whose closing scene*
Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,

When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
The last and mightiest of the slain,
He sank, regretting not to die,
But curs'd 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 level'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 unsubsiding fury sent,
From battery to battlement;
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 rum crash'd,
Or into countless meteors driven,
Its earth-stars melted into heaven,
Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
Impervious to the hidden sun,
With volum'd 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 those 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 aspir'd to claim.
In happier mood, and earlier time,
While unimpair'd for traitorous crime,
Gayest in gondola or ball,
He glitter'd through the Carnival;
And tun'd the softest serenade
That e'er on Adria's waters play'd
At midnight to Italian maid.

in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners; and his last words, 'Oh, that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!'—a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption. On being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, 'was a great general,' he said, 'I shall become a greater, and at his expense.'

* Ali Coumourgi, the favourite of three sultans, and Grand Vizier to Achmet III., after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, & the battle of Peterwardin in the plan of Carlowitz).

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
 Lauciotto to the Paynim shore,
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fall,
 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 was 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,
 O'er the disjointed 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 'florin,'
 Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
 And win their way with falchion's force,
 Or pave the path with many a corpse,
 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,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, 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 wide 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 lone 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 wron 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 Houris 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 latter 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 tells 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 he throws
 His form, in courtship of repose;
 Or if he dozes, a sound, a start
 Awoke him with a smitten heart.
 The turlan on his hot brow press'd,
 The mail weigh'd his head like on his breast,
 Though oft and long beneath its weight
 Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
 Without a 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 yallow'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 reeds and pines
 A night of sleep perchance their last,
 In sickly vigil wander'd on,
 And envied all he gaz'd upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
 Beneath the firmness 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 chime;
 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 fan 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 the 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 woods were peopled with their fame;
 The silent pillar, lone and grey,
 Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;
 Their spirits wrapt 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 yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still, and thence
 'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
 When man would do a deed of worth
 He points to Greece, and turns to read,
 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 mutely mused,
 And woo'd the freshness night diffus'd
 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
 foot;

* The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

And the powerless moon beholds them now,
 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 escape from the hostile shot?
 Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
 Were their hands grown 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 seaward 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 carcase 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 whitest
 skull.*

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 fall'n 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,†
 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.

* This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's *Travels*. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

† This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into paradise by it.

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 rejecting 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 sat 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,
 An lo'er his brow, so downward bent,
 Off 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 sat all he wily,
 As he heard the night-wind 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?

* I must here acknowledge a close though unintentional resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr. Coleridge, called *Christabel*. It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr. Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist.

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
Than 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 gaz'd—he saw; he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace,
It was Dian, even by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mel'ow'd with a tenderer 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 twain'd,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Flowing loosely downward there,
Her raven tresses show'd white and bare:
And ere yet she mark'd reply,
Once she rais'd 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 blest.
I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
'Tis said the lion will turn an I 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 leaguering infidel.
I come—and if I come in vain,
Never, oh never, we meet again!
Thou hast done a fearful deed!
In falling away from thy fathers' 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 the 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 its 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 secur'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

I from the shadowy wall where their images frown;
I carefully fitting 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, th'at turban tear
From off thy futile's brow, and wear
Thine injur'd country's sons to spare,
Or thou art lost; and never shalt see—
Not earth—that's 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*—

* I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable. I am glad of it; but it is not original—at least not mine; it may be

'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
If, by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased her 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 swoll'n, 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 to 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 trumpet, 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!'
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;

found much better expressed in pages 182-184 of the English version of *Fatihé* (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred; and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.

* The horsetail, fixed upon a lance, a Pacha's standard.

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 shawe;
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 cuiverin'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—Allah! 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 fall!
He who first downs with the red cross may crave
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have it
Thus utter'd Com-murzi, 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 level'd plain:
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs 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 multitudes.

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 vol'ying 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 drear and new:
 You might have heard it, on that day,
 O'er Salamis and Megara;
 (We have heard the hearers say)
 Even unto Pinax's bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering I leas to the
 hilt,
 Swords and spears with blood were gilt;
 But the rampart is won, and the spears are
 gilt,
 And all but the latter are gone;
 Shriller shrieks now mingle, coming
 From within the phalanx's banner:
 Hark to the haste of flying feet,
 That splash in the blood of the hippy
 breast!
 But here and there, where a man
 stands
 Against the foe may still be seen,
 Desperate grief, and low
 groan,
 Make a pause on the rampart
 With a hand that clings to the wall,
 Fiercely now he struggles,
 Then stoops, and falls, and rises
 white,
 But his spear is gone, and his
 shield
 So gallantly he holds the front
 of the fray,
 The death-battle faces all
 its
 In a second day;
 Still he stands, and low
 groans,
 Though the enemy's arrows
 fall
 Many a scar of former
 fight,
 Lurk'd beneath his coat of
 mail;
 But of every wound he
 has
 Each and all had heard
 of
 Though aged, he was
 young
 Few of our youth could
 cope
 And the foes, whom he
 kept
 Outnumber'd in their
 array,
 From right to left he
 swept;
 Many an Ottoman
 wept
 Sons that were-mourn, who
 shipped
 His weapon first in
 Moslem
 Ere his years could
 count
 Of all he might have
 been
 Who fell that day
 beneath
 For, senseless left long
 years
 His wrath made many a
 childless
 And since the day, when
 in
 His only boy had met
 his

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 inhumed 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
 grove;
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout! a band
 Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand:
 Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
 Softer to smite, and never to spare—
 Unleash'd to the shoulder it waves them on;
 This in the night is he ever known:
 O'er his eagle's collar garlo may show,
 To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;
 May a champion's on a richer hilt,
 But none on a steel more raddily gilt;
 Many a better timban may wear—
 Alas! but known by the white arm bare:
 The bold enough the thick of the fight, 'tis there!
 There, on that standard on that shore
 So well advanced the ranks before,
 The banner of a banner in Moslem war
 Will fan the bell's half solar;
 It shines like a falling star!
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
 The brave are, or late have been;
 There, the heaven-er'd quarter
 Vainly to the vengeful Tartar;
 Or the bold, and at lying,
 So many a young man dying;
 Many a brave, and noble
 Gave the sword of the
 Though faint beneath the mortal wound,
 Grasping on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
 And Alps car'd a moment check'd,
 'Yield thee, Minotti, quarter take,
 For thine own, thy daughter's sake.'
 'Never, renegade, never!
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever.
 'Per meca!—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 unfeild,
 Grimly then Minotti smiled,
 As he saw Alps staggering bow
 Before his words, as with a blow,
 'O God! when died she?—' Yesternight—
 Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:

* In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and the Turks.

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 span, 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 throbb,
 Nor on his lips one dying sob;
 Sigh nor word, nor struggling breath
 Heralded his way to death;
 Ere his very thought could pray,
 Unan'd 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 fan;
 There they yet may breathe awhile,
 Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing time! the turban'd host,
 With added ranks and raging boast,

Press onwards with such strength and heat,
 Their numbers bask 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 shutter'd window pour
 The volleys of the sulphurous shower;
 But the port'd 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 wait it there.
 Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
 Though slaughter streams along the aisles.
 Minotti lift'd 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's 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 t. plunderer's eyes;
That morn it held the holy 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, and 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
sprinkles
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 then 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, strewn
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 plung'd o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein;
The bull-frog's 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,*
Laid 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!

* I believe I have taken a poetical licence to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins and follow armies.



PARISINA.

1816

TO SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, Esq.,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIR'D HIS TALENTS AND VALU'D HIS
FRIENDSHIP.

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 purposes 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 tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale, and her heart beats
quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling
leaves.
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:

A moment more, and they shall meet;
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

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 paus'd, 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 wike 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 lillow
 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,—hus—
 In sooth he had not dream'd of this !
 'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one
 He loved—his own all-civil 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 sheathed it ere the point was bare—
 Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
 He could not slay a thing so fair—
 At least, not smiling—sleeping—there—
 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-conjuring 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 sat.
 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,
 O 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 chang'd 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 tided 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 swoll'n and full eyes swim
 Less for her own despair than him :
 Those lids—o'er which the violet vein
 Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
 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 I 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
 Throb'd as if back upon his brain
 The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again ;
 And therefore bow'd he for a space,
 And pass'd his shaking hand along
 His eye, to veil it from the throng ;

While Hugo raised his chain'd 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 ere 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 covetest her charms ;
 And with thy very crim—my birth—
 Thou tauntest me, as little worth ;
 A match ignoble for her arms,
 Because, forsooth, I could not claim
 The lawful heirs-ship of her name,
 Nor sit on Este's lined 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 haught 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 horn ;
 And mine have lanced my coursers' flank
 Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
 When charging to the cheery 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 ?—

* 'Haught,' haughty. 'Away, haught man, thou art insulting me.'—SHAKESPEARE.

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, a horrid control:
And for my breath, that hasty boon
Thou gav'st, and wilt resume so soon,
I value 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 thy own my destined bride,
I feel thou art my father still;
And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
'Tis not unjust, although from thee,
Beget 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 worst to human view,
But God must judge between us two!

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 sto'd, I said, all pale and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill:
Her eyes unmov'd, but full and wide,
Not once had turn'd to either side;
Not once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbits of deepest blue
The circling white dilate I 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 fell
From the long dark fringe of that fur lid,
It was a thing to see, not hear!
And those who saw, it did surmise
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the impertinent
Was choked with in 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'erthrown,
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 urg'd to guilt, but could not bear
That guilt's detection and despair.
But yet she liv'd—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 were 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-jarred and wandering mind;
A chaos of wild hopes and fears:
And now in laughter, now in tears,
But madly 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 gather
To see the Son fall by the doom of the Father.

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 its 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 headsman's hands prepared to bind,
Those eyes which would not brook such blind,
As if they dared not look on death,
' No—yours my 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,
U'pon 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 fix for ever.

He died, as erring man should die,
Without display, without parade ;
Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
As not disdain'd 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 headsman's stroke,

He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,
His sole 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 lushing 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 pass'd,
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 ;
Theirs was unconsecrated clay—
At least the knight's who died that day.
But Parisina's fate has 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 headsman's shock,
In quicken'd brokenness that came,
In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,
None knew—and none can ever know :
But whatso'er 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 remain'd 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 had implanted:
 Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
 Howe'er our stifled tears 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
 Has 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.

1816.

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 Bonnard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN this poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues. Some account of his life will be found below, furnished me by the kindness of a citizen of that republic, which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom:—

François de Bonnard, son of Louis de Bonnard, a native of Seysel, and Seigneur of Lunes, was born

in 1496. He was educated at Turin. In 1519 his uncle, Jean-Reiné de Bonniward, resigned to him the Priory of Saint-Victor, which adjoins the walls of Geneva, and which was a considerable living.

This great man—Bonniward merits the title from his greatness of soul, his integrity, the nobility of his intentions, the wisdom of his councils, the courage of his actions, the extent of his learning, and the brilliancy of his wit—this great man, who must necessarily excite the admiration of all who are capable of appreciating heroic virtue, will always inspire the most lively gratitude in the hearts of those Genevese who love Geneva. Bonniward was one of its firmest supports: to protect the liberty of our republic, he feared not to lose his own; he sacrificed his ease, he despised his wealth; he sought nothing else in the happiness of the country he had honoured by his adoption. He loved it as the most precious of his treasures; he saved it with the intrepidity of a hero, and he wrote its history with the simplicity of a philosopher and the ardour of a patriot.

He says in the commencement of his *History of Geneva*, that 'as soon as he began the study of History, he felt himself carried away by his love for Republics, the interests of which he always espoused.' It was without doubt this love of liberty that made him adopt Geneva as his country.

Bonniward, while yet young, boldly declared himself the defender of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop.

In 1519 he became the martyr of his country. The Duke of Savoy having entered Geneva with five hundred men, Bonniward, apprehensive of his resentment, endeavoured to return to Fribourg to escape the threatened peril; but he was betrayed by two men who accompanied him, and conducted by order of the Prince to Grôle, where for two years he remained a prisoner.

Bonniward was unfortunate in his trayal. As his misfortunes had not slackened his zeal for Geneva, he was still a redoubtable enemy to those who threatened it, and accordingly he was condemned to death. He was met in 1530 on the Jura by soldiers, who stripped him of every thing, and he was conveyed to the Duke of Savoy; this prince imprisoned him in the Chateau of Chillon, where he remained until a royal judicial enquiry until 1536; he was then delivered by the Bernese, who took possession of the Priory of Val.

Bonniward, on his deliverance from captivity, had the pleasure of being admitted into the Republic; the Republic hastened to testify its gratitude to him, and to recompense him for all he had suffered in its behalf; it bestowed on him the rights of citizenship in the month of June, 1537; it conferred on him the house formerly inhabited by the Vicar-General, and assigned to him a pension of two hundred gold francs, as long as he should sojourn in Geneva. He was admitted into the Council of Two Hundred in 1537.

Bonniward did not cease being useful to the Republic; after having laboured to make Geneva free, he succeeded in making it tolerant. He prevailed upon the council to grant to the Calvinists an hour's quietness a sufficient time for examining the propositions which were made to them, and he succeeded by his gentleness, Christianity is always preached with success when it is preached with civility.

Bonniward was learned; his manuscripts, which are in the public library, prove that he had studied the Latin classics, and that he had penetrated the depths of theology and history. This great man loved the sciences, and believed they would constitute the glory of Geneva; accordingly he neglected nothing to establish them there; in 1551 he gave his library to the people; it was the commencement of our public library. His books consisted of those rare and beautiful editions of the fifteenth century which are to be seen in our collection. Finally, during the same year, this good patriot appointed the Republic his heir, on condition that it should employ his wealth in supporting the college, of which the foundation was then projected.

It is probable that Bonniward died in 1570; but this fact cannot be proved, as no hitus occurs in the Necrology, from the month of July 1570 to 1571.

I.

MY hair is grey, but not with years;
Nor grew it white
In a single night,*
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 die,
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 merr,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old

* Ludovico Sforza, and others. The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis XVI., though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect; to such, and not to fear, this change in *hairs* was to be attributed.

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 joined 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 a moment to each
 With some new language told,
 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—
 I or him my soul was sorely moved,
 And truly might it be distress'd
 To see such hard 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 Lemán 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,*
 Which round about the wave enthralls :
 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 declined,

* The Chateau de Chillon is situated between Clarcns 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. Ginge. 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 Bonnard have left their traces; he was confined here several years. It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Heloise, 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 chateau is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

He loathed and put away his food :
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunters' 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 captives' tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow-men
 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 free-born 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 cherished 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.
 O 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 swoll'n convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread :
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 Unmix'd with such,—but sure and slow.
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender,—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind ;

With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray ;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur—not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot ;—
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence—lost
 In this last loss, of all the most ;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
 I listen'd, but I could not hear ;
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear :
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonish'd.
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rush'd to him ;—I found him not ;
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
 The last—the soul,—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brick,
 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 wall, and floor
Close slowly round me, and I ret;
I saw the carolers of the sun
Creeping, as if left behind me,
But through the crevice where it came
That I had warily perch'd upon I found tame,
And tamed, than upon the tree;
A birdy bird with none wings,
And sang that on a bath of things,

— And I 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 want not half so desperate;
As if it was come to love me when
None by had seen me, or nam,
And the song in my dangers brink,
Had I might have look to find an I think,
I know not if it love were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine;
But knowing well its quality,
Sweetly I lov'd it, and I wish for thine I
Or if it were, no widge I guess,
A wiser bird than I am;
For—Heaven forgive! that thought I the while
Which maketh me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes do me think, and think like
My brother, and I love I want me;
But then I look away in fits,
And think it a strange—well I know,
For he would I never th' shew down,
And I left me twice and oft I me—
Lone—as the birds, without a friend;
Lone—as the birds, without a friend—
A single bird, and I am I,
While all the world is clear,
A friend and a friend to be,
That harken to my voice appear
When slaves are by the 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 were hurried to flight of woe;
But so it was; my broken chain
With links 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 profan'd their lowly bed,
My breath came gasping 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,*
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
So close 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 joys each and all;
The eagle rock the ring 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—an I would gain
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 if 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.

* Between the entrances of the Rhone and Ville-neuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its smallness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.

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.

B E P P O.

1817.

I.

'TIS known, at least it should be, that throughout
 All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
 Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
 The people take their fill of recreation,
 And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
 However high their rank, or low their station,
 With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masking,
 And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
 The skies (and the more duskily the better),
 The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
 Begins, and Prudery flings aside her fetter;
 And Gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
 Giggling with all the gallants who beset her:
 And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
 Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical.
 Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
 And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
 Greeks, Romans, Vankee-doodles, and Hindoos:
 All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
 A'l people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
 But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy:
 Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
 Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on
 A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
 Although you swore it only was in fun;
 They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
 Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
 Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble
 That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double

V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er
 You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
 Such as in Monmouth Street, or in Rag Fair,
 Would rig you out in seriousness or joke;
 And even in Italy such places are,
 With prettier names in softer accents spoke;
 For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
 No place that's called 'Piazza' in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being
 Interpreted, implies 'farewell to flesh':
 So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing,
 Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.
 But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
 Is more than I can tell, although I guess
 'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,
 In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
 And solid meats, and highly-spiced ragouts,
 To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
 Because they have no sauces for their stew:
 A thing which causes many 'poohs' and 'pishes,'
 And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
 From travellers accusom'd from a boy
 To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
 'The curious in fish-sauce,' before they cross
 The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
 Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
 (Or if set out beforehand, these may send
 By any means least liable to loss)
 Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
 Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve ye;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,
 And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
 According to the proverb,—although no man,
 If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you,
 If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
 Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—
 Dine and I be d—! I don't mean to be coarse,
 But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival
 Was most facetious in the days of yore,
 For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
 And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
 Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
 Venice the bell from every city bore;
 And at the moment when I fix my story,
 That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
 Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions
 still;
 Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
 In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
 And like so many Venuses of Titan's
 (The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will),
 They look when leaning over the balcony,
 Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best;
 And when you to Manfrin's palace go,
 That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
 Is loveliest to my mind of all the show:
 It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
 And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so:
 'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,
 And self; but *she's* a woman! love in life!

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
 No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
 But something better still, so very real,
 That the sweet model must have been the same;
 A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
 Were't not impossible, besides a shame:
 The face recalls some face as 'twere with pain,
 You once have seen, but ne'er will see again.

XIV.

One of those forms which fit by us, when we
 Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
 And, oh! the loveliness at times we see
 In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
 The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
 In many a nameless being we retrace,
 Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall
 know.

Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below,

XV.

I said that, like a picture by Giorgione,
 Venetian women were, and so they are,

Particularly seen from a balcony
 (For beauty's sometimes best set off afar);
 And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
 They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar;
 And truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
 And rather like to show it—more's the pity!

XVI.

For glances heget ogles, ogles sighs,
 Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
 Which flies on wings of light-heel'd Mercuries,
 Who do such things because they know no
 better;
 And then, God knows what mischief may arise,
 When love links two young people in one fetter—
 Vile assignments and adulterous beds,
 Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII.

Shakspeare described the sex in Desdemona,
 As very fair, but yet suspect in fame;
 And to this day, from Venice to Verona,
 Such matters may be probably the same;
 Except that since those times was never known
 Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
 To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
 Because she had a 'Cavalier servente.'

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
 Is of a fair complexion altogether;
 Not like that sooty devil of Othello's,
 Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
 But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
 When weary of the matrimonial tether;
 His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
 But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
 You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
 'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
 Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compact
 Row'd by two rowers, each call'd 'Gonfolier,'
 It glides along the water looking blackly,
 Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
 Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
 And under the Rialto shoot along,
 By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
 And round the theatres, a sable throng,
 They wait in their dusk livery of woe;
 But not to them do woeeful things belong,
 For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
 Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story. 'Twas some years ago,
 It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
 The Carnival was at its height, and so
 Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
 A certain lady went to see the show,
 Her real name I know not, nor can guess;

And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a 'certain age,'
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
And treated her genteely; so that, dress'd,
She look'd extremely well where'er she went.
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent;
Indeed, she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman: 'tis convenient,
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;
Whereas, if single ladies play the fool
(Unless within the period intervenient
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool),
I don't know how they ever can get over it,
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sail'd upon the Adriatic,
And made some voyages, too, in other seas;
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease),
His wife would mount at times her highest attic,
For thence she could discern the ship with ease:
He was a merchant, trading to Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, call'd more briefly Beppo.

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;
Though colour'd, as it were, within a tanyard,
He was a person both of sense and vigour;
A better seaman never yet did man yard;
And she although her manners show'd no rigour,
Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and
some
That he had somehow blundered into debt,
And did not like the thought of steering home;
And there were several offer'd any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not come;
For most men (till by losing render'd sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII.

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
As partings often are, or ought to be;
And their presentiment was quite prophetic
That they should never more each other see
(A sort of morbid feeling half poetic,
Which I have known occur in two or three).
When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee,
He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she
might;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,
And could not sleep with ease alone at night:
She deem'd the window-frames and shutters brittle
Against a daring housebreaker or sprite,
And so she thought it prudent to connect her
With a vice-husband, chiefly to protect her.

XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,
If only you will but oppose their choice?)
Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,
And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,
A man some women like, and yet abuse—
A coxcomb was he by the public voice;
A Count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXXI.

And then he was a Count, and then he knew
Music and dancing, fiddling, French, and Tus-
can;
The last not easy, be it known to you,
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried 'seccatura!'

XXXII.

His 'bravo' was decisive, for that sound
Hush'd 'Academie' sigh'd in silent awe;
The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
The 'prima donna's' tuneful heart would bond,
Dreading the deep damnation of his 'bah!'
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXIII.

He patronized the Improvisatori,
Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas;
Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story;
Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
Italians can be, though in this their glory
Must surely yield the palm to that which France
has:
In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIV.

Then he was faithful, too, as well as amorous;
So that no sort of female could complain;
Although they're now and then a little clamorous,
He never put the pretty souls in pain.
His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain;
He was a lover of the good old school,
Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should I turn
A female head, however sage and steady;
With scarce a hope that *Beppo* could return,
In law he was almost as good as dead, he
Nor sent nor wrote, nor showed the least concern,
And she had waited several years already;
And really if a man won't let us know
That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman
(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin)
'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men;
I can't tell who first brought the custom in.
But 'Cavalier Serventes' are quite common,
And no one notices, nor cares a pin;
And we may call this (not to say the worst)
A *second* marriage, which corrupts the *first*.

XXXVII.

The word was formerly a 'Cielibee,'
But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent;
The Spaniards call the person a '*Cortejo*,'
I or the same mode subsists in Spain, though
recent!
In short, it reaches from the Po to Tees,
And may perhaps sail farther over the sea sent;
But Heaven preserve Old England from such
courses!
Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference
To the fair *romantic* part of the creation,
That married ladies should preserve the preference
In *tele-tete* or general conversation.
And this I say without peculiar reference
To England, France, or any other nation;
Because they know the world I am far at ease,
And being natural, naturally please.

XXXIX.

'Tis true, your budding Miss is very charming,
But shy and awkward at first coming out,
So much alarm'd, that she is quite alarming,
All Giggles, Blush; half Pertness and half Pout;
And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm in
What you, she, it, or they may be about,

* *Cortejo* is pronounced *Cor'cho*, with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It is so, on what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any transmontane country whatever.

The nursery still hisps out in all they utter—
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

XL.

But 'Cavalier Servente' is the phrase
Used in politest circles to express
This supernumerary slave, who stays
Close to the lady as a part of dress,
Her word the only law which he obeys.
His is no sinecure, as you may guess;
Coach, servants, gondolà, he goes to call,
And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the Sun shine every day,
And vines (not naif'd to walls) from tree to tree
Test-on'd, much like the back scene of a play,
Or melo-drame, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,
Without being forced to bid my groom be sure
My cloak is round his middle strapped about
Because the skies are not the most secure;
I know, too, that if stopp'd upon my route,
Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with grapes red waggons choke the way,—
In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on becaficas,
To see the sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
But with all Heaven t' himself; that day will break
as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
The sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky caldron sinners.

XLIV.

I like the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
An English lip is gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting gut-
tural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter
all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
From the rich peasant-check of ruddy bronze,
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her ski

XLVI.

Eye of the land which still is Paradise !
 Italian beauty ! didst thou not inspire
 Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies
 With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
 In what he hath bequeath'd us ?—in what guise,
 Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
 Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
 While yet Canova can create below ?*

XLVII.

* England ! with all thy faults I love thee still,
 I said at Calais, and have not forgot it,
 I like to speak and lucubrate my fill ;
 I like the government (but that is not it) ;
 I like the freedom of the press and quill ;
 I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it) ;
 I like a parliamentary debate,
 Particularly when 'tis not too late ;

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many ;
 I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear ;
 I like a beefsteak, too, as well as any ;
 Have no objection to a pot of beer ;
 I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
 That is, I like two months of every year ;
 And so God save the Regent, Church and King !
 Which means that I like all and everything.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
 Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
 Our little riots just to show we are free men,
 Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
 Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
 All these I can forgive, and those forget,
 And greatly venerate our recent glories,
 And wish they were not owing to the Tories

L.

But to my tale of Laura— for I find
 Digression is a sin, that by degrees
 Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
 And therefore may the reader too dispense—
 The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
 And caring little for the author's ease,
 Insist on knowing what he means, a hard
 And hapless situation for a bard.

LI.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing
 What should be easy reading ! Could I scale
 Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
 Those pretty poems never known to fail,

* Note in Edition of 1829 :—
 In talking thus, the writer, more especially
 Of women would be understood to say,
 He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
 And always, reader, in a modest way ;
 Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he
 Appear to have offended in this lay,
 Since, as all know, without the sex our sonnets
 Would seem unfinished, like their untrimmed bon-
 nets.

How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
 A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale !
 And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
 Some samples of the finest Orientalism !

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person
 (A broken Dandy lately on my travels),
 And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
 The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels ;
 And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
 Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils :
 I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
 But verse is more in fashion—so here goes.

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrange-
 ment,
 Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
 For half a dozen years without estrangement.
 They had their little differences, too ;
 Those jealous whiffs, which never any change
 meant :
 In such affairs there probably are few
 Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
 From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LIV.

But, on the whole, they were a happy pair,
 As happy as unlawful love could make them ;
 The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,
 Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while to
 break them.
 The world beheld them with indulgent air ;
 The pious only wished 'the devil take them'
 He took them not ; he very often waits,
 And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young :— Oh ! what without our
 youth
 Would love be ! What would youth be without
 love !
 Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
 Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above ;
 But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—
 One of few things experience don't improve,
 Which is perhaps the reason why old fellows
 Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
 Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so
 Laura the usual preparations made,
 Which you do when your mind's made up to go
 To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,
 Spectator, or partaker in the show ;
 The only difference known between the cases
 Is—*here*, we have six weeks of 'varnish'd faces.

LVII.

Laura when dress'd, was (as I sang before)
 A pretty woman as was ever seen,
 Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,
 Or frontispiece of a new Magazine.

With all the fashions which the last month wore
 Colour'd and silver paper leaved between
 That and the title-page, for fear the press
 Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto;—'tis a hall
 Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
 Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball;
 But that's of no importance to my strain.
 'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
 Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain;
 The company is 'mix'd' (the phrase I quote is
 As much as saying, they're below your notice);

LIX.

For a 'mix'd company' implies that, save
 Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
 Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
 The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
 Of public places, where they basely bore
 The fashionable stare of twenty score
 Of well-bred persons, call'd 'The World;' but I,
 Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England; at least was
 During the dynasty of Dandies, now
 Perchance succeeded by some other class
 Of imitated imitators. How
 Irreparably soon decline, alas,
 The demagogues of fashion! All below
 Is frail, how easily the world is lost
 By love, or war, and now and then by frost!

LXI.

Crushed was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
 Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
 Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
 A blundering novice in his new French grammar.
 Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war;
 And as for Fortune—but I dare not d—n her,
 Because, were I to ponder to infinity,
 The more I should believe in her divinity

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet;
 She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage.
 I cannot say that she's done much for me yet;
 Not that I mean her bounties to disparage;
 We've not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet
 How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage
 Meantime the god-less I'll no more importune
 Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LXIII.

To turn—and to return: the devil take it,
 This story slips for ever through my fingers,
 Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
 It needs must be—and so it rather lingers
 This form of verse begun, I can't well break it,
 But must keep time and tune like public singers;
 But if I once get through my present measure,
 I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place
 To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,
 Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
 Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
 Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
 May lurk beneath each mask; and as my sorrow
 Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make or find,
 Something shall leave it half an hour behind).

LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
 Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
 To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
 To some she curtsies, and to some she dips;
 Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
 Her lover brings the lemonade she sips;
 She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
 Her dearest friends for being dress'd so ill.

LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint;
 A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?
 A fourth's so pale, she fears she's going to faint;
 A fifth looks vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban;
 A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint;
 A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane;
 And lo! an eighth appears—I'll see no more!
 For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII.

Meantime, while she was thus at others gazing,
 Others were levelling their looks at her;
 She heard the men's half whisper'd mode of prais-
 ing,
 And, till 'twas done, determined not to stir.
 The women only thought it quite amazing
 That, at her time of life, so many were
 Admirers still; but men are so debased,
 Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
 Why naughty women—but I won't discuss
 A thing which is a scandal to the land,
 I only don't see why it should be thus
 And if I were but in a gown and band
 Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
 I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
 Should quote in their next speeches from my homily

LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen, and seeing, smiling,
 Talking she knew not why, and cared not what
 So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
 Beheld her airs, and triumphs, and all that;
 And well-dress'd males still kept before her filing,
 And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat
 More than the rest one person seem'd to stare
 With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;
 And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
 Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
 Although their usage of their wives is sad

'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
 Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad ;
 They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
 Four wives by law, and concubines *ad libitum*.

LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
 They scarcely can behold their male relations,
 So that their moments do not pass so gaily
 As is supposed the case with northern nations.
 Confinement, too, must make them look quite
 palely ;
 And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
 Their days are either pass'd in doing nothing.
 Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lip in criticism ;
 Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse ;
 Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
 Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews.
 In harems learning soon would make a pretty
 schism,
 But luckily these beauties are no 'Blues ;'
 No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em
 'That charming passage in the last new poem.'

LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
 Who, having angled all his life for fame,
 And getting but a nibble at a time,
 Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
 Small 'Triton of the minnows,' the subline
 Of mediocrity, the furious tame.
 The echo's echo, usher of the school
 Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool !

LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase
 The approving 'Good !' (by no means GOOD in
 law),
 Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
 The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
 Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
 Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
 Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
 And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXV.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
 In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,
 So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
 One don't know what to say to them, or think,
 Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows ;
 Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
 Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
 These unquenched snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXVI.

Of these same we see several, and of others,
 Men of the world, who know the world like men,
 S—tt, R—s, M—re, and all the better brothers,
 Who think of something else besides the pen ;
 But for the children of the 'mighty mothers,'
 The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,

I leave them to their daily 'tea is ready,'
 Snug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention,
 Have none of these instructive pleasant people,
 And *one* would seem to them a new invention,
 Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple :
 I think 'twould almost be worth while to pension
 (Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
 A missionary author, just to preach
 Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gases,
 No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
 No circulating library amasses
 Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
 Upon the living manners, as they pass us ;
 No exhibition glares with annual pictures :
 They stare not on the stars from out their attics,
 Nor deal (thank God for that !) in mathematics.

LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter.
 I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose ;
 And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
 I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose :
 I fear I have a little turn for satire,
 And yet methinks the older that one grows
 Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
 Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence ! Oh, Milk and Water !
 Ye happy mixtures of more happy days !
 In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
 Abominable Man no more allays
 His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,
 I love you both, and both shall have my praise :
 Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy !
 Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
 A turn of time at which I would advise
 Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
 In any other kind of exercise,
 To make their preparations for forsaking
 The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
 Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
 His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
 And stay'd them over for some silly reason,

And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was brought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see.
But writing names would merit reprehension;
Yet if you like to find out this fair one,
At the next London or Parisian ball,
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not last at all
To meet the daylight after seven hours' sitting
Among three thousand people at a ball,
To make her curtsy to a crowd of fifty;
The Count was at her elbow with his shawl,
And they the room were on the point of quitting,
When lo! those cursed gon-follers had got
Just in the very place where they should not.

LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and their carriage
Is much the same—the crowl, and pulling, handling,
With blasphemies enough to break their lives,
They make a never intermitting howling.
At home, our Bow Street gentlemen, by the laws,
And here a sentry stands with a year's calling;
But for all that, there is a little howling,
And nauseous words put in the carriage's calling.

LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their bent at last,
And handward flitted off the dance table,
Discussing all the dances gone and past;
The dancers and their dresses to be sold;
Some little scandals eke; but all all right,
(As to their palaces and their wretched beds)
Sate Laura by the side of her Valer,
When lo! the Mussulman was there to bed her.

LXXXVIII.

'Sir,' said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
'Your unexpected presence here will make
It necessary to my life to grave;
Is import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;
I hope it is set on a false note to waive
All complaint, I hope so for your sake;
You understand my meaning, or you do not?'
'Sir,' quoth the Turk, 'tis no mistake at all;

LXXXIX.

'That lady is my wife.' Much wonder prints
The lady's changing cheek, as well at night;
But where an Englishman sometimes farts,
Italian females don't do so outright;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;

Which saves much haitshorn, salts, and sprinkling
faces.

And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

XC.

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

XCI.

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

XCII.

'And are you really, truly, now a Turk?'
With you, other woman, did you wife?
I bet your thighs, and your fingers for a fork?
Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive!
You'd give me any? They say you eat no pork.
And how's it, many years did you contrive
To—Bless me! Did I ever? No, I never
Saw a thing so wondrous yellow! How's your liver?

XCIII.

'Be so, that beard of yours becomes you not;
It'll do you shew, till you're a day older:
Why do you say that? Oh! I had forgot—
I say, do you think the weather here is colder?
How'll I be kept? Do I shan't stir from this spot
Till that you're gone, or fear that some beholder
Should findly see you, and make the story known
How slow your hair is! Lord! how grey it's
grown!

XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands
Is more than I know. He was call'd away
About where the Troy stood once, and nothing stands;
Became a slave of course, and for his pay
Had bread and distaffs, till some boys
Of pious charity put in a good-blow lay,
He found the rags, and prosper'd, and became
A renegade of illustrious fame.

XCV.

But he grew rich, as I with his riches grew so
Knew the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
He not be always thieving on the main;
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And I see here I a vessel come from Spain,
Bound for Corinto; she was a fine polacco,
Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCVI.

Himself, and much (Heaven knows how gotten) cash,
He then embark'd, with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash,
He said that *Providence* protected him:
For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash
In our opinions. Well, the ship was trim,
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCVII.

They reach'd the island, he transferr'd his lading,
And self and live stock, to another bottom,
And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading
With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.
However, he got off by this evading,
Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;
And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XCVIII.

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

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age
With wealth and talking made him some amends;
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which, being finish'd, here the story ends;
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

M A Z E P P A .

ADVERTISEMENT.

'CELUI qui remplissait alors cette place était un gentilhomme Polonois, nommé Mazeppa, né dans le palatinat de Podolie: il avait été élevé page de Jean Casimir, et avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une intrigue qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d'un gentilhomme Polonois ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelques paysans le secoururent: il resta longtems parmi eux, et se signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une grande considération parmi les Cosaques: sa réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour obligea le Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine.'—VOLTAIRE, *Hist. de Charles XII*, p. 196.

'Le roi fuyant, et poursuivi, eut son cheval tué sous lui; le Colonel Gieta, blessé, et perdant tout son sang, lui donna le sien. Ainsi on remit deux fois à cheval, dans sa fuite, ce conquérant qui n'avait pu y monter pendant la bataille.'—*Ibid.*, p. 216.

'Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quelques cavaliers. Le carrosse, où il était, rompit dans la marche; on le remit à cheval. Pour comble de disgrâce, il s'égara pendant la nuit dans un bois; là, son courage ne pouvant plus suppléer à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure devenues plus insupportables par la fatigue, son cheval étant tombé de lassitude, il se coucha quelques heures au pied d'un arbre, en danger d'être surpris à tout moment par les vainqueurs, qui le cherchaient de tous côtés.'—*Ibid.*, p. 218.

I.

'TWAS after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,

Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die;
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood;
For thousands fell that flight to aid;
And not a voice was heard t' upbraid

Ambition in his humbled hour,
 When truth had nought to dread from power.
 His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
 His own—and died the Russians' slave.
 This too sinks after many a league
 Of well sustain'd, but vain fatigue;
 And in the depth of forests, darkling
 The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—
 The beacons of surrounding foes—
 A king must lay his limbs at length.
 Are these the laurels and repose
 For which the nations strain their strength?
 They laid him by a savage tree,
 In outworn nature's agony;
 His wounds were still, his limbs were stark—
 The heavy hour was chill and dark;
 The fever in his blood forsook
 A transient slumber's fiftal boon;
 And thus it was; but yet through all,
 Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,
 And made, in this extreme of ill,
 His pangs the vassals of his will;
 All silent and subdued were they,
 As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs!—alas, how few,
 Since but the fleeting of a day
 Had thinn'd it; but this wreck was true
 And chivalrous; up on the lay
 Each sate him down, all sate and mute,
 Beside his no man, and his steed;
 For danger levels man and brute,
 And all are fellows in the world
 Among the rest, Mazeppa's chief—
 His pillow in an old oak's shade—
 Himself as rough, and less than old,
 The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold;
 But first, outspent with this long course,
 The Cossack prince rid'd down his horse,
 And made for him a leafy bed,
 And smooth'd his fetlock, and his mane,
 And slack'd his girth, and stupp'd his rein,
 And joy'd to see how well he fed;
 For until now he had the dread
 His wearied courser might refuse
 To browse beneath the midnight dews;
 But he was hardly as his steed,
 And little cared for feed and board;
 But spirited and stout of soul,
 What'er was to be done, would do
 Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
 All Tartar like, he carried him;
 Obey'd his voice, and came, at call,
 And knew him in the mid of all;
 Though thousands were around—and Night,
 Without a star, pursu'd her flight—
 That steed from his command
 His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak
 And laid his lance beneath his oak,
 Felt if his arms in order good
 The long day's march had well withstood—

If still the powder fill'd the pan,
 And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—
 His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
 And whether they had chafed his belt;
 And next the venerable man,
 From out his havresack and can,
 Prepared and spread his slender stock
 And to the monarch and his men
 The whole or portion offer'd then,
 With far less of iniquitude
 Than courtiers at a banquet would.
 And Charles of this his slender share
 With smiles partook a moment there,
 To force of cheer a greater show,
 And seem above both wounds and woe;
 And then he said, 'Of all our band,
 Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
 In skirmish, march, or forage, none
 Can less have said or more have done
 Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth
 So fit a pair had never birth,
 Since Alexander's days till now,
 As thy Bucephalus and thou;
 All Scythia's fame to thine should yield,
 For pricking on o'er flood and field.'
 Mazeppa answer'd,—'Ill betide
 The school wherein I learn'd to ride!
 Quoth Charles,—'O!d Hetman, wherefore so
 Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?
 Mazeppa said,—'Twere long to tell;
 And were a many a league to go,
 Were ever I, and thou a flow,
 As thou art, at least the foe,
 Let me be steed, may I care at ease
 Before thy eyes, thy Bucephalus;
 And, if your looks have need of rest,
 And I will be the scutinel
 Of this your troop.'—'But I request,'
 Said Sweden's monarch, 'thou wilt tell
 The tale of thine, and I may reap,
 Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;
 For at this moment from my eyes
 The hope of present slumber flies.'

'Well, sire, with such a hope I'll track
 My seventy years of memory back;
 I think 'twas in my twentieth spring—
 Ay, 'twas—when Casimir was king—
 John Casimir,—I was his page
 Six summers in my earlier age;
 A leaue I monarch, faith! was he,
 And most unlike your majesty;
 He made no wars, and I did not gain
 No reward to lose them back again;
 And scarce debates in Warsaw's Diet
 He regard'd in most unseeingly quiet;
 Not that he had no cares to vex;
 He loved the nurses and the sex;
 And sometimes thine so froward are,
 They made him wish himself at war;
 But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
 Another mistress, or new book;
 And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
 All Warsaw gather'd round his gates

To gaze upon his splendid court,
 And dames, and chiefs, of princely port;
 He was the Polish Solomon:
 So sung his poets, all but one,
 Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
 And boasted that he could not flatter.
 It was a court of jousts and nimes,
 Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
 Even I for once produced some verses,
 And signed my odes "Despairing Thyrsis."

There was a certain Palatine,
 A count of far and high descent,
 Rich as a salt or silver mine:
 And he was proud, ye may divine,
 As if from heaven he had been sent:
 He had such wealth in blood and ore
 As few could match beneath the throne;
 And he would gaze upon his store,
 And o'er his pedigree would pore,
 Until by some confusion led,
 Which almost look'd like want of head,
 He thought their merits were his own.

His wife was not of his opinion—
 His junior she by thirty years,
 Grew daily tired of his dominion;
 And after wishes, hopes, and fears,
 To virtue a few farewell tears,

A restless dream or two, some glances
 At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
 Awaited but the usual chances,
 Those happy accidents which render
 The coldest dames so very tender,
 To deck her Count with titles given,
 'Tis said, as passports into heaven;
 But, strange to say, they rarely boast
 Of these who have deserved them most

V

'I was a goodly stripling then:
 At seventy years I so may say,
 That there were few, or boys or men,
 Who, in my dawning time of day,
 Of vassal or of knight's degree,
 Could vie in vanities with me;
 For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
 A port, not like to this ye see,
 But smooth, as all is rugged now;

For time, and care, and war have plough'd
 My very soul from out my brow;
 And thus I should be disavow'd
 By all my kind and kin, could they
 Compare my day and yesterday.
 This change was wrought, too, long ere age
 Had ta'en my features for his page:
 With years, ye know, have not declined
 My strength, my courage, or my mind,
 Or at this hour I should not be
 Telling old tales beneath a tree,
 With starless skies my canopy.

But let me on: Theresa's form—
 Methinks it glides before me now,
 Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
 The memory is so quick and warm;

And yet I find no words to tell
 The shape of her I loved so well.
 She had the Asiatic eye,
 Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
 Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
 Dark as above us is the sky;
 But through it stole a tender light,
 Like the first moonrise of midnight;
 Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
 Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
 All love, half languor, and half fire,
 Like saints that at the stake expire,
 And lift their raptur'd looks on high,
 As though it were a joy to die.
 A brow like a midsummer lake,
 Transparent with the sun therein,
 When waves no murmur dare to make,
 And heaven beholds her face within.
 A cheek and lip—but why proceed?
 I loved her then—I love her still;
 And such as I am, love indeed
 In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
 But still we love even in our rage,
 And haunted to our very age
 With the vain shadow of the past,
 As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI

'We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd;
 She did not speak, and yet replied!
 There are ten thousand tones and signs,
 We hear and see, but none defines—
 Involuntary sparks of thought,
 Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
 And form a strange intelligence,
 Alike mysterious and intense,
 Which link the burning chain that binds,
 Without their will, young hearts and minds;
 Conveying, as the electric wire,
 We know not how, the absorbing fire.—
 I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
 And still reluctant distance kept,
 Until I was made known to her,
 And we might then and there confer
 Without suspicion—then, even then,
 I long'd, and was resolved to speak
 But on my lips they died again.

The accents tremulous and weak,
 Until one hour.—There is a game,
 A frivolous and foolish play,
 Wherewith we wile away the day;
 It is—I have forgot the name—
 And we to this, it seems, were set,
 By some strange chance, which I forget:
 I reck'd not if I won or lost,

It was enough for me to be
 So near to hear, and oh! to see
 The being whom I loved the most!
 I watch'd her as a sentinel,
 (May ours this dark night watch as well!)
 Until I saw, and thus it was,
 That she was pensive, nor perceived
 Her occupation, nor was grieved

And, writhing half my form about,
How'd back my curse, but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed :
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again,
I paid it well in after days :
There is not of that castle-gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left :
Nor of its field a blade of grass,

Save what grows on a ridge of wall.
Where stood the hearthstone of the hall ;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was.
I saw its turrets in a blaze,

Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.

They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,

That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.

They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank.
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

'Away, away, my steel and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind ;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light ;
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black ;

And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had marched o'er ;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod ;—
The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,

And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answered with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away,—
And I could neither sigh nor pray ;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane ;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career ;

At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed :
But no—my bound and slender frame

Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became ;
Each motion which I made to free
My swell'n limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright ;
I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerv'd as from a blow ;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang ;
Meaning my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier than flame.

XII.

'We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side ;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste ;
But these were few and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strewn by those autumnal eves,
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore,
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frosts o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek ;
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs ; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind ;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire ;
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun ;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh ! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won ;

But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he pass'd—
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will

XIII.

'The wood was pass'd; 'twas more than
noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem.
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er;
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood,
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no further: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below;
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that fitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
But a confusion worse than such:
I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in Death's face—before—and now

XIV.

'My thoughts came back; where was I? cold,
And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
Life reassum'd its lingering hold,
And thro' by thro'—till grown a pang
Which for a moment could convulse,
My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight return'd, though dim, alas!
And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam, too, of the sky
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright, broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were re-baptized,
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

XV.

'With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's snowy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top; a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right:
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star:
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
That very cheat had cheer'd me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill
Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

'Onward we went, but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'erspent,

The drooping courser, faint and low,
 Or feebly foaming went.
 A sickly infant had had power
 To guide him forward in that hour ;
 But useless all to me :
 His new-born tameness nought avail'd—
 My limbs were bound ; my force had fail'd,
 Perchance, had they been free,
 With feeble effort still I tried
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied,
 But still it was in vain ;
 My limbs were only wrung the more,
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
 Which but pro-long'd their pain :
 The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
 Although no goal was nearly won :
 Some streaks announced the coming sun—
 How slow, alas, he came !
 Methought that mist of dawning grey
 Would never dapple into day ;
 How heavily it roll'd away—
 Before the eastern flame
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
 And call'd the radiance from their cars,
 And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
 With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

' Up rose the sun : the mists were curl'd
 Back from the solitary world
 Which lay around, behind, before :
 What boot'd it to traverse o'er
 Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
 Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;
 No sign of travel—none of toil ;
 The very air was mute ;
 And not an insect's shrill small horn,
 Nor matin bird's new voice, was borne
 From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
 Panting as if his heart would burst,
 The weary brute still stagger'd on ;
 And still we were—or seem'd—alone.
 At length, while reeling on our way,
 Methought I heard a courser neigh,
 From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
 Is it the wind those branches stir's ?
 No, no ! from out the forest prance
 A trampling troop ; I see them come !
 In one vast squadron they advance !
 I strove to cry—my lips were dumb ;
 The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;
 But where are they the reins to guide ?
 A thousand horse—and none to ride !
 With flowing tail, and flying mane,
 Wide nostrils, never stretch'd by pain,
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
 Came thickly thundering on,
 As if our faint approach to meet ;
 The sight re-nerv'd my courser's feet,

A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
 A moment, with a faint low neigh,
 He answered, and then fell.
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
 And reeking limbs immoveable,
 His first and last career is done !
 On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
 They saw me strangely bound along
 His back with many a bloody thong :
 They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
 Gallop a moment here and there,
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
 Then plunging back with sudden bound,
 Heeded by one black mighty steed,
 Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
 Without a single speck or hair
 Of white upon his shaggy hide :
 They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
 And backward to the forest fly,
 By instinct, from a human eye.
 They left me there to my despair,
 Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
 Relieved from that unwonted weight,
 From whence I could not extricate
 Nor him, nor me ;—and there we lay,
 The dying on the dead !
 I little deem'd another day
 Would see my houseless, helpless head.

' And there from morn till twilight bound,
 I felt the heavy hours toil round,
 With just enough of life to see
 My last of suns go down on me,
 In hopeless certainty of mind,
 That makes us feel at length resign'd
 To that which our foreboding years
 Present the worst and last of fears
 Inevitable—even a boon,
 Nor more unkind for coming soon ;
 Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
 As if it only were a snare
 That prudence might escape :
 At times both wish'd for and implored,
 At times sought with self-pointed sword,
 Yet still a dark and hideous close
 To even intolerable woes,
 And welcome in no shape.
 And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
 They who have revell'd beyond measure
 In beauty wassail, wine, and treasure,
 Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
 Whose heritage was misery :
 For he who hath in turn run through
 All that was beautiful and new,
 Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave :
 And, save the future (which is view'd
 Not quite as men are base or good,
 But as their nerves may be endued),
 With nought perhaps to grieve :
 The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
 And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
 Appears to his distemper'd eyes,
 Arriv'd to rob him of his prize,
 The tree of his new Paradise.

To-morrow would have given him all,
Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall:
To-morrow would have been the first
Of days no more deplored or curst,
But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
Guerdon of many a painful hour;
To-morrow would have given him power
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—
And must it dawn upon his grave?

XVIII.

'The sun was sinking—still I lay
Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed;
I thought to mingle there our clay,
And my dim eyes of death had need,
No hope arose of being freed:
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun.
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit,

I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint straggling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,

Together scared him off at length.—
I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

'I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal, you bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance
I close my own again once more,
As doubtful that the former trance
Could not as yet be o'er.

A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought;

For ever and anon she threw
A prying, pitying glance on me
With her black eyes so wild and free
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
No vision it could be,—

But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
She smiled, and I essay'd to speak,

But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made
With lip and finger signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,

And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music follow'd her light feet:—
But those she call'd were not awake.

And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
Another look on me she cast,

Another sign she made, to say
That I had nought to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
And she would not delay

Her due return:—while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

'She came with mother and with sire—
What need of more!—I will not tire
With long recital of the rest
Since I became the Cossack's guest.
They found me senseless on the plain—
They bore me to the nearest hut—
They brought me into life again—
Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!
Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
Sent me forth to the wilderness,
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne,—
What mortal his own doom may guess?

Let none despond, let none despair!
To-morrow the Borystheneas
May see our coursers graze at ease
Upon his Turkish bank; and never
Had I such welcome for a river
As I shall yield when safely there.
Comrades, good night!—The Hetman threw
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
With leafy couch already made,

A bed nor comfortless nor new
To him, who took his rest whene'er
The hour arrived, no matter where:
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep,
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, he wonder'd not—
The king had been an hour asleep.

THE ISLAND;
OR,
CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES.

1823.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE foundation of the following story will be found partly in Lieutenant Bligh's 'Narrative of the Mutiny and Seizure of the *Bounty*, in the South Seas, in 1789; and partly in 'Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.'

Genoa, 1823.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

THE morning watch was come; the vessel lay
Her course, and gently made her liquid way;
The cloven billow flash'd from off her prow
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough;
The waters with their world were all before;
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.
The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main;
The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray;
The stars from broader beams began to creep,
And lift their shining eyelids from the deep;
The sail resumed its lately shadow'd white,
And the wind flutter'd with a freshening flight;
The purpling ocean owns the coming sun,
But ere he break—a deed is to be done.

II.

The gallant chief within his cabin slept,
Secure in those by whom the watch was kept:
His dreams were of old England's welcome shore,
Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er;
His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.
The worst was over, and the rest seem'd sure,
And why should not his slumber be secure?
Alas! his deck was trod by unwilling feet,
And wilder hands would hold the vessel's sheet;
Young hearts, which languish'd for some sunny isle,
Where summer years and summer women smile;
Men without country, who, too long estranged,
Had found no native home, or found it changed,
And, half uncivilised, preferr'd the cave
Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave—
The gushing fruits that nature gave untill'd;
The wood without a path but where they will'd;
The field o'er which promiscuous Plenty pour'd
Her horn; the equal land without a lord;
The wish—which ages have not yet subdued
In man—to have no master save his mood;

The earth, whose mine was on its face, unsobd,
The glowing sun and produce all its gold;
The freedom which can call each groat a home;
The general garden, where all steps may roam,
Where Nature owns a nation as her child,
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild;
Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know,
Their unexploring navy, the canoe;
Their sport, the dashing breakers and the chase;
Their strangest sight, an European face:—
Such was the country which these strangers yearn'd
To see again; a sight they dearly earn'd.

III.

Awake, bold Bligh! the foe is at the gate!
Awake! awake!—Alas! it is too late!
Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear.
Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast;
The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest;
Dragg'd o'er the deck, no more at thy command
The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand;
That savage spirit, which would lull by writh
Its desperate escape from duty's path.
Glare round thee, in the scarce believing eyes
Of those who fear the chief thy sacrifice;
For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

IV.

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,
Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced breath:—
They come not; they are few, and, overawed,
Must acquiesce, while sterner hearts applaud.
In vain thou dost demand the cause: a curse
Is all the answer, with the threat of worse.
Full in thine eyes is waved the glittering blade,
Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet laid.
The level'd muskets circle round thy breast
In hands as steel'd to do the deadly rest.
Thou dar'st them to their worst, exclaiming—'Fire!
But they who pitied not could yet admire;

Some lurking remnant of their former awe
 Restrain'd them longer than their broken law ;
 They would not dip their souls at once in blood,
 But left thee to the mercies of the flood.

V

'Hoist out the boat !' was now the leader's cry ;
 And who dare answer 'No !' to Mutiny,
 In the first dawning of the drunken hour,
 The Saturnalia of unhop'd-for power ?
 The boat is lower'd with all the haste of hate,
 With its slight plank between thee and thy fate ;
 Her only cargo such a scant supply
 As promises the death their hands deny ;
 And just enough of water and of bread
 To keep, some days, the dying from the dead ;
 Some cordage, canvas, sails, and lines, and twine,
 But treasures all to hermits of the brine,
 Were added after, to the earnest prayer
 Of those who saw no hope, save sea and air ;
 And last, that trem'ling vessel of the Pole—
 The feeling compass—Navigation's soul.

VI

And now the self-elected chief finds time
 To stun the first sensation of his crime,
 And raise it in his followers—'Ho ! the bowl !
 Lest passion should return to reason's shoal.
 'Brandy for heroes !' Burke could once exclaim—
 No doubt a liquid path to epic fame ;
 And such the new-born heroes found it here,
 And drain'd the draught with an applauding cheer.
 'Huzza ! for Otahite !' was the cry.
 How strange such shouts from sons of Mutiny !
 The gentle island, and the genial soil,
 The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,
 The courteous manners but from nature caught,
 The wealth unboarded, and the love unbought ;
 Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys,
 driven

Before the mast by every wind of heaven ?
 And now, even now prepared with others' woes
 To earn mild Virtue's vain desire, repose ?
 Alas ! such is our nature ! all but aim
 At the same end by pathways not the same ;
 Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,
 Our fortune, temper, even our outward frame,
 Are far more potent o'er our yielding clay
 Than aught we know beyond our little day,
 Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
 Hear I through Gaius's silence, and o'er Glory's din :
 Whatever I reel'd on, taught, or land be trod,
 Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

VII

The launch is crowded with the faithful few
 Who wait their chief, a melancholy crew ;
 But some remain'd reluctant on the deck
 Of that proud vessel—now a moral wreck—
 And view'd their captain's fate with piteous eyes :
 While others scoff'd his angur'd miseries,
 Sneer'd at the prospect of his pigmy ail
 And the slight bark so laden and so frail,
 The tender nautilus, who steers his prow,
 The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,

The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
 Seems far less fragile, and, alas ! more free.
 He, when the lightning-wing'd tornadoes sweep
 The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
 And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,
 Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind.

VIII

When all was now prepared, the vessel clear
 Which hail'd her master in the mutineer,
 A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
 Show'd the vain pity which but irritates ;
 Watch'd his late chieftain with exploring eye,
 And told, in signs, repentant sympathy ;
 Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,
 Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth,
 But soon observed, this guardian was withdrawn,
 Nor further mercy clouds rebellion's dawn.
 Then forward stepp'd the hold and froward boy
 His chief had cherish'd only to destroy,
 And, pointing to the helpless prow beneath,
 Exclaim'd, 'Depart at once ! delay is death !'
 Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased not all
 In that last moment could a word recall
 Remorse for the black deed as yet half done,
 And what he hid from many show'd to one :
 When Bligh in stern reproach demanded where
 Was now his grateful sense of former care ?
 Where all his hopes to see his name aspire,
 And blazen Britain's thousand glories higher ?
 His feverish lips thus broke their gloomy spell,
 'Tis that ! 'tis that ! I am in hell ! in hell !
 No more he said ; but urging to the bark
 His chief, commits him to his fragile ark ;
 These the sole accents from his tongue that fell,
 But volumes lurk'd below his fierce farewell.

IX

The arctic sun rose broad above the wave ;
 The breeze now sunk, now whisper'd from his cave ;
 As on Arabian harp, his fitful wings
 Now swell'd, now flutter'd o'er his ocean strings.
 With slow, despairing oar, the abandon'd skiff
 Ploughs its drear progress to the scarce seen cliff,
 Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main :
 That boat and ship shall never meet again !

But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
 Their constant peril, and their scant relief ;
 Their days of danger, and their nights of pain ;
 Their manly courage even when deem'd in vain ;
 The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
 Known to his mother in the skeleton ;
 The ills that lessen'd still their little store,
 And starv'd even Hunger till he wrung no more ;
 The varying frowns and favours of the deep,
 That now almost ingulf'd, then leaves to creep
 With crazy oar and shatter'd strength along
 The tide that yields reluctant to the strong ;
 The incessant lever of that arid thirst
 Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst
 Above their naked bones, and feels delight
 In the cold drenching of the stormy night,
 And from the outspread canvas gladly wrings
 A drop to moisten life's all-gasping springs ;

The savage foe escaped, to seek again
More hospitable shelter from the main;
The ghastly spectres which were doom'd at last
To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
As ever the dark annals of the deep
Disclosed for man to dread or woman weep.

X.

We leave them to their fate, but not unknown
Nor unredress'd. Revenge may have her own:
Roused discipline aloud proclaims their cause,
And injured navies urge their broken laws.
Pursue we on his track the mutineer,
Whom distant vengeance had not taught to fear.
Wide o'er the wave—away! away! away!
Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome bay;
Once more the happy shores without a law
Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw;
Nature, and Nature's goddess—woman—woos
To lands where, save their conscience, none accuse;
Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit;*

* The now celebrated bread-fruit, to transplant which Capt. Bligh's expedition was undertaken.

Where none contest the fields, the woods, the
streams:—

The goddess age, where gold disturbs no
dreams,

Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
Till Europe taught them better than before:
Bestow'd her customs, and amended theirs,
But left her vices also to their heirs,
Away with this! behold them as they were,
Do good with Nature, or with Nature err,
'Huzza! for Otaheite!' was the cry,
As stately swept the gallant vessel by.

The breeze springs up; the lately flapping sail
Extends its arch before the growing gale;
In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
Which her bold bow flings off with dashing
ease.

Thus Argo ploughed the Euxine's virgin foam,
But those she wafted still look'd back to home:
These spurn their country with their rebel bark,
And fly her as the raven fled the ark;
And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
And tame their fiery spirits down to love.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

HOW pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,[†]
When summer's sun went down the coral bay!
Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
And hear the warbling birds! the damsel said;
The wood-dove from the forest-depth shall coo,
Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo,
We'll cull the flowers that grow above the dead,
For these most bloom where rests the warrior's head;
And we will sit in twilight's face, and see
The sweet moon glancing through the tooa tree,
The lofty accents of whose sighing lough
Shall sadly please us as we lean below;
Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,
Which spurn in columns back the baffled spray.
How beautiful are these! how happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!
Even he too loves at times the blue lagoon,
And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

II.

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
Then feast like spirits in their promised bowers,
Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
And, wet and shining from the sportive toil,
Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,

And plait our garlands gather'd from the grave,
And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the
grave.

But lo! night comes, the Mooa woos us back,
The sound of mats arc heard along our track;
Anoon the torchlight dance shall fling its sheen
In flashing mazes o'er the Marly's green;
And we too will be there; we too recall
The memory bright with many a festival,
Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when foes
For the first time were wafted in canoes.
Alas! for them the flower of mankind bleeds;
Alas! for them our fields are rank with weeds;
Forgotten is the rapture, or unknown,
Of wandering with the moon and love alone.
But be it so:—*they* taught us how to wield
The club, and rain our arrows o'er the field;
Now let them reap the harvest of their art!
But feast to-night! to-morrow we depart.
Strike up the dance! the cava bowl fill high!
Drain every drop!—to-morrow we may die.
In summer garments be our limbs array'd;
Around our waists the tappa's white display'd;
Thick wreaths shall form our coronal, like spring's,
And round our necks shall glance the hooni
strings;
So shall their brighter hues contrast the glow
Of the dusk bosoms that beat high below.

III.

But now the dance is o'er—yet stay awhile;
Ah, pause! nor yet put out the social smile.
To-morrow for the Mooa we depart,
But not to-night—to-night is for the heart.
Again bestow the wreaths we gently woo,
Ye young enchantresses of gay Licoo!

† The first three sections are taken from an actual song of the Tonga islanders, of which a prose translation is given in 'Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.' Toobonai is *not*, however, one of *them*; but was one of those where Christian and the mutineers took refuge. I have altered and added, but have retained as much as possible of the original.

How lovely are your forms! how every sense
Bows to your beauties, soften'd, but intense,
Like to the flowers on Mataloco's steep,
Which fling their fragrance far athwart the deep!—
We too will see Licoo; but—oh! my heart!—
What do I say?—to-morrow we depart!

IV.

Thus rose a song—the harmony of times
Before the winds blew Europe o'er these climes.
True, they had vices—such are Nature's growth—
But only the barbarian's—we have both;
The sordid of civilisation, mix'd
With all the savage which man's fall hath fix'd.
Who hath not seen Dissimulation's reign,
The prayers of Aled link'd to the cells of Cain?
Who such would see, in yonder, his latter view
The Old World more degraded than the New,—
Now *zete* no more, save where Columbo rears
Twin giants, born by Freedom to her spheres,
Where Chihilorap, o'er air, earth, wave,
Glares with his Titan eye, and sees no slave

V.

Such was this duty of Tradition's days,
Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys
In song, where fame as yet hath left no sign
Beyond the sound whose charm is half divine;
Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
But yields young life to try all to learn by;
A boy Achilles, with the centaur's lyre
In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.
For one long-cherish'd ballad's simple stave,
Kung from the rock, or niggled with the wave,
Or from the bubbling streamlet's gurgling sole,
Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide,
Hath greater power o'er earth, than harp and ear,
Than all the columns Cengjests majestic rear;
Invites, when hieroglyphic scars a throne,
For sages' dreams, or the student's dream;
Attracts, when History's volumes are a toil,—
The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil.
Such was this rade rhyme—rhyme is of the rule—
But such inspired the Norseman's simple tale,
Who came and conq'ring; such, when ever ris-
Lands which no foe destroy or divide,
Exist; and what can our accomplished art
Of verse do more than reach the awake'd heart?

VI.

And sweetly now those midnight melodies
Broke the luxurious silence of the skies,
The sweet sibil of a summer day,
The troic afternoon of the Island,
When every flower was blossom, and air was balm,
And the first breath began to stir the palm,
The first yet voices would to sing the wave
All gently to refresh the thirsty eve,
Where sat the songstress with the stranger boy,
Who taught her passion's desecrating joy,
Too powerful over every heart, but just
O'er those who know not how it may be lost;
O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,

With such devotion to their ecstasy,
That life knows no such rapture as to die:
And die they do; for earthly life has nought
Match'd with that burst of nature, even in
thought;
And all our dreams of better life above
But close in one eternal gush of love

VII.

There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
In growth a woman, though in years a child,
A childhood dates within our colder clime,
Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime;
The infant of an infant world, as pure
In nature—lovely, warm, and premature;
Dark like night, but night with all her stars,
Or a warm sparkling with its native spars;
With eyes that were a language and a spell,
A fern like Apur slat's in her shell,
With all her loves around her on the deep,
Vigilant as the first approach of sleep;
Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
The flush would make its way, and all but speak:
The sun's red blood suffus'd her neck, and threw
O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral red lining through the darken'd wave,
Which draws the dew-dart of the crimson cave.
Such was this daughter of the southern seas,
Her rapt flow in her energies,
To fear the bark of others' happiness,
Nor if a sorrow-wail their joy grew less:
Her wild and warm yet faithful bosom knew
No joy like what it gave; her hopes ne'er drew
Aught from experience, that chill touchstone,
where
Seductive fire in all things from their hues:
She fear'd no ill, because she knew it not,
Or what she knew was soon—too soon—forgot:
Her smiles and tears had pass'd, as light winds
pass
O'er lakes to rattle, not destroy, their glass,
Whose depths unscar'd, and fountains from the
hill,
Restore their surface, in itself so still,
Until the earthquake tear the nuke's cave,
Rear up the spring, and trample on the wave,
And crush the living waters to a mass,
The amphibious desert of the dank morass!
And must their fate be hers?—The eternal change
But grasps humanity with quiver range;
And they who tell 't of fall as worlds will fall,
Tell us 't just, as spirit over them all.

VIII.

And who is he? the blue-eyed northern child
Of the north—known to man, but scarce less wild;
The fair-haired offspring of the Hebrides,
Whose rans the Pentland with its whirling seas;
Rock'd in his cradle by the roaring wind,
The tongue-born in body and in mind,
His young eye opening on the ocean-foam,
Had from that moment deem'd the deep his home:
The giant course of his pensive moods,
The shatter of his craggy altitudes.

The only Mentor of his youth, where'er
His bark was borne; the sport of wave and air;
A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance,
Nursed by the legends of his land's romance;
Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
Acquainted with all feelings save despair,
Placed in the Arab's clime, he wou'd have been
As bold a rover as the sands have seen,
And braved their thirst with an enduring lip
As Ishmael, wate'd on his desert-ship :^{*}
Fix'd upon Chili's shore, a proud cacique;
On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek ;
Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane,
Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign,
For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
If rear'd to such, can find no further prey
Beyond itself, and must retrace its way,[†]
Plunging for pleasure into pain : the same
Spi't which made a Nero Rome's worst shame,
A humbler state a nd discipline of heart,
Had form'd his glorious namesake's counterpart ;[‡]
But grant his vice, grant them all his own,
How small their theatre without a throne !

IX.

The smilest :—these comparisons seem high
To those who scar all things with dazzled eye,
Link'd with the unknown name of one whose doom
Has taught to do with glory or with Rome,
With Chili, Hellas, or with Araby ;—
Thou smilest ?—S mile ; 'tis better thus than sigh ;
Yet such he might have been ; he was a man,
A soaring spirit, ever in the van,
A patriot hero or despotic chief,
To form a nation's glory or its grief,
Born under auspices which make us more
Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.
But these are visions ; say, what was he here ?
A blooming boy, a truant mutineer,
The fair-hair'd Torquil, free as ocean's spray,
The husband of the bride of Toobonai.

X.

By Neul a's side he sat, and watch'd the waters.—
Neuha, the sun-flower of the island daughters,
Highborn, (a birth at which the herald smiles,
Without a scutcheon for these secret isles.)
Of a long race, the valiant and the free,
The naked knights of savage chivalry.

* The 'Ship of the desert' is the Oriental figure for the camel or dromedary, and they deserve the metaphor well—the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

† Lucullus when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in his Salme farm.—POPE.

‡ The consul Nero, who made the unequalled march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal ; thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed, with a sigh, that 'Rome would now be the mistress of the world.' And yet to this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all. But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of 'Nero' is heard, who thinks of the consul ?—But such are human things !

Whose grassy calms ascend along the shore ;
And thine—I've seen—Achilles ! do no more.
She, when the thunder-bearing strangers came,
In vast canoes, begirt with bolts of flame,
Topp'd with tall trees, which, loftier than the palm,
Seem'd rooted in the deep amidst its calm ;
But when the winds awaken'd, shot forth wings
Broad as the cloud along the horizon flings,
And sway'd the waves like cities of the sea,
Making the very billows look less free ;—
She, with her paddling oar and dancing prow,
Shot through the surf, like reindeer through the
snow,
Swift-gliding o'er the breaker's whitening edge,
Light as a mermaid in her ocean sledge,
And gazed and wonder'd at the giant hulk,
Which heaved from wave to wave its trampling
hulk.
The anchor dropp'd ; it lay along the deep,
Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
While round it swarm'd the proas' flitting chain,
Like summer bees that hum around his mane.

XI.

The white man link'd ! need the rest be told ?
The New World stretch'd its dusk hand to the
old ;
Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy.
Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sires,
An d kinder still their daughters' gentler fires,
Their union grew : the children of the storm
Found beauty link'd with many a dusky form ;
While these in turn admired the paler glow,
Which seem'd so white in climes that knew no
snow.
The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,
The soil where every cottage show'd a home ;
The sea-spread net, the lightly-launch'd canoe,
Which stemm'd the studded archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles ;
The healthy slumber, earned by sportive toils ;
The palm, the loftiest dryad of the woods,
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,
While eagles scarce build higher than the crest
Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her breast ;
The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit ;
The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare,
yields
The unreaped harvest of unfurrow'd fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest—
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
The airy joys of social solitudes,
Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
Of those who were more happy, if less wise,
Did more than Europe's discipline had done,
And civilised Civilisation's son.

XII.

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair :

Both children of the isles, though distant far;
Both born beneath a sea presiding star;
Both nourish'd amidst nature's native scenes,
Loved to the last, whatever intervenes
Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.
He who first met the Highland's swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roamed through lands which are not
mine,

Adored the Alp and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep;
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Tibet nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-magar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,*
Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linn with Castale's clear fount
Forgive me, Homer's universal shade!
Forgive me, Ploëus! that my fancy stray'd;
The north and nature taught me to adore
Your scenes sublime, from those beloved before.

XIII.

The love which maketh all things fond and fair,
The youth which makes one rainbow of the air,
The dangers past, that make even men enjoy
The pause in which he ceases to destroy,
The mutual beauty, which the sternest feel
Strike to their hearts like lightning to the steel,
United the half savage and the whole,
The maid and boy in one absorbing soul,
No more the thundering memory of the fight
Wrapp'd his wear'd bosom in its dark delight;
No more the irksome restlesness of rest
Disturb'd him like the eagle in her nest,
Whose whetted beak and far-piercing eye
Darts for a victim over all the sky:
His heart was tam'd to that voluptuous state,
At once Plesian and effeminate,
Which leaves no laurels o'er the hero's urn:—
These wither when for aught save blood they burn;
Yet when their ashes in their nook are laid,
Doth not the myrtle leave as sweet a shade?
Had Caesar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
Rome had been free, the world had not been his,
And what have Caesar's deeds and Caesar's fame
Done for the earth? We feel them in our shame
The gory sanction of his glory stains
The rust which tyrants cherish on our chains.

* When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the M. dyern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was boyish enough; but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays.

Though Glory, Nature, Reason, Freedom, bid
Roused millions do what single Brutus did—
Sweep these mere mock-birds of the despot's song
From the tall bough where they have perch'd so
long,—

Still are we hawk'd at by such mousing owls,
And take for falcons those ignoble fowls,
When but a word of freedom would dispel
These bugbears, as their terrors show too well.

XIV.

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
Neuba, the South Sea girl, was all a wife,
With no distracting world to call her off
From love; with no society to scoff
At the new transient flame; no babbling crowd
Of coxcombs in admiration loud,
Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
Her duty, and her glory, and her joy:
With faith and feelings naked as her form,
She stood and stands a rainbow in a storm,
Changing its hues with bright variety,
But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
The cloud-compelling herald of love.

XV.

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
They pass'd the tropic's red meridian o'er;
Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
Which deals the daily pittance of our span,
And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.
What deem'd they of the future or the past?
The present, like a tyrant, held them fast:
Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide—
Their clock the sun, in his unbounded tow;
They reckon'd not, whose day was but an hour;
The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell;*
The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
As in the north he mingles o'er the deep;
But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left
The world for ever, earth of light bereft,
Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
As dives a hero headlong to his grave.
Then rose they, looking first along the skies,
And then for light into each other's eyes,
Wondering that summer should so brief a sun,
And asking if indeed the day were done.

XVI.

And let not this seem strange: the devotee
Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy;
Around him days and worlds are needless driven,
His soul is gone before his dust to heaven,
Is he less potent? No—his path is trod,
Alike uplifted gloriously to God;
Or link'd to all we know of heaven below,
The other better self, whose joy or woe

* The now well-known story of the loves of the nightingale and rose need not be more than alluded to, being sufficiently familiar to the Western and the Eastern reader.

Is more than ours; the all-absorbing flame
Which, kindled by another, grows the same,
Wrapt in one blaze: the pure, yet funeral pile,
Where gentle hearts, like Brahmins, sit and smile.
How often we forget all time, when lone,
Admiring Nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of *hers* to our intelligence!
Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No, no;—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
Strip off this fond and false identity!—
Who thinks of self when gazing on the sky?
And who, though gazing lower, ever thought,
In the young moments ere the heart is taught
Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his own?
All nature is his realm, and love his throne.

XVII.

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour
Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars,
Echoed their dim light to the mustering stars.
Slowly the pair, partaking nature's calm,
Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palm;
Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;
Lovely as Love—the spirit!—when serene.
The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell,
Than breathes his mimic murmur in the shell,*
As, far divided from his parent deep,
The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave
For the broad bosom of his nursing wave:
The woods droop'd darkly, as inclined to rest,
The tropic bird wheel'd rockward to his nest,
And the blue sky spread round them like a lake
Of peace, where Piety her thirst might slake.

XVIII.

But through the palm and plantain, hark, a voice!
Not such as would have been a lover's choice,
In such an hour, to break the air so still;
No dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,
Striking the strings of nature, rock and tree,
Those best and earliest lyres of harmony,
With Echo for their chorus; nor the alarm
Of the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm;
Nor the soliloquy of the hermit owl,
Exhaling all his solitary soul,

* If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in *Gebir* the same idea, better expressed, in two lines. The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more reconciling reader, who seems to be of a different opinion from the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, who qualified it, in his answer to the critical reviewer of his *Faona's*, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr Landor, the author of *Gebir*, so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity.

The dim, though large-eyed winged anchorite,
Who peals his dreary psalm o'er the night;—
But a loud, long, and nasal whistle, shrill
As ever started through a sea-bird's bill;
And then a pause, and then a hoarse, 'Hillo!
Torquil, my boy! what cheer? Ho! brother, ho!
'Who hauls?' cried Torquil, following with his eye
The sound. 'Here's one,' was all the brief reply.

XIX.

But here the herald of the self-same mouth
Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,
Not like a 'bed of violets' on the gale,
But such as waft its cloud o'er grog or ale,
Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown
Its gentle odours over either zone,
And, puff'd where'er winds rise or waters roll,
Had wafted smoke from Fortsmouth to the pole,
Opposed its vapour as the lightning flash'd,
And reek'd, 'midst mountain billows, unabash'd,
To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
Through every change of all the varying skies.
And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher.
Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hooks, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress,
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

XX.

Through the approaching darkness of the wood
A human figure broke the solitude,
Fantastically, it may be, array'd,
A seaman in a savage masquerade;
Such as appears to rise out from the deep
When o'er the line the merry vessels sweep,
And the rough saturnalia of the tar
Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrow'd car,
And, pleas'd, the god of ocean sees his name
Revive once more, though but in mimic game
Of his true sons, who rot in the breeze
Undreamt of in his native Cyclades.
Still the old god delights, from out the main,
To snatch some glimpses of his ancient reign.
Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
His constant pipe, which never yet burn'd dim,
His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,
Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state;
But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
Not over tightly bound, or nicely spread;
And 'stead of trousers (ah! too early torn)
For even the mildest woods will have their thorn),
A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat
Now served for inexpressibles and hat;
His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,
Perchance might suit alike with either race.

His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,
Which two worlds bless for civilizing both;
The musket swung behind his shoulders broad,
And somewhat stoop'd by his marine aloof,
But brassy as the bear's; and hung beneath,
His cutlass droop'd, unconscious of a sheath,
Or lost or worn away; his pistols were
Link'd to his belt, a matrimonial pair—
(Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,
Though one mus'd fire, the other would go off);
These, with a bayonet, not so free from rust,
As when the arm-chest held its brighter trust,
Completed his accoutrements, as Night
Surveyed him in his garb heteroclite.

XXI.

'What cheer, Ben Bunting? cri, I (when in full
view
Our new acquaintance) To'ped. 'Aught of new?
'Ey, ey!' quoth Ben, 'not new, but news enow;
A stranger sail in't e'ringing.'—'Sail! an I how?
What I could you make her out? It cannot be;
I've seen no rag of canvas on the sea.'
'Belike,' said Ben, 'you might not from the bay,
But from the linn-hoek, where I watched to-day,
I saw her in the do'ck-runs; for this sail
Was light and buffing.'—'When the sun de-
clin'd

Where I could see her anchor'd?—'No, but still
She was in sight, till the wind grew still.'
'Her name?'—'I know no garrs; but tore and aft,
I gill her name, I gill her name, I gill her name.'
'You're wrong?'—'I gill her name, I gill her name.'
'A name?'—'Which?—'Why have us now in chase,
We'll make no running fight, for that were base;
We will die at our quarters, like true men.'
'Lye, ey!' for that 'tis all the same to Ben.'
'Does Christian know this?'—'Ay; he has piped
all hands

To quarters. They are furbishing the stands
Of arms; and we have got some guns to bear,
And loaded them. You are wanted.'—'That's but
fair;

An I if it were not, mine is not the soul
To leave my comrades helpless on the shoal.
My Ncuha! ha! and must my fate pursue
Not me alone, but one so sweet and true?
But what's o'er betide, ah, Ncuha! now
Unman me not; the hour will not allow
A tear; I'm thine whatever intervenes!
'Right,' quoth Ben; 'that will do for the marines.*'

* That will do for the marines, but the sailors won't believe it; it is an old saying; and one of the few fragments of former jargon which still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.

CANTO THE THIRD.

The fight was o'er; the flashing through the glass,
Which robes the curtain of the waning day,
Had ceased; and the lightnings' cars no longer drive
Had left the earth, and all the world had seen
The rattling roar which rang in every valley,
Had left the echoes of a storming day;
No more the y-shriek'd th' air, nor the infernal din;
The strife was done, the vanquish'd had their
doom;

The matineers were crush'd, kill'd, or taken,
Or need to deem the happiest were the slain,
Few, few escap'd, and these were hunted o'er
The isle they loved beyond their native shore,
No further home was theirs, it seem'd, on earth,
Once renegades to that which gave them birth;
Track'd like wild beasts, like them they sought the
wild,

As to a mother's bosom ties the child;
But vainly wolv's and lions seek their den,
And still more vainly men escape from men.

II.

Beneath a rock whose jutting base protrudes
Far over ocean in its fiercest moods,
When scaling his enormous crag the wave
Is hard'd down headlong like the foremost brave,
And falls back on the foaming crowd behind,
Which fight beneath the banners of the wind,
But now at rest, a little remnant drew
Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint, and few;

But still their weapons in their hands, and still
With something of the pride of former will,
As men not all caus'd to meditate,
And strive much more than wonder at their fate.
Their present lot was what they had foreseen,
And dur'd as what was likely to have been;
Yet still the long-rang hope, which deem'd their lot
Not pardon'd, but unsought for or forgot,
Or trusted that, if sought, their distant caves
Might still be reach'd amidst the world of waves,
Had twain'd their thoughts in part from what they saw,
And felt, the vengeance of their country's law.
Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won paradise,
No more could shield their virtue or their vice;
Their better feelings, if such were, were thrown
Back on themselves,—their sins remained done,
Proscribed even in their second country, they
Were lost; in vain the world before them lay;
All outlets seem'd secur'd. Their new allies
Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice;
But what avail'd the club and spear, and arm
Of Hercules, against the sulphury charm,
The magic of the thunder, which destroy'd
The warrior ere his strength could be employ'd?
Dart, like a spreading pestilence, the grave
No less of human bravery than the brave!

* Archilampus, king of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the 'grave of valour.' The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of gunpowder; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

Their own scant numbers acted all the few
Against the many oft will dare and do;
But though the choice seems native to die free,
Even Greece can boast but one Thermopylæ,
Till now, when she has forged her broken chain
Back to a sword, and dies and lives again!

III.

Beside the jutting rock the few appear'd,
Like the last remnant of the red-deer's herd;
Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect worn,
But still the hunter's blood was on their horn,
A little stream came tumbling from the height,
And straggling into ocean as it might,
Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
And gush'd from cliff to crag with saltless spray;
Close on the wild, wide ocean, yet a pure
And fresh as innocence, and more secure,
Its silver torrent glitter'd o'er the deep,
As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep,
While far below the vast and sullen swell
Of ocean's Alpine azure rise and fell.
To this young spring they rush'd,—all feelings
first
Absorbed in passion's and in nature's thirst.—
Drank as they do who drink their last, and threw
Their arms aside to revel in its dew;
Cooled their scorched throats, and wash'd the gory
stains
From wounds whose only bandage might be
chains
Then, when their drought was quenched, look'd
sadly round,
As wondering how so many still were found
Alive and fetterless;—but silent all,
Each sought his fellow's eyes, as if to call
On him for language which his lips deny'd,
As though their voices with their cause had died.

IV.

Stern, and aloof a little from the rest,
Stood Christian, with his arms across his chest.
The ruddy, reckless, dauntless boy once sprang
Along his cheek was livid now as lead;
His light brown locks, so graceful in their flow,
Now rose like startled vipers o'er his brow.
Still as a statue, with his lips compressed
To stifle even the breath within his breast,
Fast by the rock, all menacing, but mute,
He stood; and, save a slight beat of his foot,
Which deepened now and then the sandy dirt
Beneath his heel, his form seem'd turn'd to flint.
Some paces further Torquil leaned his head
Against a bank, and spoke not, but he bled,—
Not mortally;—his worst wound was within;
His brow was pale, his blue eyes sunken in,
And blood-drops, sprinkled o'er his yellow hair,
Shewed that his faintness came not from despair
But nature's ebb. Beside him was another,
Rough as a bear, but willing as a brother,—
Ben Bunting, who essayed to wash, and wipe,
And bind his wound;—then calmly lit his pipe,
A trophy which survived a hundred fights,
A beacon which had cheered ten thousand nights.

The fourth and last of this deserted group
Walk'd up and down—at times would stand, then
stoop
To pick a pebble up—then let it drop—
Then hurry as in haste—then quickly stop—
Then cast his eyes on his companions—then
Half whistle half a tone, and pause again—
And then his former movements would redouble,
With something between carelessness and trouble.
This is a long description, but applies
To scarce five minutes past before his eyes;
But yet *what* minutes! Moments like to these
Render men's lives into immortalities.

V.

At length Jack Skyscraper, a mercurial man,
Who flattered over all things like a fan,
More brave than firm, and more disposed to dare
And die at once than wrestle with despair,
Exclaimed, 'G—d damn!'—those syllables intense.—
Nucleus of England's native eloquence,
As the Turk's 'Allah!' or the Roman's more
Pagan 'Proh Jupiter!' was wont of yore
To give their first impressions such a vent,
By way of echo to embarrassment.
Jack was embarrassed—never here more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore:
Nor swore in vain; the long congenial sound
Reviv'd Ben Bunting from his pipe profound;
He drew it from his mouth, and look'd full wise,
But merely added to the oath his eyes;
Thus rendering the imperfect phrase complete,
A peroration I need not repeat.

VI.

But Christian of an higher order, stood
Like an extinct volcano in his mood;
Silent, and sad, and savage,—with the trace
Of passion reeking from his clouded face;
Till lifting up again his sombre eye,
It glanced on Torquil, who leaned faintly by
'And as it thus?' he cried, 'unhappy boy!
And thee, too, *de*—my madness must destroy
He said, and strode to where young Torquil stood,
Yet dabbled with his lately flowing blood;
Seized his hand wistfully, but did not press,
And shrunk as fearful of his own caress;
Inquired into his state; and when he heard
The wound was slighter than he deemed of
fear'd
A moment's brightness passed along his brow,
As much as such a moment would allow.
'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'we're taken in the toil,
But not a coward or a common spoil;
Dearly they've bought us—dearly still may buy,—
And I must fall; but have you strength to fly?
I would be some comfort still could you survive;
Our dwindled band is now too few to strive.
Oh! for a sole canoe! though but a shell,
To bear you hence to where a hope may dwell
For me, my lot is what I sought; to be,
In life or death, the fearless and the free.'

VII.

Even as he spoke, around the promontory,
Which nodded o'er the billows high and hoary,
A dark speck dotted ocean: on it flew
Like to the shadow of a roused sea-mew;
Onward it came—and, lo! a second followed—
Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale was hol-
lowed;
And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew
Presented well-known aspects to the view,
Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,
Buoyant as wings, and fitting through the spray;—
Now perching on the wave's high curl, and now
Dashed downwards in the thundering foam below,
Which flings it broad and boiling sheet on sheet,
And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into sleet;
But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
The barks, like small birds through a lowering sky.
Their art seemed nature—such the skill to sweep
The wave of these born playmates of the deep.

VIII.

And who the first that, springing on the strand,
Leaped like a neriid from her shell to land,
With dark and brilliant skin, and dewy eye
Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
Neuha—the fond, the faithful, the adored—
Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent poured;
And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer clasped,
As if to be assured 'twas *him* she grasp'd;
Shuddered to see his yet warm wound, and then,
To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
She was a warrior's daughter, and could bear
Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not despair.
Her lover lived,—nor foes nor fears could blight,
That full-blown moment in its all delight:
Joy trickled in her tears, joy filled the sob
That rocked her heart till almost heard to throb;
And paradise was breathing in the sighs
Of nature's child in nature's ecstasy

IX.

The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting
Were not unmoved; who are, when hearts are
greeting?

Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy
With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
Mixed with those bitter thoughts the soul arra
In hopeless visions of our better days,
When all's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.
'And but for me!' he said, and turn'd away;
Then gazed upon the pair, as in his dea
A lion looks upon his cubs again;
And then relapsed into his sullen guise,
As heedless of his further destinies.

X.

But brief their time for good or evil thought;
The billows round the promontory brought
The plash of hostile oars.—Alas! who made
That sound a dread? All around them seemed
array'd

Against them, save the bridle of Toobonai;
She, as she caught the first glimpse o'er the bay
Of the armed boats, which hurried to complete
The remnant's ruin with their flying feet,
Beckoned the natives round her to their prows,
Embarked their guests and launched their light
canoes.

In one placed Christian and his comrades twain;
But she and Torquil must not part again.
She fixed him in her own.—Away! away!
They clear the breakers, dart along the bay,
And towards a group of islets, such as bear
The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollow'd lair,
They skim the blue tops of the billows; fast
They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers chased.
They ran upon them—now they lose again,—
As in make way and menace o'er the main;
And now the two canoes in chase divide,
And follow different courses o'er the tide,
To haffle the pursuit—Away! away!
As life is on each paddle's flight to-day,
And more than life or lives to Neuha: Love
Freights the frail bark and urges to the cove;
And now the refuge and the foe are nigh—
Yet, yet a moment: Fly, thou light ark, fly!

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

WHITE as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dim wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.
Her anchor parts! but still her snowy sail
Attracts our eye amidst the roughest gale;
Though every wave she climbs divides us more,
The heart still follows from the loneliest shore.

II.

Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,
Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun:

There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
The startled echo of the ocean bird,
Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feather'd fishers of the solitude.
A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand;
Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
Chipp'd by the beam, a nursing of the day,
But hatched for ocean by the fostering ray;
The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
Gave mariners a shelter and despair,
A spot to make the saved regret the deck
Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
To shield her lover from his following foes;
But all its secret was not told, she knew
In this a treasure hidden from the view

III.

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
The men that manned what held her Torquil's lot,
By her command removed, to strengthen more
The skill which wafted Christian from the shore.
This he would have opposed; but with a smile
She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,
And bade him 'speed and prosper.' *She* would take
The rest upon herself for Torquil's sake.
They parted with this added aid; afar
The proa darted like a shooting star,
And gained on the pursuers, who now steer'd
Right on the rock which she and Torquil neared.
They pulled; her arm, though delicate, was free
And firm as ever grappled with the sea,
And yielded scarce to Torquil's manlier strength.
The prow now almost lay within its length
Of the crag's steep, inexorable face,
With nought but soundless waters for its base;
Within a hundred boats' length was the foe,
And now what refuge but their frail canoe?
This Torquil ask'd with half upbraiding eye,
Which said—'Has Neuha brought me here to die?
Is this a place of safety, or a grave,
And yon huge rock the tombstone of the wave?'

IV.

They rested on their paddles, and arose
Neuha, and pointing to the approaching foes,
Cried, 'Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow!
Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow.
There was no time to pause—the foes were near—
Chains in his eye, and menace in his ear;
With vigour they pulled on, and as they came,
Hailed him to yield, and by his forfeit name.
Headlong he leapt—to him the swimmer's skill
Was native, and now all his hope from ill:
But how, or where? He dived, and rose no more;
The boat's crew look'd amazed o'er sea and shore.
There was no landing on that precipice,
Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice.
They watched awhile to see him float again,
But not a trace rebubbled from the main:
The wave rolled on, no ripple on its face,
Since their first plunge recalled a single trace;
The little whirl which eddied, and slight foam,
That whitened o'er what seem'd their latest home,
White as a sepulchre above the pair
Who left no marble (mournful as an heir)
The quiet proa wavering o'er the tide
Was all that told of Torquil and his bride;
And but for this alone the whole might seem
The vanished phantom of a seaman's dream.
They paused and searched in vain, then pulled
away;
Every superstition now forbade their stay.
Some said he had not plunged into the wave,
But vanished like a corpse-light from a grave;
Others, that something supernatural
Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall;
While all agreed that in his cheek and eye
There was a dead hue of eternity.
Still as their oars receded from the crag,
Round every weed a moment would they lag,

Expectant of some token of their prey;
But no—he had melted from them like the spray.

V.

And where was he the pilgrim of the deep,
Following the nereid? Had they ceased to weep
For ever? or, received in coral caves,
Wrung life and pity from the softening waves?
Did they with ocean's hidden sovereigns dwell,
And sound with mermen the fantastic shell?
Did Neuha with the mermaids comb her hair
Flowing o'er ocean as it streamed in air?
Or had they perished, and in silence slept
Beneath the gulf wherein they boldly leapt?

VI.

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
Followed: her track beneath her native sea
Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
Which struck and flashed like an amphibious steel.
Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,
Pursued her liquid steps with heart and ease.
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soared—and as she spread
Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
Laughed, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks,
They had gained a central realm of earth again,
But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in vain.
Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave,*
(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,
In some transparent ocean holiday,
When all the finny people are at play.)
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,
And clapped her hands with joy at his surprise;
Led him to where the rock appeared to jut,
And form a something like a Triton's hut;
For all was darkness for a space, till day
Through clefts above let in a sobered ray;
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
The dusty monuments from light recoil,
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine
The vault drew half her shadow from the scene,

VII.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
A pine torch, strongly girded with gatoo;
A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to keep
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.
This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook
Of the same plantain-leaf a flint she took,
A few shrunk withered twigs, and from the blade
Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus arrayed

* Of this cave (which is no fiction) the original will be found in the ninth chapter of 'Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands, I have taken the poetical liberty to transplant it to Toobonai, the last island where any distinct account is left of Christian and his comrades.

The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
And showed a self-born Gothic canopy;
The arch upreared by nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurld,
When the Poles crashed, and water was the
world;

Or hardened from some earth-absorbing fire,
While yet the globe reeked from its funeral pyre;
The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave*
Were there, all scooped by Darkness from her
cave.

There, with a little tinge of phantasy,
Fantastic faces moped and mowed on high
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
The eye upon its seeming crucifix;
Thus Nature played with the stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the seas.

VIII.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vault her kindled brand,
And led him into each recess, and showed
The secret places of their new abode.
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared;
The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gaiter,
And sandal oil to fence against the dew;
For food, the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread
Born of the fruit; for board the plaitain spread
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which bore
A banquet in the flesh it covered o'er;
The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill;
A pine-branch pile to keep undying light,
And she herself, as beautiful as night,
To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,
And make their subterranean world serene.
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail
Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail,
And formed a refuge of the rocky den
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.
Each dawn had wafted there her light canoe,
Laden with all the golden fruits that grew;
Each eve had seen her gliding through the hour
With all could cheer or deck their sparry tower
And now she spread her little store with smiles,
The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

IX.

She, as he gazed with grateful wonder, pressed
Her shelter'd love to her impassioned breast;
And suited to her soft caresses, told
An olden tale of love,—for love is old,

Old as eternity, but not outworn
With each new being born or to be born :*
How a young chief, a thousand moons ago,
Diving for turtle in the depths below,
Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,
Into the cave which round and o'er them lay;
How in some desperate feud of aftertime
He shelter'd there a daughter of the clime,
A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,
Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe;
How, when the storm of war was stilled, he led
His island clan to where the waters spread
Their deep green shadow o'er the rocky door,
Then dived—it seemed as if to rise no more:
His wondering mates, amazed within their bark,
Or deemed him mad, or prey to the blue shark;
Rowed round in sorrow the sea-girdled rock,
Then paused upon their paddles from the shock;
When, fresh and springing from the deep, they saw
A godless rise—so deemed they in their awe;
And their companion, glorious by her side,
Proud and exulting in his Mermaid bride:
And how, when unperceived, the pair they bore
With sounding conchs and joyous shouts to shore;
How they had gladly bled and calmly died,—
And why not also Torquil and his bride?
Not name to tell the rapturous caress
Which followed wildly in that wild recess
This tale; enough that all within that cave
Was love, though buried, strong as in the grave
When Abelard, through twenty years of death,
With Eloïsa's form was lowered beneath
Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretched and
pressed

The kindling ashes to his kindled breast,†
The waves without sang round their couch, their
noar
A-much-unlike life as if life were o'er;
Within, their hearts in note all their harmony,
Love's broken murmur and more broken sigh.

X.

And they, the cause and sharers of the shock,
Which left them exiles of the hallow rock,
Where were they? O'er the sea for life they plied,
To seek from Heaven the shelter men denied,
To seek from Heaven the shelter men denied.
Another course had been their choice—but where?
The wave which bore them still their foes would
bear
Who, disappointed of their former chase,
In search of Christian now renewed their race,
Eager with anger, their strong arms made way,
Like vultures batted of their previous prey.
They gazed upon them, all whose safety lay
In one bleak crag or deeply-hidden bay:

* This may seem too minute for the general outline (in Mariner's account) from which it is taken. But few men have travelled without seeing something of the kind—on land, that is. Without observing to Elflora, in Mungo Park's last journal (of my memory do not err, for there are eight years since I read the book) he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of Nature.

* The reader will recollect the epigram of the Greek mythology, or its translation into most of the modern languages.

† Whoe'er thou art, thy master see,
He was, or is, or is to be.

† The tradition is attached to the story of Eloïsa, that when her body was lowered into the grave of Abelard (who had been buried twenty years), he opened his arms to receive her—P. 273. C.

No further chance or choice remained; and right
 For the first further rock which met their sight
 They steered, to take their latest view of land,
 And yield as victims, or die sword in hand;
 Dismissed the natives and their shallop, who
 Would still have battled for that scanty crew;
 But Christian bade them seek their shore again,
 Nor add a sacrifice which were in vain;
 For what were simple bow and savage spear
 Against the arms which must be wielded here?

XI.

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
 Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been;
 Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
 Stern and sustained, of man's extremity,
 When hope is gone, nor glory's self remains
 To cheer resistance against death or chains.—
 They stood, the three, as the three hundred stood
 Who dyed Thermopylae with holy blood.
 But, ah! how different 'tis the *cause* makes all,
 Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.
 O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,
 Blazed through the clouds of death and beckoned
 hence;

No grateful country, smiling through her tears,
 Begun the praises of a thousand years;
 No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,
 No heroes envy them their monument;
 However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
 Their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt.
 And this they knew and felt, at least the one,
 The leader of the band he had undone;
 Who, born perchance for better things, had set
 His life upon a cast which lingered yet:
 But now the die was to be thrown, and all
 The chances were in favour of his fall:
 And such a fall! But still he faced the shock,
 Obdurate as a portion of the rock
 Whereon he stood, and fixed his level'd gun,
 Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun.

XII.

The boat drew nigh, well armed, and firm the
 crew

To act whatever duty bade them do;
 Careless of danger, as the onward wind
 Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks behind,
 And yet perhaps they rather wished to go
 Against a nation's than a native foe,
 And felt that this poor victim of self-will,
 Briton no more had once been Britain's still.
 They hailed him to surrender—no reply;
 Their arms were poised, and glittered in the sky.
 They hailed again—no answer; yet once more
 They offered quarter louder than before.
 The echoes only, from the rocks rebound,
 Took their last farewell of the dying sound,
 Then flashed the flint, and blazed the volleying
 flame,

And the smoke rose between them and their aim,
 While the rock rattled with the bullets' knell,
 Which pealed in vain, and flattened as they fell:
 Then flew the only answer to be given
 By those who had lost all hope in earth or heaven.

After the first fierce peal, as they pulled nigher,
 They heard the voice of Christian shout, 'Now,
 fire!'

And ere the word upon the echo died,
 Two fell; the rest assailed the rock's rough side,
 And, furious at the madness of their foes,
 Disclaimed all further efforts, save to close.
 But steep the crag, and all without a path,
 Each step opposed a bastion to their wrath,
 While, placed 'midst clefts the least accessible,
 Which Christian's eye was trained to mark full
 well,

The three maintained a strife which must not
 yield,
 In spots where eagles might have chosen to
 build.

Their every shot told; while the assailant fell,
 Dashed on the shingles like the impet shell;
 But still enough survived, and mounted still,
 Scattering their numbers here and there, until
 Surrounded and commanded, though not nigh
 Enough for seizure, near enough to die,
 The desperate trio held aloof their fate
 But by a thread, like sharks who've gorged the
 bait;

Yet to the very last they battled well,
 And not a groan informed their foes *who* fell.
 Christian died last—twice wounded; and once
 more

Mercy was offered when they saw his gore;
 Too late for life, but not too late to die,
 With, though a hostile hand, to close his eye.
 A limb was broken, and he drooped along
 The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.
 The sound revived him, or appeared to wake
 Some passion which a weakly gesture spake:
 He beckoned to the foremost, who drew nigh.
 But, as they neared, he reared his weapon high—
 His last ball had been aimed, but from his breast
 He tore the topmost button from his vest.*
 Down the tube dashed it, levelled, fired, and
 smiled

As his foe fell; then, like a serpent, coil'd
 His wounded, weary form, to where the steep
 Looked desperate as himself along the deep,
 Cast one glance back, and clenched his hand, and
 shook

His last rage 'gainst the earth which he forsook;
 Then plunged: the rock below received like
 glass

His body crushed into one gory mass,

* In Thibault's account of Frederick the Second of Prussia, there is a singular relation of a young Frenchman, who with his mistress appeared to be of some rank. He enlisted and deserted at Schweidnitz; and after a desperate resistance was retaken, having killed an officer, who attempted to seize him after he was wounded, by the discharge of his musket loaded with a *button* of his uniform. Some circumstances on his court-martial raised a great interest amongst his judges, who wished to discover his real situation in life, which he offered to disclose, but to the *King* only, to whom he requested permission to write. This was refused, and Frederick was filled with the greatest indignation, from baffled curiosity or some other motive, when he understood that his request had been denied.

With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
 Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm;
 A fair-haired scalp, besmeard with blood and
 weeds,
 Yet reeked, the remnant of himself and deeds;
 Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
 As long as hand could hold, he held them fast)
 Yet glittered, but at distance—hurled away
 To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray.
 The rest was nothing—save a life mispent,
 And soul—but who shall answer where it went?
 'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead; and they
 Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,
 Unless these bullies of eternal pains
 Are pardoned their bad hearts for their worse
 brains.

XIII.

The deed was over! All were gone or ta'en,
 The fugitive, the captive, or the slain,
 Chained on the deck, where once, a gallant crew,
 They stood with honour, were the wretched few
 Survivors of the skirmish on the isle;
 But the last rock left no surviving spot.
 Cold lay they where they fell, and weltering,
 While o'er them flapped the sea-birds' dewy wing,
 Now wheeling nearer from the neighbouring surge,
 And screaming high their harsh and hungry dirge:
 But calm and careless heaved the wave below,
 Eternal with unsympathetic flow;
 Far o'er its face the dolphins sported on,
 And spring the flying fish against the sun,
 Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief height,
 To gather moisture for another flight.

XIV.

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who by dawn of day
 Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising ray,
 And watch if aught approached the amphibious
 lar
 Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air;
 It flapped, it filled, and to the growing gale
 Bent its broad arch; her breath began to fail
 With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and
 high,
 While yet a doubt sprang where its course might lie

But no! it came not; fast and far away
 The shadow lessened as it cleared the bay.
 She gazed, and flung the sea-foam from her eyes,
 To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.
 On the horizon verged the distant deck,
 Diminished, dwindled to a very speck—
 Then vanished. All was ocean, all was joy!
 Down plunged she through the cave to rouse her
 boy;
 Told all she had seen, and all she hoped, and all
 That happy love could augur or recall;
 Sprung forth again, with Torquil following free
 His bounding nereid over the broad sea;
 Swam round the rock, to where a shallow cleft
 Hid the canoe that Neuha there had left
 Drifting along the tide, without an oar,
 That eve the strangers chased them from the
 shore;
 But when these vanished, she pursued her prow,
 Regained, and urged to where they found it now:
 Nor ever did more love and joy embark,
 Than now were wafted in that slender ark.

XV.

Again their own shore rises on the view,
 No more polluted with a hostile hue;
 No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
 A floating dungeon;—all was hope and home!
 A thousand proas darted o'er the bay,
 With sounding shells, and heralded their way;
 The chiefs came down, around the people poured,
 And welcomed Torquil as a son restored;
 The women thronged, embracing and embraced
 By Neuha, asking where they had been chased,
 And how escaped? The tale was told; and then
 One acclamation rent the sky again;
 And from that hour a new tradition gave
 Their sanctuary the name of 'Neuha's Cave.'
 A hundred fires, far flickering from the height,
 Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,
 The feast in honour of the guest, returned
 To peace and pleasure, perilously earned;
 A night succeeded by such happy days
 As only the yet infant world displays.



THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

1817.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gerusalemme* 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.

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 bare, 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.
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 lily 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?
O 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 unblest,
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;
And 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-articulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the dædal our'd mind,
An I dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
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 even men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowd'ed in our stables—
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,
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease,
Fool that I not with those who sleep—
Why have I thus—
Did I not pay them, Lark these songs again,
And teach the inward Sistrors staffed grain,
The struggle to be calm, and I to die—
Which unobtain'd our staked access?
Not—still to spread to be venetian—I
Have paid my princely maids, and would die,
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from my breast,
It hath no business where thou art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest;
Thou pitiest not—but I can not detest.

VI.

Look on a love which I know even to despair,
But all unpleas'd I still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encamp'd I with its lurk and thrilling shroud,
Till struck—frisk dies the deathly red dart;
And thus at the oblation of thy name
The vivid light of passion through my frame,
An I for a moment all things cease to yare;
Fit by me they are gone—I do not care,
And yet my love, with all its burning glow,
I knew thy star, and yet I did not know
A Prince's sacred name, if a word;
I told not, it is said it is true,
Sufficient to make us a new world;
An I have ever since, in the gardens,
Were pain held, the silencing of that,
And yet I did not venture to go,
Thou wert to me a ray of light,
Worship'd but I did not dare to go,
Hallow'd in his old, but with a holy ground;
Not for the next to me, but that I see
Had rebel'd the world, but I had nay'd
Thy human nature, and thy may die—
Oh! not dreaming I that I should die,
And in that sweet—
A something which all soft—
I know not how—thy genius may be mine
My star still be before thee; if I were
Presuming thus to love with all my might,
That said fatality hath cost me dear,

But thou art dearest 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,
An I look to thee with undivided breast,
And for the ingenuity of Pain.

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with whatever I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Minds, an I out of wild and lonely flowers,
An I rocks, where they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, an I dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was shut in wandering; and the Wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a traitor boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow,
An I then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But curs'd them in my heart, and to my haunt
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
The visions which arise without a sleep,
An I with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the while heart exhale into One Want,
But unlearned 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 pass'd away—
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I love I all Solitude, but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
I from all communion with existence, save
The manes, an I his tyrant; had I been
Thy fellow, in my years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,
But who hath seen me writhed, or heard me rave?
Per chance in such hours I will suffer more
Than the wretch'd sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him—*mine is here*,
So far as the light of day must accord my bier,
What though he perchance may lift his eye,
And with a dying glance up to the sky;
I will not bid my own an I beproof,
Altho'ugh he should be flying dagon roof.

VIII.

Yet I do, but times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay;—I see
Faint lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With jangling pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But man to one, who long hath suffer'd so,
Sickness of heart, an I narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne or can debase.

I thought mine enemies had been but Man,
 But spirits may be leagu'd 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 prov'd
 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 unfeeling
 In mockery through them: If I hear and bore
 The much I have recounted, and the more
 Which hath no world—'tis that I won't not die,
 And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
 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 thy only crown—
 A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
 While strangers 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 injure to me—
 From long infection of a den like this,
 Where the man I 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 untened in a dull repose,
 This, this, shall be a consecrated spot!
 But *then*—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
 Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt 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 PROPHECY OF DANTE.

1821.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL.

DEDICATION

LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime,
 Where I was born, but where I would not die,
 Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
 I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
 Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
 THOU art the cause; and howsoever I
 Fall short of his immortal harmony,
 Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
 Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
 Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
 Are one; but only in the sunny South
 Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
 So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
 Ah! to what effort would it not persuade

RAVENNA, June 21, 1819.

PREFACE.

In the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that, having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile,—the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

'On this hint I spake,' and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem, in various other cantos, to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the Divina Commedia and his death, and shortly before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the Cassandra of Lycophron, and the Prophecy of Nereus by Horace, as well as the Prophecies of Holy Writ. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to Caliph Vathek; so that—if I do not err—this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length of those of the poet, whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold' translated into Italian versi sciolti,—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserian stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great 'Padre Alghier,' I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the Inferno, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation,—their literature; and in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pinelomonte, or Arici, should I be held up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one; and be they few or many, I must take my leave of both.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ONCE more in man's frail world! which I had left
So long that 't was forgotten; and I feel
The weight of clay again,—too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision which could hold
My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal.
Where late my ears ring with the damned cries
Of souls in hopeless bale; and from that place
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise
Pure from the fire to join the angelic race;
Midst whom my own bright Beatrice* bless'd
My spirit with her light; and to the base
Of the eternal Triad† first, last, best,
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God!
Soul universal! led the mortal guest,
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
From star to star to reach the almighty throne.
Oh Beatrice! whose sweet limbs the soul
So long hath press'd, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so alone,
That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found; without thy light
My paradise had still been incomplete.‡

Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
Loved ere I knew the name of love, and bright
Still in these shut old eyes, now overwrought
With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught;
For mine is not a nature to be bent
By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd,
And though the long, long conflict hath been spent
In vain,—and never more, save when the cloud
Which overhangs the Apennine my mind's eye
Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
Of me, can I return, though but to die,
Unto my native soil,—they have not yet
Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
But the sun, though not overcast, must set,
And the night cometh; I am old in days,
And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
Destruction face to face in all his ways,
The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure;
Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name
May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
To add to the vain-glorious list of those

* The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, summing all the syllables.

† 'Che sol per le belle opre

‡ Che fanno in Cielo il sole e l'altre stelle

Dentro di lui, si crede il Paradiso,

Così se guardi fisso

Pensar ben dei ch'ogni terren' piacere.

Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, Strophe third.

Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
In bloody chronicles of ages past.

I would have had my Florence great and free; *
Oh Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
Wept over, 'but thou wouldst not'; as the bird
Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard

My voice; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stirr'd
Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
And doom this body forfeit to the fire.

Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who, for that country would expire,
But did not merit to expire by her,
And loves her, loves her even in her ire!

The day may come when she will cease to err,
The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.

But this shall not be granted; let my dust
Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which gave
Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume

My indignant bones, because her angry gust
Forsooth is over, and repeat'd her doom;
No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,
And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.

Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
The breast which would have bled for her, the
heart
That beat, the mind that was temptation proof,
The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each part
Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
For his reward the Guelph's ascendant art

Pass his destruction even into a law.
These things are not made for forgetfulness,
Florence shall be forgotten first; too raw
The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress
Of such endurance too prolong'd to make
My pardon greater, her injustice less,

Though late repented; yet—yet for her sake
I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,
My own Beatrice, I would hardly take
Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,

And still is hallow'd by thy dust's return,
Which would protect the murderess like a shrine,
And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.

Though, like old Marius from Minturnæ's marsh
And Carthage ruins, my lone breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch
My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!

Such are the last infirmities of those

Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
And yet being mortal still have no repose
But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
With the oft-baffled slakeless thirst of change,
When we shall mount again, and they that trod
Be trampled on, while Death and Atë range
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks—Great
God!

Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands
yield
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield!
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the tented field—
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
For Florence,—I appeal from her to Thee!
Thee whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,
Even in that glorious vision, which to see
And live was never granted until now,
And yet thou hast permitted this to me.

Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things come back,
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick thro' upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear.

For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
On the lone rock of desolate Despair,
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare;
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it: 'tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb
And pilgrims come from climes where they have
known
The name of him—wlio now is but a name,
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded, fame;
And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town.

* 'L'Esilio che m'è dato onor mi tegno
Cader tra' buoni è pur di lode degno.'
Sonnet of Dante,
in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Tem-
perance as banished from among men, and seeking
refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,*
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see

* His wife, Gemma Donati, sprung from one of the most powerful of the Guelph families.

And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an Exile—not a slave of me,

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE Spirit of the fervent days of Old,
When words were things that came to pass, and
thought
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
Their children's children's doom already brought
Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo mortality;
What the great Seers of Israel wore within,
That spirit was on them, and is on me,
And if, Cassand'ra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed
This voice from out the wilderness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,
The only guessem I have ever known,
Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
Italia? Ah! to me such things, fore-shown
With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget
In thine irreparable wrongs my own;
We can have but one country, and even yet
Thou'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,
My soul within thy language, which once set
With our old Roman sway in the wide West;
But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which express'd
The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realise a poet's proudest dream,
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song;
So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The note of meager larks, and every tongue
Confess its barbarism when compared with thine,
This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan bard, the banished Ghibelline,
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent,—a thousand years which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere win the rim,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
I loat from eternity into these eyes:
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their
station,
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
The elements await but for thy word,
'Let there be darkness!' and thou grow'st a tomb!
Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
Thou, Italy! so fair that Pariah e,
Revived in thee, bloom'st forth to man restored;
Ah! I must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields,
Plough'd by the simeons solely, would suffice
For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds
With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;

Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds
Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,
And form'd the Eternal City's ornaments
From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew,
Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,
As I find her prior vision but portray'd
In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp
Of herid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm—dikes and dotes o'er thee,
And wistfully implores, as 't were for help
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,
Thou—thou must wither to each tyrant's will:
The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank, and
Hun
Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
Thy red on the Palatine, while lost and won
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Tint the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
And I still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
Vow'd to thy God, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Thy ministry; the nations take their prey,
Heran, Alam, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and in satiate yet,
With Ugoimo hunger prod for more,
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set;*
The countless army of the dead, which late
Beneath the traitor Franca's banner met,
Hath left its leader's ash at the gate;
Had but the royal Rebel liv'd, perchance
Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate,
Oh! Rome, the spoiler of the spoil of France,
Thou Brutus to the Lombard, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
But Tiber shall become a mournful river,
Oh! when the strange r's pass the Alps and Po,
Or when the yellow rocks and floods whelm them, and for
ever
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,

* See *Sacco di Roma*, generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is another written by a Jacopo Buonaparte.

To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?
 Why doth Eridanus but overflow
 The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?
 Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?
 Over Cambyses' host the desert spread
 Her sandy ocean, and the sea-waves' sway
 Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,
 Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?
 And you, ye men! Romans who dare not die,
 Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
 Those who o'erthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
 The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,
 Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylae?
 Their passes more alluring to the view
 Of an invader? is it they, or ye,
 That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
 And leave the march in peace, the passage free?
 Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,
 And makes your land impregnable, if earth
 Could be so; but alone she will not war,
 Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth
 In a soil where the mothers bring forth men:
 Not so with those whose souls are little worth;

For them no fortress can avail,—the den
 Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
 Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
 The hearts of those within are quivering.
 Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
 Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to
 bring
 Against Oppression; but how vain the toil,
 While still Division sows the seeds of woe
 And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil!
 Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,
 So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
 When there is but required a single blow
 To break the chain, yet—the Avenger stops,
 And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and
 thee,
 And I join their strength to that which with thee
 copes;
 What is there wanting then to set thee free,
 And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
 To make the Alps impassable; and we,
 Her sons, may do this with *one* deed—Unite.

CANTO THE THIRD.

FROM out the mass of never-dying ill,
 The Plague, the Prince, the Stranger, and the
 Sword,
 Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
 And flow again, I cannot all record
 That crowds on my prophetic eye: the earth
 And ocean written o'er would not afford
 Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth;
 Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
 There where the farthest suns and stars have
 birth,
 Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
 The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
 Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
 Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
 And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
 Will not in vain arise to where belongs
 Omnipotence and mercy evermore:
 Like to a harp-string stricken by the wind,
 The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
 The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
 Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of
 Earth's dust by immortality refined
 To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
 And tyrants' threat, and meeker victims bow
 Before the storm because its breath is rough,
 To thee, my country! whom before, as now,
 I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
 And melancholy gift high powers allow
 To read the future: and if now my fire
 Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive I
 I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire;
 Think not that I would look on them and live.
 A spirit forces me to see and speak,
 And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive;
 My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break:
 Yet for a moment, ere I must resume

Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take
 Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom
 A softer glimpse; some stars shine through thy
 night,
 And many meteors, and above thy tomb
 Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death cannot
 blight:
 And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
 To give thee honour, and the earth delight;
 Thy soil shall still be regnant with the wise,
 The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the
 brave,
 Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
 Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave,*
 Discoverers of new worlds, which take their
 name;†
 For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,
 And all thy recompense is in their fame,
 A noble one to them, but not to thee—
 Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same?
 Oh! more than these illustrious far shall be
 The being,—and even yet he may be born—
 The mortal saviour who shall set thee free,
 And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
 By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced;
 And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
 Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced,
 And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
 Such as all they must breathe who are debas'd
 By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
 Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
 Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall
 listen;

* Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecucco.

† Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Sebastian Cabot.

Poets shall follow in the path I show,
 And make it broader: the same brilliant sky
 Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them
 glow,
 And raise their notes as natural and high;
 Tuneful shall be their numbers; they shall sing
 Many of love, and some of liberty,
 But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
 And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze,
 All free and fearless as the feather'd king,
 But fly more near the earth; how many a phrase
 Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince
 In all the profligacy of praise!
 And language, eloquently false, evince
 The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
 Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
 And looks on prostitution as a duty.
 He who once enters in a tyrant's hall*
 As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty,
 And the first day which sees the chain enthrall
 A captive, sees his half of manhood gone—
 The soul's emasculation saddens all
 His spirit; thus the Bard too near the throne
 Quails from his inspiration, bound to *plaire*,—
 How servile is the task to please alone!
 To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's taste
 And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
 Aught save his eulogy, and find, and some,
 Or force, or forge fit argument of song!
 Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to Flattery's
 tangles,
 He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong;
 For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
 Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
 He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
 In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his
 strain,
 But out of the long file of sonneteers
 There shall be some who will not sing in vain,
 And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers;†
 And love shall be his torment; but his grief
 Shall make an immortality of tears,
 And Italy shall hail him as the Chief
 Of Poet-lovers, and his higher song
 Of Freedom wreath him with as green a leaf.
 But in a further age shall rise along
 The banks of Po two greater still than he;
 The world which smiled on him shall do them
 wrong
 Till they are ashes, and repose with me,
 The first will make an epoch with his lyre,
 And fill the earth with feats of chivalry;
 His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,
 Like that of Heaven, immortal, and his thought
 Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire;
 Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
 Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,
 And Art itself seem into Nature wrought

By the transparency of his bright dream.—
 The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
 Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem;
 He, too, shall sing of arms, and Christian blood
 Shed where Christ bled for man; and his high
 harp
 Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,
 Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp
 Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
 And poems, and the strife of hell to warp
 Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave
 The red-cross banners where the first red Cross
 Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,
 Shall be his sacred argument; the loss
 Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame
 Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss
 Of courts would shide o'er his forgotten name
 And call captivity a kindness, meant
 To shield him from insanity or shame,
 Such shall be his meet querelion! who was sent
 To be Christ's Laureate—they reward him well!
 Florence deems me but death or banishment,
 Ferrara him a pittance and a cell,
 Harder to be ir, and less deserved, for I
 Had stung the factions which I strove to quell,
 But this meek man, who with a lover's eye
 Will look on earth and heaven, and who will
 deign
 To embalm with his celestial flattery,
 As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign,
 What will he do to merit such a doom?
 Perhaps he'll *love*,—and is not love in vain
 Torture enough without a living tomb?
 Yet it will be so—he and his compeer,
 The Bard of Chivalry, will both consume
 In paucity and pain too many a year,
 And, dying in despondency, bequeath
 To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear
 A heritage enriching all who breathe
 With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
 And to their country a redoubled wreath,
 Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unroll
 Through her olympiads two such names, though
 one
 Of hers be mighty,—and is this the whole
 Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?
 Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
 The electric blood with which their arteries run,
 Their body's self turned soul with the intense
 Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
 That which should be, to such a recompense
 Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
 Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be;
 For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
 These birds of Paradise but long to flee
 Back to their native mansion, soon they find
 Earth's nest with their pure pinions not agree,
 And die or are degraded; for the mind
 Succumbs to long infection, and despair,
 And culture passions flying close behind,
 Await the moment to assail and tear;
 And when at length the winged wanderers stoop
 Then is the prey-bird's triumph, then they share
 The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.

* A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.

† The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer, † Petrarca.

Yet some have been untouch'd who learn'd to
bear,
Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!
And task most hopeless; but some such have
been,
And if my name amongst the number were,
That destiny austere, and yet serene,
Were prouder than more dazzling fame un-
bless'd;

The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burn-
ing breast
A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
Shines for a night of terror, then repels
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

MANY are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best;
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not
lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
The god within them, and rejoind the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more bless'd
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets but without the name,
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?
So be it: we can bear.—But thus all they
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The form which their creations may essay,
Are hard; the kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may
bear,
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvas till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigured; and the line
Of poesy, which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more; then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas!
Despair and Genius are too oft connected.
Within the ages which before me pass
Art shall resume and equal even the sway
Which with Apelles and old Phidias
She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.
Ye shall be taught by ruin to revive
The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
And temples, loftier than the old temples, give

New wonders to the world; and while still stands
The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
A dome, its image, while the base expands*
Into a fane surpassing all before,
Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
As this, to which all nations shall repair
And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven,
And the bold Architect unto whose care
The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Whom all hearts shall acknowledge as their lord,
Whether into the marble chaos driven
His chisel bid the Hebrew, at whose word†
Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
Or hues of Hell be by his pencil pour'd
Over the damn'd before the Judgment-throne;‡
Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from
me§
The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
Which form the empire of eternity.
Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,
The age which I anticipate, no less
Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms,
Calamity the nations with distress.
The genius of my country shall arise,
A cedar towering o'er the Wilderness,
Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,

* The Cupola of St. Peter's.

† The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

SONETTO

Di Giovanni Battista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
Siede sgangate; e le più illustre, e conte
Opere dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive, e pronte
Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest' è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e l' doppio raggio in fronte,
Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea del monte,
È gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allora, che le sonanti, e vaste
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.
E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzaste?
Alzata avete imago a questa eguale!
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

‡ The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel.
§ I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where), that Dante was so great a favourite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the Divina Commedia; but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.

Fragrant as fair, and recognised afar,
 Wafting its native incense through the skies,
 Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of war,
 Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
 On canvas or on stone; and they who mar
 All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
 Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
 And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
 To tyrants who but take her for a toy,
 Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
 Her charms to pontiffs proud,* who but employ
 The man of genius as the meanest brute
 To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
 To sell his labours, and his soul to boot,
 Who toils for nations may be poor in need,
 But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
 Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,
 Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door,
 Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how
 Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
 Is like a thine in heaven in outward show,
 Least like to thee in attributes divine,
 Tread on the universal necks that bow,
 And then assure us that their rights are thine?
 And how is it that they, the sons of tame,
 Whose inspiration seems to them to flame
 From high, they whom the nations often name,
 Must pass their days in penny or paim,
 Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
 And wear a deeper brim in a gaudier claim?
 Or if their destiny be born aloof
 From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,
 In their own souls sustain a fiercer pest,
 The inner war of passions deep and true?
 Florence! when thy birth-heralds race'd my
roof,
 I loved thee, but the vengeance of my verse,
 The hate of injuries which every year
 Makes greater, and a constant my curse,
 Shall live, enduring and the noblest dear,
 Thy public wealth, thy freedom, and even
that,
 The most infernal of all evils here,

* See the treaty of Michael Angeloy John II. and his neglect by Leo X.

The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
 For such sway is not limited to kings,
 And demagogues yield to them but in date,
 As swept off sooner; in all deadly things,
 Which make men hate themselves, and one another,
 In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs,
 From Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
 In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
 The faction Chief is but the Sultan's brother,
 And the worst despot's far less human ape:
 Florence! when this lone spirit, which so long
 Yearn'd, as the captive toiling at escape,
 To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
 An exile, sordid of all prisoners,
 Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
 Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
 Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth,
 Where—whatsoe'er his fate—he still were hers,
 His country's, and might die where he had birth—
 Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
 To kindle spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
 An I seek to honour with an empty urn
 The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain—Alas!
 * What have I done to thee, my people? * Stern
 Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
 The limits of man's common malice, for
 All that a citizen could be I was;
 Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,
 And for this thou hast warr'd with me—'Tis
 done;
 I may not overlap the eternal bar
 Built up between us, and will die done,
 Beholding with the dark eye of a seer
 The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,
 For telling them to those who will not hear,
 As in the old time, till the hour be come
 When truth shall strike their eyes through many
 a tear,
 An I make them own the Promon in his tomb

* For this speech the name of the poet is particularized in the *Compendio* (1710) and the *pubbica orazione* (1713) and Epistola assai lunga che cominciò il Poeta a recitare, *quid feci tibi?*—*Vita di Dante*, ed. da Leonardo Antonic.



THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE DI MESSER LUIGI PULCI.

1822.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Morgante Maggiore*, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the *Orlando innamorato* the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Bolardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one; and Berni in his reformation of Bolardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on *Roncesvalles* in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his *Parson Adams*, *Barnabas Retcham*, *Supple*, and the *Ordinary* in *Jonathan Wild*,—or Scott, for the exquisite use of his *Covenanters* in the *Tales of my Landlord*.

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names: as Pulci uses *Gan*, *Ganellon*, or *Ganellone*; *Carlo*, *Carlemagno*, or *Carlomano*; *Rondel*, or *Rondello*, &c., as it suits his convenience; so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful to the best of the translator's ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader, on comparing it with the original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of *Tuscan proverbs*; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

IN the beginning was the Word next God:
God was the Word, the Word no less was he;
This was in the beginning, to my mode
Of thinking, and without him naught could be:
Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
Benign and pious, bid an angel see,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

II.

Art thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride
Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
Of heaven, and hell, and everything beside,
The day thy Gabriel said 'All hail!' to thee,

Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied.

With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind.

III.

'Twas in the season when sad Philomel
Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
Deplores the ancient woes which both befell,
And makes the nymphs enamour'd, to the
hand
Of Phœbus by Phœbus loved so well
His car (but temper'd by his sire's command)
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratch'd his brow:

IV.

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised; but they
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly—and wrote worse.

V.

Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
No hero would in history look brighter;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and Christian faith had wrought,
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

VI.

You still may see at Saint Liberatore,
The abbey, no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
Because of the great battle in which fell
A Pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell;
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giasafà's would seem few, if any.

VII.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

VIII.

Twelve Paladins had Charles in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
In Roncesvalles, as the villain plann'd too,
While the horn rang so loud, and knell'd the doom
Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;
And Dante in his comely hath given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

IX.

'Twas Christmas-day; in Paris all his court
Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
The Dane, Astolfo there too did resort,
Also Ansigni, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
The much-renown'd St. Dennis being the cause;
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belinghieri too came there;

X.

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salcmone,
Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldevin,

Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin:—when his knights came hither,
He groan'd with joy to see them all together.

XI.

But watchful fortune, lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring,
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
Curs'd Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king
One day he openly began to say,
'Orlando must we always then obey?

XII.

'A thousand times I've been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honour thee and to obey;
But he has too much credit near the throne,
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

XIII.

'And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
But I know *well* that day had won the fight
If it had not for good Gherardo been;
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning. Charles,

XIV.

'If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffer'd shamefully,
Had not his valour driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
Know then, oh Emperor! that all complain;
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O'er which I cross'd with two and sixty Counts.

XV.

'Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief;
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sat apart:
Displeas'd he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him
credit.

XVI.

And with the sword he would have murder'd Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlidan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and madden'd with disdain and grief.

XVII

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,

He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the plain;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again—
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As 'Welcome, my Orlando, home,' she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII.

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange;
But soon Orlando found himself awake;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of everything which pass'd without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

XIX.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roam'd astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remember'd by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which form'd the Christian's and the pagan's
bound.

XX.

The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante; under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants look'd him over;
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

XXI.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood;
Orlando knock'd, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seem'd good;
Enter'd, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then show'd
How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII.

Said the abbot, 'You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barr'd to you;
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII.

'When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seem'd to promise an asylum sure:

From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

XXIV.

'These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appear'd three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all—we are not enough,
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

XXV.

'Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain
That manna was rain'd down from heaven instead
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd down
for bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI.

'The third, Morgante's, savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crush'd Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII.

'For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed;
The manna's falling now,' the abbot cried.
'This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot,' Roland unto him replied.
'Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied.'
The holy father said, 'I don't deceive;
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe.'

XXVIII.

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
'Abbot,' he said, 'I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone.
Said the abbot, 'Let not my advice seem shallow;
As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

XXIX.

'That Passamont has in his hand three darts—
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you
must:
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than us, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust.'
Orlando answer'd, 'This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure.'

Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored.'

XLIII.

The Saracen rejoind in humble tone,
'I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition;
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, prefer'd I my petition,
His timely succour set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be.'

XLIV.

Orlando answer'd, 'Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, you will not then deny us
Eternal honour, you will go above,
And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud:
The only true God is the Christians' God.

XLV.

The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegade god, and worship mine,
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent,
To which Morgante answer'd, 'I'm content.'

XLVI.

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
'To the abbey I will gladly marshal you.'
To whom Morgante, 'Let us go,' replied;
'I to the friars have for peace to sue.'
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, 'My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would.'

XLVII.

'Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation.'
Morgante said, 'For goodness' sake, make
known.—
Since that your God is to be mine—your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I everything at your command do.'
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

XLVIII.

'Then,' quoth the giant, 'blessed be Jesu
A thousand times with gratitude and praise I
Oft, perfect baron I have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days;
And, as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always.'
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

XLIX.

And by the way about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reasoned: 'Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted;
And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me;
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred
And our true Scripture soundeth openly,
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

L.

'Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small;
But good he well remembers to restore.
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore.
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI.

'And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion,
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the
Lord
If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damn'd in great confusion,
Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

LII.

'But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done; nor could it otherwise befall;
He never can in any purpose err.
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They don't disturb themselves for him or her:
What pleases God to them must joy inspire;
Such is the observance of the eternal choir.'

LIII.

'A word unto the wise,' Morgante said,
'Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
And if the will of God seem good to me,
Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heaven obey'd—
Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

LIV.

'So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the
curtain
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear.
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.

The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither,
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying with tremor, 'Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly fear'd, at first, to be compliant.

LVI.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, 'Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false; which
here

Morgante with the hands corroborated.
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear;
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, 'Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!'

LVII.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, 'Oh giant celebrated!
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes;
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

LVIII.

'And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ.
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
"Why dost thou persecute me thus?" said Christ;
And then from his offence he was reclaimed,
An I went for ever after preaching Christ.
And of the faith I became a trump, whose sound
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

LIX.

'So, my Morgante, you may do likewise
He who repents, thus writes the Evangelist,
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damn'd to hell before!'

LX.

And thus great honour to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose,
One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,
And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd
Much armour was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whin
Girt on, though useless, he believ'd, to him.

LXI.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
'Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water.' 'You shall be obey'd
In all commands,' was the reply, 'straightways.'
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,

And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

LXII.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
So that the giant's join'd by all the boars.

LXIII.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And pass'd unto the other side quite thorough;
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head,*
As floor'd him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor
shook.

LXV.

The ton was empty'd in a trice, and there were
The boars on the floor, and he brush'd apiece
Out to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvel'd to see his strength so very great;—
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

LXVI.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoic'd, but much more to perceive the pork;
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

LXVII.

As though they wicl'd to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely griev'd the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.

* 'Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone.' It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. 'A punch on the head,' or 'a punch in the head,'—'un punzone in su la testa,'—is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

The abbot, who to all did honour great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well train'd,
Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

LXVIII.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough ;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, 'Get up, thou salky cur !'
And still continued pricking with the spur

LXIX.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, 'I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst ;—to this what say you, Count ?'
Orlando answer'd, 'Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front ;
Let him go ! Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still.'
To which the giant answer'd, 'So I will.

LXX.

'When there shall be occasion, you will see
How I approve my courage in the fight.'
Orlando said, 'I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight ;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understand.'

LXXI.

The giant said, 'Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill ;
But lend a hand to place him on my back.'
Orlando answer'd, 'If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII.

'Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure,
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read ;
But he will make you burst, you may be sure.'
But help him on my back,' Morgante said,
'And you shall see what weight I can endure
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry.'

LXXIII.

The abbot said, 'The steeple may do well,
But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot.
Morgante answer'd, 'Let them pay in hell
The penalty who lie dead in you grat !'
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, 'Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force ;—
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

LXXIV.

Morgante was like any mountain framed ;
So if he did this 'tis no prodigy ;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family ;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maim'd,
Once more he bade him lay his burden by ;
'Put down, nor bear him further the desert in.'
Morgante said, 'I'll carry him for certain.'

LXXV.

He did ; and stow'd him in some nook away,
And to the abbey they return'd with speed,
Orlando said, 'Why longer do we stay ?
Morgante, here is ought to do indeed.
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence ; but for this decision
He wish'd to have his pardon and permission.

LXXVI.

The honours they continued to receive
Perhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd ;
He said, 'I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
The lost days of time past, which may be blam'd ;
Some days ago I should have ask'd your leave,
Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
And know not how to show my sentiment,
So much I see you with our stay content.

LXXVII.

'But in my heart I bear through every clime
The abbot, abbey, and this solitude—
So much I love you in so short a time ;
For me, from heaven reward you with all good
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime !
Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood.
Meantime we stand expectant of your blessing,
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing.'

LXXVIII.

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervour in his bosom bred each word ;
And, 'Cavalier,' he said, 'if I have less
Courteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,
Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I have done too little in this case ;
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXXIX.

'We can indeed but honour you with masses,
And sermons, thanks-givings, and pater-nosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
In verity much rather than the cloisters) ;
But such a love for you my heart embraces,
For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That wheresoe'er you go I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXXX.

'This may involve a seeming contradiction ;
But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech, with full conviction
For your just pious deeds may you be graced

With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
By whom you were directed to this waste:
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXXI.

'You saved at once our life and soul: such fear
The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
In search of Jesus and the saintly host;
And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
That comfortless we all are to our cost:
But months and years you would not stay in sloth,
Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth.

LXXXII.

'But to bear arms, and wield the lance; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl;
In proof of which the Scriptures you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion: now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unfold;
But, if I'm ask'd, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXXIII.

'If you want armour or aught else, go in,
Look o'er the war-trobe, and take what you choose,
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin.'
Orlando answer'd, 'If there should I be loose
Some armour, ere our journey we begin,
Which might be turn'd to my companion's use,

The gift would be acceptable to me.'
The abbot said to him, 'Come in and see.

LXXXIV.

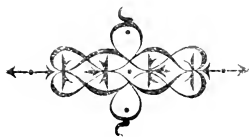
And in a certain closet, where the wall
Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,
The abbot said to them, 'I give you all.'
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er has suited others so compactly.

LXXXV.

'Twas an immeasurable giant's, who
By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
The story on the wall was figur'd well;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
Who long had waged a war implacable;
Precisely as the war occur'd they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXXVI.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
In his heart, 'Oh God, who in the sky
Know'st all things, how was Milo hither led?
Who caused the giant in this place to die?
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
So that he could not keep his visage dry,-
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of glory!



D R A M A S.

MANFRED:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

1817.

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

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Manfred.
Chamois Hunter.
Abbot of St. Maurice.
Manuel.
Herman.

Witch of the Alps.
Arimanes.
Nemesis.
The Destinies.
Spirits, etc.

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

It 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 even 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!
[A pause.]

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 birth-place 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 I 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, be 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
Kise boilingly higher ;
Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth,
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soulfully forth ;
I have quitted my birthplace,
Thy bidding to hide—
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 I 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 in 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,

Are 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, whenceof
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 ye what I am

Spirit. We answer as we answer'd; our reply
Is even 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. Accurs'd! 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
Illudicrous 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. O 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.

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 fallen 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 gule,
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.
Manfred alone upon the Cliffs.

Man. The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reckon'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 gulfd in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother Earth,
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Moun-
tains,

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, wou'd bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's lee!
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 withholdeth,
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 infinity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*He utters a sigh.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Went may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and I gorge thee ere thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; I sit thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision—Beauteful!
How beauteful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action, and in itself!
But you, who name our deities sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike must
To sink or soar, with our maxims—since make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of life, and life and death;
Conspire long with low words, as if they 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 is heard in the distance.*]

The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—jays in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet lulls of the sauntering herd;
My soul would I think thee a hoarse—Oh, that I were
The voiceless spirit of a lowly sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—horn and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

[*Enter from behind a Chamois Hunter.*]

Chamois Hunter.

Even so,

This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet
Have baffled me; my gait to-day will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?
Who seems not of my track, and I yet hath reach'd
A height which none even of our mountaintops,
Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air

Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance,—
I will approach him nearer.

Man. [*not perceiving the other.*] To be thus—
Grey-hair'd with anguish, 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 topping crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous overwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And I only fall on things which still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And the ricket of the harmless villager.

C. Hunt. The mists begin to rise up from 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 damnd like pebbles.—I am giddy.

C. Hunt. 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;
Denning the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which could the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—Thus,
This, in us of late, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stoop I not beneath it?

C. Hunt. Friend! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal: for the love
Of Him who made you, stand I not on that brink!

Man. [*not heeding 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—ay, thus—thus they shall
lie—

In this one plunge—Farewell, ye opening heavens!
I seek to wrap you thus reproachfully—

You were not meant for me—Earth! take these
bones!

[*Manfred is in act to spring from the cliff,
the Chamois Hunter seizes and retains him
with a sudden grasp.*]

C. Hunt. Hold, man! man!—though awary of thy
life,

Stand 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 grow 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 goit 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-
maddening sin,

Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and suffering 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 whate'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, unslaked !

C. Hun. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle
age

Hath scarce been set : I am thy 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 scorched already !

C. Hun. And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot
for mine?

Man. No, friend ! I would not wrong thee, nor ex-
change

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 rays still arch*
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

[*Manfred takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it into 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 tune
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 gave thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fated and fated in thy sufferings
I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me?

* This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents; it is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it: this effect lasts till noon.

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 up-
wards

My spirit walked 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 I my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor must the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I sail'd, 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
Fit o'er the herless 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, listening, 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 raised
Eros and Anteros,* at Galaria,
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew

* The philosopher Jamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life by Lunapius. It is well told.

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
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine,
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty ;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe : nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not ;
And tenderness—but that I had for her ;
Humility—and that I never had.
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 hers—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 curs'd myself till sunset ; I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In phantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Croesus in creation—I plunged deep.
But, like an ebbing wave, it dashed me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought,
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long pursued and superhuman art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live 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

Fort ears 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 answer'd 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 Phygian Jove, and in Phigalia roar'd

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.*

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.

* The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platae, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedaemonians), and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's Life of Cimón ; and in the Laconics of Pausanias the sophist, in his description of Greece

But I can act even 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 moment—a dead whirl of coils and rings:
And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
The featwork of some earth-pike—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 Ururper,
Hur'd down from the throne,
Lay hurled in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;
I broke through his slumbers,
I sliver'd his claim,
I begu'd him with riddles—
He's Tyrant again!

With the blood of a nation!—I answer my care,
With a nation's destruction—his right and his power.

Second Destiny, 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 for his wreck.
Save one, whom I held, as he was, by the hair,
And he was a subject will warily now care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreck forth his voice for me!

First Destiny, to the other.

The city lies sleeping;
The morn, to deplorable,
May dawn on it weeping;
Sullenly, slowly,
The black plague flow o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish;
The living shall fly from
The sick they should cherish;
But nothing can vanquish
The touch that they die from.
Sorrow and languish,
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 Destiny. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?
Second Destiny. At some great work
But what I know not, for my hands were full.
Third Destiny. Behold, she cometh.

Enter Nemesis.

First Destiny. Say, where hast thou been?
My sisters and I thyself are slow to-night.
Nemesis. I was I and I reaping shatter'd thrones,
Mansions of falling dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And finding triumph in their own revenge;
Gathering the waste to a mass; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Able, for they were waxing out of date,
And most disorder and disorder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!
We have our stay! The hour—mount we our clouds!
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes seated on a Throne of Gold of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

Hymn of the Spirits.

He'll to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air!
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The empire 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, and earth-pikes rend the world asunder.
Down with his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
His shadow is the Pestilence; his path
The comets 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 manifold agonies—
And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the Destinies and Nemesis.

First Destiny. Glory to Arimanes! on the earth
His power increaseth—both my sisters did
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!
Second Destiny. Glory to Arimanes! we who bow
The necks of men bow down before his throne!
Third Destiny. Glory to Arimanes! we wait his
will.
Nemesis. 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 time, demands our care,
And we are vigilant. Thy late commands
Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

Enter Manfred.

What is here?

A Spirit.
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 con-
demned 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 pain 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—he 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 wouldst 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?

Art. Yea.

Nem. Whom wouldst thou
Unharnal?

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 return'd to the earth,

Re-appear to the day!

Bear what thou lovest,

The heart and the form,

And the aspect thou worst

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! O 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!

It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

Art. Spirit—obey this sceptre!

Nem. Silent still!

She is not of our order, but belongs

To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,

And we are baffled also.

Man. Hear me, hear me—

Astarte!—my beloved! speak to me:

I have so much endured—so much endure—

Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee
more

Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me

Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made

To torture thus each other, though it were

The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.

Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear

This punishment for both—that thou wilt be

One of the blessed—and that I shall die;

For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek;
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echo'd name,
Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have 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 end, flame earthly ill—
Farewell!

Man. Yet one world more—and I forgive!

Phan. Farewell!

Man. Say, shall we meet again?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. One world more—say, shall we meet?

Phan. Manfred!

[*The Spirit of Astarte descends.*]

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

A Spirit. He is convulsed.—This is to be a meet, it
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?—
Even 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 merest 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 science,
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.

Abbt. Peace be with Count Manfred!

Man. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these
walls!

Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

Abbt. Would it were so, Count!
But I would I might confer with thee alone.

Man. He may retire. What would my reverend
father?

Abbt. Thus, with thy pardon—Age and zeal,
and penitence

And good intent must plead my privilege;
Our course, though not acquaintance I neighbourhood,
May do me my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,

And busy with thy name; a noble name
For contentment may he who bears it now
Transparent it unimpair'd!

Man. Proceed—I listen.

Abbt. '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?

Abbt. My pious brethren—the sacred peas-
antry—

Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbt. 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 sin'd Against your ordinances? Prove, and punish I

Abbot. My son! I do 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 Have 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 he 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 emperor 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 stanch'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 too 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—even those who do despair above, Yet shape themselves some phantasy on earth, To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

Man. Ay, 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 I knew not whither—it might be to fall; But fall even as the mountain-cataract.

Which having leapt from its more dazzling height, Even in the foaming strength of its abyss, (Which casts 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— 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 even 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.

[Exit Manfred.] *Abbot.* This should have been a noble creature: 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 undiseas'd mankind, the giant sons*
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 gifts 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 Dependents 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 oftentimes: but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is

* And it came to pass, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, etc.—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.—GEN. vi. 2, 4.

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. Ay, 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.

But wherein 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,

Merner than day; he did not walk the rocks

And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside

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, by this same tower.

Manuel. That was a night indeed! I do re-
member

'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such

Another evening;—you red cloud, which rests

On higher'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 liv'd, the only thing he seem'd to love—

As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,—

The Lady Astarte, his—

Hush! who comes 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 I 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. [*Exit.*]

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,
'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 watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsar's 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 level'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 I

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even 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 stealthfully;—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—even 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 careless
flight—

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE:

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

1820.

'*Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ.*'—HORACE.

PREFACE.

THE conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of the most singular government, city, and people of modern history. It occurred in the year 1355. Everything about Venice is, or was, extraordinary—her aspect is like a dream, and her history is like a romance. The story of this Doge is to be found in all her Chronicles, and particularly detailed in the 'Lives of the Doges,' by Marin Sanuto. It is simply and clearly related, and is perhaps more dramatic in itself than any which can be founded on the subject.

Marino Faliero appears to have been a man of talents and of courage. I find him commander-in-chief of the land forces at the siege of Zara, where he beat the King of Hungary and his army of eighty thousand men, killing eight thousand men, and keeping the besieged at the same time in check; an exploit to which I know none similar in history, except that of Cæsar at Alesia, and of Prince Eugene at Belgrade. He was afterwards commander of the fleet in the same war. He took Capo d'Istria. He was ambassador at Genoa and Rome,—at which last he received the news of his election to the dukedom; his absence being a proof that he sought it by no intrigue, since he was apprised of his predecessor's death and his own succession at the same moment. But he appears to have been of an ungovernable temper. A story is told by Sanuto, of his having, many years before, when podesta and captain at Treviso, boxed the ears of the bishop, who was somewhat tardy in bringing the Host. For this, honest Sanuto 'saddles him with a judgment,' as Thwackum did Square; but he does not tell us whether he was punished or rebuked by the Senate for this outrage at the time of his commission. He seems, indeed, to have been afterwards at peace with the church, for we find him ambassador at Rome, and invested with the fief of Val di Marino, in the march of Treviso, and with the title of count, by Lorenzo Count-bishop of Ceneda. For these facts my authorities are Sanuto, Vettor Sandi, Andrea Navagero, and the account of the siege of Zara, first published by the indefatigable Abate Morelli, in his 'Monumenti Veneziani di varia Letteratura,' printed in 1796, all of which I have looked over in the original language. The moderns, Darà, Sismondi, and Laugier, nearly agree with the ancient chroniclers. Sismondi attributes the conspiracy to his *jealousy*; but I find this nowhere asserted by the national historians. Vettor Sandi, indeed, says, that 'Altri scrissero che dalla gelosa suspizion di esso Doge sia si fatto (Michel Steno) staccar con violenza,' &c. &c.: but this appears to have been by no means the general opinion, nor is it alluded to by Sanuto, or by Navagero: and Sandi himself adds, a moment after, that 'per altre Veneziane memorie traspari, che non il solo desiderio di vendetta lo dispose alla congiura ma anche la innata abituale ambizion sua, per cui anelava a farsi principe indipendente.' The first motive appears to have been excited by the gross affront of the words written by Michel Steno on the ducal chair, and by the light and inadequate sentence of the Forty on the offender, who was one of their 'tre Capi.' The attentions of Steno himself appear to have been directed towards one of her damsels, and not to the 'Dogaressa' herself, against whose fame not the slightest insinuation appears, while she is praised for her beauty, and remarked for her youth. Neither do I find it asserted (unless the hint of Sandi be an assertion), that the Doge was actuated by jealousy of his wife; but rather by respect for her, and for his own honour, warranted by his past services and present dignity.

I know not that the historical facts are alluded to in English, unless by Dr. Moore in his View of Italy. His account is false and flippant, full of stale jests about old men and young wives, and wondering at so great an effect from so slight a cause. How so acute and severe an observer of mankind as the author of Zeluco could wonder at this is inconceivable. He knew that a basin of water spilt on Mrs. Masham's gown deprived the Duke of Marlborough of his command, and led to the inglorious peace of Utrecht—that Louis XIV. was plunged into the most desolating wars, because his minister was nettled at his finding fault with a window, and wished to give him another occupation—that Helen lost Troy—that Lucretia expelled the Tarquins from Rome—and that Cava brought the Moors to Spain—that an insulted husband led the Gauls to Clusium, and thence to Rome—that a single verse of Frederick II. of Prussia on the Abbé de Bernis, and a jest on Madame de Pompadour, led to the battle of Rosbach—that the elopement of Dearbhorgil with Mac Murchad conducted the English to the slavery of Ireland—that a personal pique between Maria Antoinette and the Duke of Orleans precipitated the first expulsion of the Bourbons—and, not to multiply instances, that Commodus, Domitian, and Caligula fell victims not to their public tyranny, but to private vengeance—and that an order to make Cromwell disembark from the ship in which he would have sailed to America destroyed both King and Commonwealth. After these instances, on the least recollection, it is indeed extraordinary in Dr. Moore to seem surprised that a man used to command, who had served and swayed in the most important offices, should fiercely resent, in a fierce age, an unpunished affront, the grossest that can be offered to a man, be he prince or peasant. The age of Faliero is little to the purpose, unless to favour it—

'The young man's wrath is like straw on fire,
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire.'

'Young men soon give and soon forget affronts,
Old age is slow at both.'

Laugier's reflections are more philosophical:—'Tale fu il fine ignominioso di un' nomo, che la sua nascita, la sua età, il suo carattere dovevano tener lontano dalle passioni produttrici di grandi delitti. I suoi talenti per lungo tempo esercitati ne' maggiori impieghi, la sua capacità sperimentata ne' governi e nelle ambasciate, gli avevano acquistato la stima e la fiducia de' cittadini, ed avevano uniti i suffragj per collocarlo alla testa della repubblica. Innalzato ad un grado che terminava gloriosamente la sua vita, il risentimento di un' ingiuria leggiera insinuò nel suo cuore tal veleno che bastò a corrompere le antiche sue qualità, e a condurlo al termine dei scellerati; serio esempio, che prova non esservi età, in cui la prudenza umana sia sicura, e che nell' uomo restano sempre passioni capaci a disonorarlo, quando non invigili sopra se stesso.'

* Laugier, Hist. de la Répub. de Venise. Vol. iv. p. 39, v

Where did Dr. Moore find that Marino Faliero begged his life? I have searched the chroniclers, and find nothing of the kind: it is true that he avowed all. He was conducted to the place of torture, but there is no mention made of any application for mercy on his part; and the very circumstance of their having taken him to the rack seems to argue anything but his having shown a want of firmness, which would doubtless have been also mentioned by those minute historians, who by no means favour him; such, indeed, would be contrary to his character as a soldier, to the age in which he lived, and at which he died, as it is to the truth of history. I know no justification, at any distance of time, for calumniating an historical character; surely truth belongs to the dead, and to the unfortunate: and they who have died upon a scaffold have generally had faults enough of their own, without attributing to them that which the very incurring of the perils which conducted them to their violent death renders, of all others, the most improbable. The black veil which is painted over the place of Marino Faliero amongst the Doges, and the Giants' Staircase where he was crowned, and decrowned, and decapitated, struck forcibly upon my imagination; as did his fiery character and strange story. I went, in 1819, in search of his tomb more than once to the church San Giovanni e San Paolo; and, as I was standing before the monument of another family, a priest came up to me and said, 'I can show you finer monuments than that.' I told him that I was in search of that of the Faliero family, and particularly of the Doge Marino's. 'Oh,' said he, 'I will show it you;' and conducting me to the outside, pointed out a sarcophagus in the wall with an illegible inscription. He said that it had been in a convent adjoining, but was removed after the French came, and placed in its present situation; that he had seen the tomb opened at its removal; there were still some bones remaining, but no positive vestige of the decapitation. The equestrian statue of which I have made mention in the third act as before that church is not, however, of a Faliero, but of some other now obsolete warrior, although of a later date. There were two other Doges of this family prior to Marino; Ordelafo, who fell in battle at Zara, in 1177 (where his descendant afterwards conquered the Huns), and Vital Faliero, who reigned in 1328. The family, originally from Fano, was of the most illustrious in blood and wealth in the city of once the most wealthy and still the most ancient families in Europe. The length I have gone into on this subject will show the interest I have taken in it. Whether I have succeeded or not in the tragedy, I have at least transferred into our language an historical fact worthy of commemoration.

It is now four years that I have meditated this work; and before I had sufficiently examined the records, I was rather disposed to have made it turn on a jealousy in Faliero. But, perceiving no foundation for this in historical truth, and aware that jealousy is an exhausted passion in the drama, I have given it a more historical form. I was, besides, well advised by the late Matthew Lewis on that point, in talking with him of my intention at Venice in 1777. 'If you make him jealous,' said he, 'recollect that you have to contend with established writers, to say nothing of Shakspeare, and an exhausted subject—stick to the old fiery Doge's natural character, which will bear you out, if properly drawn; and make your plot as regular as you can.' Sir William Drummond gave me nearly the same counsel. How far I have followed these instructions, or whether they have availed me, is not for me to decide. I have had no view to the stage; in its present state it is, perhaps, not a very excellent object of ambition; besides, I have been too much behind the scenes to have thought it so at any time. And I cannot conceive any man of sensible feeling putting himself at the mercy of an audience. The censoring reader, and the loud critic, and the tart review, are scattered and distant calamities; but the trampling of an intelligent or of an ignorant audience on a production which, be it good or bad, has been a merit labour to the writer, is a palpable and immediate grievance, heightened by a man's doubt of their competency to judge, and by certainty of his own impotence in electing them his judges. Were I capable of writing a play which could be deemed stage-worthy, success would give me no pleasure, and I full feel great pain. It is for this reason that, even during the time of being one of the committee of one of the theatres, I never made the attempt, and never will. But surely there is dramatic power somewhere, where Joanna Ballic, and Miranda, and Julia Wilson exist. *The City of the Dreadful Night* and the *Fall of Jerusalem* are full of the best material for tragedy that has been seen since Horace Walpole, except passages of *Lilwald* and *De Montfort*. It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole—firstly, because he was a nobleman; and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and of the *Castle of Otranto*, he is the *Leviathan*, *Romance*, the author of the *Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy of the highest order, and not a paltry love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language; and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may.

In speaking of the drama of *Marino Faliero*, I forgot to mention, that the desire of preserving, though still too remote, a nearer approach to unity than the irregularity which is the reproach of the English theatrical compositions, permits, has induced me to represent the conspiracy as already formed, and the Doge according to it; whereas, in fact, it was first an preparation, and then of Lord Bontenryck. The other characters except that of the Duchess's noblemen, and almost the time which was wondrously short for such a design in real life, are strictly historical, except that all the consultations took place in the palace. Had I followed this, the unity would have been better preserved; but I wished to produce the Doge in the full assembly of the conspirators, instead of monotonously placing him always in dialogue with the same individuals.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Marino Faliero, *Doge of Venice.*
 Bertuccio Faliero, *Nephew of the Doge.*
 Lioni, *a Patrician and Senator.*
 Benintende, *Chief of the Council of Ten.*
 Michel Steno, *One of the three Capi of the Forty.*
 Israel Bertuccio, *Chief of*

the Arsenal,
 Philip Calendaro,
 Dagolino,
 Bertram

Signor of the Night, } *Conspirators.*
 } *'Signore di Notte,' one*
 } *of the Officers belong-*
 } *ing to the Republic.*

Scene,—Venice.

First Citizen.
Second Citizen.
Third Citizen.

Vincenzo, } *Officers belonging to the Ducal*
 Pietro, } *Palace.*
 Battista, }

Secretary of the Council of Ten.
Guards, Conspirators, Citizens, The Council of
Ten, The Giunta, &c. &c.

WOMEN.

Angiolina, *Wife to the Doge.*
 Marianna, *her Friend.*
Female Attendants, &c.

In the year 1355.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber in the Ducal Palace.*

Pietro speaks, in entering, to Battista.

Pie. Is not the messenger return'd?

Bat. Not yet;

I have sent frequently, as you commanded,
 But still the Signory is deep in council,
 And long debate on Steno's accusation.

Pie. Too long—at least so thinks the Doge.

Bat. How bears he
 These moments of suspense?

Pie. With struggling patience,

Placed at the ducal table, cover'd o'er
 With all the apparel of the state; petitions,
 Despatches, judgments, acts, reprieves, reports,
 He sits as rapt in duty; but whene'er
 He hears the jarring of a distant door,
 Or ought that intimates a coming step,
 Or murmur of a voice, his quick eye wanders,
 And he will start up from his chair, then pause,
 And seat himself again, and fix his gaze
 Upon some edict; but I have observed
 For the last hour he has not turned a leaf.

Bat. 'Tis said he is much moved,—and doubtless
 'twas

Foul scorn in Steno to offend so grossly.

Pie. Ay, if a poor man; Steno's a patrician,
 Young, galliard, gay, and haughty.

Bat. Then you think
 He will not be judged hardly?

Pie. 'Twere enough
 He be judged justly; but 'tis not for us
 To anticipate the sentence of the Forty.

Bat. And here it comes.—What news, Vincenzo?

Enter Vincenzo.

Vin.

'Tis

Decided; but as yet his doom's unknown:
 I saw the president in act to seal
 The parchment which will bear the Forty's judg-
 ment

Unto the Doge, and hasten to inform him,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Ducal Chamber.*

Marino Faliero, *Doge;* and his *Nephew,*
 Bertuccio Faliero.

Ber. F. It cannot be but they will do you justice.

Doge. Ay, such as the Avogadori did,
 Who sent up my appeal unto the Forty
 To try him by his peers, his own tribunal.

Ber. F. His peers will scarce protect him; such
 an act

Would bring contempt on all authority.

Doge. Know you not Venice? Know you not the
 Forty?

But we shall see anon

Ber. F. [addressing Vincenzo, then entering.]
 How now—What tidings?

Vin. I am charged to tell his highness that the
 court

Has pass'd its resolution, and that soon
 As the due forms of judgment are gone through,
 The sentence will be sent up to the Doge,
 In the meantime the Forty doth salute
 The Prince of the Republic, and entreat
 His acceptance of their duty.

Doge. Yes—

They are wondrous dutiful, and ever humble.
 Sentence is pass'd, you say?

Vin. It is, your highness:

The president was sealing it, when I
 Was call'd in, that no moment might be lost
 In forwarding the intimation due
 Not only to the Chief of the Republic,
 But the complainant, both in one united.

Ber. F. Are you aware, from aught you have per-
 ceived,

Of their decision?

Vin. No, my lord; you know

The secret custom of the courts in Venice.

Ber. F. True; but there still is something given
 to guess,
 Which a shrewd gleaner and quick eye would
 catch at;

A whisper, or a murmur, or an air
 More or less solemn spread o'er the tribunal

The Forty are but men—most worthy men,
And wise, and just, and cautious—this I grant—
And secret as the grave to which they doom
The guilty: but with all this, in their aspects—
At least in some, the juniors of the number—
A searching eye, an eye like yours, Vincenzo,
Would read the sentence ere it was pronounced.

Vin. My lord, I came away upon the moment,
And had no leisure to take note of that
Which pass'd among the judges, even in seeming;
My station near the accused too, Michael Steno,
Made me—

Doge [*abruptly.*] And how look'd he? deliver that
Vin. Calm, but not overcast, he stood resign'd
To the decree, what'er it were:—but lo!
It comes, for the perusal of his highness.

Enter the Secretary of the Forty.

Sec. The high tribunal of the Forty sends
Health and respect to the Doge Faliero,
Chief magistrate of Venice, and requests
His highness to peruse and to approve
The sentence pass'd on Michel Steno, born
Patrician, and arraign'd upon the charge
Contain'd, together with its penalty,
Within the rescript which I now present.

Doge. Retire, and wait without. Take thou this
paper: [*Exit Secretary and Vincenzo.*]
The misty letters vanish from my eyes;
I cannot fix them.

Ber. F. Patience, my dear uncle:
Why do you tremble thus?—nay, doubt not, all
Will be as could be wish'd.

Doge. Say on.
Ber. F. [*reading.*] *Decreed

In council, without one dissenting voice,
That Michel Steno, by his own confession,
Guilty on the last night of Carnival
Of having gaven on the ducal throne
The following words—

Doge. Wouldst thou repeat them?
Wouldst thou repeat them—*thou*, a Faliero,
Harp on the deep dishonour of our house,
Dishonour'd in its chief—that chief the prince
Of Venice, first of cities?—To the sentence.

Ber. F. Forgive me, my good lord; I will obey—
[*Reads.*] * That Michel Steno be detain'd a month
In close arrest.

Doge. Proceed.
Ber. F. My lord, 'tis finish'd.

Doge. How say you?—finish'd! Do I dream?
'tis false—

Give me the paper—[*Snatches the paper and reads.*]
* 'Tis decreed in council

That Michel Steno—' Nephew, thine arm!
Ber. F. Nay,

Cheer up, be calm; this transport is uncald'd for—
Let me seek some assistance.

Doge. Stop, sir—stir not—
'Tis past.

Ber. F. I cannot but agree with you
The sentence is too slight for the offence;
It is not honourable in the Forty
To affix so slight a penalty to that
Which was a foul affront to you, and even

To them, as being your subjects; but 'tis not
Yet without remedy: you can appeal
To them once more, or to the Avogadori,
Who, seeing that true justice is withheld,
Will now take up the cause they once declined,
And do you right upon the bold delinquent.
Think you not thus, good uncle? why do you stand
So fix'd? You heed me not:—I pray you hear me.

Doge [*dashing down the ducal bonnet, and offering
to trample upon it, exclaims, as he is
withheld by his nephew.*]
Oh! that the Saracen were in St. Mark's!

Thus would I do him homage.

Ber. F. For the sake
Of Heaven and all its saints, my lord—

Doge. Away!
Oh, that the Genoese were in the port!

Oh, that the Huns whom I o'erthrew at Zara
Were ranged around the palace!

Ber. F. 'Tis not well
In Venice' Duke to say so.

Doge. Venice' Duke!
Who now is Duke in Venice? let me see him,
That he may do me right.

Ber. F. If you forget
Your office, and its dignity and duty,
Remember that of man, and curb this passion.
The Duke of Venice—

Doge [*interrupting him.*] There is no such
thing—

It is a word—nay, worse—a worthless by-word:
The most despised, wrong'd, outraged, helpless
wretch,

Who begs his bread, if 'tis refused by one,
May win it from another kinder heart:
But he, who is denied his right by those
Whose place it is to do no wrong, is poorer
Than the rejected beggar—he's a slave—
And that am I, and thou, and all our house,
I ven from this hour; the meekest artisan
Will point the finger, and the haughty noble
May spit up-on us:—where is our redress?

Ber. F. The law, my prince—
Doge [*interrupting him.*] You see what it has
done;

I ask'd no remedy but from the law,
I sought no vengeance but redress by law,
I call'd no judges but those named by law,
As sovereign, I appeal'd into my subjects,
The very subjects who had made me sovereign,
And gave me thus a double right to be so.
The rights of place and choice, of birth and ser-
vice,

Honours and years, these scars, these hoary hairs,
The travel, toil, the perils, the fatigues,
The blood and sweat of almost eighty years,
Were weigh'd i' the balance, 'gainst the foulest
stain,

The grossest insult, most contemptuous crime
Of a rank, rash patrician—and found wanting!
And this is to be borne!

Ber. F. I say not that:—
In case your fresh appeal should be rejected,
We will find other means to make all even.

Doge. Appeal again! art thou my brother's son?
A scion of the house of Faliero?
The nephew of a Doge? and of that blood
Which hath already given three dukes to Venice?
But thou say'st well—we must be humble now.

Ber. F. My princely uncle! you are too much moved;—

I grant it was a gross offence, and grossly
Left without fitting punishment: but still
This fury doth exceed the provocation,
Or any provocation: if we are wrong'd,
We will ask justice; if it be denied,
We'll take it; but may do all this in calmness—
Deep Vengeance is the daughter of deep Silence.
I have yet scarce a third part of your years,
I love our house, I honour you, its chief,
The guardian of my youth, and its instructor—
But though I understand your grief, and enter
In part of your disdain, it doth appal me
To see your anger, like our Adrian waves,
O'ersweep all bounds, and foam itself to air.

Doge. I tell thee—*must* I tell thee—what thy father

Would have required no words to comprehend?
Hast thou no feeling save the external sense
Of torture from the touch? hast thou no soul—
No pride—no passion—no deep sense of honour?

Ber. F. 'Tis the first time that honour has been doubted,

And were the last, from any other sceptic.

Doge. You know the full offence of this born villain,

This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel,
And on the honour of—Oh God! my wife,
The nearest, dearest part of all men's honour,
Left a base slur to pass from mouth to mouth
Of loose mechanics, with all coarse foul comments,
And villanous jests, and blasphemies obscene;
While sneering nobles, in more polish'd guise,
Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the lie
Which made me look like them—a courteous wittol,

Patient—ay, proud, it may be, of dishonour.

Ber. F. But still it was a lie—you knew it false,
And so did all men.

Doge. Nephew, the high Roman
Said, 'Cesar's wife must not even be suspected,'
And put her from him.

Ber. F. True—but in those days—

Doge. What is it that a Roman would not suffer,
That a Venetian prince must bear? old Dandolo
Refused the diadem of all the Cesars,
And wore the ducal cap I trample on,
Because 'tis now degraded.

Ber. F. 'Tis even so.

Doge. It is—it is;—I did not visit on
The innocent creature thus most vilely slander'd
Because she took an old man for her lord,
For that he had been long her father's friend
And patron of her house, as if there were
No love in woman's heart but lust of youth
And beardless faces;—I did not for this
Visit the villain's infamy on her,

But craved my country's justice on his head,
The justice due unto the humblest being
Who hath a wife whose faith is sweet to him,
Who hath a home whose hearth is dear to him,
Who hath a name whose honour's all to him,
When these are tainted by the accursing breath
Of calumny and scorn.

Ber. F. And what redress
Did you expect as his fit punishment?

Doge. Death! Was I not the sovereign of the State—

Insulted on his very throne, and made
A mockery to the men who should obey me?
Was I not injured as a husband? scorn'd
As man? reviled, degraded, as a prince?
Was not offence like his a complication
Of insult and of treason?—and he lives!
Had he, instead of on the Doge's throne,
Stamp'd the same brand upon a peasant's stool,
His blood had gilt the threshold, for the carle
Had stabb'd him on the instant.

Ber. F. Do not doubt it,
He shall not live till sunset—leave to me
The means, and calm yourself.

Doge. Hold, nephew: this
Would have sufficed but yesterday; at present
I have no farther wrath against this man.

Ber. F. What mean you? is not the offence re-

doubled
By this most rank—I will not say—acquittal;
For it is worse, being full acknowledgment
Of the offence, and leaving it unpunish'd?

Doge. It is redoubled, but not now by him:
The Forty hath decreed a month's arrest—
We must obey the Forty.

Ber. F. Obey them!
Who have forgot their duty to the sovereign?

Doge. Why yes;—boy, you perceive it then at last:
Whether as fellow-citizen who snees

For justice, or as sovereign who commands it,
They have defrauded me of both my rights
(For here the sovereign is a citizen);
But, notwithstanding, harm not thou a hair
Of Steno's head—he shall not wear it long.

Ber. F. Not twelve hours?—yer, had you left
to me

The mode and means: if you had calmly heard me,
I never meant this miscreant should escape,
But wish'd you to repress such gusts of passion,
That we more surely might devise together
His taking off.

Doge. No, nephew, he must live;
At least, just now—a life so vile as his
Were nothing at this hour; in th' olden time
Some sacrifices ask'd a single victim,
Great expiations had a hecatomb.

Ber. F. Your wishes are my law: and yet I fain
Would prove to you how near unto my heart
The honour of our house must ever be.

Doge. Fear not; you shall have time and place
of proof:

But be not thou too rash, as I have been,
I am ashamed of my own anger now
I pray you, pardon me.

Ber. F. Why, that's my uncle I
The leader and the statesman, and the chief
Of commonwealths, and sovereign of himself I
I wonder'd to perceive you so forget
All prudence in your fury at these years,
Although the cause—

Doge. Ay, think upon the cause—
Forget it not!—When you lie down to rest,
Let it be black among your dreams; and when
The morn returns, so let it stand between
The sun and you, as an ill-omen'd cloud
Upon a summer day of festival:
So will it stand to me;—but speak not, stir not,—
Leave all to me, we shall have much to do,
And you shall have a part.—But now retire,
'Tis fit I were alone.

Ber. F. [taking up and placing the ducal bonnet
on the table.] Ere I depart,

I pray you to resume what you have spurn'd,
Till you can change it haply for a crown,
And now I take my leave, imploring you
In all things to rely upon my duty
As doth become your near and faithful kinsman,
And not less loyal citizen and subject.

[Exit Bertuccio Faliero.]

Doge. [Solus.] Adieu, my worthy nephew.—
Hollow bauble!

[Taking up the ducal cap.]

Beset with all the thorns that line a crown,
Without investing the insulted brow
With the all-waying majesty of kings;
Thorn like, gilded, and degraded toy,
Let me resume thee as I would a vizor.

[Puts it on.]

How my brain aches beneath thee? and my
temples

Throb feverish under thy dishonour'd weight,
Could I not turn thee to a diadem?
Could I not shatter the Britanick sceptre
Which in this hundred-handed senate rules,
Making the people nothing, and the prince
A pageant? In my life I have a brace
Tasks not less difficult—achieved for them,
Who thus rejoyce me! Can I not rotate them?
Oh for one year! Oh! but for even a day
Of my full youth, while yet my body served
My soul as serves the generous steed his lord,
I would have dash'd amongst them, asking few
In aid to overthrow these swollen patricians;
But now I must look round for other hands
To serve this hoary head!—but it shall plan
In such a sort as will not leave the task
Herculean, though as yet 'tis but a chaos
Of darkly brooding thoughts: my fancy is
In her first work, more nearly to the light
Holding the sleeping images of things
For the selection of the pausing judgment.—
The troops are few in—

Enter Vincenzo.

Vin. There is one without
Craves audience of your highness.

Doge. I'm unwell—
I can see no one, not even a patrician—
Let him refer his business to the council.

Vin. My lord, I will deliver your reply;
It cannot much import—he's a plebeian,
The master of a galley, I believe.

Doge. How! did you say the patron of a galley?
That is—I mean—a servant of the state;
Admit him, he may be on public service.

[Exit Vincenzo.]

Doge. [Solus.] This patron may be sounded; I
will try him.

I know the people to be discontented;
They have cause, since Sapienza's adverse day,
When Genoa conquer'd: they have further cause,
Since they are nothing in the state, and in
The city worse than nothing—mere machines,
To serve the nobles' most patrician pleasure.
The troops have long arrears of pay, oft promised,
And murmur deeply—any hope of change
Will draw them forward: they shall pay themselves
With plunder!—but the priests—I doubt the priest-
hood
Will not be with us; they have hated me
Since that rash hour, when, maiden'd with the
dross—

I smote the tarly bishop at Treviso,
Quickening his holy march: yet, ne'ertheless,
They may be won, at least their chief at Rome,
By some well-timed concessions; but, above
All things, I must be speedy: at my hour
Of twilight, little light of life remains.
Could I free Venice, and avenge my wrongs,
I had lived too long, and willingly would sleep
Next moment with my sires; and, wanting this,
Better that sixty of my fourscore years
Had been already where—how soon, I care not—
The whole must be extinguish'd; better that
They ne'er had been, than drag me on to be
The thing these arch-oppressors fan would make
me

I let me consider—of efficient troops
There are three thousand posted at—

Enter Vincenzo and Israel Bertuccio.

Vin. May it please
Your highness, the same patron whom I spike of
Is here to crave your patience.

Doge. Leave the chamber,
Vincenzo.— [Exit Vincenzo.]

—Sir, you may advance—what would you?

I. Ber. Redress.

Doge. Of whom?

I. Ber. Of God and of the Doge.

Doge. Alas! my friend, you seek it of the twain
Or least respect and interest in Venice,
You must address the council.

I. Ber. 'Twere in vain
For he who injur'd me is one of them.

Doge. There's blood upon thy face—how came it
there?

I. Ber. 'Tis mine, and not the first I've shed for
Venice.

But the last shed by a Venetian hand;

As he smote me.

* An historical fact. See Marin Sanuto's *Life of the Doge*.

Doge. Doth he live?
I. Ber. Not long—
 But for the hope I had and have, that you,
 My prince, yourself a soldier, will redress
 Him, whom the laws of discipline and Venice
 Permit not to protect himself:—if not
 I say no more.
Doge. But something you would do—
 Is it not so?
I. Ber. I am a man, my lord.
Doge. Why so is he who smote you.
I. Ber. He is call'd so;
 Nay, more, a noble one—at least, in Venice:
 But since he hath forgotten that I am one,
 And treats me like a brute, the brute may turn—
 'Tis said the worm will.
Doge. Say—his name and lineage?
I. Ber. Barbaro.
Doge. What was the cause? or the pretext?
I. Ber. I am the chief of the arsenal, employ'd
 At present in repairing certain galleys
 But roughly used by the Genoese last year.
 This morning comes the noble Barbaro
 Full of reproof, because our artisans
 Had left some frivolous order of his house,
 To execute the state's decree: I dared
 To justify the men—he raised his hand:—
 Behold my blood! the first time it e'er flow'd
 Dishonourably.
Doge. Have you long time served?
I. Ber. So long as to remember Zara's siege,
 And fight beneath the chief who beat the Huns
 there,
 Sometime my general, now the Doge Faliero.—
Doge. How! are we comrades?—the state's ducal
 robes
 Sit newly on me, and you were appointed
 Chief of the arsenal ere I came from Rome;
 So that I recognised you not. Who placed you?
I. Ber. The late Doge; keeping still my old
 command
 As patron of a galley: my new office
 Was given as the reward of certain scars
 (So was your predecessor pleased to say):
 I little thought his bounty would conduct me
 To his successor as a helpless plaintiff;
 At least, in such a cause.
Doge. Are you much hurt?
I. Ber. Irreparably in my self-esteem.
Doge. Speak out; fear nothing: being stung at
 heart,
 What would you do to be revenged on this man?
I. Ber. That which I dare not name, and yet
 will do.
Doge. Then wherefore came you here?
I. Ber. I come for justice,
 Because my general is Doge, and will not
 See his old soldier trampled on. Had any,
 Save Faliero, fill'd the ducal throne,
 This blood had been wash'd out in other blood.
Doge. You come to me for justice—unto me!
 The Doge of Venice, and I cannot give it;
 I cannot even obtain it—'twas denied
 To me most solemnly an hour ago!

I. Ber. How says your highness?
Doge. Steno is condemn'd
 To a month's confinement.
I. Ber. What! the same who dared
 To stain the ducal throne with those foul words,
 That have cried shame to every ear in Venice?
Doge. Ay, doubtless, they have echo'd o'er the
 arsenal,
 Keeping due time with every hammer's clink
 As a good jest to jolly artisans;
 Or making chorus to the creaking oar,
 In the vile tune of every galley-slave,
 Who, as he sung the merry stave, exulted
 He was not a shamed dotard like the Doge.
I. Ber. Is't possible? a month's imprisonment!
 No more for Steno?
Doge. You have heard the offence,
 And now you know his punishment; and then
 You ask redress of me! Go to the Forty,
 Who pass'd the sentence upon Michel Steno;
 They'll do as much by Barbaro, no doubt.
I. Ber. Ah! dared I speak my feelings!
Doge. Give them breath.
 Mine have no further outrage to endure.
I. Ber. Then in a word, it rests but on your word
 To punish and avenge—I will not say
 My petty wrong, for what is a mere blow,
 However vile, to such a thing as I am?—
 But the base insult done your state and person.
Doge. You overrate my power, which is a pageant.
 This cap is not the monarch's crown; these robes
 Might move compassion, like a beggar's rags;
 Nay, more, a beggar's are his own, and these
 But lent to the poor puppet, who must play
 Its part with all its empire in this ermine.
I. Ber. Wouldst thou be king?
Doge. Yes—of a happy people.
I. Ber. Wouldst thou be sovereign lord of Venice?
Doge. Ay,
 If that the people shared that sovereignty,
 So that nor they nor I were further slaves
 To this o'ergrown aristocratic Hydra,
 The poisonous heads of whose envenom'd body
 Have breathed a pestilence upon us all.
I. Ber. Yet, thou wast born, and still hast lived,
 patrician.
Doge. In evil hour was I so born; my birth
 Hath made me Doge to be insulted: but
 I lived and toil'd a soldier and a servant
 Of Venice and her people, not the senate;
 Their good and my own honour were my guerdon
 I have fought and bled; commanded, ay, and con-
 quer'd;
 Have made and marr'd peace oft in embassies,
 As it might chance to be our country's 'vantage;
 Have traversed land and sea in constant duty,
 Through almost sixty years, and still for Venice,
 My fathers' and my birthplace, whose dear spire
 Rising at distance o'er the blue Lagoon,
 It was reward enough for me to view
 Once more; but not for any knot of men,
 Nor sect, nor faction, did I bleed or sweat!
 But would you know why I have done all this?
 Ask of the bleeding pelican why she

Hath ripp'd her bosom? Had the bird a voice,
She'd tell thee 'twas for *all* her little ones.

I. Ber. And yet they made thee duke.

Doge. *They made me so;*

I sought it not, the flattering fetters met me
Returning from my Roman embassy,
And never having hitherto refused
Toil, charge, or duty for the state, I did not,
At these late years, decline what was the highest
Of all in seeming, but of all most base
In what we have to do and to endure:

Bear witness for me thou, my injured subject,
When I can neither right myself nor thee.

I. Ber. You shall do both, if you possess the will;
And many thousands more not less oppress'd,
Who wait but for a signal—will you give it?

Doge. You speak in riddles.

I. Ber. Which shall soon be read
At peril of my life, if you disdain not
To lend a patient ear.

Doge. Say on.

I. Ber. Not thou,
Nor I alone, are injured and abused,
Contem'd and trampled on; but the whole people
Groan with the strong conception of their wrongs;
The foreign soldiers in the senate's pay
Are discontented for their long arrears;
The native mariners, and civic troops,
Feel with their friends; for who is he amongst
them

Whose brethren, parents, children, wives, or sisters,
Have not partook oppression, or pollution,
From the patricians? And the hopeless war
Against the Genoese, which is still maintain'd
With the plebeian blood, and treasure wrang
From their hard earnings, has mislead them
further:

Even now—but, I forget that speaking thus,
Perhaps I pass the sentence of my death!

Doge. And suffering what thou hast done—fear'st
thou death?

Be silent then, and live on, to be beaten
By those for whom thou hast bled.

I. Ber. No, I will speak
At every hazard; and if Venice' Doge
Should turn delator, be the shame on him,
And sorrow too; for he will lose far more
Than I.

Doge. From me fear nothing; out with it!

I. Ber. Know then, that there are met and sworn
in secret

A band of brethren, valiant hearts and true;
Men who have proved all fortunes, and have long
Grieved over that of Venice, and have right
To do so; having served her in all climes,
And having rescued her from foreign foes,
Would do the same from those within her walls.
They are not numerous, nor yet too few
For their great purpose; they have arms, and
means,
And hearts, and hopes, and faith, and patient
courage.

Doge. For what then do they pause?

I. Ber. An hour to strike

Doge [*aside*]. Saint Mark's shall strike that hour!

I. Ber. I now have placed

My life, my honour, all my earthly hopes
Within thy power, but in the firm belief
That injuries like ours, sprung from one cause,
Will generate one vengeance: should it be so,
Be our chief now—our sovereign hereafter.

Doge. How many are ye?

I. Ber. I'll not answer that
Till I am answer'd.

Doge. How, sir I do you menace?

I. Ber. No; I affirm. I have betray'd myself!
But there's no torture in the mystic wells
Which undermine your palace, nor in those
Not less appalling cells, the 'leaden roofs.'
To force a single name from me of others,
The Pozzi and the Piombi were in vain;
They might wring blood from me, but treachery
never

And I would pass the fearful 'Bridge of Sighs,'
Joyous that mine must be the last that e'er
Would echo o'er the Stygian wave which flows
Between the murderers and the murder'd, washing
The prison and the palace walls: there are
Those who would live to think on't, and avenge me.

Doge. If such your power and purpose, why come
here

To sue for justice, being in the course
To do yourself due right?

I. Ber. Because the man,

Who claims protection from authority,
Showing his confidence and his submission
To that authority, can hardly be
Suspected of combining to destroy it.
Had I sat down too humbly with this blow,
A moody brow and murther'd threats had made me
A mark'd man to the Forty's inquisition;
But loud complaint, however angry
It shapes its phrase, is little to be fear'd,
And less distrusted. But, besides all this,
I had another reason.

Doge. What was that?

I. Ber. Some rumours that the Doge was greatly
moved

By the reference of the Avogadori
Of Michel Steno's sentence to the Forty
Had reach'd me. I had served you, honour'd you,
And felt that you were dangerously insulted,
Being of an order of such spirits, as
Requite tenfold both good and evil: 'twas
My wish to prove and urge you to redress,
Now you know all; and that I speak the truth,
My peril be the proof.

Doge. You have deeply ventured;
But all must do so who would greatly win:

Thus far I'll answer you—your secret's safe

I. Ber. An I is this all?

Doge. Unless with all intrusted,
What would you have me answer?

I. Ber. I would have you
Trust him who leaves his life in trust with you

* The bells of San Marco were never rung but by order of the Doge.

Doge. But I must know your plan, your names, and numbers;

The last may then be doubled, and the former Matured and strengthen'd.

I. Ber. We're enough already; You are the sole ally we covet now.

Doge. But bring me to the knowledge of your chiefs.

I. Ber. That shall be done upon your formal pledge

To keep the faith that we will pledge to you.

Doge. When? where?

I. Ber. This night I'll bring to your apartment Two of the principals: a greater number Were hazardous.

Doge. Stay, I must think of this.— What if I were to trust myself amongst you, And leave the palace?

I. Ber. You must come alone.

Doge. With but my nephew.

I. Ber. Not were he your son.

Doge. Wretch! darest thou name my son. He died in arms

At Sapienza for this faithless state.

Oh! that he were alive, and I in ashes!

Or that he were alive ere I be ashes!

I should not need the dubious aid of strangers.

I. Ber. Not one of all those strangers whom thou doubtest,

But will regard thee with a filial feeling,

So that thou keep'st a father's faith with them.

Doge. The die is cast. Where is the place of meeting?

I. Ber. At midnight I will be alone and mask'd

Where'er your highness pleases to direct me,

To wait your coming, and conduct you where

You shall receive our homage, and pronounce

Upon our project.

Doge. At what hour arises

The moon?

I. Ber. Late, but the atmosphere is thick and dusky,

'Tis a sirocco.

Doge. At the midnight hour, then, Near to the church where sleep my sires; the same,

Twin-named from the apostles John and Paul;

A gondola,* with one oar only, will

Lurk in the narrow channel which glides by.

Be there.

I. Ber. I will not fail.

Doge. And now retire—

I. Ber. In the full hope your highness will not falter

In your great purpose. Prince, I take my leave.

[Exit Israel Bertuccio.]

Doge [solus.] At midnight, by the church Saints John and Paul,

Where sleep my noble fathers, I repair—

To what? to hold a council in the dark

With common ruffians leagued to ruin states!

* A Gondola is not like a common boat, but is as easily rowed with one oar as with two (though of course not so swiftly), and often is so from motives of privacy and (since the decay of Venice) of economy.

And will not my great sires leap from the vault,

Where lie two doges who preceded me,

And pluck me down amongst them? Would they could!

For I should rest in honour with the honour'd.

Alas! I must not think of them, but those

Who have made me thus unworthy of a name

Noble and brave as aught of consular

On Roman marbles; but I will redeem it

Back to its antique lustre in our annals,

By sweet revenge on all that's base in Venice,

And freedom to the rest, or leave it black

To all the growing calumnies of time,

Which never spare the fame of him who fails,

But try the Cæsar, or the Catiline,

By the true touchstone of desert—success.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Ducal Palace.*

Angiolina (*wife of the Doge*) and Marianna.

Ang. What was the Doge's answer?

Mar. That he was

That moment summon'd to a conference,

But 'tis by this time ended. I perceived

Not long ago the senators embarking;

And the last gondola may now be seen

Gliding into the throng of barks which stud

The glittering waters.

Ang. Would he were return'd!

He has been much disquieted of late;

And time, which has not tamed his fiery spirit,

Nor yet enfeebled even his mortal frame,

Which seems to be more nourish'd by a soul

So quick and restless that it would consume

Less hardy clay—Time has but little power

On his resentments or his griefs. Unlike

To other spirits of his order, who,

In the first burst of passion, pour away

Their wrath or sorrow, all things wear in him

An aspect of eternity: his thoughts,

His feelings, passions, good or evil, all

Have nothing of old age; and his bold brow

Bears but the scars of mind, the thoughts of years,

Not their decrepitude: and he of late

Has been more agitated than his wont.

Would he were come! for I alone have power

Upon his troubled spirit.

Mar. It is true,

His highness has of late been greatly moved

By the affront of Steno, and with cause:

But the offender doubtless even now

Is doom'd to expiate his rash insult with

Such chastisement as will enforce respect

To female virtue, and to noble blood.

Ang. 'Twas a gross insult; but I heed it not

For the rash scorner's falsehood in itself,

But for the effect, the deadly deep impression

Which it has made upon Faliero's soul.

The proud, the fiery, the austere—austere

To all save me: I tremble when I think

To what it may conduct.

Mar. Assuredly
The Doge cannot suspect you?
Aug. Suspect me!
Why Steno dared not: when he scraw'd his lie,
Groveling by stealth in the moon's glimmering
light,
His own still conscience smote him for the act,
And every shadow on the walls frown'd shame
Upon his coward calumny.
Mar. 'Twere fit
He should be punish'd grievously.
Aug. He is so.
Mar. What! is the sentence pass'd? is he con-
demn'd?
Aug. I know not that, but he has been de-
tected. [scorn]
Mar. And deem you this enough for such foul
Aug. I would not be a judge in my own cause,
Nor do I know what sense of punishment
May reach the soul of rihalds such as Steno;
But if his insults sink no deeper in
The minds of the inquisitors than they
Have ruffled mine, he will, for all acquaintance,
Be left to his own shamelessness or shame.
Mar. Some sacrifice is due to slander' d virtue.
Aug. Why, what is virtue if it need be a victim?
Or if it must depend upon men's words?
The dying Roman said, 'twas but a name!
It were indeed no more, if human breath
Could make or mar it.
Mar. Yet full many a dame,
Stainless and faithful, would feel all the wrong
Of such a slander; and less rigid ladies,
Such as abound in Venice, would be lend
And all inexorable in their cry
For justice.
Aug. This but proves it is the name
And not the quality they prize: the first
Have found it a hard task to hold their honour,
If they require it to be blazon'd forth;
And those who have not kept it, seek its seeming
As they would look out for an ornament
Of which they feel the want, but not become
They think it so: they live in others' thoughts,
And would seem honest as they must seem for.
Mar. You have strange thoughts for a patriot
dame.
Aug. And yet they were my father's; with his
name.
The sole inheritance he left.
Mar. You want none;
Wife to a prince, the chief of the Republic.
Aug. I should have sought none though a pea-
sant's bride,
But feel not less the love and gratitude
Due to my father, who bestow'd my hand
Upon his early, tried, and trusted friend,
The Count Val di Marino, now our Doge.
Mar. And with that hand did he bestow your
heart?
Aug. He did so, or it had not been bestow'd.
Mar. Yet this strange disproportion in your
years,
And, let me add, disparity of tempers,

Might make the world doubt whether such an union
Could make you wisely, permanently happy.
Aug. The world will think with worldlings; but
my heart
Has still been in my duties, which are many,
But never difficult.
Mar. And do you love him?
Aug. I love all noble qualities which merit
Love, and I love my father, who first taught me
To single out what we should love in others,
And to subdue all tendency to lend
The best and purest feelings of our nature
To baser passions. He bestow'd my hand
Upon Faliero: he had known him noble,
Brave, generous; rich in all the qualities
Of soldier, citizen, and friend; in all
Such have I found him as my father said.
His faults are those that dwell in the high bosoms
Of men who have commanded; too much pride,
And the deep passions fiercely foster'd by
The uses of patricians, and a life
Spent in the storms of state and war; and also
From the quick sense of honour, which becomes
A duty to a certain sign, a vice
When overstrain'd, and this I fear in him.
And then he has been rash from his youth upwards,
Yet temper'd by redeeming nobleness
In such sort, that the wariest of republics
Has lavish'd all its chief employs upon him,
From his first fight to his last embassy,
From which on his return the dukedom met him.
Mar. But previous to this marriage, had your
heart
Ne'er beat for any of the noble youth,
Such as in years had been more meet to match
Beauty like yours? or since have you ne'er seen
One, who, if your fair hand were still to give,
Might now pretend to Loredano's daughter?
Aug. I answer'd your first question when I said
I married.
Mar. And the second?
Aug. Needs no answer.
Mar. I pray you pardon, if I have offended.
Aug. I feel no wrath, but some surprise: I knew
not
That wedded bosoms could permit themselves
To ponder upon what they *are* might choose,
Or might save their past choice.
Mar. 'Tis their past choice
That far too often makes them deem they would
Now choose more wisely, could they cancel it.
Aug. It may be so. I knew not of such thoughts.
Mar. Here comes the Doge—shall I retire?
Aug. It may
Be better you should quit me; he seems wrapt
In thought.—How pensively he takes his way!
[Exit Marianna.
Enter the Doge and Pietro.
Doge [musing]. There is a certain Philip Calendars
Now in the Arsenal, who holds command
Of eighty men, and has great influence
Besides on all the spirits of his comrades:
This man, I hear, is bold and popular,
Sudden and daring, and yet secret; it would

Be well that he were won: I needs must hope
That Israel Bertuccio has secured him,
But fain would be—

Pie. My lord, pray pardon me

For breaking in upon your meditation;
The Senator, Bertuccio your kinsman,
Charged me to follow and inquire your pleasure
To fix an hour when we may speak with you.

Doge. At sunset.—Stay a moment—let me see—
Say in the second hour of night. [*Exit Pietro.*]

Ang. My lord!
Doge. My dearest child, forgive me—why delay
So long approaching me?—I saw you not.

Ang. You were absorb'd in thought, and he who
now

Has parted from you might have words of weight
To bear you from the senate.

Doge. From the senate?

Ang. I would not interrupt him in his duty
And theirs.

Doge. The senate's duty! you mistake;

*Tis we who owe all service to the senate.

Ang. I thought the Duke had held command in
Venice.

Doge. He shall.—But let that pass.—We will be
jocund.

How fares it with you! have you been abroad?

The day is overcast, but the calm wave

Favours the gondolier's light skimming oar;

Or have you held a levee of your friends?

Or has your music made you solitary?

Say—is there aught that you would will within

The little sway now left the Duke? or aught

Of fitting splendour, or of honest pleasure,

Social or lonely, that would glad your heart,

To compensate for many a dull hour, wasted

On an old man oft moved with many cares?

Speak, and 'tis done.

Ang. You're ever kind to me.

I have nothing to desire, or to request,

Except to see you oftener and calmer.

Doge. Calmer?

Ang. Ay, calmer, my good lord.—Ah, why

Do you still keep apart, and walk alone,

And let such strong emotions stamp your brow,

As not betraying their full import, yet

Disclose too much?

Doge. Disclose too much!—of what?

What is there to disclose?

Ang. A heart so ill

At ease.

Doge. 'Tis nothing, child.—But in the state

You know what daily cares oppress all those

Who govern this precarious commonwealth;

Now suffering from the Genoese without,

And malcontents within—'tis this which makes me

More pensive and less tranquil than my wont.

Ang. Yet this existed long before, and never

Till in these late days did I see you thus.

Forgive me; there is something at your heart

More than the mere discharge of public duties,

Which long use and a talent like to yours

Have render'd light, nay, a necessity,

To keep your mind from stagnating. 'Tis not

In hostile states, nor perils, thus to shake you.—

You, who have stood all storms and never sunk,

And climb'd up to the pinnacle of power

And never faint'd by the way, and stand

Upon it, and can look down steadily

Along the depth beneath, and ne'er feel dizzy.

Were Genoa's galleys riding in the port,

Were civil fury raging in Saint Mark's,

You are not to be wrought on, but would fall,

As you have risen, with an unalter'd brow:

Your feelings now are of a different kind;

Something has stung your pride, not patriotism.

Doge. Pride! Angiolina? Alas! none is left me.

Ang. Yes—the same sin that overthrew the angels,

And of all sins most easily besets

Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature:

The vile are only vain; the great are proud.

Doge. I had the pride of honour, of your honour,

Deep at my heart—But let us change the theme.

Ang. Ah no!—As I have ever shared your kind-

ness

In all things else, let me not be shut out

From your distress: were it of public import,

You know I never sought, would never seek

To win a word from you; but feeling now

Your grief is private, it belongs to me

To lighten or divide it. Since the day

When foolish Steno's ribaldry detected

Unfix'd your quiet, you are greatly changed,

And I would soothe you back to what you were.

Doge. To what I was!—have you heard Steno's
sentence?

Ang. No.

Doge. A month's arrest.

Ang.

Is it not enough?

Doge. Enough!—yes, for a drunken galley slave,

Who, stung by stripes, may murmur at his master;

But not for a deliberate, false, cool villain,

Who stains a lady's and a prince's honour

Even on the throne of his authority.

Ang. There seems to me enough in the conviction

Of a patrician guilty of a falsehood:

All other punishment were light unto

His loss of honour.

Doge. Such men have no honour;

They have but their vile lives—and these are spared.

Ang. You would not have him die for this offence?

Doge. Not now:—being still alive, I'd have him
live

Long as he can; he has ceased to merit death;

The guilty saved hath damn'd his hundred judges,

And he is pure, for now his crime is theirs.

Ang. Oh! had this false and flippant libeller

Shed his young blood for his absurd lampoon,

Ne'er from that moment could this breast have known

A joyous hour, or dreamless slumber more.

Doge. Does not the law of heaven say blood for
blood?

And he who *taints* kills more than he who sheds it.

Is it the *pain* of blows, or *shame* of blows,

That makes such deadly to the sense of man?

Do not the laws of man say blood for honour,—

And, less than honour, for a little gold!

Say not the laws of nations blood for treason?

Is't nothing to have fill'd these veins with poison
For their once healthful current? is it nothing
To have stam'd your name and mine—the noblest
names?

Is't nothing to have brought into contempt
A prince before his people? to have fail'd
In the respect accorded by mankind
To youth in woman, and old age in man?
To virtue in your sex, and dignity
In ours?—But let them look to it who have saved him.

Ang. Heaven bids us to forgive our enemies.

Doge. Doth Heaven forgive her own? Is Satan
saved
From wrath eternal?

Ang. Do not speak thus wildly—

Heaven will alike forgive you and your foes.

Doge. Amen! May Heaven forgive them!

Ang. And will you?

Doge. Yes, when they are in heaven!

Ang. And not till then?

Doge. What matters my forgiveness? an old man's,
Worn out, scorn'd, spurn'd, abused; what matters
then

My pardon more than my resentment, both
Being weak and worthless? I have lived too long;
But let us change the argument.—My child!

My injured wife, the child of Loredano,

The brave, the chivalrous, how little deem'd

Thy father, wedding thee unto his friend,

That he was linking thee to shame!—Alas!

Shame without sin, for thou art faultless. Hadst thou

But had a different husband, any husband

In Venice save the Doge, this blight, this brand,

This blasphemy had never fallen upon thee.

So young, so beautiful, so good, so pure,

To suffer this, and yet be unavenged!

Ang. I am too well avenged, for you still love me.

And trust, and honour me; and all men know

That you are just, and I am true: what more

Could I require, or you command?

Doge. 'Tis well, 'Tis well,

And may be better; but whate'er betide,

Be thou at least kind to my memory.

Ang. Why speak you thus?

Doge. It is no matter why!

But I would still, whatever others think,

Have your respect both now and in my grave.

Ang. Why should you doubt it? has it ever fail'd?

Doge. Come hither, child; I would a word with
you.

Your father was my friend; unequal fortune

Made him my debtor for some courtesies

Which bind the good more firmly: when, oppress'd

With his last malady, he will'd our union!

It was not to repay me, long repaid!

Before by his great loyalty in friendship;

His object was to place your orphan beauty

In honourable safety from the perils

Which, in this scorpion nest of vice, assail

A lonely and undower'd maid. I did not

Think with him, but would not oppose the thought

Which soothed his death-bed.

Ang. I have not forgotten

The nobleness with which you bade me speak

If my young heart held any preference
Which would have made me happier; nor your offer
To make my dowry equal to the rank
Of aught in Venice, and forego all claim
My father's last injunction gave you.

Doge. Thus,

'Twas not a foolish dotard's vile caprice,

Nor the false edge of aged appetite,

Which made me covetous of girlish beauty,

And a young bride: for in my fieriest youth

I sway'd such passions; nor was this my age

Infected with that leprosy of lust

Which taints the hoariest years of vicious men,

Making them ransack to the very last

The dregs of pleasure for their vanish'd joys;

Or buy in selfish marriage some young victim,

Too helpless to refuse a state that's honest,

Too feeling not to know herself a wretch!

Our wedlock was not of this sort; you had

Freedom from me to choose, and urged in answer

Your father's choice.

Ang. I did so; I would do so

In face of earth and heaven; for I have never

Repented for my sake; sometimes for yours,

In pondering o'er your late disquietudes.

Doge. I knew my heart would never treat you
harshly;

I knew my days could not disturb you long;

And then the daughter of my earliest friend,

His worthy daughter, free to choose again,

Wealthier and wiser, in the ripest bloom

Of womanhood, more skilful to select

By passing these probationary years,

Inheriting a prince's name and riches.

Secured, by the short penance of enduring

An old man for some summers, against all

That law's chicane or envious kinsmen might

Have urged against her right, my best friend's child

Would choose more fitly in respect of years,

And not less truly in a faithful heart.

Ang. My lord, I look'd but to my father's wishes,

Hallow'd by his last words, and to my heart

For doing all its duties, and replying

With faith to him with whom I was affianced.

Ambitious hopes ne'er cross'd my dreams; and
should

The hour you speak of come, it will be seen so.

Doge. I do believe you; and I know you true:

For love, romantic love, which in my youth

I knew to be illusion, and ne'er saw

Lasting, but often fatal, it had been

No lure for me, in my most passionate days,

And could not be so now, did such exist.

But such respect, and mildly paid regard

As a true feeling for your welfare, and

A free compliance with all honest wishes,—

A kindness to your virtues, watchfulness

Not shown, but shadowing o'er such little failings

As youth is apt in, so as not to check

Rashly, but win you from them ere you knew

You had been won, but thought the change your

choice;

A pride not in your beauty, but your conduct;

A trust in you; a patriarchal love,

And not a doting homage; friendship, faith,—
Such estimation in your eyes as these
Might claim, I hoped for.

Aug. And have ever had.

Doge. I think so. For the difference in our years
You knew it, choosing me, and chose; I trusted
Not to my qualities, nor would have faith
In such, nor outward ornaments of nature,
Were I still in my five and twentieth spring;
I trusted to the blood of Loredano
Pure in your veins; I trusted to the soul
God gave you—to the truths your father taught
you—

To your belief in Heaven—to your mild virtues—
To your own faith and honour, for my own.

Aug. You have done well.—I thank you for that
trust,

Which I have never for one moment ceased
To honour you the more for.

Doge. Where is honour,
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the rock
Of faith connubial: where it is not—where
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know
'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream
Of honesty in such infected blood,
Although 'twere wed to him it covets most:
An incarnation of the poet's god
In all his marble-chisell'd beauty, or
The demi-deity, Alcides, in
His majesty of superhuman manhood,
Would not suffice to bind where virtue is not;
It is consistency which forms and proves it;
Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change.
The once fall'n woman must for ever fall;
For vice must have variety, while virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.

Aug. And seeing, feeling thus this truth in
others,

(I pray you pardon me;) but wherefore yield you
To the most fierce of fatal passions, and
Disquiet your great thoughts with restless hate
On such a thing as Steno?

Doge. You mistake me.
It is not Steno who could move me thus;
Had it been so, he should—but let that pass.

Aug. What is't you feel so deeply, then, even
now?

Doge. The violated majesty of Venice,
At once insulted in her lord and laws.

Aug. Alas! why will you thus consider it?

Doge. I have thought on't till—but let me lead
you back

To what I urged; all these things being noted,
I wedded you; the world then did me justice
Upon the motive, and my conduct proved
They did me right, while yours was all to praise:
You had all freedom, all respect, all trust
From me and mine; and, born of those who made
Princes at home, and swept kings from their thrones
On foreign shores, in all things you appear'd
Worthy to be our first of native dames.

Aug. To what does this conduct?

Doge. To thus much—that

A miscreant's angry breath may blast it all—
A villain, whom for his unbridled bearing,
Even in the midst of our great festival,
I caused to be conducted forth, and taught
How to demean himself in ducal chambers;
A wretch like this may leave upon the wall
The blighting venom of his sweltering heart,
And this shall spread itself in general poison;
And woman's innocence, man's honour, pass
Into a by-word; and the doubly felon
(Who first insulted virgin modesty
By a gross affront to your attendant damsels
Amidst the noblest of our dames in public)
Requite himself for his most just expulsion
By blackening publicly his sovereign's consort,
And be absolved by his upright competitors.

Aug. But he has been condemned into captivity.

Doge. For such as him a dungeon were acquittal;
And his brief term of mock-arrest will pass
Within a palace. But I've done with him,
The rest must be with you.

Aug. With me, my lord?

Doge. Yes, Angiolina. Do not marvel; I
Have let this prey upon me till I feel
My life cannot be long; and pain would have you
Regard the injunctions you will find within
This scroll (*Giving her a paper*)—Fear not; they
are for your advantage:

Read them hereafter at the fitting hour.

Aug. My lord, in life, and after life, you shall
Be honour'd still by me: but may your days
Be many yet—and happier than the present!
This passion will give way, and you will be
Serene, and what you should be—what you were.

Doge. I will be what I should be, or be nothing;
But never more—oh! never, never more,
O'er the few days or hours which yet await
The blight I call age of Faliero, shall
Sweet quiet shed her sunset! Never more
Those summer shadows rising from the past
Of a not ill-spent nor inglorious life,
Mellowing the last hours as the night approaches,
Shall soothe me to my moment of long rest.
I had but little more to ask, or hope,
Save the regards due to the blood and sweat,
And the soul's labour through which I had toild
To make my country honour'd. As her servant—
Her servant, though her chief—I would have gone
Down to my fathers with a name serene
And pure as theirs; but this has been denied me.—
Would I had died at Zara!

Aug. There you save!
The state; then live to save her still. A day,
Another day like that would be the best
Reproof to them, and sole revenge for you

Doge. But one such day occurs within an age;
My life is little less than one, and 'tis
Enough for Fortune to have granted *once*,
That which scarce one more favour'd citizen
May win in many states and years. But why
Thus speak I? Venice has forgot that day—
Then why should I remember it?—Farewell,

Sweet Angiolina! I must to my cabinet;
There's much for me to do—and the hour hastens.

Ang. Remember what you were.
Doge. It were in vain!

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.
Ang. At least, what'er may urge, let me implore
That you will take some little pause of rest;
Your sleep for many nights has been so turbid,
That it had been relief to have awaked you,
Had I not hoped that Nature would overpower
At length the thoughts which shock your slumbers
thus.

An hour of rest will give you to your toils
With fitter thoughts and freshen'd strength.
Doge. I cannot—

I must not, if I could; for never was
Such reason to be watchful; yet a few—
Yet a few days and dream-permeable nights,
And I shall slumber well—but where?—no matter.
Adieu, my Angiolina.

Ang. Let me be
An instant—yet an instant your companion!
I cannot bear to leave you thus.

Doge. Come then,
My gentle child—forgive me; thou wert made
For better fortunes than to share in mine,
Now dark'ning in their close toward the deep vale
Where Death sits robed in his all-sweeping shadow.
When I am gone—it may be sooner than
Even three years warrant, for there is that stirring
Within, above, around, that in this city
Will make the cemeteries populous
As e'er they were by pestilence or war,—
When I am nothing, let that which I am
Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet lips,
A shadow in thy fancy, of a thing
Which would not have thee mourn for, but remember
Let us begone, my child—the time is pressing.

[Exit, ut.]

SCENE II.—*Israel retired at a near the Doge's cell.*

Israel Bertuccio and Philip Calendario.

Cal. How sped you, Israel, in your late complaint?

I. Ber. Why, well.

Cal. Isn't possible! will he be punish'd?

I. Ber. Yes.

Cal. With what? a mulet or on arrest?

I. Ber. With death.

Cal. Now you rave, or must intend revenge,

Such as I counsel'd you, with your own hand!

I. Ber. Yes; and for one sole draught of hate
forego

The great redress we meditate for Venice,
And change a life of hope for one of exile,
Leaving one scorpion crushed, and thousands stinging

My friends, my family, my countrymen!

No, Calendario; these same drops of blood,

Shed shamefully, shall have the whole of his

For their requital—but not only his;

We will not strike for private wrongs alone;

Such are for selfish passions and rash men,

But are unworthy a tyrannicide.

Cal. You have more patience than I care to boast.

Had I been present when you bore this insult,

I must have slain him, or expired myself

In the vain effort to repress my wrath.

I. Ber. Thank Heaven you were not—all had else
been marr'd:

As 'tis, our cause looks prosperous still.

Cal. You saw

The Doge—what answer gave he?

I. Ber. That there was
No punishment for such as Barbaro.

Cal. I told you so before, and that 'twas idle

To think of justice from such hands.

I. Ber. At least,

I'll hold suspicion, showing confidence.

Had I been silent, not a stirro but

Had kept me in his eye, as meditating

A silent, solitary, deep revenge.

Cal. But wherefore not address you to the Council?

The Doge is a mere puppet, who can scarce

Obtain right for himself. Why speak to him?

I. Ber. You shall know that hereafter.

Cal. Why not now?

I. Ber. Be patient but till midnight. Get your
musters.

And let our friends prepare their companies:

Set all in readiness to strike the blow,

Perhaps in a few hours; we have long waited

For a fit time—that hour is on the dial,

It may be, of tomorrow's sun; delay

Beyond may I feel us double danger. See

That all be punctual at our place of meeting,

And arm'd, excepting those of the Sixteen,

Who will remain among the troops to wait

The signal.

Cal. These brave words have breathed new life

Into my veins; I'm sick of these protracted

And hesitating councils: day on day

Craw'd on, and cumber'd but another link

To our long fetters, and some fresher wrong

Indicted on our brethren or ourselves,

Helping to swell our tyrants' bloated strength.

Let us but deal upon them, and I care not

For the result, which must be death or freedom:

I'm weary to the heart of finding neither

I. Ber. We will be free in life or death! the grave

Is chainless. Have you all the musters ready?

And are the sixteen companies completed

To sixty?

Cal. All save two, in which there are

Twenty five wanting to make up the number.

I. Ber. No matter; we can do without. Whose
are they?

Cal. Bertram's and Ed. Soranzo's, both of whom
Appear less forward in the cause than we are.

I. Ber. Your fiery nature makes you deem all
the same

Who are not restless cold: but there exists

Off in concentrated spirits not less daring

Than in more loud avengers. Do not doubt them.

Cal. I do not doubt the elder; but in Bertram

There is a hesitating softness, fatal

To enterprise like ours: I've seen that man

Weep like an infant o'er the misery

Of others, heedless of his own, though greater;
And in a recent quarrel I beheld him
Turn sick at sight of blood, although a villain's.

I. Ber. The truly brave are soft of heart and eye
And feel for what their duty bids them do.
I have known Bertran long; there doth not breathe
A soul more full of honour.

Cal. It may be so;
I apprehend less treachery than weakness;
Yet as he has no mistress, and no wife
To work upon his milkiness of spirit,
He may go through the ordeal; it is well
He is an orphan, friendless save in us:
A woman or a child had made him less
Than either in resolve.

I. Ber. Such ties are not
For those who are call'd to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths,
We must forget all feelings save the *own*,
We must resign all passions save our purpose,
We must behold no object save our country,
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.

Cal. But if we fail—

I. Ber. They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sadden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom. What were we,
If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson—
A name which is a virtue, and a soul
Which multiplies itself throughout all time,
When wicked men wax mighty, and a state
Turns servile. He and his high friend were styled
'The last of Romans!' Let us be the first
Of true Venetians, sprung from Roman sires.

Cal. Our fathers did not fly from Attila
Into these isles, where palaces have sprung
On banks redeem'd from the rude ocean's ooze,
To own a thousand despots in his place.
Better bow down before the Hun, and call
A Tartar lord, than these sworn silk-worm masters!
The first at least was man, and used his sword
As sceptre: these unmanly creeping things
Command our swords, and rule us with a word
As with a spell.

I. Ber. It shall be broken soon.
You say that all things are in readiness;
To-day I have not been the usual round,
And why thou knowest; but thy vigilance
Will better have supplied my care: these orders
In recent council to redouble now
Our efforts to repair the galleys, have
Lent a fair colour to the introduction
Of many of our cause into the arsenal,
As new artificers for their equipment,
Or fresh recruits obtained in haste to man
The hoped-for fleet.—Are all supplied with arms?

Cal. All who were deem'd trustworthy: there are
some

Whom it were well to keep in ignorance
Till it be time to strike, and then supply them;
When in the heat and hurry of the hour
They have no opportunity to pause,
But needs must on with those who will surround
them.

I. Ber. You have said well. Have you remark'd
all such?

Cal. I've noted most; and caused the other
chiefs

To use like caution in their companies.
As far as I have seen, we are enough
To make the enterprise secure, if 'tis
Commenced to-morrow; but, till 'tis begun,
Each hour is pregnant with a thousand perils.

I. Ber. Let the Sixteen meet at the wonted hour,
Except Soranzo, Nicoletto Blondo,
And Marco Giuda, who will keep their watch
Within the arsenal, and hold all ready,
Expectant of the signal we will fix on.

Cal. We will not fail.

I. Ber. Let all the rest be there;
I have a stranger to present to them.

Cal. A stranger! doth he know the secret?

I. Ber. Yes.
Cal. And have you dared to peril your friends
lives

On a rash confidence in one we know not?

I. Ber. I have risk'd no man's life except my
own—

Of that be certain; he is one who may
Make our assurance doubly sure, according
His aid; and if reluctant, he no less
Is in our power; he comes along with me,
And cannot 'scape us; but he will not swerve.

Cal. I cannot judge of this until I know him;
Is he one of our order?

I. Ber. Ay, in spirit,
Although a child of greatness; he is one—
Who would become a throne, or overthrow one—
One who has done great deeds, and seen great
changes;

No tyrant, though bred up to tyranny;
Valiant in war, and sage in council; noble
In nature, although haughty; quick, yet wary;
Yet for all this, so full of certain passions,
That if once stirr'd and baffled, as he has been
Upon the tenderest points, there is no Fury
In Grecian story like to that which wrings
His vitals with her burning hands, till he
Grows capable of all things for revenge;
And add too, that his mind is liberal,
He sees and feels the people are oppress'd,
And shares their sufferings. Take him all in all,
We have need of such, and such have need of us.

Cal. And what part would you have him take
with us?

I. Ber. It may be, that of chief.

Cal. What I and resign
Your own command as leader?

I. Ber. Even so,
My object is to make your cause end well,

And not to push myself to power. Experience,
Some skill, and your own choice, had mark'd me
out

To act in trust as your commander, till
Some worthier should appear: if I have found such
As you yourselves shall own more worthy, think
you

That I would hesitate from selfishness,
And, covetous of brief authority,
Stake our deep interest on my single thoughts,
Rather than yield to one above me in
All leading qualities? No, Calendario,
Know your friend better: but you all shall judge.
Away! and let us meet at the fix'd hour.
Be vigilant, and all will yet go well.

Cal. Worthy Bertuccio, I have known you ever
Trusty and brave, with head and heart to plan
What I have still been prompt to execute.
For my own part, I seek no other chief;
What the rest will decide I know not, but
I am with YOU, as I have ever been,
In all our undertakings. Now farewell,
Until the hour of midnight sees us meet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Scene, the Space between the Canal and
the Church of San Giovanni e San Paolo. An
equestrian Statue before it.—A Gondola lies in
the Canal at some distance.*

Enter the Doge alone, disguised.

Doge [solus] I am before the hour, the hour whose
voice,

Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous tottering,
And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,
Waking the sleepers from some hideous dream
Of indistinct but awful agony
Of that which will befall them. Yes, proud city!
Thou must be cleansed of the black blood which
makes thee

A lazaret-house of tyranny: the task
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not;
And therefore was I punish'd, seeing this
Patrician pestilence spread on and on,
Until at length it smote me in my slumbers,
And I am tainted and must wash away
The plague spots in the healing wave. Fall fane!
Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues shadow
The floor which doth divide us from the dead,
Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood,
Moulder'd into a mate of ashes, hold
In one shrink heap what once made many heroes,
When what is now a handful shook the earth—
Fane of the tutelary saints who guard our house!
Vault where two Doges rest—my sires! who died
The one of toil, the other in the field,
With a long race of other lineal chiefs
And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and state
I have inherited,—let the graves gape,
Till all thine ashes be peopled with the dead,
And pour them from thy portals to gaze on me!
I call them up, and them and thee to witness

What it hath been which put me to this task—
Their pure high blood, their blazon-roll of glories,
Their mighty name dishonour'd all in me,
Not by me, but by the ungrateful nobles
We fought to make our equals, not our lords:
And chiefly thou, Ordelafio the brave,
Who perish'd in the field, where I since conquer'd,
Battling at Zara, did the hecatombs
Of thine and Venice' foes, there offer'd up
By thy descendant, merit such acquittance?
Spirits! smile down upon me; for my cause
Is yours, in all life can be of yours—
Your fame, your name, all mingled up in mine,
And in the future fortunes of our race!
Let me but prosper, and I make this city
Free and immortal, and our house's name
Worthier of what you were, now and hereafter!

Enter Israel Bertuccio.

I. Ber. Who goes there?

Doge. A friend to Venice.

I. Ber. 'Tis he,

Welcome, my lord,—you are before the time.

Doge. I am ready to proceed to your assembly.

I. Ber. Have with you.—I am proud and pleased
to see

Such confident alacrity. Your doubts
Since our last meeting, then, are all dispell'd?

Doge. Not so—but I have set my little left
Office upon this cast: the die was thrown
When I first listen'd to your treason.—Start not!
That is the word; I cannot shape my tongue
To syllable black deeds into smooth names,
Though I be wrought on to commit them. When
I heard you tempt your sovereign, and forbore
To have you dragg'd to prison, I became
Your guiltiest accomplice: now you may,
If it so please you, do as much by me.

I. Ber. Strange words, my lord, and most unme-
rited;

I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.

Doge. He—He!—no matter—you have earn'd
the right

To talk of us.—But to the point.—If this
Attempt succeeds, and Venice, render'd free
And flourishing, when we are in our graves,
Conducts her generations to our tombs,
And makes her children with their little hands
Strew flowers o'er her deliverers' ashes, then
The consequence will sanctify the deed,
And we shall be like the two Bruti in
The annals of hereafter; but if not,
If we should fail, employing bloody means
And secret plot, although to a good end,
Still we are traitors, honest Israel!—thou
No less than he who was thy sovereign
Six hours ago, and now thy brother rebel.

I. Ber. 'Tis not the moment to consider thus,
Fie I could answer.—Let us to the meeting,
Or we may be observed in lingering here.

Doge. We are observed, and have been.

I. Ber. We observed!

Let me discover—and this steel—

Doge. Put up;

Here are no human witnesses : look there—
What see you ?

I. Ber. Only a tall warrior's statue
Bestriding a proud steed, in the dim light
Of the dull moon.

Doge. That warrior was the sire
Of my sire's fathers, and that statue was
Decreed to him by the twice rescued city :—
Think you that he looks down on us or no ?

I. Ber. My lord, these are mere fantasies ; there
are

No eyes in marble.

Doge. But there are in Death.
I tell thee, man, there is a spirit in
Such things that acts and sees, unseen, though felt,
And, if there be a spell to stir the dead,
'Tis in such deeds as we are now upon
Deem'st thou the souls of such a race as mine
Can rest, when he, their last descendant chief,
Stands plotting on the brink of their pure graves
With stung plebeians ?

I. Ber. It had been as well
To have pondered this before,—ere you embark'd
In our great enterprise.—Do you repent ?

Doge. No—but I feel, and shall do to the last.
I cannot quench a glorious life at once,
Nor dwindle to the thing I now must be,
And take men's lives by stealth, without some
pause :

Yet doubt me not ; it is this very feeling,
And knowing *what* has wrung me to be thus,
Which is your best security There's not
A roused mechanic in your busy plot
So wrong'd as I, so fall'n, so loudly call'd
To his redress : the very means I am forced
By these fell tyrants to adopt is such,
That I abhor them doubly for the deeds
Which I must do to pay them back for theirs.

I. Ber. Let us away—hark—the hour strikes.
Doge. On—on—

It is our knell, or that of Venice—On.

I. Ber. Say rather, 'tis her freedom's rising peal
Of triumph.—This way—we are near the place.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The House where the Conspirators
meet.*

Dagolino, Doro, Bertram, Fedele Trevisano, Calen-
daro, Antonio delle Bende, &c. &c.

Cal. [*entering*]. Are all here ?

Dag. All with you ; except the three
On duty, and our leader Israel,
Who is expected momentarily.

Cal. Where's Bertram ?

Ber. Here !

Cal. Have you not been able to complete
The number wanting in your company ?

Ber. I had mark'd out some ; but I have not dared
To trust them with the secret, till assured
That they were worthy faith.

Cal. There is no need
Of trusting to their faith ; *who*, save ourselves
And our more chosen comrades, is aware

Fully of our intent ? they think themselves
Engaged in secret to the Signory,
To punish some more dissolute young nobles
Who have defied the law in their excesses :
But once drawn up, and their new swords well
flesh'd,

In the rank hearts of the more odious senators,
They will not hesitate to follow up
Their blow upon the others, when they see
The example of their chiefs, and I for one
Will set them such, that they for very shame
And safety will not pause till all have perish'd.

Ber. How say you ? *all !*

Cal. Whom wouldst thou spare ?

Ber. *I spare ?*

I have no power to spare. I only question'd,
Thinking that even amongst these wicked men
There might be some, whose age and qualities
Might mark them out for pity.

Cal. Yes, such pity
As when the viper hath been cut to pieces,
The separate fragments quivering in the sun,
In the last energy of venomous life,
Deserve and have. Why, I should think as soon
Of pitying some particular fang which mangle
One in the jaw of the swoln serpent, as
Of saving one of these : they form but links
Of one long chain ; one mass, one breath, one body
They eat, and drink, and live, and breed together,
Revel, and lie, oppress, and kill in concert,—
So let them die as *one !*

Dag. Should *one* survive,
He would be dangerous as the whole ; it is not
Their number, be it tens or thousands, but
The spirit of this aristocracy
Which must be rooted out ; and if there were
A single shoot of the old tree in life,
'T would fasten in the soil, and spring again
To gloomy verdure and to bitter fruit.
Bertram, we must be firm !

Cal. Look to it well,
Bertram ; I have an eye upon thee.

Ber. Who
Distrusts me ?

Cal. Not I ; for if I do so,
Thou wouldst not now be there to talk of trust :
It is thy softness, not thy want of faith,
Which makes thee to be doubted.

Ber. You should I know
Who hear me, who and what I am ; a man
Roused like yourselves to overthrow oppression :
A kind man, I am apt to think, as some
Of you have found me ; and if brave or no,
You, Calendaro, can pronounce, who have seen me
Put to the proof ; or, if you should have doubts,
I'll clear them on your person !

Cal. You are welcome,
When once our enterprise is o'er, which must not
Be interrupted by a private brawl.

Ber. I am no brawler ; but can bear myself
As far among the foe as any he
Who hears me ; else why have I been selected
To be of your chief comrades ? but no less
I own my natural weakness ; I have not

Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering; and the sight
Of blood which spouts through hoary scalps is not
To me a thing of triumph, nor the death
Of men surprised a glory. Well—too well
I know that we must do such things on those
Whose acts have raised up such avengers; but
If there were some of these who could be saved
From out this sweeping fate, for our own sakes
And for our honour, to take off some stain
Of massacre, which else pollutes it wholly,
I had been glad; and see no cause in this
For sneer, nor for suspicion!

Dog. Calm thee, Bertram.
For we suspect thee not, and take good heart.
It is the cause, and not our will, which asks
Such actions from our hands; we'll wash away
All stains in Freedom's fountain!

Enter Israel Bertuccio, and the Doge, disguised.

Dog. Welcome, Israel.
Comp. Most welcome.—Brave Bertuccio, thou
art late—

Who is this stranger?

Cal. It is time to name him.
Our comrades are even now prepared to greet him
In brotherhood, as I have made it known
That thou wouldst add a brother to our cause,
Approved by thee, and thus approved by all,
Such is our trust in all thine actions. Now
Let him unfold himself.

I. Ber. Stranger, step forth!
[The Doge, dissembling.]
Comp. To arms!—as are I, tray'd!—it is the Doge!
Down with them both! our traitorous captain, and
The tyrant he hath sold us to!

Cal. *[Addressing the Doge.]* Hold! hold!
Whome was a step against them!—S—Hold! hear
Bertuccio—What! art thou up'd! I to see
A lone, unguard'd, weep alone of man
Amongst you?—Israel, speak, what means this
mystery?

I. Ber. Let them advance and strike at their own
bosoms,
Ungrateful suicides! for on our lives
Depend their own, their fortunes, and their hopes.

Dog. Strike!—If I desire death, a death more
fearful

Than any your rash weapons can inflict,
I should not now be here; Oh, noble Courage!
The eldest born of Fear, which makes you brave
Against this solitary hoary head!
See the bold chiefs, who would reform a state
And shake down senators, met with wrath and
dread

At sight of one patrician! Butcher me!
You can, I care not.—Israel, are these men
The mighty hearts you spoke of? look upon them!

Cal. Faith! he hath shamed us, and deservedly.
Was this your trust in your true chief Bertuccio,
To turn your swords against him and his guest?
Sheath them, and hear him.

I. Ber. I did dare to speak,
They might and must have known a heart like mine
Incapable of treachery; and the power

They gave me to adopt all fitting means
To further their design was ne'er abused.
They might be certain that whoever was brought
By me into this council had been led
To take his choice—as brother, or as victim.

Dog. And which am I to be? your actions leave
Some cause to doubt the freedom of the choice.

I. Ber. My lord, we would have perish'd here to-
gether.

Had these rash men proceeded; but, behold,
They are ashamed of that mad moment's impulse
And droop their heads; believe me, they are such
As I described them—Speak to them.

Cal. Ay, speak;
We are all listening in wonder.

I. Ber. *[Addressing the conspirators.]* You are safe,
Nay, more, almost triumphant—listen then,
An I know my words for truth.

Dog. You see me here,

As one of you hath said, an old, unarm'd,
Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians.
Why I was there you know, or think you know;
Why I am here, he who hath been most wrong'd,
He who among you hath been most insulted,
Outrag'd, and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worn or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart what brought him here?
You know my recent story, all men know it
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sat in judgment to heap scorn on scorn
But spare me the recital—it is here,
Here, at my heart the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would only show my feebleness the more,
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
As I urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapons; but I need not urge you,
For private wrongs have sprung from public views,
In this—I come to tell of commonwealth,
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state
Without its virtues—temperance and valour
The Fort of Icarus were true soldiers,
But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved;
Although dress'd out to head a pageant, as
The Greeks of your nation drank their slaves to form
A pretence for their children. You are met
To overthrow the minister of a state,
This mockery of a government, this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood,—and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Governing in a fair free commonwealth
Not rash equality but equal rights,
Proportion'd like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.

In operating this great change, I claim
To be one of you—if you trust in me;
If not, strike home,—my life is compromised.
And I would rather fall by freemen's hands
Than live another day to act the tyrant
As delegate of tyrants' such I am not,
And never have been—read it in our annals;
I can appeal to my past government
In many lands and cities; they can tell you
If I were an oppressor, or a man
Feeling and thinking for my fellow men.
Happily had I been what the senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets, dizen'd out
To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture;
A popular scourge, a ready sentence-signer,
A stickler for the Senate and 'the Forty,'
A sceptic of all measures which had not
The sanction of 'the Ten,' a council-fawner,
A tool, a fool, a puppet,—they had ne'er
Foster'd the wretch who stung me. What I suffer
Has reach'd me through my pity for the people,
That many know, and they who know not yet
Will one day learn; meantime I do devote,
Whate'er the issue, my last days of life—
My present power such as it is, not that
Of Doge, but of a man who has been great
Before he was degraded to a Doge,
And still has individual means and mind;
I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath—
(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)
My heart, my hope, my soul, upon this cast I
Such as I am, I offer me to you
And to your chiefs; accept me or reject me,—
A Prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.

Cal. Long live Faliero!—Venice shall be free!

Cousp. Long live Faliero!

I. Ber. Comrades! did I well?

Is not this man a host in such a cause?
Doge. This is no time for eulogies, nor place
For exultation. Am I one of you?

Cal. Ay, and the first among us, as thou hast
been

Of Venice—be our general and chief.

Doge. Chief!—general!—I was general at Zara,
And chief in Rhodes and Cyprus, prince in Venice;
I cannot stoop—that is, I am not fit
To lead a band of—patriots; when I lay
Aside the dignities which I have borne,
'Tis not to put on others, but to be
Mate to my fellows—but now to the point;
Israel has stated to me your whole plan—
'Tis bold, but feasible if I assist it,
And must be set in motion instantly.

Cal. E'en when thou wilt. Is it not so, my
friends?

I have disposed all for a sudden blow;
When shall it be then?

Doge. At sunrise.

Ber. So soon?

Doge. So soon?—so late—each hour accumulates
Peril on peril, and the more so now
Since I have mingled with you;—know you not
The Council, and 'the Ten' the spies, the eyes

Of the patricians dubious of their strength,
And how more dubious of the prince they have
made?

It is you, you are at stake, and shall be,
Full to the fly-leaves' heart—as I shall follow.

Cal. With all my soul and sword, I yield assent;
Our companies are ready, sixty each,
And all now under arms by Israel's order;
Each at their different place of rendezvous,
And vigilant, expectant of some blow;
Let each repair for action to his post!
And now, my lord, the signal!

Doge. When you hear
The great bell of St. Mark's, which may not be
Struck without special order of the Doge
(The last poor privilege they leave their prince),
March on St. Mark's!

I. Ber. And there?—

Doge. By different routes
Let your march be directed, every sixty
Entering a separate avenue, and still
Upon the way let your cry be of war
And of the Genoese fleet, by the first dawn
Discern'd before the port; form round the palace,
Within whose court will be drawn out in arms
My nephew and the clients of our house,
Many and martial, while the bell tolls on,
Shout ye, 'Saint Mark!—the foe is on our waters!

Cal. I see it now—but on, my noble lord.

Doge. All the patricians flocking to the Council,
(Which they dare not refuse, at the dread signal
Pealing from out their patron saint's proud tower),
Will then be gather'd in unto the harvest,
And we will reap them with the sword for sickle.
If some few should be tardy or absent them,
'Twill be but to be taken faint and single,
When the majority are put to rest.

Cal. Would that the hour were come! we will not
scotch,

But kill.

Ber. Once more, sir, with your pardon, I
Would now repeat the question which I ask'd
Before Bertuccio addled to our cause
This great ally who renders it more sure,
And therefore safer, and as such admits
Some dawn of mercy to a portion of
Our victims—must all perish in this slaughter?

Cal. All who encounter me and mine, be sure,
The mercy they have shown, I show.

Cousp. All! all!
Is this a time to talk of pity? when
Have they e'er shown, or felt, or feign'd it?

I. Ber. Bertram,
This false compassion is a folly, and
Injustice to thy comrades and thy cause!
Dost thou not see, that if we single out
Some for escape, they live but to avenge
The fallen? and how distinguish now the innocent
From out the guilty? all their acts are one—
A single emanation from one body,
Together knit for our oppression! 'Tis
Much that we let their children live; I doubt
If all of these even should be set apart;
The hunter may reserve some single cub

From out the tiger's litter, but who'er
Would seek to save the spotted sire or dam,
Unless to perish by their fangs? however,
I will abide by Doge Faliero's counsel;
Let him decide if any should be saved.

Doge. Ask me not—tempt me not with such a
question—
Decide yourselves.

I. Ber. You know their private virtues
Far better than we can, to whom alone
Their public vices, and most foul oppression,
Have made them deadly; if there be amongst
them

One who deserves to be repeal'd, pronounce.

Doge. Dolfino's father was my friend, and Lando
Fought by my side, and Marc Cornaro shared
My Genoese embassy; I saved the life
Of Venero—shall I save it twice?
Would that I could save them, and Venice also!
All these men, or their fathers, were my friends
Till they became my subjects; then fell from me
As faithless leaves drop from the o'erblown flower,
All left me a lone blighted thorny stalk,
Which, in its solitude, can shelter nothing;
So, as they let me wither, let them perish.

Gr. They cannot co-exist with Venice' freedom!
Doge. Ye, though you know and feel our mutual
mass

Of many wrongs, even ye are ignorant
What fatal poison to the springs of life,
To human ties, and all that's good and dear,
Lurks in the present institutes of Venice;
All these men were my friends: I loved them, they
Requited honourably my regards;
We served and fought; we smiled and wept in
concert;

We revel'd or we sorrow'd side by side;
We made alliances of blood and marriage;
We grew in years and honours fairly,—till
Their own desire, not my ambition, made
Them choose me for their prince, and then fare-
well!

Farewell all social memory! all thoughts
In common! and sweet bonds which link old
friendships!

When the survivors of long years and actions,
Which now belong to history, soothe the days
Which yet remain by treasuring each other,
And never meet, but each beholds the mirror
Of half a century on his brother's brow,
And sees a hundred beings, now in earth,
Flit round them whispering of the days gone by,
And seeming not all dead, as long as two
Of the brave, joyous, reckless, glorious band,
Which once were one and many, still retain
A breath to sigh for them, a tongue to speak
Of deeds that else were silent, save on marble—
Ome! Ome!—and must I do this deed?

I. Ber. My lord, you are much moved: it is not
now

That such things must be dwelt upon.

Doge. Your patience
A moment—I recede not: mark with me
The gloomy vices of this government

From the hour they made me Doge, the *Doge* THEY
made me—

Farewell the past! I died to all that had been,
Or rather they to me: no friends, no kindness,
No privacy of life—all were cut off:
They could not near me, such approach gave un-
brage;

They could not love me, such was not the law;
They thwarted me, 'twas the state's policy;
They baffled me, 'twas a patrician's duty;
They wrong'd me, for such was to right the state;
They could not right me, that would give suspicion;
So that I was a slave to my own subjects;
So that I was a foe to my own friends;
Legit with spies for guards, with robes for power,
With pomp for freedom, gaolers for a council,
Inquisitors for friends, and hell for life!
I had one only fount of quiet left,

And *that* they poison'd! My pure household gods
Were shiver'd on my hearth, and o'er their shrine
Sate grinning Ribaldry and sneering Scorn.

I. Ber. You have been deeply wrong'd, and now
shall be
Nobly avenged before another night.

Doge. I had borne all—it hurt me, but I bore
it—

Till this last running over of the cup
Of bitterness—until this last loud insult,
Not only unredress'd, but sanction'd; then,
And thus, I cast all further feelings from me—
The feelings which they crush'd for me, long, long
Before, even in their oath of false allegiance!
Even in that very hour and vow, they abjur'd
I their friend and made a sovereign, as boys make
Playthings, to do their pleasure—and be broken!
I from that hour have seen but senators
In dark suspicious conflict with the Doge,
Brooding with him in mutual hate and fear;
They dreaming he should snatch the tyranny
From out their grasp, and he abhorring tyrants,
To me, then, these men have no *private* life,
Nor claim to ties they have cut off from others;
As senators for arbitrary acts
Amenable, I look on them—as such
Let them be dealt upon.

Gr. And now to action!
Hence, brethren, to our posts, and may this be
The last night of mere words: I'd fain be doing!
Sunt Mark's great bell at dawn shall find me wake-
ful!

I. Ber. Disperse then to your posts: be firm and
vigilant;

Think on the wrongs we bear, the rights we claim.
This day and night shall be the last of peril!
Watch for the signal, and then march. I go
To join my band; let each be prompt to marshal
His separate charge: the Doge will now return
To the palace to prepare all for the blow,
We part to meet in freedom and in glory!

Gr. Doge, when I greet you next, my homage to
you

Shall be the head of Steno on this sword!

Doge. No; let him be reserved unto the last,
Nor turn aside to strike at such a prey

Till nobler game is quarried: his offence
Was a mere ebullition of the vice,
The general corruption generated
By the foul aristocracy: he could not—
He dared not in more honourable days
Have risk'd it. I have merged all private wrath
Against him in the thought of our great purpose.
A slave insults me—I require his punishment
From his proud master's hands; if he refuse it,
The offence grows his, and let him answer it.

Cal. Yet, as the immediate cause of the alliance
Which consecrates our undertaking more,
I owe him such deep gratitude, that fain
I would repay him as he merits; may I?

Doge. You would but lop the hand, and I the
head;

You would but smite the scholar, I the master;
You would but punish Steno, I the senate.
I cannot pause on individual hate,
In the absorbing, sweeping, whole revenge,
Which, like the sheeted fire from heaven, must
blast

Without distinction, as it fell of yore,
Where the Dead Sea hath quench'd two cities'
ashes.

I. Ber. Away, then, to your posts! I but remain
A moment to accompany the Doge
To our late place of tryst, to see no spies
Have been upon the scout, and thence I hasten
To where my allotted band is under arms.

Cal. Farewell, then,—until dawn!

I. Ber. Success go with you.

Const. We will not fail—Away! My lord, fare-
well!

[*The Conspirators salute the Doge and Israel
Bertuccio, and retire, headed by Philip
Calendario. The Doge and Israel Bertuccio
remain.*]

I. Ber. We have them in the toil—it cannot fail!
Now thou'rt indeed a sovereign, and wilt make
A name immortal greater than the greatest;
Free citizens have struck at kings ere now;
Caesars have fallen, and even patrician hands
Have crush'd dictators, as the popular steel
Has reach'd patricians: but, until this hour,
What prince has plotted for his people's freedom?
Or risk'd a life to liberate his subjects?

For ever, and for ever, they conspire
Against the people, to abuse their hands
To chains, but laid aside to carry weapons
Against the fellow nations, so that yoke
On yoke, and slavery and death may whet,
Not glut, the never-gorged Leviathan!

Now, my lord, to our enterprise,—'tis great,
And greater the reward; why stand you rapt?
A moment back, and you were all impatience!

Doge. And is it then decided! must they die?

I. Ber. Who?

Doge. My own friends by blood and courtesy,
And many deeds and days—the senators?

I. Ber. You pass'd their sentence, and it is a just
one.

Doge. Ay, so it seems, and so it is to you;

You are a patriot, plebeian Gracchus—

The rebels' oracle, the people's tribune—
I blame you not—you act in your vocation;
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despised
you;

So they have *me*: but you ne'er spake with them;
You never broke their bread, nor shared their salt;
You never had their wine-cup at your lips;
You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd, nor wept,
Nor held a revel in their company;
Ne'er smiled to see them smile, nor clam'd their
smile

In social interchange for yours, nor trusted
Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as I have:
These hairs of mine are grey, and so are theirs,

The elders of the Council: I remember
When all our locks were like the raven's wing,
As we went forth to take our prey around
The isles wrung from the false Mahometan.
And can I see them dabbled o'er with blood?
Each stab to them will seem my suicide.

I. Ber. Doge! Doge! this vacillation is unworthy
A child; if you are not in second childhood,
Call back your nerves to your own purpose, nor
Thus shame yourself and me. By heavens! I'd rather

Forego even now, or fail in our intent,
Than see the man I venerate subside
From high resolves into such shallow weakness!
You have seen blood in battle, shed it, both
Your own and that of others! can you shrink then
From a few drops from veins of hoary vampires,
Who but give back what they have drain'd from
millions?

Doge. Bear with me! step by step, and blow on
blow,

I will divide with you; think not I waver:
Ah! no, it is the *certainty* of all
Which I must do doth make me tremble thus.
But let these last and lingering thoughts have way,
To which you only and the night are conscious,
And both regardless: when the hour arrives,
'Tis mine to sound the knell, and strike the blow,
Which shall unpeople many palaces,
And hew the highest genealogic trees
Down to the earth, strew'd with their bleeding fruit,
And crush their blossoms into barrenness:
This will!—must I—have I sworn to do,
Nor ought can turn me from my destiny;
But still I quiver to behold what I
Must be, and think what I have been! Bear with
me.

I. Ber. Re-man your breast; I feel no such re-
morse,

I understand it not? why should you change?
You acted, and you act, on your free will.

Doge. Ay, there it is—you feel not, nor do I,
Else I should stab thee on the spot, to save
A thousand lives, and killing, do no murder;
You *feel* not—you go to this butcher-work
As if these high-born men were steers for shambles
When all is over, you'll be free and merry,
And calmly wash those hands incarnadine;
But I, outgoing thee and all thy fellows
In this surpassing massacre, shall be,

Shall see and feel—oh God! oh God! 'tis true,
 And thou dost well to answer that it was
 'My own free will and act,' and yet you err,
 For I *will* do this! Don't not—fear not, I
 Will be your most unmerciful accomplice!
 And yet I act no more on my free will,
 Nor my own feelings—both compel me back;
 But there is *hell* within me and around,
 And like the demon who believes and trembles
 Must I abhor and do. Away! away!
 Get thee unto thy fellows, I will hie me
 To gather the retainers of our house.
 Doubt not, St. Mark's great bell shall wake all
 Venice,

Except her slaughtered senate: ere the sun
 Be broad upon the Adriatic there
 Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall drown
 The roar of waters in the cry of blood!
 I am resolved—come on,

I. Rev. With all my soul!
 Keep a firm rein up on these lusts of passion;
 Remember what these men have dealt to thee,
 And that this sacrifice will be succeeded
 By ages of prosperity and freedom
 To this shackled city: a true tyrant
 Would have depopulated empires, nor
 Have felt the strange conjunction which hath
 wrong you

To punish a few traitors to the people.
 Trust me, such were a pity more misplaced
 Than the late mercy of the state to Steno.

Doge. Man, thou hast struck upon the chord which
 jars

All nature from my heart. Hence to our task!

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Palazzo of the Patrician Lioni.* Lioni
lying aside the mask and cloak which the Venetian Nobles wore in public, attended by a Domestick.

Lioni. I will to rest, right weary of this revel,
 The gayest we have held for many moons,
 And yet, I know not why, it cheer'd me not;
 There came a heaviness across my heart,
 Which, in the lightest movement of the dance,
 Though eye to eye, and hand in hand united
 Even with the lady of my love, oppress'd me,
 And through my spirit chill'd my blood, until
 A damp like death rose o'er my brow; I strove
 To laugh the thought away, but 'twould not be
 Through all the music ringing in my ears
 A knell was sounding as distinct and clear,
 Though low and far, as o'er the Arabian wave
 Rose o'er the city's murmur in the night,
 Dashing against the outward Lido's bulwark:
 So that I left the festival before
 It reach'd its zenith, and will woo my pillow
 For thoughts more tranquil, or forgetfulness.
 Antonio, take my mask and cloak, and light
 The lamp within my chamber.

Ant. Yes, my lord:
 Command you no refreshment?

Lioni. Nought, save sleep,
 Which will not be commanded. Let me hope it.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

Though my breast feels too anxious; I will try
 Whether the air will calm my spirits: 'tis
 A goodly night; the cloudy wind which blew
 From the Levant hath crept into its cave,
 And the broad moon hath brighten'd. What a still-
 ness!

[*Goes to an open lattice.*]

And what a contrast with the scene I left,
 Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps'
 More pallid gleam along the tapestried walls,
 Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts
 Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries
 A dazzling mass of artificial light,
 Which show'd all things, but nothing as they were.
 There Age essaying to recall the past,
 After long striving for the hues of youth
 At the sad labour of the toilet, and
 Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,
 Frank'd forth in all the pride of ornament,
 Forgot itself, and trusting to the falsehood
 Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide,
 Believ'd itself forgotten, and was fool'd.

There Youth, which needed not, nor thought of
 such

Vain adjuncts, lavish'd its true bloom, and health,
 And bridal beauty, in the unwholesome press
 Of flush'd and crowded wassailers, and wasted
 Its hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure,
 And so shall woe to them till the sun-be streams
 On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which should
 not

Have worn this aspect yet for many a year.
 The music, and the banquet, and the wine,
 The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers,
 The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments,
 The white arms and the raven hair, the braids
 And bracelets; swanlike bosoms, and the neck-
 lace,

An India in itself, yet dazzling not
 The eye like what it circled; the thin robes,
 Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven;
 The many-twinking feet so small and ephelike,
 Suggesting the more secret symmetry
 Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
 All the delusion of the dizzy scene,

Its false and true enchantments—art and nature,
 Which swim before my grisly eyes, that drank
 The sight of beauty as the parch'd pilgrim's
 On Arab's sands the false mirage, which offers
 A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,

Are gone. Around me are the stars and waters—
 Words mirror'd in the ocean, gossamer-sight
 Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass;
 And the great element, which is to space
 What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,
 Soften'd with the first breathings of the spring;
 The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
 Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
 Of those tall piles an I-sea-girl palaces,
 Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
 Fringed with the orient spoil of many marbles,
 Like altars ranged along the broad canal,

Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed
 Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
 Than those more massy and mysterious giants
 Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
 Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have
 No other record. All is gentle: nought
 Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
 Whate'er walks is gliding like a spirit.
 The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
 Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,
 And cautious opening of the casement, showing
 That he is not unheard; while her young hand,
 Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part,
 So delicately white, it trembles in
 The act of opening the forbidden lattice,
 To let in love through music, makes his heart
 Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight; the dash
 Phosporic of the oar, or rapid twinkle
 Of the far lights of skimming gon boats,
 An the responsive voices of the choir
 Of boatmen answering lock with verse for verse;
 Some dusky shadow checkering the Rialto;
 Some glimmering palace roof, or tapering spire,
 Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade
 The ocean-born and earth-commanding city—
 How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm!
 I thank thee, Night, for thou hast chased away
 Those horrid boilements which, amidst the throng,
 I could not dissipate: and with the blessing
 Of thy benign and quiet influence,
 Now will I to my couch, although to rest
 Is almost wronging such a night as this.—

[A knocking is heard from without]

Hark! what is that? or who at such a moment?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. My lord, a man with out, on urgent business
 Implores to be admitted.

Lion. Is he a stranger?

Ant. His face is muffled in his cloak, but both
 His voice and I gestures seem familiar to me;
 I craved his name, but this seemed reluctant
 To trust, save to yourself; most earnestly
 He sues to be permitted to approach you.

Lion. 'Tis a strange hour, and a suspicious
 bearing!

And yet there is slight peril? 'tis not in
 Their houses noble men are struck at; still,
 Although I know not that I have a foe
 In Venice, 'twill be wise to use some caution.
 Admit him and retire; but call up quickly
 Some of thy fellows, who may wait without.—
 Who can this man be?

Exit Antonio, and returns with Bertram muffled.

Ber. My good lord Lion,
 I have no time to lose, nor thou,—dismiss
 This menial hence; I would be private with you.

Lion. It seems the voice of Bertram—Go,
 Antonio. *[Exit Antonio.]*

Now, stranger, what would you at such an hour?

Ber. *[Discovering himself.]* A boon, my noble
 patron; you have granted

Many to your poor client, Bertram; add

This one, and make him happy.

Lion.

Thou hast known me

From boyhood, ever ready to assist thee
 In all fair objects of a vancement, which
 Beseem one of thy station; I would promise
 Ere thy request was heard, but that the hour,
 Thy bearing, and this strange and hurried mode
 Of suing, gives me to suspect this visit
 Hath some mysterious import; but say on—
 What has occurred, some rash and sudden broil?—
 A cup too much, a scuffle, an ill stab?—
 Mere things of every day; so that thou hast not
 Spilt noble blood. I guarantee thy safety;
 But then thou must withdraw, for angry friends
 And relatives, in the first burst of vengeance,
 Are things in Venice deadlier than the laws.

Ber. My lord, I thank you, but—

Lion. But what? You have not

Raised a rash hand against one of our order?

If so, withdraw and fly, and own it not;

I would not slay—but then I must not save thee!

He who has shed patrician blood—

Ber. I come

To save patrician blood, and not to shed it!

And thereto I must be speedy, for

Each minute lost may lose a life; since Time
 Has changed his slow scythe for the two-edged
 sword,

And is about to take, instead of sand,

The dust from sepulchres to fill his hour-glass!—

Go not *thou* forth to-morrow!

Lion.

Wherefore not?

What means this menace?

Ber. Do not seek its meaning,

But do as I implore thee;—stir not forth,

Whate'er be stirring; though the roar of crowds—

The cry of women and the shrieks of babes—

The groans of men—the clash of arms—the sound

Of rolling drum, shrill trumpet, and hollow bell,

Peal in one wide alarm!—Go not forth,

Until the tocsin's silent, nor even then

Till I return!

Lion. Again, what does this mean?

Ber. Again, I tell thee, ask not, but by all

Thou holdest dear on earth or heaven—by all

The souls of thy great fathers, and thy hope

To emulate them, and to leave behind

Descendants worthy both of them and thee—

By all thou hast of blessed, in hope or memory—

By all thou hast to fear here or hereafter—

By all the good deeds thou hast done to me,

Good I would now repay with greater good,

Remain within—trust to thy household gods,

And to my word for safety, if thou dost

As I now counsel—but if not, thou art lost!

Lion. I am indeed already lost in wonder;

Surely thou ravest! what have I to dread?

Who are my foes? or if there be such, *why*

Art thou leagued with them? *thou!* or if so leagued,

Why comest thou to tell me at this hour,

And not before?

Ber. I cannot answer this.

Wilt thou go forth despite of this true warning?

Lion. I was not born to shrink from idle

threats,

The cause of which I know not; at the hour

Of council, be it soon or late, I shall not
Be found among the absent.

Ber. Say not so!

Once more, art thou determined to go forth?

Liont. I am. Nor is there aught which shall impede me!

Ber. Then, Heaven have mercy on thy soul!—
Farewell!

Liont. Stay—there is more in this than my own safety

Which makes me call thee back; we must not part thus:

Bertram, I have known thee long.

Ber. From childhood, signor,

You have been my protector: in the days

Of reckless infancy, when rank forgets,

Or, rather, is not yet taught to remember,

Its cold prerogative, we play'd together:

Our sports, our smiles, our tears, were mingled oft;

My father was your father's client, I

His son's scarce less than foster-brother; years

Saw us together—happy, heart-full hours!

Oh God! the difference 'twixt those hours and this!

Liont. *Bertram,* 'tis thou who hast forgotten them.

Ber. Nor now, nor ever; whatso'er betide,

I would have saved you; when to manhood's growth

We sprung, and you, devoted to the state,

As suits your station, the more humble *Bertram*

Was left unto the labours of the humble,

Still you forsook me not; and if my fortunes

Have not been towering, 'twas no fault of him

Who oftentimes rescued and supported me,

When struggling with the tides of circumstance,

Which bear away the weaker: noble blood

Ne'er mantled in a nobler heart than thine

Has proved to me, the poor plebeian *Bertram*.

Would that thy fellow senators were like thee!

Liont. Why, what hast thou to say against the senate?

Ber. Nothing.

Liont. I know that there are angry spirits

And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason,

Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out

Muffled to whisper curses to the night;

Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,

And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns;

Thou herdest not with such: 'tis true, of late

I have lost sight of thee, but thou wert wont

To lead a temperate life, and break thy bread

With honest mates, and bear a cheerful aspect.

What hath come to thee? in thy hollow eye

And hueless cheek, and thine inquiet notions,

Sorrow and shame and conscience seem at war

To waste thee.

Ber. Rather shame and sorrow light

On the accursed tyranny which rides

The very air in Venice, and makes men

Madden as in the last hours of the plague

Which sweeps the soul deliciously from life!

Liont. Some villains have been tampering with thee, *Bertram*;

This is not thy old language, nor own thoughts;

Some wretch has made thee drunk with disaffection:

But thou must not be lost so; thou wert good

And kind, and art not fit for such base acts

As vice and villainy would put thee to;

Confess—confide in me—thou know'st my nature.

What is it thou and thine are bound to do,

Which should prevent thy friend, the only son

Of him who was a friend unto thy father,

So that our good-will is a heritage

We should bequeath to our posterity

Such as ourselves received it, or augmented;

I say, what is it thou must do, that I

Should deem thee dangerous, and keep the house

Like a sick girl?

Ber. Nay, question me no further:

I must be gone.—

Liont. And I be murder'd!—say,

Was it not thus thou saidst, my gentle *Bertram*?

Ber. Who talks of murder? what said I of murder?

'Tis false! I did not utter such a word.

Liont. Thou didst not; but from out thy wolfish eye,

So changed from what I knew it, there glares forth

The gladiator. If *my* life's thine object,

Take it—I am unarm'd—and then away!

I would not hold my breath on such a tenure

As the capricious mercy of such things

As thou and those who have set thee to thy task-work.

Ber. Sooner than spill thy blood, I peril mine;

Sooner than harm a hair of thine, I place

In jeopardy a thousand heads, and some

As noble, nay, even nobler than thine own.

Liont. Ay, is it even so? I cease me, *Bertram*;

I am not worthy to be singled out

From such exalted hecatombs—who are they

That *are* in danger, and that *make* the danger?

Ber. Venice, and all that she inherits, are

Divided like a house against itself,

And so will perish ere to-morrow's twilight!

Liont. More mysteries, and awful ones! But now,

Or thou, or I, or both, it may be, are

Upon the verge of ruin; speak once out,

And thou art safe and glorious; for 'tis more

Glorious to save than slay, and slay i' the dark too—

Fig, *Bertram*! that was not a craft for thee!

How would it look to see upon a spear

The head of him whose heart was open to thee,

Borne by thy hand before the shuddering people?

And such may be my doom; for here I swear,

Whate'er the peril or the penalty

Of thy denunciation, I go forth,

Unless thou dost detail the cause, and show

The consequence of all which led thee here!

Ber. Is there no way to save thee? minutes fly,

And thou art lost!—*then!* my sole benefactor,

The only being who was constant to me

Through every change. Yet, make me not a traitor!

Let me save thee—but spare my honour!

Liont. Where

Can lie the honour in a league of murder?

And who are traitors save unto the state?

Ber. A league is still a compact, and more binding

In honest hearts when words must stand for law;

And in my mind, there is no traitor like

He whose domestic treason plants the poniard
Within the breast which trusted to his truth.

Liont. And *who* will strike the steel to mine?

Ber. Not I,

I could have wound my soul up to all things
Save this. *There* must not die! and think how dear
Thy life is, when I risk so many lives,
Nay, more, the life of lives, the liberty
Of future generations, *not* to be

The assassin thou miscall'st me—once, once more

I do adjure thee, pass not o'er thy threshold!

Liont. It is in vain—this moment I go forth.

Ber. Then perish Venice rather than my friend!

I will disclose—ensnare—betray—destroy—

Oh, what a villain I become for thee!

Liont. Say, rather, thy friend's saviour and the
state's!

Speak—pause not—all rewards, all pledges for

Thy safety and thy welfare; wealth such as

The state accords her worthiest servants; nay,

Nobility itself I guarantee thee,

So that thou art sincere and penitent.

Ber. I have thought again: it must not be—I love
thee—

Thou know'st it—that I stand here is the proof,

Not least, though last; but having done my duty

By thee, I now must do it by my country!

Farewell!—we meet no more in life!—farewell!

Liont. What, ho!—Antonio—Pedro—to the door!

See that none pass—arrest this man!—

*Enter Antonio and other armed Domestics, who
seize Bertram.*

Liont. [*continues.*] Take care

He hath no harm; bring me my sword and cloak,

And man the gondola with four oars—quick—

[*Exit Antonio.*]

We will unto Giovanni Gradenigo's,

And send for Marc Cornaro:—fear not, Bertram;

This needful violence is for thy safety,

No less than for the general weal.

Ber. Where wouldst thou

Bear me a prisoner?

Liont. Firstly to 'the Ten';

Next to the Doge.

Ber. To the Doge?

Liont. Assuredly:

Is he not chief of the state?

Ber. Perhaps at sunrise—

Liont. What mean you?—but we'll know anon.

Ber. Art sure?

Liont. Sure as all gentle means can make; and if
They fail, you know 'the Ten' and their tribunal,
And that St. Mark's has dungeons, and the dungeons
A rack.

Ber. Apply it then before the dawn

Now hastening into heaven.—One more such word

And you shall perish piecemeal, by the death

You think to doom to me.

Re-enter Antonio.

Ant. The bark is ready,

My lord, and all prepared.

Liont. Look to the prisoner.

Bertram, I'll reason with thee as we go

To the Magnifico's, sage Gradenigo. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Ducal Palace.—The Doge's
Apartment.*

The Doge and his Nephew, Bertuccio Faliero.

Doge. Are all the people of our house in muster?

Ber. F. They are array'd, and eager for the signal,
Within our palace precincts at San Polo.

I come for your last orders.

Doge. It had been

As well had there been time to have got together,

From my own fief, Val di Marino, more

Of our retainers—but it is too late.

Ber. F. Methinks, my lord, 'tis better as it is:

A sudden swelling of our retinue

Had waked suspicion; and, though fierce and
trusty,

The vassals of that district are too rude

And quick in quarrel to have long maintain'd

The secret discipline we need for such

A service, till our foes are dealt upon.

Doge. True; but when once the signal has been
given,

These are the men for such an enterprise;

These city slaves have all their private bias,

Their prejudice *against* or *for* this noble,

Which may induce them to o'erdo or spare

Where mercy may be madness; the fierce peasants,

Serfs of my county of Val di Marino,

Would do the bidding of their lord without

Distinguishing for love or hate his foes;

Alike to them Marcello or Cornaro,

A Gradenigo or a Foscarini;

They are not used to start at those vain names,

Nor bow the knee before a civic senate;

A chief in armour is their Suzerain,

And not a thing in robes.

Ber. F. We are enough;

And for the dispositions of our clients

Against the senate I will answer.

Doge. Well,

The die is thrown; but for a warlike service,

Done in the field, commend me to my peasants:

They made the sun shine through the host of Huns

When sallow burghers slunk back to their tents,

And cower'd to hear their own victorious trumpet.

If there be small resistance you will find

These citizens all lions, like their standard;

But if there's much to do, you'll wish, with me,

A hand of iron rustics at our backs.

Ber. F. Thus thinking, I must marvel you resolve

To strike the blow so suddenly.

Doge. Such blows

Must be struck suddenly or never. When

I had o'ermaster'd the weak false remorse

Which yearn'd about my heart, too fondly yielding

A moment to the feelings of old days,

I was most fain to strike; and firstly, that

I might not yield again to such emotions;

And secondly, because of all these men,

Save Israel and Philip Calendaro,

I know not well the courage or the faith:

To-day might find 'mongst them a traitor to us,

As yesterday a thousand to the senate;

But once in, with their hilts hot in their hands,

They most *on* for their own sakes: one stroke struck,

And the mere instinct of the first-born Cain,
Which ever lurks somewhere in human hearts,
Though circumstance may keep it in abeyance,
Will urge the rest on like to wolves; the sight
Of blood to crowds begets the thirst of more,
As the first wine-cup leads to the long revel;
And you will find a harder task to quell
Than urge them when they *have* commenced, but
till

That moment, a mere voice, a straw, a shadow,
Are capable of turning them aside.—
How goes the night?

Ber. F. Almost upon the dawn.

Doge. Then it is time to strike upon the bell.

Are the men posted?

Ber. F. By this time they are;

But they have orders not to strike, until
They have command from you through me in person.

Doge. 'Tis well.—Will the morn never put to rest
These stars which twinkle yet o'er all the heavens?

I am settled and bound up, and being so,
The very effort which it cost me to

Resolve to cleanse this commonwealth with fire,
Now leaves my mind more steady. I have wept

And trembled at the thought of this dread duty;
But now I have put down all idle passion,

And look the growing tempest in the face,
As doth the pilot of an adward galley;

Yet (wouldst thou think it, kinsman?) it hath been
A greater struggle to me, than when nations

Beheld their fate merged in the approaching fight,
Where I was leader of a phalanx, where

Thousands were sure to perish—Yes, to spill
The rank polluted current from the veins

Of a few bloated despots needed more
To steel me to a purpose such as made

Timoleon immortal, than to face
The toils and dangers of a life of war.

Ber. F. It gladdens me to see your former wisdom
Subdue the furies which so wrong you ere

You were decided.

Doge. It was ever thus
With me; the hour of agitation came

In the first glimmerings of a purpose, when
Passion had too much room to sway; but in

The hour of action I have stood as calm
As were the dead who lay around me: this

They knew who made me what I am, and trusted
To the subduing power which I preserved

Over my mood, when its first burst was spent,
But they were not aware that there are things

Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger; though

The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injured souls
Oft do a public right with private wrong,

And justify their deeds unto themselves.—
Methinks the day breaks—is it not so? look,

Thine eyes are clear with youth;—the air puts on
A morning freshness, and, at least to me,

The sea looks greyer through the lattice.

Ber. F. True,

The morn is dappling in the sky.

Doge. Away then!

See that they strike without delay, and with
The first toll from St. Mark's, march on the palace

With all our house's strength; here I will meet you;
The Sixteen and their companies will move

In separate columns at the self-same moment;
Be sure you post yourself at the great gate;

I would not trust 'the Ten' except to us—
The rest, the rabble of patricians, may

Glut the more careless swords of those leagued
with us.

Remember that the cry is still 'Saint Mark!
The Genoese are come—ho! to the rescue!

Saint Mark and Liberty?'—Now—now to action!
Ber. F. Farewell then, noble uncle! we will meet

In freedom and true sovereignty, or never!
Doge. Come hither, my Bertuccio—one em-
brace;—

Speed, for the day grows broader—send me soon
A messenger to tell me how all goes

When you rejoin our troops, and then sound—
sound

The storm-bell from St. Mark's!

[*Exit Bertuccio Faliero.*

Doge (solus). He is gone,
And on each footstep moves a life. 'Tis done.

Now the destroying angel hovers o'er
Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial,

Even as the eagle overlooks his prey,
And for a moment, poised in middle air,

Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then sweeps with his merring beak. Thou day!

That slowly walk'st the waters! march—march
on—

I would not smite in the dark, but rather see
That no stroke errs. And you, ye blue sea waves!

I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply too,
With Genoese, Saracen, and Humish gore,

While that of Venice flow'd too, but victorious,
Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson; no

Barbaric blood can reconcile us now
Unto that horrible incarnadine,

But friend or foe will roll in civic slaughter,
And have I lived to fourscore years for this?

I, who was named Preserver of the City?
I, at whose name the million's caps were flung

Into the air, and I cries from tens of thousands
Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me blessings,

And fame, and length of days—to see this day?
But this day, dark within the calendar,

Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium.
Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers

To vanquish empires, and refuse their crown;
I will resign a crown, and make the state

Renew its freedom—but oh! by what means?
The noble end must justify them. What

Are a few drops of human blood? 'tis false,
The blood of tyrants is not human; they,

Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours,
Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs

Which they have made so populous.—Oh world!
Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs,

That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if Death had but this one gate,

When a few years would make the sword superfluous?

And I, upon the verge of th' unknown realm,
Yet send so many heralds on before me?—
I must not ponder this.

[*A pause.*]

Hark! was there not

A murmur as of distant voices, and
The tramp of feet in martial unison?
What phantoms even of sound our wishes raise!
It cannot be—the signal hath not rung—
Why pauses it? My nephew's messenger
Should be upon his way to me, and he
Himself perhaps even now draws grating back
Upon its ponderous hinge the steep tower portal,
Where swings the sullen huge oracular bell,
Which never knells but for a princely death,
Or for a state in peril, pealing forth
Tremendous bodements; let it do its office,
And be this peal its awfullest and last
Sound till the strong tower rock!—What! silent still?

I would go forth, but that my post is here,
To be the centre of re-union to
The oft discordant elements which form
Leagues of this nature, and to keep compact
The wavering or the weak, in case of conflict;
For if they should do battle, 'twill be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will thicken:
Then here must be my station, as becomes
The master-mover. — Hark! he comes—he comes,

My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.—
What tidings? Is he marching? hath he sped?
They here!—all's lost—yet will I make an effort.

Enter a Signor of the Night, with Guards, &c. &c.

Sig. Doge, I arrest thee of high treason!

Doge. Me!

Thy prince, of treason?—Who are they that dare
Cloak their own treason under such an order?

Sig. [*showing his order.*] Behold my order from
the assembled Ten.

Doge. And *where* are they, and *why* assembled?
no

Such council can be lawful, till the prince
Preside there, and that duty's mine: on thine
I charge thee, give me way, or marshal me
To the council chamber.

Sig. Duke! it may not be:
Nor are they in the wonted Hall of Council,
But sitting in the convent of Saint Saviour's.

Doge. You dare to disobey me, then?

Sig. I serve
The state, and needs must serve it faithfully;
My warrant is the will of those who rule it.

Doge. And till that warrant has my signature
It is illegal, and, as *novi* applied,
Rebellious. Hast thou weigh'd well thy life's worth,
That thus you dare assume a lawless function?

Sig. 'Tis not my office to reply, but act—
I am placed here as guard upon thy person
And not as judge to hear or to decide.

Doge [*aside*]. I must gain time. So that the
storm-bell sound,

All may be well yet.—Kinsman, speed—speed—
speed!—

Our fate is trembling in the balance, and
Woe to the vanquish'd! be they prince and people,
Or slaves and senate—

[*The great bell of St. Mark's tolls.*]

Lo! it sounds—it tolls!

[*Aloud.*] Hark, Signor of the Night! and you, ye
hirelings,

Who wield your mercenary staves in fear,
It is your knell—Swell on, thou lusty peal!
Now, knaves, what ransom for your lives?

Sig. Confusion!

Stand to your arms, and guard the door—all's lost
Unless that fearful bell be silenced soon.

The officer hath miss'd his path or purpose,
Or met some unforeseen and hideous obstacle.

Anselmo, with thy company proceed
Straight to the tower; the rest remain with me.

[*Exit part of the Guard.*]

Doge. Wretch! if thou wouldst have thy vile life,
implore it;

It is not now a lease of sixty seconds.

Ay, send thy miserable ruffians forth;

They never shall return.

Sig. So let it be!

They die then in their duty, as will I.

Doge. Fool! the high eagle flies at nobler game
Than thou and thy base myrmidons,—live on,

So thou provok'st not peril by resistance,
And learn (if souls so much obscured can bear
To gaze upon the sunbeams) to be free.

Sig. And learn thou to be captive. It hath
ceased, [The bell ceases to toll.

The traitorous signal, which was to have set

The bloodhound mob on their patrician prey—

The knell hath rung, but it is not the senate's!

Doge [*after a pause*]. All's silent, and all's lost!

Sig. Now, Doge, denounce me

As rebel slave of a revolted council!

Have I not done my duty?

Doge. Peace, thou thing!

Thou hast done a worthy deed, and earn'd the price
Of blood, and they who use thee will reward thee.

But thou wert sent to watch, and not to prate.

As thou saidst even now—then do thine office,

But let it be in silence, as behoves thee.

Since, though thy prisoner, I am thy prince.

Sig. I did not mean to fail in the respect

Due to your rank; in this I shall obey you.

Doge [*aside*]. There now is nothing left me save
to die;

And yet how near success! I would have fallen,

And proudly, in the hour of triumph, but

To miss it thus!—

*Enter other Signors of the Night, with Bertuccio
Faliero prisoner.*

2nd Sig. We took him in the act
Of issuing from the tower, where, at his order,
As delegated from the Doge, the signal
Had thus begun to sound.

1st Sig. Are all the passes
Which lead up to the palace well secured?

and Sig. They are—besides, it matters not; the chiefs

Are all in chains, and some even now on trial—
Their followers are dispersed, and many taken.

Ber. F. Uncle!

Doge. It is in vain to war with Fortune;

The glory hath departed from our house.

Ber. F. Who would have deem'd it?—Ah! one moment sooner!

Doge. That moment would have changed the face of ages;

*This gives us to eternity—We'll meet it
As men whose triumph is not in success,
But who can make their own minds all in all,
Equal to every fortune. Droop not, 'tis
But a brief passage—I would go alone,
Yet if they send us, as 'tis like, together,
Let us go worthy of our sires and selves.*

Ber. F. I shall not shame you, uncle.

1st Sig. Lords, our orders
Are to keep guard on both in separate chambers,

Until the council call ye to your trial.

Doge. Our trial! will they keep their mockery up

Even to the last? but let them deal upon us,
As we had dealt on them, but with less pomp.

'Tis but a game of mutual homicides,
Who have cast lots for the first death, and they

Have won with false dice.—Who hath been our Judas?

1st Sig. I am not warrant'd to answer that.

Ber. F. I'll answer for thee—'tis a certain Bertram,

Even now deposing to the secret giunta.

Doge. Bertram, the Bergamask! With what vile tools

We operate to slay or save! This creature,
Black with a double treason, now will earn
Rewards and honours, and be stamp'd in story
With the geese in the Capitol, which gabble'd
Till Rome awoke, and had an annual triumph,
While Manlius, who hurl'd down the Gauls, was cast

From the Tarpeian.

1st Sig. He aspired to treason,

And sought to rule the state.

Doge. He saved the state,

And sought but to reform what he reviv'd—

But this is idle—Come, sirs, do your work.

1st Sig. Noble Bertuccio, we must now remove you

Into an inner chamber

Ber. F. Farewell, uncle!

If we shall meet again in life I know not,

But they perhaps will let our ashes mingle.

Doge. Yes, and our spirits, which shall yet go forth,

And do what our frail clay, thus clogg'd, hath fail'd in!

They cannot quench the memory of those

Who would have hurl'd them from their guilty thrones,

And such examples will find heirs, though distant.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of the Council of Ten, assembled with the additional Senators, who, on the Trials of the Conspirators for the Treason of Marino Faliero, composed what was called the Giunta.—Guards, Officers, &c. &c.—Israel Bertuccio and Philip Calendaro as Prisoners.—Bertram, Lioni, and Witnesses, &c.*

The Chief of the Ten, Benintende.

Ben. There now rests, after such conviction of
Their manifold and manifest offences,
But to pronounce on these obdurate men
The sentence of the law:—a grievous task
To those who hear, and those who speak. Alas!
That it should fall to me! and that my days
Of office should be stigmatized through all
The years of coming time, as bearing record
To this most foul and complicated treason
Against a just and free state, known to all
The earth as being the Christian bulwark 'gainst
The Saracen and the schismatic Greek,
The savage Hun, and not less barbarous Frank;
A city which has open'd India's wealth
To Europe; the last Roman refuge from
Overwhelming Attila; the ocean's queen;
Proud Genoa's prouder rival! 'Tis to say
The throne of such a city, these lost men
Have risk'd and forfeited their worthless lives—
So let them die the death.

I. Ber.

We are prepared;

Your racks have done that for us. Let us die.

Ben. If ye have that to say which would obtain
Abatement of your punishment, the Giunta
Will hear you; if you have aught to confess,
Now is your time, perhaps it may avail ye.

I. Ber. We stand to hear, and not to speak.

Ben.

Your crimes

Are fully proved by your accomplices,
And all which circumstance can add to aid them;
Yet we would hear from your own lips complete
Avowal of your treason: on the verge
Of that dread gulf which none repass, the truth
Alone can profit you on earth or heaven—
Say, then, what was your motive?

I. Ber.

Justice!

Ben.

What

Your object?

I. Ber.

Freedom!

Ben.

You are brief, sir.

I. Ber.

So my life grows: I

Was bred a soldier, not a senator.

Ben. Perhaps you think by this blunt brevity

To brave your judges to postpone the sentence?

I. Ber.

Do you be brief as I am, and believe me,

I shall prefer that mercy to your pardon.

Ben.

Is this your sole reply to the tribunal?

I. Ber.

Go, ask your racks what they have wrung

from us,

Or place us there again; we have still some blood left,

And some slight sense of pain in these wretch'd limbs;

But this ye not dare do; for if we die there—
 And you have left us little life to spend
 Upon your engines, gorged with pangs already—
 Ye lose the public spectacle, with which
 You would appal your slaves to further slavery!
 Groans are not words, nor agony assent,
 Nor affirmation truth, if nature's sense
 Should overcome the soul into a lie,
 For a short respite—must we bear or die?

Ben. Say, who were your accomplices?

I. Ber. The Senate.

Ben. What do you mean?

I. Ber. Ask of the suffering people,
 Whom your patrician crimes have driven to crime.

Ben. You know the Doge?

I. Ber. I served with him at Zara
 In the field, when *you* were pleading here your
 way

To present office; we exposed our lives,
 While you but hazarded the lives of others,
 Alike by accusation or defence;
 And for the rest, all Venice knows her Doge,
 Through his great actions, and the Senate's in-
 sults.

Ben. You have held conference with him?

I. Ber. I am weary—
 Even wearier of your questions than your tortures:
 I pray you pass to judgment.

Ben. It is coming.

And you, too, Philip Calendaro, what
 Have you to say why you should not be doomed?

Cal. I never was a man of many words,
 And now have few left worth the utterance.

Ben. A further application of yon engine
 May change your tone.

Cal. Most true, it *will* do so;
 A former application did so; but
 It will not change my words, or, if it did—

Ben. What then?

Cal. Will my avowal on yon rack
 Stand good in law?

Ben. Assuredly.

Cal. Whoe'er
 The culprit be whom I accuse of treason?

Ben. Without doubt, he will be brought up to
 trial.

Cal. And on this testimony would he perish?

Ben. So your confession be detail'd and full,
 He will stand here in peril of his life.

Cal. Then look well to thy proud self, President!
 For by the eternity which yawns before me,
 I swear that *thou*, and only *thou*, shalt be
 The traitor I denounce upon that rack,
 If I be stretch'd there for the second time.

One of the Giunta. Lord President, 'twere best
 proceed to judgment;

There is no more to be drawn from these men.

Ben. Unhappy men! prepare for instant death.
 The nature of your crime, our law, and peril
 The state now stands in, leave not an hour's re-
 spite.

Guards! lead them forth, and upon the balcony
 Of the red columns, where, on festal Thursday,
 The Doge stands to behold the chase of bulls,

Let them be justified: and leave exposed
 Their wavering relics, in the place of judgment,
 To the full view of the assembled people!
 And heaven have mercy on their souls!

The Giunta.

Amen!

I. Ber. Signors, farewell! we shall not all again
 Meet in one place.

Ben. And lest they should essay
 To stir up the distracted multitude—
 Guards! let their mouths be gagg'd even in the act
 Of execution. Lead them hence!

Cal. What! must we
 Not even say farewell to some fond friend,
 Nor leave a last word with our confessor?

Ben. A priest is waiting in the antechamber:
 But, for your friends, such interviews would be
 Painful to them, and useless all to you.

Cal. I knew that we were gagg'd in life; at least
 All those who had not heart to risk their lives
 Upon their open thoughts; but still I deem'd
 That in the last few moments, the same idle
 Freedom of speech accorded to the dying,
 Would not now be denied to us; but since—

I. Ber. Even let them have their way, brave
 Calendaro!

What matter a few syllables? let's die
 Without the slightest show of favour from them;
 So shall our blood more readily arise

To Heaven against them, and I more testify
 To their atrocities, than could a volume
 Spoken or written of our dying words!
 They tremble at our voices—nay, they dread
 Our very silence—let them live in fear!
 Leave them unto their thoughts, and let us now
 Address our own above!—Lead on; we are ready.

Cal. Israel, hadst thou but hearken'd unto me
 It had not now been thus; and yon pale villain,
 The coward Bertram, would—

I. Ber. Peace, Calendaro!
 What brooks it now to ponder upon this?

Bert. Alas! I fain you died in peace with me:
 I did not seek this task; 'twas forced upon me:
 Say, you forgive me, though I never can
 Retrieve my own forgiveness—frown not thus!

I. Ber. I die and pardon thee!

Cal. [*splitting at him.*] I die and scorn thee!
 [*Exit* Israel Bertuccio and Philip
 Calendaro, Guards, &c.

Ben. Now that these criminals have been dis-
 posed of,

'Tis time that we proceed to pass our sentence
 Upon the greatest traitor upon record
 In any annals, the Doge Faliero!

The proofs and process are complete; the time
 And crime require a quick procedure: shall
 He now be call'd in to receive the award?

The Giunta. Ay, ay.

Ben. Avogadori, order that the Doge
 Be brought before the council.

One of the Giunta. And the rest,
 When shall they be brought up?

Ben. When all the chiefs
 Have been disposed of. Some have fled to
 Chiozza;

But there are thousands in pursuit of them,
And such precaution ta'en on terra firma,
As well as in the islands, that we hope
None will escape to utter in strange lands
His libellous tale of treasons 'gainst the senate.

Enter the Doge as Prisoner, with Guards, &c. &c.

Ben. Doge—for such still you are, and by the law
Must be consider'd, till the hour shall come
When you must doff the ducal bonnet from
That head, which could not wear a crown more
noble

Than empires can confer, in quiet honour,
But it must plot to overthrow your peers,
Who made you what you are, and quench in blood
A city's glory—we have had already
Before you in your chamber at full length,
By the Avogador, all the proofs
Which have appear'd against you; and I more ample
Ne'er rear'd their sanguinary shadows to
Confront a traitor. What have you to say
In your defence?

Doge. What shall I say to ye,
Since my defence must be your condemnation?
You are at once offenders and executors,
Judges and executioners!—Proceed
Upon your power.

Ben. Your chief accomplices
Having confess'd, there is no hope for you.

Doge. And who be they?

Ben. In number many; but
The first now stands before you and the court,
Bertram of Bergamo—would you question him?

Doge [looking at him with astonishment]. No.

Ben. And two others, I and Bertuccio
And Philip Calen-laro, have admitted
Their fellowship in treason with the Doge!

Doge. And where are they?

Ben. Gone to their fair place, and now
Answering to Heaven for what they did on earth.

Doge. Ah! the plebeian Brutus, is he gone?

And the quick Cassius of the arsenal?—

How did they meet their doom?

Ben. Think of your own;

It is approaching. You decline to plead, then?

Doge. I cannot plead to my inferiors, nor

Can recognise your legal power to try me.

Show me the law!

Ben. On great emergencies

The law must be remodel'd or amended;

Our fathers had not fix'd the punishment

Of such a crime, as on the old Roman tables

The sentence against parricide was left

In pure forgetfulness; they could not render

That penal, which had neither name nor thought

In their great bosoms; who would have foreseen

That nature could be filed to such a crime

As sons 'gainst sires, and princes 'gainst their

realms?

Your sin hath made us make a law which will

Become a precedent 'gainst such haught traitors,

As would with treason mount to tyranny;

Not even contented with a sceptre, till

They can convert it to a two-edged sword!

Was not the place of Doge sufficient for ye?

What's nobler than the signory of Venice?

Doge. The signory of Venice! You betray'd me—

You—*you*, who sit there, traitors as ye are!

From my equality with you in birth,

And my superiority in action,

You drew me from my honourable toils

In distant lands—on flood, in field, in cities—

You singled me out like a victim to

Stand crown'd, but bound and helpless, at the altar

Where you alone could minister. I knew not,—

I sought not,—wish'd not,—dream'd not the election,

Which reach'd me first at Rome, and I obey'd;

But found on my arrival that, besides

The jealous vigilance which always led you

To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents,

You had, even in the interregnum of

My journey to the capital, curtail'd

An illuminated few privileges

Yet left the duke: all this I bore, and would

Have borne, until my very hearth was stain'd

By the pollution of your rivalry,

And he, the rival, whom I see amongst you—

Fit judge in such a tribunal!—

Ben. [interrupting him.] Michel Steno

Is here in virtue of his office, as

One of the Forty; 'the Ten' having craved

A Giunta of patricians from the senate

To aid our judgment in a trial as serious

And novel as the present; he was set

Free from the penalty pronounced upon him,

Because the Doge, who should protect the law,

Seeking to abrogate all law, can claim

No punishment of others by the statutes

Which he himself denies and violates!

Doge. His PUNISHMENT! I'd rather see him *there*,

Where he now sits, to glut him with my death,

Than in the mockery of castigation,

Which your foul, outward, juggling show of justice

Deceiv'd us sentence! Base as was his crime,

'Twas purity compar'd with your protection.

Ben. And I can it be, that the great Doge of
Venice,

With three parts of a century of years

And honours on his head, could thus allow

His fury, like an angry boy's, to master

All feeling, wisdom, faith, and fear, on such

A provocation as a young man's petulance?

Doge. A spark creates the flame—'tis the last
drop

Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine was full

Already; you oppress'd the prince and people;

I would have freed both, and have fail'd in both;

The price of such success would have been glory,

Vengeance, and victory, and such a name

As would have made Venetian history

Rival to that of Greece and Syracuse

When they were free, and flourish'd ages after,

And mine to Gelon and to Phrysiulus:—

Failing, I know the penalty of failure

Is present infamy and death—the future

Will judge, when Venice is no more, or free;

Till then, the truth is in abeyance. Pause not;

I would have shown no mercy, and I seek none;

My life was stak'd upon a mighty hazard,
And being lost, take what I would have taken !
I would have stood alone amidst your tombs :
Now you may flock round mine, and trample on it,
As you have done upon my heart while living.

Ben. You do confess then, and admit the justice
Of our tribunal ?

Doge. I confess to have fail'd ;
Fortune is female : from my youth her favours
Were not withheld, the fault was mine to hope
Her former smiles again at this late hour,

Ben. You do not then in aught arraign our equity ?
Doge. Noble Venetians ! stir me not with questions.

I am resign'd to the worst ; but in me still
Have something of the blood of brighter days,
And am not over-patient. Pray you, spare me
Further interrogation, which boots nothing,
Except to turn a trial to debate.

I shall but answer that which will offend you,
And please your enemies—a host already ;
'Tis true, these sullen walls should yield no echo :
But walls have ears—nay, more, they have tongues ;
and if

There were no other way for truth to o'erleap
them,

You who condemn me, you who fear and slay me,
Yet could not bear in silence to your graves
What you would hear from me of good or evil ;
The secret were too mighty for your souls :
Then let it sleep in mine, unless you court
A danger which would double that you escape.
Such my defence would be, had I full scope
To make it famous ; for true words are things,
And dying men's are things which long outlive,
And oftentimes avenge them ; bury mine,
If ye would fain strive me ; take this counsel,
And though too oft ye made me live in wrath,
Let me die calmly ; you may grant me this ;
I deny nothing,—defend nothing,—nothing
I ask of you, but silence for myself,
And sentence from the court !

Ben. This full admission
Spare us the harsh necessity of ordering
The torture to elicit the whole truth.

Doge. The torture ! you have put me there already,

Daily since I was Doge ; but if you will
Add the corporeal rack, you may ; these limbs
Will yield with age to crushing iron ; but
There's that within my heart shall strain your en-
gines.

Enter an Officer

Officer. Noble Venetians ! Duchess Faliero
Requests admission to the Giunta's presence.

Ben. Say, conscript fathers,* shall she be ad-
mitted ?

One of the Giunta. She may have revelations of
importance

Unto the state, to justify compliance
With her request.

* The Venetian senate took the same title as the Roman of 'Conscript Fathers.'

Ben. Is this the general will

All. It is.

Doge. Oh, admirable laws of Venice !
Which would admit the wife, in the full hope
That she might testify against the husband.
What glory to the chaste Venetian dames !
But such blasphemers 'gainst all honour,
Sit here, do well to act in their vocation
Now, villain Steno ! if this woman fail,
I'll pardon thee thy lie, and thy escape,
And my own violent death, and thy vile life.

The Duchess enters.

Ben. Lady ! this just tribunal has resolved,
Though the request be strange, to grant it, and
Whatever be its purport, to accord
A patient hearing with the due respect
Which fits your ancestry, your rank, and virtues ;
But you turn pale—ho ! there, look to the lady !
Place a chair instantly

Aug. A moment's faintness—
'Tis past ; I pray you pardon me,—I sit not
In presence of my prince and of my husband,
While he is on his feet.

Ben. Your pleasure, lady ?

Aug. Strange rumours, but most true, if all I
hear

And see be sooth, have reach'd me, and I come
To know the worst, even at the worst ; forgive
The alacrity of my entrance and my bearing,
Is it—I cannot speak—I cannot shape
The question—but you answer it ere spoken,
With eye averted, and with gloomy brows—
Oh God ! this is the silence of the grave !

Ben. [after a pause.] Spare us, and spare thyself
the repetition

Of our most awful, but inexorable
Duty to Heaven and man !

Aug. Yet speak ; I cannot—
I cannot—no—even now believe these things.
Is he condemn'd ?

Ben. Alas !

Aug. And was he guilty ?

Ben. Lady ! the natural distraction of
Thy thoughts at such a moment makes the question
Merit forgiveness ; else a doubt like this
Against a just and paramount tribunal
Were deep offence. But question even the Doge,
And if he can deny the proofs, believe him
Guiltless as thy own bosom.

Aug. Is it so ?

My lord—my sovereign—my poor father's friend,—
The mighty in the field, the sage in council,
Unsay the words of this man !—Thou art silent !

Ben. He hath already own'd to his own guilt,
Nor, as thou see'st, doth he deny it now.

Aug. Ay, but he must not die ! Spare his few
years,

Which grief and shame will soon cut down to days !
One day of baffled crime must not efface
Near sixteen lustres crowded with brave acts.

Ben. His doom must be fulfill'd without remission
Of time or penalty—'tis a decree.

Aug. He hath been guilty, but there may be mercy.
Ben. Not in this case with justice.

Ang. Alas! signor,
He who is only just is cruel; who
Upon the earth would live were all judged justly?

Ben. His punishment is safety to the state.

Ang. He was a subject, and hath served the state;
He was your general, and hath saved the state:
He is your sovereign, and hath ruled the state.

One of the Council. He is a traitor, and betray'd the state.

Ang. And, but for him, there now had been no state
To save or to destroy; and you, who sit
There to pronounce the death of your deliverer,
Had now been groaning at a Moslem oar,
Or digging in the Hunnish mines in fetters!

One of the Council. No, lady, there are others who
would die

Rather than breathe in slavery!

Ang. If there are so
Within these walls, thou art not of the number:
The truly brave are generous to the fallen!—
Is there no hope?

Ben. Lady, it cannot be.

Ang. [turning to the Doge.] Then die, Faliero!
since it must be so;

But with the spirit of my father's friend.
Thou hast been guilty of a great offence,
Half cancell'd by the harshness of these men.
I would have sued to them,—have pray'd to them,—
Have begg'd as famish'd mendicants for bread,—
Have wept as they will cry unto their God
For mercy, and be answer'd as they answer,—
Had it been fitting for thy name or mine,
And if the cruelty in their cold eyes
Had not announced the heartless wrath within.
Then, as a prince, address thee to thy doom!

Doge. I have lived too long not to know how to die!
Thy suing to these men were but the bleating
Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry
Of seamen to the surge: I would not take
A life eternal, granted at the hands
Of wretches, from whose monstrous villainies
I sought to free the groaning nations!

Michel Steno. Doge,

A word with thee, and with this noble lady,
Whom I have grievously offended. Would
Sorrow, or shame, or penance on my part,
Could cancel the inexorable past!
But since that cannot be, as Christians let us
Say farewell, and in peace: with full contrition
I crave, not pardon, but compassion from you,
And give, however weak, my prayers for both.

Ang. Sage Benintende, now chief judge of Venice,
I speak to thee in answer to you signor.
Inform the ribald Steno, that his words
Ne'er weigh'd in Lorelano's daughter,
Further than to create a moment's pity
For such as he is: would that others had
Despised him as I pity! I prefer
My honour to a thousand lives, could such
Be multiplied in mine, but would not have
A single life of others lost for that
Which nothing human can impugn—the sense
Of virtue, looking not to what is call'd
A good name for reward, but to itself.

To me the scorner's words were as the wind
Unto the rock: but as there are—alas!
Spirits more sensitive, on which such things

Light as the whirlwind on the waters; souls
To whom dishonour's shadow is a substance
More terrible than death, here and hereafter;
Men whose vice is to start at vice's scoffing,
And who, though proof against all blandishments
Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble
When the proud name on which they pinnacled
Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the eagle
Of her high airy; let what we now
Behold, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson
To wretches how they tamper in their spleen
With beings of a higher order. Insects

Have made the lion mad ere now; a shaft
I the heel o'erthrew the bravest of the brave;
A wife's dishonour was the bane of Troy;
A wife's dishonour unking'd Rome for ever;
An injured husband brought the Gauls to Clusium,
And thence to Rome, which perish'd for a time;
An obscene gesture cost Caligula

His life, while Earth yet bore his cruelties;
A virgin's wrong made Spain a Moorish province;
And Steno's lie, couch'd in two worthless lines,
Hath decimated Venice, put in peril
A senate which hath stood eight hundred years,
Discrown'd a prince, cut off his crownless head,
And forged new fetters for a groaning people!

Let the poor wretch, like to the courtesan
Who fired Persepolis, be proud of this,
If it so please him—twere a pride fit for him
But let him not insult the last hours of
Him, who, whate'er he now is, was a hero,
By the intrusion of his very prayers;

Nothing of good can come from such a source,
Nor would we aught with him, nor now, nor ever;
We leave him to himself, that lowest depth
Of human baseness. Pardon is for men,
And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,
And no resentment: things like him must sting,
And higher beings suffer; 'tis the charter
Of life. The man who dies by the adder's fang
May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no anger:
'Twas the worm's nature; and some men are worms
In soul, more than the living things of toils.

Doge. [to *Ben.*] Signor! complete that which you
deem your duty.

Ben. Before we can proceed upon that duty,
We would request the princess to withdraw;
'Twill move her too much to be witness to it.

Ang. I know it will, and yet I must endure it,
For 'tis a part of mine—I will not quit,
Except by force, my husband's side.—Proceed!
Nay, fear not either shriek, or sigh, or tear;
Though my heart burst it shall be silent.—Speak!
I have that within which shall o'ermaster all.

Ben. Marmo Faliero, Doge of Venice,
Count of Val di Marino, Senator,
And some time General of the Fleet and Army,
Noble Venetian, many times and oft
Trusted by the state with high employments,
Even to the highest, listen to the sentence.
Convict by many witnesses and proofs,

And by thine own confession, of the guilt
Of treachery and treason, yet unheard of
Until this trial—the decree is death.
Thy goods are confiscate unto the state,
Thy name is razed from out her records, save
Upon a public day of thanksgiving
For this our most miraculous deliverance,
When thou art noted in our calendars
With earthquakes, pestilence, and foreign foes,
And the great enemy of man, as subject
Of grateful masses for Heaven's grace in snatching
Our lives and country from thy wickedness.
The place wherein as Doge thou shouldst be painted,
With thy illustrious predecessors, is
To be left vacant, with a death-black veil
Flung over these dim words engraved beneath,—
'This place is of Marino Faliero,
Decapitated for his crimes'

Doge. *His crimes*

But let it be so;—it will be in vain.
The veil which blackens o'er this blighted name,
And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits
Which glitter round it in their pictured trappings—
Your delegated slaves—the people's tyrants!
'Decapitated for his crimes!'—*What crimes?*
Were it not better to record the facts,
So that the contemplator might approve,
Or at the least learn *whence* the crimes arose?
When the beholder knows a Doge conspir'd,
Let him be told the cause—it is your history.

Ben. Time must reply to that; our sons will judge
Their fathers' judgment, which I now pronounce.
As Doge, clad in the ducal robes and cap,
Thou shalt be led hence to the Giants' Staircase,
Where thou and all our princes are invested;
And there, the ducal crown being first resumed
Upon the spot where it was first assumed,
Thy head shall be struck off; and Heaven have mercy
Upon thy soul!

Doge. Is this the Giunta's sentence?

Ben. It is.

Doge. I can endure it.—And the time?

Ben. Must be immediate.—Make thy peace with
God:

Within an hour thou must be in his presence.

Doge. I am already; and my blood will rise
To Heaven before the souls of those who shed it.—
Are all my lauds confiscated?

Ben. They are;

And goods, and jewels, and all kind of treasure,
Except two thousand ducats—these dispose of.

Doge. That's harsh.—I would have fain reserved
the lands

Near to Treviso, which I hold by investment
From Laurence the Count-bishop of Ceneda,
In fief perpetual to myself and heirs,
To portion them (leaving my city spoil,
My palace and my treasures, to your forfeit)
Between my consort and my kinsmen.

Ben. These

Lie under the state's ban; their chief, thy nephew,
In peril of his own life; but the council
Postpones his trial for the present. If

Thou wilt a state unto thy widow'd princess,
Fear not, for we will do her justice.

Ang. *Signors,*

I share not in your spoil! From henceforth, know
I am devoted unto God alone,
And take my refuge in the cloister.

Doge. *Come!*

The hour may be a hard one, but 'twill end.
Have I aught else to undergo save death?

Ben. You have nought to do, except confess and
The priest is robed, the scimitar is bare. [*die.*]
And both await without.—But, above all,
Think not to speak unto the people; they
Are now by thousands swarming at the gates,
But these are closed: the Ten, the Avogadori,
The Giunta, and the chief men of the Forty,
Alone will be beholders of thy doom,
And they are ready to attend the Doge.

Doge. The Doge!

Ben. Yes, Doge, thou hast lived and thou
shalt die

A sovereign; till the moment which precedes
The separation of that head and trunk,
That ducal crown and head shall be united.
Thou hast forgot thy dignity in deigning
To plot with petty traitors; not so we,
Who in the very punishment acknowledge
The prince. Thy vile accomplices have died
The dog's death, and the wolf's; but thou shalt fall
As falls the lion by the hunters, girt
By those who feel a proud compassion for thee,
And mourn even the inevitable death
Provoked by thy wild wrath and regal fierceness.
Now we remit thee to thy preparation:
Let it be brief, and we ourselves will be
Thy guides unto the place where first we were
United to thee as thy subjects, and
Thy senate; and must now be parted from thee
As such for ever, on the self-same spot.
Guards! form the Doge's escort to his chamber.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Doge's Apartment.*

*The Doge as Prisoner, and the Duchess attending
him.*

Doge. Now, that the priest is gone, 'twere useless
all

To linger out the miserable minutes;
But one pang more, the pang of parting from thee,
And I will leave the few last grains of sand,
Which yet remain of the accorded hour,
Still falling—I have done with Time.

Ang. *Alas!*

And I have been the cause, the unconscious cause;
And for this funeral marriage, this black union,
Which thou, compliant with my father's wish,
Didst promise at *his* death, thou hast seal'd thine
own.

Doge. Not so; there was that in my spirit ever
Which shaped out for itself some great reverse;
The marvel is, it came not until now—
And yet it was foretold me.

Ang. *How foretold you?*

Doge. Long years ago—so long, they are a doubt
In memory, and yet they live in annals:

When I was in my youth, and served the senate
And signory as podesta and captain
Of the town of Treviso, on a day
Of festival, the sluggish Bishop who
Convey'd the Host aroused my rash young anger
By strange delay, and arrogant reply
To my reproof: I raised my hand and smote him,
Until he reel'd beneath his holy burthen;
And as he rose from earth again, he raised
His tremulous hands in pious wrath towards Heaven
Thence pointing to the Host, which had fallen from
him.

He turn'd to me, and said, 'The hour will come
When He thou hast overthrow'n shall overthrow thee:
The glory shall depart from out thy house,
The wisdom shall be shaken from thy soul,
And in thy best maturity of mind
A madness of the heart shall seize upon thee,
Passion shall tear thee when all passions cease
In other men, or mellow into virtues;
And majesty, which decks all other heads,
Shall crown to leave thee headless; honours shall
But prove to thee the heralds of destruction,
And hourly hairs of shame, and breath of death,
But not such death as fits an age I man.'
Thus saying, he pass'd on.—That hour is come.

Ang. And with this warning couldst thou not
have striven
To avert the fatal moment, and atone,
By penitence, for that which thou hast done?

Doge. I own the words went to my heart, so much
That I remember'd them amid the noise
of life, as if they form'd a spectral voice,
Which shook me in a supernatural dream;
And I repented; but 'twas not for me
To pull in resolution: what must be
I could not change, and would not fear.—Nay more,
Thou canst not have forgot, what all remember,
That on my day of landing here as Doge,
On my return from Rome, a mist of such
Unwonted density went on before
The Buccinor, like the columnar cloud
Which usher'd Israel out of Egypt, till
The pilot was misled, and disembark'd us
Between the pillars of Saint Mark's, where 'tis
The custom of the state to put to death
Its criminals, instead of touching at
The Riva della Paglia, as the wont is,—
So that all Venice shudder'd at the omen.

Ang. Ah! little boots it now to recollect
Such things.

Doge. And yet I find a comfort in
The thought, that these things are the work of fate;
For I would rather yield to gods than men,
Or cling to any creed of destiny,
Rather than deem these mortals, most of whom
I know to be as worthless as the dust,
And weak as worthless, more than instruments
Of an overruling power; they in themselves
Were all incapable—they could not be
Victors of him who oft had conquer'd for them.

Ang. Employ the minutes left in aspirations
Of a more healing nature, and in peace
Even with these wretches take thy flight to heaven.

Doge. I am at peace: the peace of certainty
That a sure hour will come, when their sons' sons,
And this proud city, and these azure waters,
And all which makes them eminent and bright,
Shall be a desolation and a curse,
A hissing and a scoff unto the nations,
A Carthage, and a Tyre, an Ocean Babel.

Doge. Speak not thus now: the surge of passion
still

Sweeps o'er thee to the last; thou dost deceive
Thyself, and canst not injure them—be calmer.

Doge. I stand within eternity, and see
Into eternity, and I behold—

Ay, palpable as I see thy sweet face
For the last time—the days which I denounce
Unto all time against these wave-girt walls,
And they who are midwinters.

Guard (coming forward). Doge of Venice,
The Ten are in attendance on your highness.

Doge. Then farewell, Angiolina!—one embrace—
Forgive the old man who hath been to thee
A fond but fatal husband—love my memory—
I would not ask so much for me still living,
But thou canst judge of me more kindly now,
Seeing my evil feelings are at rest.

Besides, of all the fruit of these long years,
Glory, and wealth, and power, and fame, and name,
Which generally leave some flowers to bloom
Even o'er the grave, I have nothing left, not even

A little love, or friendship, or esteem,
No, not enough to extract an epitaph
From ostentatious kinsmen; in one hour
I have uprooted all my former life,
And outlived everything, except thy heart,
The pure, the good, the gentle, which will oft
With unimpair'd but not a clamorous grief,
Still keep—Thou turn'st so pale!—Alas! she
faints.

She has no breath, no pulse!—Guards! lend your
aid!

I cannot leave her thus, and yet 'tis better,
Since every lifeless moment spurs a pang,
Which she shakes off this temporary death,
I shall be with the Eternal.—Call her women—
one look!—how cold her hand!—as cold as mine
Shall be ere she recovers—Gently tend her,
And take my last thanks—I am ready now.

[*The Attendants of Angiolina enter, and surround their Mistress, who has fainted.—Escort the Doge, Guards, &c. &c.*]

SCENE III.—*The Court of the Ducal Palace; the curtains are shut against the people.—The Doge enters in his ducal robes, in procession with the Council of Ten and other Patricians, attended by the Guards, till they arrive at the top of the 'Giant's Staircase' (where the Doges took the oath); the Executioner is stationed there with his sword.—On arriving, a Chief of the Ten takes off the ducal cap from the Doge's head.*

Doge. So now the Doge is nothing, and at last
I am again Marino Faliero:

'Tis well to be so, though but for a moment.
Here was I crown'd, and here, bear witness,
Heaven!

With how much more contentment I resign
That shining mockery, the ducal bauble,
Than I received the fatal ornament.

One of the Ten. Thou tremblest, Faliero!
Doge. 'Tis with age, then.*

Ben. Faliero! hast thou aught further to comment,

Compatible with justice, to the senate?

Doge. I would commend my nephew to their mercy,

My consort to their justice; for methinks
My death, and such a death, might settle all
Between the state and me.

Ben. They shall be cared for;

Even notwithstanding thine unheard-of crime.

Doge. Unheard of! ay, there's not a history

But shows a thousand crown'd conspirators

Against the people, but to set them free,

One sovereign only died, and one is dying.

Ben. And who were they who fell in such a cause?

Doge. The King of Sparta and the Doge of Venice—

Agis and Faliero!

Ben. Hast thou more

To utter or to do?

Doge. May I speak?

Ben. Thou may'st;

But recollect the people are without,
Beyond the compass of the human voice.

Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,

Of which I grow a portion, not to man.

Ye elements! in which to be resolved

I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit

Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my banner,

Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,

And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted

To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,

Which I have bled for! and thou, foreign earth,

Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!

Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but

Reek up to heaven! Ye skies, which will receive it!

Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and Thou!

Who kindest and who quenkest suns!—Attest!

I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?

I perish, but not unavenged: far ages

Float up from the abyss of time to be,

And show these eyes, before they close, the doom

Of this proud city, and I leave my curse

On her and hers for ever!—Yes, the hours

Are silently engendering of the day,

When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,

Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield,

Unto a bastard Attila, without

Shedding so much blood in her last defence,

As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,

Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought

And sold, and be an appanage to those

Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be

A province for an empire, petty town

In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,

Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!*

Then when the Hebrews in thy palaces,

The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek

Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his †

When thy patricians beg their bitter bread

In narrow streets, and in their shameful need

Make their nobility a plea for pity;

Then, when the few who still retain a wreck

Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn

Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-gerent,

Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,

Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,

Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung

From an adulterous lascivious of her guilt

With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,

Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph

To the third spurious generation,—when

Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,

Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the victors,

Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,

And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices

As in the monstrous grasp of their conception

Defy all codes to image or to name them;

Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,

All thine inheritance shall be her shame

Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown

A wider proverb for worse prostitution,—

When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling
thee,

Vice without splendour, sin without relief

Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,

But in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude,

Purient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness,

Depraving nature's frailty to an art—

When these and more are heavy on thee, when

Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,

Youth without honour, age without respect,

* Should the dramatic picture seem harsh, let the reader look to the historical of the period prophesied, or rather of the few years preceding that period. Voltaire calculated their *nostre bene merite meretricis* at 12,000 of regulars, without including volunteers and local militia, on what authority I know not, but it is perhaps the only part of the population not decreased. Venice once contained 200,000 inhabitants; there are now about 90,000, and these! Few individuals can conceive, and none could describe, the actual state into which the more than infernal tyranny of Austria has plunged this unhappy city.

† The chief palaces on the Brenta now belong to the Jews, who, in the earlier times of the Republic, were only allowed to inhabit Mestri, and not to enter the city of Venice. The whole commerce is in the hands of the Jews and Greeks, and the Huns from the garrison,

* This was the actual reply of Bailly, Maire of Paris, to a Frenchman who made him the same reproach on his way to execution, in the earliest part of their revolution. I find in reading over (since the completion of this tragedy), for the first time these six years, *Venice Preserv'd*, a similar reply on a different occasion by Renault, and other coincidences arising from the subject. I need hardly remind the gentlest reader that such coincidences must be accidental from the very facility of their detection by reference to so popular a play on the stage, and in the closet, as Otway's *chef d'œuvre*.

Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not
murmur,

Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts,
Then in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of mine!
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of prin-
ces!

Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed!

[Here the Doge turns and addresses the Executioner.

Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my
curse!
Strike—and but once!

[The Doge throws himself upon his knees, and
as the Executioner raises his sword the scene
closes.

SCENE IV.—*The Piazza and Piazzetta of St. Mark's.*—*The people in crowds gathered round the grated gates of the Ducal Palace, which are shut.*

First Citizen. I have gain'd the gate, and can discern the Ten,

Robed in their gowns of state, ranged round the Doge.

Second Cit. I cannot reach thee with mine utmost effort.

* Of the first fifty Doges, five abdicated, five were banished with their eyes put out, five were massacred, and nine deposed; so that nineteen out of fifty lost the throne by violence, besides two who fell in battle—this occurred long previous to the reign of Marino Faliero. One of his more immediate predecessors, Andrea Dandolo, died of vexation; Marino Faliero himself perished as related. Amongst his successors, Foscarini, after seeing his son repeatedly tortured and banished, was deposed, and died of breaking a blood-vessel, on hearing the bell of Saint Mark's toll for the election of his successor. Moro-sini was impeached for the loss of Candia; but this was previous to his dukedom, during which he conquered the Morea, and was styled the Peloponnesian. Faliero might truly say,

'Thou den of drunkards with the blood of Princes!'

How is it! let us hear at least, since sight
Is thus prohibited unto the people,
Except the occupiers of those bars.

First Cit. One has approach'd the Doge, and now they strip

The ducal bonnet from his head—and now
He raises his keen eyes to heaven; I see
Them glitter, and his lips move—Hush! hush!—no,
'Twas but a murmur—Curse upon the distance!
His words are inarticulate, but the voice
Swells up like mutter'd thunder; would we could
But gather a sole sentence!

Second Cit. Hush! we perhaps may catch the sound.

First Cit. 'Tis vain,
I cannot hear him.—How his hoary hair
Streams on the wind like foam upon the wave!
Now—now—he kneels—and now they form a circle
Round him, and all is hidden—but I see
The lifted sword in air—Ah! hark! it falls!

[The people murmur.

Third Cit. Then they have murder'd him who would have freed us.

Fourth Cit. He was a kind man to the commons ever.

Fifth Cit. Wisely they did to keep their portals barr'd.

Would we had known the work they were preparing
Ere we were summon'd here—we would have brought

Weapons, and forced them!

Sixth Cit. Are you sure he's dead?

First Cit. I saw the sword fall—Lo! what have we here?

Enter on the Balcony of the Palace which fronts St. Mark's Place a Chief of the Ten, with a bloody sword. He waves it thrice before the People, and exclaims,

'Justice hath dealt upon the mighty Traitor!'

[The gates are opened; the populace rush in towards the 'Giants' Staircase,' where the execution has taken place. The foremost of them exclaims to those behind,

'The gory head rolls down the Giants' Steps!'

[The curtain falls.



SARDANAPALUS:

A TRAGEDY.

1821.

TO
THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE

A STRANGER PRESUMES TO OFFER THE HOMAGE OF A
LITERARY VASSAL TO HIS LIEGE LORD, THE FIRST OF EXISTING WRITERS,
WHO HAS CREATED THE LITERATURE OF HIS OWN COUNTRY,
AND ILLUSTRATED THAT OF EUROPE.

THE UNWORTHY PRODUCTION
WHICH THE AUTHOR VENTURES TO INSCRIBE TO HIM IS ENTITLED,
SARDANAPALUS.

PREFACE.

IN publishing the following Tragedies* I have only to repeat, that they were not composed with the most remote view to the stage. On the attempt made by the managers in a former instance, the public opinion has been already expressed. With regard to my own private feelings, as it seems that they are to stand for nothing, I shall say nothing.

For the historical foundation of the following compositions the reader is referred to the Notes.

The Author has in one instance attempted to preserve, and in the other to approach, the 'unities'; conceiving that with any very distant departure from them, there may be poetry, but can be no drama. He is aware of the unpopularity of this notion in present English literature; but it is not a system of his own, being merely an opinion, which, not very long ago, was the law of literature throughout the world, and is still so in the more civilized parts of it. But *nous avons changé tout cela*, and are reaping the advantages of the change. The writer is far from conceiving that anything he can adduce by personal precept or example can at all approach his regular, or even irregular, predecessors: he is merely giving a reason why he preferred the more regular formation of a structure, however feeble, to an entire abandonment of all rules whatsoever. Where he has failed, the failure is in the architect,—and not in the art.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sardanapalus, *King of Nineveh and Assyria, &c.*
Arbaces, *the Mede who aspired to the Throne.*
Beleses, *a Chaldean and Soothsayer.*
Salemenes, *the King's Brother-in-Law.*
Altada, *an Assyrian Officer of the Palace.*
Pana Zames. Sfero. Balea.

WOMEN.

Zarina, *the Queen.*
Myrrha, *an Ionian female Slave, and the Favourite of Sardanapalus.*
Women composing the Harem of Sardanapalus, Guards, Attendants, Chaldean Priests, Medes, &c. &c.

SCENE.—*A Hall in the Royal Palace of Nineveh.*

In this tragedy it has been my intention to follow the account of Diodorus Siculus; reducing it, however, to such dramatic regularity as I best could, and trying to approach the unities. I therefore suppose the rebellion to explode and succeed in one day by a sudden conspiracy, instead of the long war of the history.

* *Sardanapalus* and *The Two Foscari*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Salmeneus [solus]. He hath wrong'd his queen,
 But still he is her lord;
 He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother;
 He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign;
 And I must be his friend as well as subject: [reigns.]
 He must not perish thus. I will not see
 The blood of Ninrod and Semiramis
 Sink in the earth, and thirteen hundred years
 Of empire ending like a shepherd's tale;
 He must be rous'd. In his effeminate heart
 There is a careless courage which corruption
 Has not all quench'd, and latent energies,
 Repress'd by circumstance, but not destroy'd—
 Steep'd, but not drown'd, in deep voluptuousness.
 If born a peasant, he had been a man
 To have reach'd an empire; to an empire born,
 He will bequeath none; nothing but a name,
 Which his sons will not prize in heritage;
 Yet, not all lost, even yet he may redeem
 His sloth and shame, by only being that
 Which he should be, as easily as the thing
 He should not be and is. Were it but to
 To sway his nations than consume his life?
 To head an army than to rule a harem?
 He sweats in palling pleasures, dubs his soul,
 And saps his goddly strength, in toils which yield
 not
 Health like the chase, nor glory like the war—
 He must be rous'd. Alas! there is no sound
 [Sound of soft music heard from within.]
 To rouse him short of thunder. Hark! the lute,
 The lyre, the timbrel; the lascivious tinklings
 Of lulling instruments, the softening voices
 Of women, and of being less than women,
 Must chime in to the echo of his revel.
 While the great king of all we know of earth,
 Lolls crown'd with roses, and his charmer
 Lies negligently by to be caught up
 By the first manly hand which dares to snatch it.
 Lo, where they come! already I perceive
 The reeking odours of the perfumed trains,
 And see the bright gems of the glittering girls,
 At once his chorus and his council, flash
 Along the gallery, and I count the dancers,
 As femininely garded, and scarce less than made,
 The grandsons of Semiramis, the man-priests—
 He comes! Shall I await him? yes, and front him,
 And tell him what all good men tell each other,
 Speaking of him and his. They come, the slaves
 Led by the monarch subject to his slaves.

SCENE II.

*Enter Sardanapalus, effeminately dress'd, his
 Head crown'd with Flowers, and his Robe regally
 flowing, attended by a Train of Women
 and young Satyrs.*

Sar. Let the pavilion over the Euphrates
 [Speaking to some of his attendants.]
 Be garlanded, and lit, and furnish'd forth
 For an especial banquet; at the hour
 Of midnight we will sup there: see nought wanting,

And bid the galley be prepared. There is
 A cooling breeze which crisps the broad clear river;
 We will embark anon. Fair nymphs, who deign
 To share the soft hours of Sardanapalus,
 We'll meet again in that the sweetest hour,
 When we shall gather like the stars above us,
 And you will form a heaven as bright as theirs;
 Till then, let each be mistress of her time,
 And thou, my own Ionian Myrrha, choose
 Wilt thou along with them or me?

Myr. My lord—
Sar. My lord, my life! why answerest thou so
 coldly?

It is the curse of kings to be so answer'd.
 Rule thy own hours, thou rulest mine—say,
 wouldst thou

Accompany our guests, or charm away
 The moments from me?

Myr. The king's choice is mine.

Sar. I pray thee say not so; my chiefest joy
 Is to contribute to thine every wish.
 I do not dare to breathe my own desire,
 Lest it should clash with thine; for thou art still
 Too prompt to sacrifice thy thoughts for others.

Myr. I would remain: I have no happiness
 Save in beholding thine; yet—

Sar. Yet! what YET?
 Thy own sweet will shall be the only barrier
 Which ever rises betwixt thee and me.

Myr. I think the present is the wonted hour
 Of council; it were better I retire.

Sar. [comes forward and says] The Ionian slave
 says well: let her retire.

Sar. Who answers? How now, brother?

Sar. The queen's brother,
 And your most faithful vassal, royal lord.

Sar. [addressing his train.] As I have said, let
 all dispose their hours

Till midnight, when again we pray your presence.
 [The court retiring.]

[To Myrrha, who is going.] Myrrha! I thought
 thou wouldst remain.

Myr. Great king,
 Thou didst not say so.

Sar. But thou look'dst it:
 I know each glance of those Ionic eyes,
 Which said that thou wouldst not leave me.

Myr. Sure! your brother—
Sar. His consort's brother, minion of Ionia?

How dar'st thou name me and not blush?

Sar. Not blush!
 Thou hast no more eyes than heart to make her

blind—

Like to the dying day on Caucasus,
 Where sun et tints the snow with rosy shadows,
 And then reproach her with thine own cold blind-

ness,
 Which will not see it. What! in tears, my Myrrha?

* The Ionian name had been still more comprehensive, having included the Achæans and the Bœotians, who, together with those to whom it was afterwards confined, would make nearly the whole of the Greek nation; and among the Orientals it was always the general name for the Greeks.—MILFORD'S *GREECE*, vol. 3, p. 120.

Sar. Let them flow on; she weeps for more than
 And is herself the cause of bitter tears. [one,
Sar. Cursed be he who caused those tears to flow!
Sar. Curse not thyself—millions do that already.
Sar. Thou dost forget thee; make me not re-
 member
 I am a monarch.
Sar. Would thou couldst!
Myr. My sovereign,
 I pray, and thou, too, prince, permit my absence.
Sar. Since it must be so, and this churl has check'd
 Thy gentle spirit, go; but recollect
 That we must forthwith meet: I had rather lose
 An empire than thy presence. [*Exit Myrrha.*
Sar. It may be
 Thou wilt lose both, and both for ever!
Sar. Brother!
 I can at least command myself, who listen
 To language such as this: yet urge me not
 Beyond my easy nature.
Sar. 'Tis beyond
 That easy, far too easy, ill nature, [thee!
 Which I would urge thee. O that I could rouse
 Though 'twere against myself.
Sar. By the god Baal!
 The man would make me tyrant
Sar. So thou art.
 Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
 Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice,—
 The weakness and the wickedness of luxury,—
 The negligence—the apathy—the evils
 Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
 Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
 The worst acts of one energetic master,
 However harsh and hard in his own bearing.
 The false and fond examples of thy lusts
 Corrupt no less than they oppress, and sap
 In the same moment all thy pageant power
 And those who should sustain it: so that whether
 A foreign foe invade, or civil broil
 Distract within, both will alike prove fatal:
 The first thy subjects have no heart to conquer;
 The last they rather would assist than vanquish.
Sar. Why, what makes thee the mouth-piece of
 the people?
Sar. Forgiveness of the queen's, my sister's wrongs;
 A natural love unto my infant nephews;
 Faith to the king, a faith he may need shortly,
 In more than words; respect for Ninus's line;
 Also, another thing thou knowest not.
Sar. What's that?
Sar. To thee an unknown word.
Sar. Yet speak it;
 I love to learn.
Sar. Virtue.
Sar. Not know the word!
 Never was word yet rung so in my ears—
 Worse than the rabble's shout, or splitting trumpet;
 I've heard thy sister talk of nothing else.
Sar. To change the irksome theme, then hear of
 vice.
Sar. From whom?
Sar. Even from the winds, if thou couldst listen
 Onto the echoes of the nation's voice.

Sar. Come, I'm indulgent, as thou knowest, pa-
 tient,
 As thou hast often proved—speak out, what moves
Sar. Thy peril. [thee?
Sar. Say on.
Sar. Thus, then: all the nations,
 For they are many, whom thy father left
 In heritage, are loud in wrath against thee.
Sar. 'Gainst me! What would the slaves!
Sar. A king.
Sar. And what
 Am I then?
Sar. In their eyes a nothing; but
 In mine a man who might be something still.
Sar. The railing drunkards! why, what would
 they have?
 Have they not peace and plenty?
Sar. Of the first
 More than is glorious; of the last, far less
 Than the king reck's of.
Sar. Whose then is the crime,
 But the false satraps, who provide no better?
Sar. And somewhat in the monarch who ne'er
 looks
 Beyond his palace walls, or if he stirs
 Beyond them 'tis but to some mountain palace,
 Till summer heats wear down. O glorious Baal!
 Who built up this vast empire, and wert made
 A god, or at the least shimest like a god
 Through the long centuries of thy renown,
 This, thy presumed descendant, ne'er beheld
 As king the kingdoms thou didst leave as hero,
 Wen with thy blood, and toil, and time, and peril!
 For what? to furnish imposts for a revel,
 Or multiplied extortions for a minion.
Sar. I understand thee—thou wouldst have me go
 Forth as a conqueror. By all the stars
 Which the Chaldeans read—the restless slaves
 Deserve that I should curse them with their wishes,
 And lead them forth to glory.
Sar. Wherefore not?
 Semiramis—a woman only—led
 These our Assyrians to the solar shores
 Of Ganges.
Sar. 'Tis most true. And how return'd?
Sar. Why, like a man—a hero; baffled, but
 Not vanquish'd. With but twenty guards, she
 made
 Good her retreat to Bactria.
Sar. And how many
 Left she behind in India to the vultures?
Sar. Our annals say not.
Sar. Then I will say for them—
 That she had better woven within her palace
 Some twenty garments, than with twenty guards
 Have fled to Bactria, leaving to the ravens,
 And wolves, and men—the fiercer of the three,
 Her myriads of fond subjects. Is this glory?
 Then let me live in ignominy ever.
Sar. All warlike spirits have not the same fate.
 Semiramis, the glorious parent of
 A hundred kings, although she fail'd in India,
 Brought Persia, Media, Bactria, to the realm
 Which she once sway'd—and thou might'st sway,

Sar. I *sway* them—
She but subdued them.

Sal. It may be ere long
That they will need her sword more than your
sceptre.

Sar. There was a certain Bacchus, was there not?
I've heard my Greek girls speak of such—they say
He was a god, that is, a Grecian god,
An idol foreign to Assyria's worship,
Who conquer'd this same golden realm of Ind
Thou prat'st of, where Semiramis was vanquish'd.

Sal. I have heard of such a man; and thou per-
ceiv'st

That he is deem'd a god for what he did.

Sar. And in his godship I will honour him—
Not much as man. What, ho! my cupbearer?

Sal. What means the king?

Sar. To worship your new god
And ancient conqueror. Some wine, I say.

Enter Cupbearer.

Sar. [addressing the Cupbearer.] Bring me the
golden goblet, thick with gems,
Which bears the name of Nimrod's chalice. Hence,
Fill full, and bear it quickly. [*Exit Cupbearer.*]

Sal. Is this moment
A fitting one for the resumption of
Thy yet unslip-off revels?

Re-enter Cupbearer, with wine.

Sar. [taking the cup from him.] Noble kinsman,
If these barbarian Greeks of the far shores
And skirts of these our realms lie not, this Bacchus
Conquer'd the whole of India, did he not?

Sal. He did, and thence was deem'd a deity.

Sar. Not so;—of all his conquests a few columns
Which may be his, and might be mine, if I
Thought them worth purchase and conveyance, are
The landmarks of the seas of gore he shed,
The realms he wasted, and the hearts he broke.

But here, here in this goblet is his title
To immortality—the immortal grape
From which he first express'd the soul, and gave
To gladden that of man, as some atonement
For the victorious mischiefs he had done.

Had it not been for this, he would have been
A mortal still in name as in his grave;

And, like my ancestor Semiramis,
A sort of semi-glorious human monster.
Here's that which defied him—let it now
Humanise thee; my surly, chiding brother
Pledge me to the Greek god!

Sal. For all thy realms
I would not so blaspheme our country's creed.

Sar. That is to say, thou thinkest him a hero,
That he shed blood by oceans; and no god,
Because he turn'd a fruit to an enchantment,
Which cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
The young, makes weariness forget his toil,
And fear her danger; opens a new world
When this, the present, palls. Well, then I pledge
thee

And him as a true man, who did his utmost
In good or evil to surprise mankind. [*Drinks.*]

Sal. Wilt thou resume a revel at this hour?

Sar. And if I did, 'twere better than a trophy,

Being bought without a tear. But that is not
My present purpose: since thou wilt not pledge me,
Continue what thou plearest.

[*To the Cupbearer.*] Boy, retire.

[*Exit Cupbearer.*]

Sal. I would but have recall'd thee from thy
dream;

Better by me awaken'd than rebellion.

Sar. Who should rebel? or why? what cause?
pretext?

I am the lawful king, descended from
A race of kings who knew no predecessors.
What have I done to thee, or to the people,
That thou shouldst rail, or they rise up against me?

Sal. Of what thou hast done to me, I speak not.

Sar. But
Thou think'st that I have wrong'd the queen; is't
not so?

Sal. Think! Thou hast wrong'd her!

Sar. Patience, prince, and hear me.

She has all power and splendour of her station,
Respect, the tutelage of Assyria's heirs,
The homage and the appanage of sovereignty.
I married her as monarchs wed—for state,
And loved her as most husbands love their wives.
If she or thou supposedst I could link me
Like a Chaldean peasant to his mate,
Ye knew nor me, nor monarchs, nor mankind.

Sal. I pray thee, change the theme: my blood
disdains

Complaint, and Salmenes' sister seeks not
Reluctant love, even from Assyria's lord!
Nor would she deign to accept divided passion
With foreign trumpets and Ionian slaves,
The queen is silent.

Sar. And why not her brother!

Sal. I only echo thee the voice of empire,
Which he who long neglects not long will govern.

Sar. The ungrateful and ungracious slaves! thy
murmur

Because I have not shed their blood, nor led them
To dry into the desert's dust by myriads,
Or whiten with their bones the banks of Ganges;
Nor decimated them with savage laws,
Nor sweated them to build up pyramids,
Or Babylonian walls.

Sal. Yet these are trophies
More worthy of a people and their prince
Than songs, and lutes, and feasts, and concubines,
And lavish'd treasures, and contemned virtues.

Sar. Or for my trophies I have founded cities:
There's Tarsus and Anchialus, both built
In one day—what could that blood-loving beldame,
My martial grandam, chaste Semiramis,
Do more, except destroy them?

Sal. 'Tis most true;
I own thy merit in those founded cities,
Built for a whim, recorded with a verse,
Which shames both them and thee to coming ages.

Sar. Shame me! By Baal, the cities, though well
built,

Are not more goodly than the verse! Say what
Thou wilt 'gainst me, my mode of life or rule,
But nothing 'gainst the truth of that brief record.

Why, those few lines contain the history
Of all things human: hear—' Sardanapalus,
The king, and son of Anaclydaraxes,
In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus.
Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a flip.*
Sal. A worthy moral, and a wise inscription,
For a king to put up before his subjects!
Sar. Oh, thou wouldst have me doubtless set up
edicts—

'Obey the king—contribute to his treasure—
Recount his phalanx—spill your blood at bidding—
Fall down and worship, or get up and toil,'
Or thus—' Sardanapalus on this spot
Slew fifty thousand of his enemies.
These are their sepulchres, and this his trophy.'
I leave such things to conquerors; enough
For me, if I can make my subjects feel
The weight of human misery less, and glide
Ungroaning to the tomb: I take no license
Which I deny to them. We are all men.

Sal. Thy sires have been revered as gods—
Sar. In dust
And death, where they are neither gods nor men.
Talk not of such to me! the worms are gods;
At least they banqueted upon your gods,
And died for lack of further nutriment.
Those gods were merely men; look to their issue—
I feel a thousand mortal things about me,

* For this expedition he took only a small chosen body of the phalanx, but all his light troops. In the first day's march he reached Anchialus, a town said to have been founded by the king of Assyria, Sardanapalus. The fortifications, in their magnitude and extent, still in Arrian's time, bore the character of greatness, which the Assyrians appear singularly to have affected in works of the kind. A monument representing Sardanapalus was found there, warranted by an inscription in Assyrian characters, of course in the old Assyrian language, which the Greeks, whether well or ill, interpreted thus: "Sardanapalus, son of Anaclydaraxes, in one day founded Anchialus and Tarsus. Eat, drink, play; all other human joys are not worth a flipip." Supposing this version nearly exact (for Arrian says it was not quite so), whether the purpose has not been to invite to civil order a people disposed to turbulence, rather than to recommend immoderate luxury, may perhaps reasonably be questioned. What, indeed, could be the object of a king of Assyria in founding such towns in a country so distant from his capital, and so divided from it by an immense extent of sandy deserts and lofty mountains, and, still more, how the inhabitants could be at once in circumstances to abandon themselves to the intemperate joys which their prince has been supposed to have recommended, is not obvious; but it may deserve observation that, in that line of coast, the southern of Lesser Asia, ruins of cities, evidently of an age after Alexander, yet barely named in history, at this day astonish the adventurous traveller by their magnificence and elegance. Amid the desolation which, under a singularly barbarian government has for so many centuries been daily spreading in the finest countries of the globe, whether more from soil and climate, or from opportunities for commerce, extraordinary means must have been found for communities to flourish there; whence it may seem that the measures of Sardanapalus were directed by juster views than have been commonly ascribed to him; but that monarch having been the last of a dynasty ended by a revolution, obloquy on his memory would follow of course from the policy of his successors and their partisans. The inconsistency of traditions concerning Sardanapalus is striking in Diodorus's account of him.—MITFORD'S *Greece*, vol. ix. p. 311, 312, 313.

But nothing godlike,—unless it may be
The thing which you condemn, a disposition
To love and to be merciful, to pardon
The follies of my species, and (that's human)
To be indulgent to my own.

Sal. Alas!
The doom of Nineveh is seal'd,—Woe—woe
To the unrival'd city?
Sar. What dost dread?
Sal. Thou art guarded by thy foes: in a few hours
The tempest may break out which overwhelms thee,
And thine and mine; and in another day
What is shall be the past of Belus' race.

Sar. What must we dread?
Sal. Ambitious treachery,
Which has environ'd thee with snares; but yet
There is resource: empower me with thy signet
To quell the machinations, and I lay
The heads of thy chief foes before thy feet.

Sar. The heads—how many?
Sal. Must I stay to number
When even thine own's in peril? Let me go,
Give me thy signet—trust me with the rest.
Sar. I will trust no man with unlimited lives.
When we take those from others, we nor know
What we have taken, nor the thing we give.

Sal. Wouldst thou not take their lives who seek
for thine?
Sar. That's a hard question—but I answer, Yes.
Cannot the thing be done without? Who are they
Whom thou suspectest?—Let them be arrested.

Sal. I would thou wouldst not ask me; the next
moment
Will send my answer through the babbling troop
Of paramours, and thence fly o'er the palace,
Even to the city, and so baffle all.—
Trust me.

Sar. Thou knowest I have done so ever;
Take thou the signet. [*Gives the signet.*]
Sal. I have one more request.

Sar. Name it.
Sal. That thou this night forbear the banquet
In the pavilion over the Euphrates.

Sar. Forbear the banquet! Not for all the plotters
That ever shook a kingdom! Let them come,
And do their worst: I shall not blench for them
Nor rise the sooner: nor forbear the goblet;
Nor crown me with a single rose the less;
Nor lose one joyous hour.—I fear them not.

Sal. But thou wouldst arm thee, wouldst thou not,
if needful?

Sar. Perhaps. I have the godliest armour, and
A sword of such a temper; and a bow
And javelin, which might furnish Nimrod forth:
A little heavy, but yet not unwieldy.
And now I think on't, 'tis long since I've used them,
Even in the chase. Hast ever seen them, brother?

Sal. Is this a time for such fantastic trifling?—
If need be, wilt thou wear them?

Sar. Will I not?
Oh! if it must be so, and these rash slaves
Will not be ruled with less, I'll use the sword
Till they shall wish it turn'd into a distaff.

Sal. They say thy sceptre's turn'd to that already—

Sar. That's false! but let them say so: the old Greeks,

Of whom our captives often sing, related
The same of their chief hero, Hercules,
Because he loved a Lydian queen: thou seest
The populace of all the nations seize
Each calumny they can to sink their sovereigns.

Sar. They did not speak thus of thy fathers.

Sar. No: They dared not. They were kept to toil and combat;

And never changed their chains but for their
Now they have peace and pastime, and the license
To revel and to rail; it irks me not.

I would not give the smile of one fair girl
For all the popular breath that e'er divided
A name from nothing. What are the rank tongues
Of this vile herd, grown insolent with feeding,
That I should prize their noisy praise, or dread
Their noisome clamour?

Sar. You have said they are men;
As such their hearts are something.

Sar. So my dogs' are;
And better, as more faithful:—but, proceed;
Thou hast my signet:—since they are tumultuous,
Let them be temper'd, yet not roughly, till
Necessity enforce it. I hate all pain,
Given or received; we have enough within us,
The meanest vassal as the loftiest monarch,
Not to add to each other's pain, or burden
Of mortal misery, but rather lessen,
By mild reciprocal alleviation,

The fatal penalty of my sword on life;
But this they know not, or they will not know.
I have, by Baal! done all I could to soothe them;
In all my wars, I milder means I sought,
I interfered not with their private trusts,
I let them pass their days as best might suit them;
Passing my own as suited me.

Sar. These stopp'd
Short of the duties of a king; and therefore
They say thou art unfit to be a monarch.

Sar. They lie.—Unhappy, I am unfit
To be might since a monarch; else for me
The meanest Mede might be the king instead.

Sar. There is one Mede, at least, who seeks to
be so.

Sar. What mean'st thou?—'tis thy secret; thou
desist.

Few questions, and I'm not of curious nature,
Take the fit steps; and since necessary
Requires, I sanction and support thee. Ne'er
Was man who more desired to rule in peace.
The peaceful only: if they raise me, better
They had conjured up stern Nimrod from his abode,
'The mighty hunter.' I will turn these realms
To one wide desert chase of brutes, who roar
But would no more, by their own choice, be hunted,
If that they have found me, they be lie; that will be
They yet may find me—shall defy their wish
To speak it worse; and let them thank themselves.

Sar. Then thou at last canst feel?

Sar. Feel! who feels not
Ingratitude?

Sar. I will not pause to answer
With words, but deeds. Keep thou awake that
energy

Which sleeps at times, but is not dead within thee,
And thou may'st yet be glorious in thy reign,
As powerful in thy realm. Farewell!

[Exit Salemenes.

Sar. [solus.] Farewell!
He's gone: and on his finger bears my signet,

Which is to him a sceptre. He is stern
As I am heedless; and the slaves deserve
To feel a master. What may be the danger,
I know not:—he hath found it, let him quell it.
Must I consume my life—this little life—
In quarrelling against all may make it less?

It is not worth so much! It were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death,
Tracing revolts; suspecting all about me,
Because they are near; and all who are remote,
Because they are far. But if it should be so—
If they should sweep me from earth and empire,
Why, what is earth or empire of the earth?

I have loved, and lived, and multiplied my image;
To die is no less natural than those
Acts of this clay! 'Tis true I have not shed
Blood, as I might have done, in oceans, till
My name became the synonyme of death—
A terror and a trophy. But for this
I feel no penitence; my life is love:

If I must shed blood, it shall be by force,
Till now, no drop from an Assyrian vein
Hath flow'd for me, nor hath the smallest coin
Of Ninyv's vast treasures e'er been lavish'd
On objects which could cost her sons a tear:
If they flow'd for me, 'tis because I hate not;
If they flow'd for me, 'tis because I oppress not.
Oh, no! you must be ruled with scythes, not
sceptres.

An I should down like the grass, else all we reap
Is rank abundance, and a rotten harvest
Of diseases infecting the fair soil,
Making a desert of fertility.—

I'll think no more.— Within the re, ho!

[Enter an Attendant.

Sar. Slave, tell
The Lydian Myrrha we could crave her presence,
Attend. King, she is here.

Myrrha enters.

Sar. [apart.] Attend! Away!
[Addressing Myrrha.] Beautiful being!

Thou dost almost anticipate my heart;
It throbb'd for thee, and here thou comest: let me
Demand that some unknown influence, some sweet oracle
Communicates between us, though unknown,
In this presence, and connects us to each other,
Myrrha!—Thou art she.

Sar. I know thee doth, but not its name;
What is it?

Myr. In my native land a god,
And in my heart a feeling like a god's,
Feared; yet I own 'tis only mortal;
For what I feel is humble, and yet happy—
That is, it would be happy; but—

[Myrrha resumes.

Sar. There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness: let me remove
The barrier which that hesitating accent
Proclaims to thine, and mine is seal'd.
Myr. My lord!
Sar. My lord—my king—sire—sovereign; thus it
For ever thus, address'd with awe. I ne'er [is—
Can see a smile, unless in some broad banquet's
Intoxicating glare, when the buffoons
Have gorged themselves up to equality.
Or I have quail'd me down to their abasement.
Myrrha, I can hear all these things, these names,
Lord—king—sire—monarch—nay, time was I prized
them;
That is, I suffer'd them—from slaves and nobles;
But when they falter from the lips I love,
The lips which have been press'd to mine, a chill
Comes o'er my heart, a cold sense of the falsehood
Of this my station, which represses feeling.
In those for whom I have felt most, and makes me
Wish that I could lay down the dull tiara,
And share a cottage on the Caucasus
With thee, and wear no crowns but those of
Myr. Would that we could! [flowers.
Sar. And dost *thou* feel this?—Why?
Myr. Then thou wouldst know what thou canst
Sar. And that is— [never know.
Myr. The true value of a heart;
At least, a woman's.
Sar. I have proved a thousand—
A thousand, and a thousand.
Myr. Hearts?
Sar. I think so.
Myr. Not one! the time may come thou may'st.
Sar. It will.
Hear, Myrrha; Salemenes has declar'd—
Or why or how he hath divin'd it, Belus,
Who founded our great realm, knows more than I—
But Salemenes hath declar'd my throne
In peril.
Myr. He did well.
Sar. And say'st *thou* so?
Thou whom he spurn'd so harshly, and now dared
Drive from our presence with his savage jeers,
And made thee weep and blush?
Myr. I should do both
More frequently, and he did well to call me
Back to my duty. But thou speak'st of peril—
Peril to thee—
Sar. Ay, from dark plots and snares—
From Medes—and discontented troops and nations,
I know not what—a labyrinth of things—
A maze of mutter'd threats and mysteries:
Thou know'st the man—it is his usual custom.
But he is honest. Come, we'll think no more on't—
But of the midnight festival.
Myr. 'Tis time
To think of aught save festivals. Thou hast not
Spurn'd his sage cautions?
Sar. What?—and dost thou fear?
Myr. Fear!—I'm a Greek, and how should I fear
death?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom?

Sar. Then wherefore dost thou turn so pale?
Myr. I love.
Sar. And do not I! I love thee far—far more
Than either the brief life or the wide realm
Which, it may be, are menaced—yet I blench not.
Myr. That means thou lovest not thyself nor me;
For he who loves another loves himself,
Even for that other's sake. This is too rash:
Kingdoms and lives are not to be so lost.
Sar. Lost!—why, who is the aspiring chief who
Assume to win them? [dared
Myr. Who is he should dread
To try so much? When he who is their ruler
Forgets himself, will they remember him?
Sar. Myrrha!
Myr. Frown not upon me; you have smil'd
Too often on me not to make those frowns
Bitterer to bear than any punishment
Which they may augur.—King, I am your subject!
Master, I am your slave! Man, I have loved
you!—
Loved you, I know not by what fatal weakness,
Although a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—
A slave, and hating fetters—an Ionian,
And, therefore, when I love a stranger, more
Degraded by that passion than by chains!
Still I have loved you. If that love were strong
Enough to overcome all former nature,
Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?
Sar. Save me, my beauty! Thou art very fair,
And what I seek of thee is love—not safety.
Myr. And without love, where dwells security?
Sar. I speak of woman's love.
Myr. The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last
sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.
Sar. My eloquent Ionian! thou speak'st music;
The very chorus of the tragic song
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite pastime
Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not—calm thee.
Myr. I weep not—But I pray thee, do not speak
About my fathers or their land.
Sar. Yet oft
Thou speakest of them.
Myr. True—true: constant thought
Will overflow in words unconsciously;
But when another speaks of Greece, it wounds me.
Sar. Well, then, how wouldst thou *save* me, as
thou said'st?
Myr. By teaching thee to save thyself, and not
Thyself alone, but these vast realms, from all
The rage of the worst war—the war of brethren.
Sar. Why, child, I loathe all war and warriors;
I live in peace and pleasure; what can man
Do more!
Myr. Alas! my lord, with common men
There needs too oft the show of war to keep
The substance too sweet peace; and, for a king,
'Tis sometimes better to be fear'd than loved.

Sar. And I have never sought but for the last.

Myr. And now art neither.

Sar. Dost thou say so, Myrrha?

Myr. I speak of civic popular love, *self-love*,
Which means that men are kept in awe and law,
Yet not oppress'd—at least, they must not think so,
Or if they think so, deem it necessary,
To ward off worse oppression, their own passions.
A king of feasts, and flowers, and wine, and revel,
And love, and mirth, was never king of glory.

Sar. Glory! what's that?

Myr. Ask of the gods thy fathers.

Sar. They cannot answer: when the priests speak
for them,

'Tis for some small addition to the temple.

Myr. Look to the annals of thine empire's
founders. [cannot.

Sar. They are so blotted o'er with blood, I
But what wouldst have? the empire *has been*
founded.

I cannot go on multiplying empires.

Myr. Preserve thine own.

Sar. At least, I will enjoy it.

Come, Myrrha, let us go on to the Euphrates

The hour invites, the galley is prepared,

And the pavilion, deck'd for our return,

In fit adornment for the evening banquet,

Shall blaze with beauty and with light, until

It seems unto the stars which are above us

Itself an opposite star; and we will sit

Crown'd with fresh flowers like—

Myr. Victims.

Sar. No, like sovereigns,

The shepherd kings of patriarchal times,

Who knew no brighter genus than summer wreaths,

And none but tearless triumphs. Let us on.

Enter Pania.

Pan. May the king live for ever

Sar. Not an hour

Longer than he can love. How my soul hates

This language, which makes life itself a lie,

Flattering dust with eternity! Well, Pania!

Be brief.

Pan. I am charged by Salmenes to

Reiterate his prayer unto the king,

That for this day, at least, he will not quit

The palace: when the general returns,

He will adduce such reasons as will warrant

His daring, and perhaps obtain the pardon

Of his presumption.

Sar. What! am I then *coop'd*?

Already captive? can I not even breathe

The breath of heaven? Tell prince Salmenes,

Were all Assyria raging round the walls

In mutinous myriads, I would still go forth.

Pan. I must obey you, and yet—

Myr. Oh, monarch, listen,—

How many a day and moon thou hast reclined

Within these palace walls in silken dalliance,

And never shown thee to thy people's longing;

Leaving thy subjects' eyes ungratified,

The satraps uncontroll'd, the gods unworshipp'd,

And all things in the anarchy of sloth,

Till all, save evil, slumber'd through the realm!

And wilt thou not now tarry for a day,

A day which may redeem thee? Wilt thou not

Yield to the few still faithful a few hours,

For them, for thee, for thy past fathers' race,

And for thy sons' inheritance?

Pan. 'Tis true!

From the deep urgency with which the prince

Despatch'd me to your sacred presence, I

Must dare to add my feeble voice to that

Which now has spoken.

Sar. No, it must not be.

Myr. For the sake of thy realm!

Sar. Away!

Pan. For that

Of all thy faithful subjects, who will rally

Round thee and thine.

Sar. These are mere fantasies:

There is no peril:—'tis a sullen scheme

Of Salmenes, to approve his zeal,

And show himself more necessary to us.

Myr. By all that's good and glorious, take this
counsel.

Sar. Business to-morrow.

Myr. Ay, or death to-night.

Sar. Why let it come then unexpectedly,

'Midst joy and gentleness, and mirth and love;

So let me fall like the pluck'd rose!—far better

Thus than be wither'd.

Myr. Then thou wilt not yield,

Even for the sake of all that ever sturr'd

A monarch into action, to forego

A trifling revel

Sar. No,

Myr. Then yield for mine!

For my sake!

Sar. Thine, my Myrrha!

Myr. 'Tis the first

Room which I ever ask'd Assyria's king.

Sar. That's true, and were 't my kingdom, must
be granted.

Well, for thy sake, I yield me. Pania, hence!

Thou hear'st me.

Pan. And obey. [Exit Pania.

Sar. I marvel at thee.

What is thy motive, Myrrha, thus to urge me?

Myr. Thy safety; and the certainty that nought

Could urge the prince thy kinsman to require

Thus much from thee, but some impending danger,

Sar. And if I do not dread it, why shouldst
thou?

Myr. Because thou dost not fear, I fear for thee.

Sar. To-morrow thou wilt smile at these vain
fancies.

Myr. If the worst come, I shall be where none
weep,

And that is better than the power to smile.

And thou?

Sar. I shall be king, as heretofore.

Myr. Where?

Sar. With Baal, Nimrod, and Semiramis,

Sole in Assyria, or with them elsewhere,

Fate made me what I am—may make me nothing—

But either that or nothing must I be:

I will not live degraded.

Myr. Hadst thou felt
Thus always, none would ever dare degrade thee.
Sar. And who will do so now?
Myr. Dost thou suspect none?
Sar. Suspect!—that's a spy's office. Oh! we lose
Ten thousand precious moments in vain words,
And vainer fears. Within there!—ye slaves, deck
The hall of Nimrod for the evening revel:
If I must make a prison of our palace,
At least we'll wear our fetters joyfully;
If the Euphrates be forbid us, and
The summer (dwelling on its beauteous border,
Here we are still unmenaced. Ho! within there!

[*Exit* Sardanapalus]

Myr. [*sola.*] Why do I love this man? my country's
daughters
Love none but heroes. But I have no country!
The slave hath lost all save her bonds. I love him;
And that's the heaviest link of the long chain—
To love whom we esteem not. Be it so:
The hour is coming when he'll need all love,
And find none. To fall from him now were baser
Than to have stab'd him on his throne when highest
Would have been noble in my country's creed:
I was not made for either. Could I save him,
I should not love him better, but myself;
And I have need of the last, for I have fallen
In my own thoughts, by loving this soft stranger:
And yet methinks I love him more, perceiving
That he is hated of his own barbarians,
The natural foes of all the blood of Greece.
Could I but wake a single thought like those
Which even the Phrygians felt when battling long
'Twixt Iliou and the sea, within his heart,
He would tread down the barbarous crowds, and
triumph.
He loves me, and I love him; the slave loves
Her master, and would free him from his vices.
If not, I have a means of freedom still,
And if I cannot teach him how to reign,
May show him how alone a king can leave
His throne. I must not lose him from my sight.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Portal of the same Hall of the Palace.*

Beleses. [*solus.*] The sun goes down: methinks he
sets more slowly,
Taking his last look of Assyria's empire.
How red he glares amongst those deepening clouds,
Like the blood he predicts! If not in vain,
Thou sun that sinkest, and ye stars which rise,
I have outwatch'd ye, reading ray by ray
The edicts of your orbs, which make Time tremble
For what he brings the nations, 'tis the furthest
Hour of Assyria's years. And yet how calm!
An earthquake should announce so great a fall—
A summer's sun discloses it. Yon disk,
To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon
Its everlasting page the end of what
Seem'd everlasting! but oh! thou true sun
The burning oracle of all that live,

As fountain of all life, and symbol of
Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou limit
Thy lore unto calamity? Why not
Unfold the rise of days more worthy thine
All-glorious burst from ocean? why not dart
A beam of hope athwart the future years,
As of wrath to its days? Hear me! oh, hear me!
I am thy worshipper, thy priest, thy servant—
I have gazed on thee at thy rise and fall,
And bow'd my head beneath thy mid-day beams.
When my eye dared not meet thee. I have watch'd
For thee, and after thee, and pray'd to thee,
And sacrificed to thee, and read, and fear'd thee,
And ask'd of thee, and thou hast answer'd—but
Only to thus much: while I speak, he sinks—
Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his knowledge,
To the delighted west, which revels in
Its hues of dying glory. Yet what is
Death, so it be but glorious? 'Tis a sunset;
And mortals may be happy to resemble
The gods but in decay.

Enter Arbaces by an inner door.

Arb. Beleses, why
So rapt in thy devotions? Dost thou stand
Gazing to trace thy disappearing god
Into some realm of undiscover'd day?
Our business is with night—'tis come.

Bel. Gone. But not

Arb. Let it roll on—we are ready. Yes.

Bel. Would it were over!

Arb. Does the prophet doubt,
To whom the very stars shine victory?

Bel. I do not doubt of victory—but the victor,

Arb. Well, let thy science settle that. Meantime

I have prepared as many glittering spears
As will out-sparkle our allies—your planets.
There is no more to thwart us. The she-king,
That less than woman, is even now upon
The waters with his female mates. The order
Is issued for the feast in the pavilion,
The first cup which he drains will be the last
Quaff'd by the line of Nimrod.

Bel. 'Twas a brave one.

Arb. And is a weak one—'tis worn out—we'll
mend it.

Bel. Art sure of that?

Arb. Its founder was a hunter—
I am a soldier—what is there to fear?

Bel. The soldier

Arb. And the priest, it may be: but

If you thought thus, or think, why not retain

Your king of concubines? why stir me up?

Why spur me to this enterprise? your own

No less than mine?

Bel. Look to the sky!

Arb. I look.

Bel. What seest thou?

Arb. A fair summer's twilight, and
The gathering of the stars.

Bel. And midst them, mark

Yon earliest, and the brightest, which so quivers,

As it would quit its place in the blue ether.

Arb. Well!

Bel. 'Tis thy natal ruler—thy birth planet.

Arb. [*t. taking his scabbard.*] My star is in this scabbard, when it shines,
It shall out-dazzle comets. Let us think
Of what is to be done to justify
Thy planets and their portents. When we conquer,
They shall have temples—ay, and priests—and thou
Shalt be the pontif of—what gods thou wilt;
For I observe that they are ever just,
And own the bravest for the most devout.

Bel. Ay, and the most devout for brave—thou
hast not
Seen me turn back from battle.

Arb. No; I own thee
As firm in fight as Babylon's captain,
As skilful in Chaldaea's worship: now,
Will it but please thee to forget the priest,
And be the warrior?

Bel. Why not both?

Arb. The better,
And yet it almost shames me, we shall have
So little to effect. This woman's warfare
Degrades the very conqueror. To have pluck'd
A fool and bloody despot from his throne,
And grappled with him, clashing steel with steel,
That were heroic or to win or fall;
But to uprise my sword against this silkworm,
And hear him whine, it may be—

Bel. Do not seem it:
He has that in him which may make you strife yet;
And were he all you think, his generals are hardly
And headed by the cool, stern Salmenes.

Arb. They'll not rest.

Bel. Why not? they are soldiers.

Arb. True,
And I therefore need a soldier's command them.

Bel. That Salmenes is.

Arb. But not their king.
Besides, he hates the effeminate thing that governs,
For the queen's sake, his sister. Mark you not
He keeps aloof from all the revels?

Bel. But
Not from the council—there he is ever constant.

Arb. And ever thwarted: what would you have
more
To make a rebel out of? A fool reigning,
His blood dishonour'd, and himself dishonour'd:
Why, it is his revenge we work for.

Bel. Could
He but be brought to think so: this I doubt of.

Arb. What, if we sound him?

Bel. Yes—if the time served.

Enter Bala.

Bel. Satraps! The king commands your presence
The feast to-night. [at

Bel. To hear is to obey.

In the pavilion?

Bel. No; here in the palace.

Arb. How! in the palace? it was not thus order'd.

Bel. It is so order'd now.

Arb. And why?

Bel. I know not.

May I retire?

Arb. Stay.

Bel. [*t. Arb. aside.*] Hush! let him go his way.
[*Alternate, y. Bala.*] Yes, Bala, thank the monarch,
Kiss the hem
Of his imperial robe, and say, his slaves
Will take the crumbs he deigns to scatter from
His royal table at the hour—was't midnight?

Bel. It was: the place, the hall of Ninrod. Lords,
I humbly kneel before you, and depart. [*Exit Bala.*]

Arb. I like not this same sudden change of place,
There is some mystery: wherefore should he change
it?

Bel. Doth he not change a thousand times a day?
Sloth is of all things the most fanciful—
And moves more parings in its intents
Than generals in their marches, when they seek
To leave their foe at fault.—Why dost thou muse?

Arb. He loved that gay pavilion,—it was ever
His summer dotage.

Bel. And he loved his queen—
And thrice a thousand harlotry bed-sides—
And he has loved all things by turns, except
Wisdom and glory.

Arb. Still—I like it not.
If he has changed,—why, so must we: the attack
Were easy in the isolated bower,
Beset with drowsy guards and drunken courtiers;
But in the hall of Ninrod—

Bel. Is it so?
Methought the haughty soldier fear'd to mount
A throne too easily—does it disajoint thee
To find there is a slipper-step or two
Than what was a wanted one?

Arb. When the hour comes,
Thou shalt perceive how far I fear or no.
Thou hast seen my life at stake—and gaily play'd for:
But here is more upon the die—a kingdom.

Bel. I have foretold already—thou wilt win it:
Then on, and prosper.

Arb. Now were I a soothsayer,
I would have toled so much to myself
But he the stars obey'd—I cannot quarrel
With them, nor their interpreter. Who's here?

Enter Salmenes.

Sat. Satraps!

Bel. My prince!

Sat. Well met—I sought ye both,
But elsewhere than the palace.

Arb. Wherefore so?

Sat. 'Tis not the hour.

Arb. The hour!—what hour?

Sat. Of midnight.

Bel. Midnight, my lord!

Sat. What, are you not invited?

Bel. Oh! yes—we had forgotten.

Sat. Is it usual
Thus to forget a sovereign's invitation?

Arb. Why—we but now received it.

Sat. Then why here!

Arb. On duty.

Sat. On what duty?

Bel. On the state's.
We have the privilege to approach the presence,
But found the monarch absent.

Sal. And I too
Am upon duty.
Arb. May we crave its purport
Sal. To arrest two traitors. Guards! Within there!
Enter Guards.
Sal. [continuing.] Satraps,
Your swords.
Bel. [delivering his.] My lord, behold my scimitar.
Arb. [drawing his sword.] Take mine.
Sal. [advancing] I will.
Arb. But in your heart the blade—
The hilt quits not this hand.
Sal. [drawing.] How! dost thou brave me?
'Tis well—this saves a trial, and false mercy.
Soldiers, hew down the rebel!
Arb. Soldiers! Ay—
Alone you dare not.
Sal. Alone! foolish slave—
What is there in thee that a prince should shrink from
Of open force? We dread thy treason, not
Thy strength: thy tooth is nought without its venom—
The serpent's, not the lion's. Cut him down.
Bel. [interposing.] Arbaces! are you mad? Have I not render'd
My sword? Then trust like me our sovereign's justice.
Arb. No—I will sooner trust the stars than prat'st of,
And this slight arm, and die a king at least
Of my own breath and body—so far that
None else shall chain them.
Sal. [to the Guards.] You hear him and me.
Take him not,—kill.
[The Guards attack Arbaces, who defends himself valiantly and dexterously till they waver.]
Sal. Is it even so; and must I do the hangman's office? Recruits! see how you should fell a traitor.
[Salemene attacks Arbaces.]
Enter Sardanapalus and Train.
Sar. Hold your hands—
Upon your lives, I say. What, deaf or drunken?
My sword! O fool, I wear no sword: here, fellow,
Give me thy weapon. [To a Guard.]
[Sardanapalus snatches a sword from one of the soldiers, and makes between the combatants—they separate.]
Sar. In my very palace!
What hinders me from cleaving you in twain,
Audacious brawlers?
Bel. Sire, your justice.
Sal. Or—
Your weakness.
Sar. [raising the sword.] How?
Sal. Strike! so the blow 's repeated
Upon you traitor—whom you spare a moment,
I trust, for torture—I'm content.
Sar. What—him!
Who dares assail Arbaces?

Sal. I!
Sar. Indeed!
Prince, you forget yourself. Upon what warrant?
Sal. [showing the signet.] Thine.
Arb. [confused.] The king's!
Sal. Yes! and let the king confirm it.
Sar. I parted not from this for such a purpose.
Sal. You parted with it for your safety—I employ'd it for the best. Pronounce in person.
Here I am but your slave—a moment past I was your representative.
Sar. Then sheath
Your swords.
[Arbaces and Salemene return their swords to the scabbards.]
Sal. Mine's sheathed: I pray you sheath not yours:
'Tis the sole sceptre left you now with safety.
Sar. A heavy one; the hilt, too, hurts my hand.
[To a Guard.] Here, fellow, take thy weapon back.
Well, sirs,
What doth this mean?
Bel. The prince must answer that.
Sal. Truth upon my part, treason upon theirs.
Sar. Treason—Arbaces! treachery and Beleses!
That were an union I will not believe.
Bel. Where is the proof?
Sal. I'll answer that, if once
The king demands your fellow-traitor's sword.
Arb. [to Sal.] A sword which hath been drawn
as oft as thine
Against his foes.
Sal. And now against his brother,
And in an hour or so against himself.
Sar. That is not possible: he dared not; no—
No—I'll not hear of such things.—These vain bickerings
Are spawn'd in courts by base intrigues, and baser
Hirelings, who live by lies on good men's lives.
You must have been deceived, my brother.
Sal. First
Let him deliver up his weapon, and
Proclaim himself your subject by that duty,
And I will answer all.
Sar. Why, if I thought so—
But no, it cannot be: the Mede Arbaces—
The trusty, rough, true soldier—the best captain
Of all who discipline our nations—No,
I'll not insult him thus, to bid him render
The scimitar to me he never yielded
Unto our enemies. Chief, keep your weapon.
Sal. [delivering back the signet.] Monarch, take
back your signet.
Sar. No, retain it;
But use it with more moderation.
Sal. Sire,
I used it for your honour, and restore it
Because I cannot keep it with my own.
Bestow it on Arbaces.
Sar. So I should:
He never ask'd it.
Sal. Doubt not, he will have it,
Without that hollow semblance of respect.
Bel. I know not what hath prejudiced the prince

So strongly 'gainst two subjects, than whom none
Have been more zealous for Assyria's weal.

Sar. Peace, factious priest, and faithless soldier!
Unitest in thy own person the worst vices [thou
Of the most dangerous orders of mankind.
Keep thy smooth words and juggling homilies
For those who know thee not. Thy fellow's sin
Is, at the least, a bold one, and not temper'd
By the tricks taught thee in Chaldea.

Bel. Hear him,
My liege—the son of Belus! he blasphemes
The worship of the land, which bows the knee
Before your fathers.

Sar. Oh! for that I pray you
Let him have absolution. I dispense with
The worship of deal men; feeling that I
Am mortal, and believing that the race
From whence I sprung are—what I see them—ashes.
Bel. King! do not deem so: they are with the
And— [stars,

Sar. You shall join them ere they will rise,
If you preach further.—Why, *this* is rank treason.

Sar. My lord!

Sar. To school me in the worship of
Assyria's idols! Let him be released—
Give him his sword.

Sar. My lord, and king, and brother,
I pray you pause.

Sar. Yes, and be sermonised,
And dim'd and deafen'd with dead men and Baal,
And all Chaldea's stony mysteries.

Bel. Monarch! respect them.

Sar. Oh! for that—I love them;
I love to watch them in the deep blue vault,
And to compare them with my Myrrha's eyes;
I love to see their rays redoubled in
The tremulous silver of Euphrates' wave,
As the light breeze of midnight crisps the broad
And rolling water, sighing through the sedges
Which fringe his banks: but whether they may be
Gods, as some say, or the abodes of gods,
As others hold, or simply lamps of night,
Worlds, or the lights of worlds, I know nor care not.
There's something sweet in my uncertainty
I would not change for your Chaldean lore;
Besides, I know of these all clay can know
Of aught above it, or below it—nothing.
I see their brilliancy and feel their beauty—
When they shine on my grave I shall know neither.

Bel. For neither, sire, say better.

Sar. I will wait,
If it so please you, pontiff, for that knowledge.
In the meantime receive your sword, and know
That I prefer your service militant
Unto your ministry—not loving either.

Sar. [aside.] His lusts have made him mad. Then
must I save him,
Spite of himself.

Sar. Please you to hear me, Satraps!
And chiefly thou, my priest, because I doubt thee
More than the soldier; and would doubt thee all
Wert thou not half a warrior: let us part
In peace—I'll not say pardon—which must be
Earn'd by the guilty; this I'll not pronounce ye,

Although upon this breath of mine depends
Your own; and, deadlier for ye, on my fears.
But fear not, for that I am soft, not fearful—
And so live on. Were I the thing some think me,
Your heads would now be dripping the last drops
Of their attained gore from the high gates
Of this our palace, into the dry dust.
Their only portion of the coveted kingdom
They would be crown'd to reign o'er—let that pass.
As I have said, I will not deem ye guilty,
Nor deem ye guiltless. Albeit better men
Than ye or I stand ready to arraign you;
And should I leave your fate to sterner judges,
And proofs of all kinds, I might sacrifice
Two men, who, whatso'er they are now, were
Once honest. Ye are free, sire.

Arb. Sire, this clemency—
Bel. [interrupting him.] Is worthy of yourself;
and, although innocent.

We thank—

Sar. Priest! keep your thanksgivings for Belus;
His offspring needs none.

Bel.

But being innocent—

Sar. Be silent.—Guilt is loud. If ye are loyal,
Ye are injur'd men, and should be sad, not grateful.

Bel. So we should be, were justice always done
By earthly power omnipotent; but innocence
Must oft receive her right as a mere favour.

Sar. That's a good sentence for a homily,
Though not for this occasion. Prithce keep it
To plead thy sovereign's cause before his people.
Bel. I trust there is no cause.

Sar. No cause, perhaps,
But many causers;—if ye meet with such
In the exercise of your inquisitive function
On earth, or should you read of it in heaven
In some mysterious twinkle of the stars,
Which are your chronicles, I pray you note,
That there are worse things betwixt earth and
heaven

Than him who ruleth many and slays none;
And, hating not himself, yet loves his fellows [him
Enough to spare even those who would not spare
Were they once masters—but that's doubtful. Sa-
Your swords and persons are at liberty [traps]
To use them as ye will—but from this hour
I have no call for either. Saïemenes]
Follow me.

[Exit Sardanapalus, Saïemenes, and the
Train, &c., leaving Arbaces and Beleses.

Arb. Beleses!

Bel. Now, what think you?

Arb. That we are lost.

Bel. That we have won the kingdom.

Arb. What? thus suspected—with the sword
slung o'er us

But by a single hair, and that still wavering,
To be blown down by his imperious breath
Which spared us—why, I know not.

Bel. Seek not why;

But let us profit by the interval.

The hour is still our own—our power the same—
The night the same we destined. He hath chang'd
Nothing except our ignorance of all

Suspicion into such a certainty
As must make madness of delay

Arb.

And yet—

Bel. What, doubting still?

Arb. He spared our lives, nay, more,

Saved them from Salemenes.

Bel.

And how long

Will he so spare? till the first drunken minute.

Arb. Or sober, rather. Yet he did it nobly;

Gave royally what we had forfeited

Basely—

Bel. Say bravely.

Arb. Somewhat of both, perhaps,

But it has touch'd me, and, whate'er betide,

I will no further on.

Bel.

And lose the world!

Arb. Lose anything except my own esteem.

Bel. I blush that we should owe our lives to such

A king of distaffs!

Arb.

But no less we owe them;

And I should blush far more to take the graator's!

Bel. Thou may'st endure whate'er thou wilt—the
Have written otherwise. [stars

Arb.

Though they came down,

And marshall'd me the way in all their brightness,

I would not follow.

Bel.

This is weakness—worse

Than a scared beldam's dreaming of the dead,

And waking in the dark.—Go to—go to.

Arb. Methought he look'd like Nimrod as he spoke,

Even as the proud imperial statue stands

Looking the monarch of the kings around it,

And sways, while they but ornament, the temple.

Bel.

I told you that you had too much despised
him,

And that there was some royalty within him—

What then? he is the nobler foe.

Arb.

But we

The meaner.—Would he had not spared us!

Bel.

So—

Wouldst thou be sacrificed thus readily?

Arb. No—but it had been better to have die!

Than live ungrateful.

Bel.

Oh, the souls of some men!

Thou wouldst digest what some call treason, and

Fools treachery—and, behold, upon the sudden,

Because for something or for nothing, this

Rash reveller steps, ostentatiously,

'Twixt thee and Salemenes, thou art turn'd

Into—what shall I say?—Sardanapalus!

I know no name more ignominious.

Arb.

But

An hour ago, who dared to term me such

Had held his life but lightly—as it is,

I must forgive you, even as he forgave us—

Semiramis herself would not have done it.

Bel. No—the queen liked no sharers of the king—

Not even a husband. [dom,

Arb.

I must serve him truly—

Bel.

And humbly?

Arb.

No, sir, proudly—being honest.

I shall be nearer thrones than you to heaven;

And if not quite so haughty, yet more lofty.

You may do your own deeming—you have codes,

And mysteries, and corollaries of

Right and wrong, which I lack for my direction,

And must pursue but what a plain heart teaches.

And now you know me.

Bel.

Have you finish'd?

Arb.

Yes—

With you.

Bel.

And would, perhaps, betray as well

As quit me?

Arb.

That's a sacerdotal thought,

And not a soldier's.

Bel.

Be it what you will—

Truce with these wranglings, and but hear me.

Arb.

No—

There is more peril in your subtle spirit

Than in a phalanx.

Bel.

If it must be so—

I'll on alone.

Arb.

Alone!

Bel.

Thrones hold but one.

Arb. But this is fill'd.

Bel.

With worse than vacancy—

A despised monarch. Look to it, Arbaces:

I have still aid'd, cherish'd, loved, and urged you;

Was willing even to serve you, in the hope

To serve and save Assyria. Heaven itself

Seem'd to consent, and all events were friendly

Even to the last, till that your spirit shrunk

Into a shallow softness; but now, rather

Than see my country languish, I will be

Her saviour or the victim of her tyrant,

Or one or both, for sometimes both are one;

And if I win, Arbaces is my servant.

Arb.

Your servant!

Bel.

Why not? better than be slave,

The pardon'd slave of the Sardanapalus!

Enter Pania.

Pan.

My lords, I bear an order from the king.

Arb.

It is obey'd ere spoken.

Bel.

Notwithstanding,

Let's hear it.

Pan.

Forthwith, on this very night,

Repair to your respective satrapies

Of Babylon and Media.

Bel.

With our troops?

Pan. My order is unto the satraps and

Their household train.

Arb.

But—

Bel.

It must be obey'd!

Say, we depart.

Pan.

My order is to see you

Depart, and not to bear your answer.

Bel.

[*aside.*] Ay!

Well, sir, we will accompany you hence.

Pan. I will retire to marshal forth the guard

Of honour, which befits your rank, and wait

Your leisure, so that the hour exceeds not.

Exit Pania.

Bel.

Now then obey!

Arb.

oubtless.

Bel.

Yes, to the gates

That grate the palace, which is now our prison—

No further

Arb.

Thou hast harp'd the truth indeed!

The realm itself, in all its wide extension,
Yawns dungeons at each step for thee and me.

Bel. Graves!

Arb. If I thought so, this good sword should dig
One more than mine.

Bel. It shall have work enough.
Let me hope better than thou augurst,

At present, let us hence as best we may.
Thou dost agree with me in understanding

This order as a sentence

Arb. Why, what other
Interpretation should it bear? it is

The very policy of orient monarchs—

Pardon and prison—favours an iron sword—

A distant voyage, and an eternal sleep.

How many satraps in his father's time—

For he I own is, or at least near, the Bless—

Bel. But need not, now not be so w—

Arb. I doubt it.

How many satraps have I seen set out
In his sire's day for military or politics,
Whose tombs are on their portals I know not how,
But they all sink dead by the way, it was
Selling and heavy.

Bel. Let us but regain
The free air of the city, and we'll shorten
The journey.

Arb. 'Twill be shortened at the gates,
It may be.

Bel. Nay, they hardly will let it that.

They mean us to die privately, but not
Within the palace or the city walls,
Where we are known, and may have partisans;
If they had no other way to show we were
No longer with the living. Let us but—

Arb. If I but the right hold for this evening life—

Bel. I—: hence—what else should I do; not
alarms!

Mean? but us but a job of troops, and march.

Arb. Towards our palace?

Bel. Nay, towards your kingdom.
There's time, there's heart, and legs, and power,
and more.

What, if their half-measures shall have us in full sleep—
Away!

Arb. As I have yet rejecting trust

Relapse to guilt!

Bel. Self-defence is a virtue.

Sole bulwark of all right. Away, I say!

Let's leave the palace, the streets, workshop and kitchen,
And the walls I have seen or thought of—hence!

Let us not leave them open for further assault.

Our quick departure, 'tis our only safety.

Our quick departure, 'tis our only safety.

The worthy Parthians, from our side, are gone.

The orders of some parading friends are gone.

Nay, there's no other choice, I say—hence, I say.

[*Exit with Arbaces, Arbaces, and the rest of the party.*]

Enter Sardanapalus and Salmacris.

Sar. Well, all is remedied, and without bloodshed,
That worst of mockeries of a remedy!

We are now secure by these men's exile.

Sal. Yes,

As he who treads on flowers is from the adder
Twined round their roots.

Sar. Why, what wouldst have me do?

Sal. Undo what you have done,

Sar. Revoke my pardon?

Sal. Replace the crown now tottering on your
temples.

Sar. That were tyrannical.

Sal. But sure,

Sar. We are so.

What danger can they work upon the frontier?

Sal. They are not there yet—never should they be
Were I will listen'd to. [so,

Sar. Nay, I have listen'd

Impartially to thee—why not to them?

Sar. You may know that hereafter; as it is,

I take my leave to order forth the guard.

Sar. And you will join us at the banquet?

Sal. Sire,

Dispense with me—I am no wassailer:

Command me in all service save the Bacchant's.

Sar. Nay, but 'tis fit to revel now and then.

Sar. And fit that some should watch for those who
Too oft—Am I] omitted to depart? [revel

Sar. Yes—Stay a moment, my good Salmacris,
My brother, my first subject, better prince

Than I am king. You should have been the monarch,
As I—I know not what, and care not; but

Think not I am accessible to all

Thine honest wish, and thy rough yet kind,

Thine soft reproving, suff'rance of my follies.

It have spared these men against thy counsel,
That is, their lives—it is not that I doubt [not

The advice was sound; but let them live; we will
Cavalry—of their lives—so let them mend them.

Their punishment will leave me still sound sleep,
Which the death had not left me.

Sar. Thus you run

The risk to sleep for ever, to save traitors—

A moment's pang now changed for years of crime.

Still let them be made quiet.

Sar. Tempt me not;

My will is past.

Sal. But it may be recalled.

Sar. 'Tis royal.

Sar. And should therefore be decisive.

His half-indulgence of an excessive

Let me go to bed, a pardon should be full
Of crime.

Sar. As I who persuaded me

After I had repel'd them, or at least

Once dismiss'd them from my presence, who

Used to be so kind to our satraps?

Sar. True; that I had forgotten; that is, sire,

If I had not repel'd their satraps—why, then,

Reprove me more for my advice.

Sar. And if

They do not reach them—look to it!—in safety,

In safety, mark me—and security—

Look to thine own.

Sar. Permit me to depart;

Thine safety shall be cared for.

Sar. Get thee hence, then;

And, prithee, think more gently of thy brother.

Sar. Sire, I shall ever duly serve my sovereign.

[*Exit* Salemenes.]

Sar. [*solus.*] That man is of a temper too severe;
Hard but as lofty as the rock, and free
From all the taints of common earth—while I
Am softer clay, impregnated with flowers;
But as our mould is, must the produce be.
If I have err'd this time, 'tis on the side
Where error sits most lightly on that sense,
I know not what to call it; but it reckons
With me oftines for pain, and sometimes pleasure;
A spirit which seems plac'd about my heart
To count its throbs, not quicken them, and ask
Questions which mortal never dared to ask me,
Nor Baal, though an oracular deity—
Albeit his marble face majestic
Frowns as the shadows of the evening dim
His brows to chang'd expression, till at times
I think the statue looks in act to speak.
Away with these vain thoughts, I will be joyous—
And here comes Joy's true herald.

Enter Myrrha.

Myr. King! the sky
Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder.
In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
In fork'd flashes a commencing tempest.
Will you then quit the palace?

Sar. Tempest, say'st thou?

Myr. Ay, my good lord.

Sar. For my own part, I should be
Not ill content to vary the smooth scene,
And watch the warring elements; but this
Would little suit the silken garments and
Smooth faces of our festive friends. Say, Myrrha,
Art thou of those who dread the roar of clouds?

Myr. In my own country we respect their voices
As auguries of Jove.

Sar. Jove!—ay, your Baal—
Ours also has a property in thunder,
And ever and anon some falling bolt
Proves his divinity,—and yet sometimes
Strikes his own altars.

Myr. That were a dread omen.

Sar. Yes—for the priests. Well, we will not go
forth

Beyond the palace walls to-night, but make
Our feast within.

Myr. Now, Jove be praised! that he
Hath heard the prayer thou wouldst not hear.

The gods
Are kinder to thee than thou to thyself,
And flash this storm between thee and thy foes,
To shield thee from them.

Sar. Child, if there be peril,
Methinks it is the same within these walls
As on the river's brink.

Myr. Not so; these walls
Are high and strong, and guarded. Treason has
To penetrate through many a winding way,
And massy portal; but in the pavilion
There is no bulwark.

Sar. No, nor in the palace,
Nor in the fortress, nor upon the top
Of cloud-fenced Caucasus, where the eagle sits

Nested in pathless clefts, if treachery be:

Even as the arrow finds the airy king,
The steel will reach the earthly. But be calm;
The men, or innocent or guilty, are
Banish'd, and far upon their way.

Myr. They live, then?

Sar. So sanguinary? *Thou!*

Myr. I would not shrink

From just infliction of due punishment
On those who seek your life: were't otherwise,
I should not merit mine. Besides, you heard
The princely Salemenes.

Sar. This is strange;
The gentle and the austere are both against me,
And urge me to revenge.

Myr. 'Tis a Greek virtue.

Sar. But not a kingly one—I'll none on't; or
If ever I indulge in't, it shall be
With kings—my equals.

Myr. These men sought to be so.

Sar. Myrrha, this is too feminine, and springs
From fear—

Myr. For you.

Sar. No matter, still 'tis fear.

I have observed your sex, once roused to wrath,
Are timidly vindictive to a pitch
Of perseverance, which I would not copy.
I thought you were exempt from this, as from
The childish helplessness of Asian women.

Myr. My lord, I am no boaster of my love,
Nor of my attributes; I have shared your splen-
dour,

And will partake your fortunes. You may live
To find one slave more true than subject myriads:
But this the gods avert! I am content
To be beloved on trust for what I feel,
Rather than prove it to you in your griefs,
Which might not yield to any cares of mine.

Sar. Grief cannot come where perfect love exists,
Except to heighten it, and vanish from
That which it could not scare away. Let's in—
The hour approaches, and we must prepare
To meet the invited guests who grace our feast.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The hall of the Palace illuminated—
Sardanapalus and his Guests at Table.—A storm
withed, and Thunder occasionally heard during
the Banquet.*

Sar. Fill full! why this is as it should be: here
Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces
Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.

Zan. Nor elsewhere—where the king is, plea-
sure sparkles.

Sar. Is not this better now than Nimrod's
huntings,
Or my wild grandam's chase in search of kingdoms
She could not keep when conquer'd?

All. Mighty though
They were, as all thy royal line have been,
Yet none of these who went before have reach'd

The acmé of Sardanapalus, who
Has placed his joy in peace—the sole true glory.

Sar. And pleasure, good Altada, to which glory
Is but the path. What is it that we seek?
Enjoyment! We have cut the way short to it,
And not gone tracking it through human ashes,
Making a grave with every footstep.

Zam. No;
All hearts are happy, and all voices bless
The king of peace, who holds a world in jubilee.

Sar. Art sure of that? I have heard otherwise;
Some say that there be traitors.

Zam. Traitors they
Who dare to say so!—'Tis impossible.
What cause?

Sar. What cause? true,—fill the goblet up;
We will not think of them: there are none such,
Or if there be, they are gone.

Alt. Guests, to my pledge!
Down on your knees, and drink a measure to
The safety of the king—the monarch, say I?
The god Sardanapalus!

[*Zames and the Guests kneel, and exclaim—*
Mightier than

His father Baal, the god Sardanapalus!

[*It thunders as they kneel; some start up in*
confusion.

Zam. Why do you rise, my friends? in that
His father gods consented. [strong peal

Myr. Menaced, rather.
King, wilt thou bear this mad impiety?

Sar. Impiety!—nay, if the sires who reign'd
Before me can be gods, I'll not disgrace
Their lineage. But arise, my pious friends;
Hoard your devotion for the thunderer there:
I seek but to be loved, not worshipp'd.

Alt. Both—
Both you must ever be by all true subjects.

Sar. Methinks the thunders still increase: it is
An awful night.

Myr. Oh yes, for those who have
No palace to protect their worshippers.

Sar. That's true, my Myrrha; and could I convert
My realm to one wide shelter for the wretched,
I'd do it.

Myr. Thou'rt no god, then, not to be
Able to work a will so good and general,
As thy wish would imply.

Sar. And your gods, then,
Who can, and do not?

Myr. Do not speak of that,
Lest we provoke them.

Sar. True, they love not censure
Better than mortals. Friends, a thought has struck
me:

Were there no temples, would there, think ye, be
Air worshippers? that is, when it is angry,
And pelting as even now.

Myr. The Persian prays
Upon his mountain.

Sar. Yes, when the sun shines.

Myr. And I would ask if this your palace were
Unroof'd and desolate, how many flatterers
Would lick the dust in which the king lay low?

Alt. The fair Ionian is too sarcastic
Upon a nation whom she knows not well;
The Assyrians know no pleasure but their king's,
And homage is their pride.

Sar. Nay, pardon, guests,
The fair Greek's readiness of speech

Alt. Pardon! sire:
We honour her of all things next to thee.

Hark! what was that?

Zam. That! nothing but the jar
Of distant portals shaken by the wind.

Alt. It sounded like the clash of—hark again!

Zam. The big rain pattering on the roof.

Sar. No more.

Myrrha, my love, hast thou thy shell in order
Sing me a song of Sappho—her, thou know'st,

Who in thy country thres—
Enter Pania, with his sword and garments bloody
and disordered. *The guests rise in confusion.*

Pan. [to the Guards]. Look to the portals;
And with your best speed to the walls without.

Your arms! To arms! The king's in danger.
Excuse this haste,—'tis faith. [Monarch,

Sar. Speak on.

Pan. It is
As Salemenes fear'd; the faithless satraps—

Sar. You are wounded—give some wine. Take
breath, good Pania. [worn

Pan. 'Tis nothing—a mere flesh wound. I am
More with my speed to warn my sovereign,

Than hurt in his defence.
Myr. Well, sir, the rebels?

Pan. Soon as Arbaces and Beleses reach'd
Their stations in the city, they refused

To march: and on my attempt to use the power
Which I was delegated with, they call'd

Upon their troops, who rose in fierce defiance.

Myr. All?

Pan. Too many.

Sar. Spare not of thy free speech,
To spare mine ears the truth.

Pan. My own slight guard
Were faithful, and what's left of it is still so.

Myr. And are these all the force still faithful?

Pan. No—

The Bactrians, now led on by Salemenes,
Who even then was on his way, still rigid

By strong suspicion of the Median chiefs,
Are numerous, and make strong head against

The rebels, fighting inch by inch, and forming
An orb around the palace, where they mean

To centre all their force, and save the king.

[*He hesitates.*] I am charg'd to—

Myr. 'Tis no time for hesitation.

Pan. Prince Salemenes doth implore the king
To arm himself, although but for a moment,

And show himself unto the soldiers: his
Sole presence in this instance might do more

Than hosts can do in his behalf.

Sar. What, ho!

My armour, there.

Myr. And wilt thou?

Sar. Will I not?

Ho, there!—but seek not for the buckler: 'tis

Too heavy:—a light cuirass and my sword.

Where are the rebels?

Pan. Scarce a furlong's length

From the outward wall the fiercest conflict rages.

Sar. Then I may charge on horseback. Sfero, ho!

Order my horse out.—There is space enough

Even in our courts, and by the outer gate,

To marshal half the horsemen of Arabia.

[*Exit Sfero, for the armour.*]

Myr. How I do love thee!

Sar. I ne'er doubted it.

Myr. But now I know thee.

Sar. [*To his Attendant.*] Bring down my spear
too—

Where's Salemenes?

Pan. Where a soldier should be,

In the thick of the fight.

Sar. Then hasten to him—Is

The path still open, and communication

Left 'twixt the palace and the phalanx!

Pan. 'Twas

When I late left him, and I have no fear:

Our troops were steady, and the phalanx form'd

Sar. Tell him to spare his person for the present,

And that I will not spare my own—and say,

I come.

Pan. There's victory in the very word.

[*Exit Pania.*]

Sar. Altada—Zames—forth and arm ye! There
Is all in readiness in the armoury.

See that the women are bestow'd in safety

In the remote apartments: let a guard

Be set before them, with strict charge to quit

The post but with their lives—command it, Zames.

Altada, arm yourself, and return here;

Your post is near our person.

[*Exit Zames, Altada, and all save Myrrha.*]

Enter Sfero and others, with the King's arms, &c.

Sfe. King! your armour.

Sar. [*Arming himself.*] Give me the cuirass—
so: my baldric; now

My sword: I had forgot the helm, where is it?

That's well—no, 'tis too heavy; you mistake,
too—

It was not this I meant, but that which bears

A diadem around it.

Sfe. Sire, I deem'd

That too conspicuous from the precious stones

To risk your sacred brow beneath—and trust me,

This is of better metal, though less rich.

Sar. You deem'd: Are you too turn'd a rebel?
Fellow!

Your part is to obey: return, and—no—

It is too late—I will go forth without it.

Sfe. At least, wear this.

Sar. Wear Caucasus! why, 'tis
A mountain on my temples,

Sfe. Sire, the meanest

Soldier goes not forth thus expos'd to battle.

All men will recognise you—for the storm

Has ceased, and the moon breaks forth in her
brightness.

Sar. I go forth to be recognised, and thus

Shall be so sooner. Now—my spear! I'm arm'd.

[*In going stops short, and turns to Sfero.*]
Sfero—I had forgotten—bring the mirror.*

Sfe. The mirror, sire?

Sar. Yes, sir, of polish'd brass,
Brought from the spoils of India—but be speedy.

[*Exit Sfero.*]

Sar. Myrrha, retire unto a place of safety.

Why went you not forth with the other damsels?

Myr. Because my place is here.

Sar. And when I am gone—

Myr. I follow.

Sar. You! to battle?

Myr. If it were so,

'Twere not the first Greek girl had trod the path.

I will await here your return.

Sar. The place

Is spacious, and the first to be sought out,

If they prevail; and, if it be so,

And I return not—

Myr. Still we meet again.

Sar. How?

Myr. In the spot where all must meet at last—

In Hades! if there be, as I believe,

A shore beyond the Styx; and if there be not,

In ashes.

Sar. Darest thou so much?

Myr. I dare all things

Except survive what I have loved, to be

A rebel's booty: forth, and do your bravest.

Re-enter Sfero with the mirror.

Sar. [*Looking at himself.*] This cuirass fits me
well, the baldric better,

And the helm not at all. Methinks I seem

[*Flings away the helmet after trying it again.*]

Passing well in these toys; and now to prove them.

Altada! Where's Altada!

Sfe. Waiting, sire,

Without: he has your shield in readiness.

Sar. True; I forgot he is my shield-bearer

By right of blood, derived from age to age.

Myrrha, embrace me; yet once more—once more—

Love me, whate'er betide. My chiefest glory

Shall be to make me worthier of your love.

Myr. Go forth, and conquer!

[*Exit Sardanapalus and Sfero.*]

Now, I am alone,

All are gone forth, and of that all how few

Perhaps return! Let him but vanquish, and

Me perish! If he vanquish not, I perish;

For I will not outlive him. He has wound

About my heart, I know not how nor why.

Not for that he is king; for now his kingdom

Rocks underneath his throne, and the earth yawns

To yield him no more of it than a grave;

And yet I love him more. Oh, mighty Jove!

Forgive this monstrous love for a barbarian,

Who knows not of Olympus! yes, I love him

Now, now, far more than—Hark—to the war
shock!

* Such the mirror Otho held,
In the Illyrian field.—*See JOURNAL.*

Methinks it nears me. If it should be so,

It should be so, if it should be so.

This cunning Colchian poison, which my father
Learnt to compound on Euxine shores, and taught
me

How to preserve, shall free me! It had freed me
Long ere this hour, but that I loved, until
I half forgot I was a slave;—where all
Are slaves save one, and proud of servitude,
So they are served in turn by something lower
In the degree of long rage, we forget
That shackles worn like ornaments, no less
Are chains. Again that shout! and now the clash
Of arms—and now—and now—

Enter Altada.

Alt. Ho, Sferis, ho!

Myr. He is not here; what wouldst thou with him?
How

Goes on the conflict?

Alt. Dullously and fiercely

Myr. And the king?

Alt. Like a king, I must find Sferis,

And bring him a new spear and his own buckler.

His fights will now be hard to win, and I for

Too much exposed. The soldiers knew his face,

And the fire of his fire, the means of his flight.

His soldiers and his flowing hair

Make him a mark to all eyes;—

Is it possible that the father and father of

And the broad shield which he wears

Myr. What of him, then, my father's back, and

Were you sent by the king?

Alt. By Salomon's,

Who sent me to bring up the

Without the knowledge of the king's

The king's the king's fight, he

What, then, I will seek the armoury,

He must be there. *[Exit Altada.]*

Myr. 'Tis no dishonour—

'Tis no dishonour, have I said this man

I almost wish now, what I never wish'd

Before, that he were Greek—

Were shame I in wearing Lybie

She-garbs, and wedding her side

Ho, who ranges up a Heracles at once,

Nurs'd in effeminate arts from

And rushes from the tower,

As though it were a life left

That a Greek girl should be his

And a Greek lady by marriage,

His monument. How goes the

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Lost,

Lost almost past recovery. Zames! Where

Is Zames?

Myr. Passed with the guard

To watch before the apartment of the

[Exit Officer.]

Myr. [Exit] He's gone; and told me

that all's lost!

What need have I to know more? In those words,

Those little words, a kingdom and a king,

A line of thirteen ages, and the lives

Of thousands, and the fortune of all left

With life, are merged; and I, too, with the great,

Like a small ball breaking with the wave

Which bore it, shall be nothing. At the least,

My fate is in my keeping; no proud victor

Shall count me with his spoils.

Enter Pania.

Pan. Away with me,

Myrrha, without delay: we must not lose

A moment—all that's left us now.

Myr. The king?

Pan. Sent me here to conduct you hence, beyond

The river, by a secret passage.

Myr. Then

He lives—

Pan. And charged me to secure your life,

And bring you to—live on for his sake, till

He can see in you.

Myr. Will he, then, give way?

Pan. Not till the last. Still, still he does what'er

He orders; and step by step disputes

His every palace.

Myr. They are here, then?—ay,

Their shouts come ringing through the ancient

Noisy part, my rebel echoes till [halls,

The fatal night—I recall Assyria's line!

I recall to all of Nimrod! Even the name

Is now no more

Pan. Away with me—away!

Myr. No! I'll die here!—Away, and tell your

King [King

Enter Salomon's and Salmenes with Soldiers.

Salomon. Myrrha, and ranges himself with

them

Sal. Since it is thus,

Will be where we were born—in our own halls.

Stay you, friends—stand firm. I have despatch'd

A messenger to fetch the guard of Zames,

And when I hear his cry, they'll be here anon.

All is not over,—Pania, look to Myrrha.

[Pania turns towards Myrrha.]

Sal. We have no breathing time; yet once more

charge, my friends—

one for Asaria!

Sal. Kather sty for Bactria!

Myrrina, Bactrians, I will henceforth be

King's army, and we'll hold together

this rich province.

Sal. Hark! they come—they come,

Enter Belshazzar and Adonias with the Rebels.

Ad. So on, we have them in the toils. Charge!

Charge!

Bel. Ours!—Heaven fights for us, and with

us, Ours!

[Enter the King and Salmenes with their

army, and Adonias follows, till the arrival

of Zames, with the Guard before mentioned.

The Rebels are then driven off, and pursued

by Salmenes, &c. As the King is going, to join

the host, Belshazzar cries out,

Bel. Ho! tyrant—I will end this war

Sal. Even so,

My warlike priest, and precious prophet, and

Grateful and I trusty subject; yield, I pray thee.

I would reserve thee for a fitter doom.

Rather than dip my hands in holy blood.

Bel. Thine hour is come.

Sar. No, thine—I've lately read,
Though but a young astrologer, the stars;
And ranging round the zodiac, found thy fate
In the sign of the Scorpion, which proclaims
That thou wilt now be crush'd.

Bel. But not by thee.

[*They fight; Beleses is wounded and disarmed.*]

Sar. [*Raising his sword to despatch him, exclaims*—

Now call upon thy planets, will they shoot
From the sky to preserve their seer and credit?

[*A party of Bel's enter and rescue Beleses. They assault the King, who, in turn, is rescued by a party of his soldiers, who drive the Rebels off.*]

The villain was a prophet after all.

Upon them—ho! there—victory is ours.

[*Exit in pursuit.*]

Myr. [*to Pan.*] Pursue! Why stand'st thou here,
and leav'st the ranks

Of fellow-soldiers conquering without thee?

Pan. The king's command was not to quit thee.

Myr. Me!

Think not of me—a single soldier's arm

Must not be wanting now. I ask no guard,

I need no guard; what, with a world at stake,

Keep watch upon a woman? Hence, I say,

Or thou art shamed! Nay, then, I will go forth,

A feeble female, 'midst their desperate strife,
And bid thee guard me *there*—where thou should'st
shield

Thy sovereign. [*Exit Myrrha.*]

Pan. Yet stay, damsel! She is gone.

If aught of ill betide her, better I

Had lost my life. Sardanapalus holds her

Far dearer than his kingdom, yet he fights

For that too; and can I do less than he,

Who never flash'd a scimitar till now?

Myrrha, return, and I obey you, though

In disobedience to the monarch. [*Exit Pania.*]

[*Enter Alada and Sero by an opposite door.*]

All. Myrrha! Myrrha!
What, gone? yet she was here when the fight
rag'd,

And Pania also. Can aught have befallen them?

Ser. I saw both safe, when late the rebels fled;

They probably are but retired to make

Their way back to the harem.

All. If the king

Prove victor, as it seems even now he must,

And miss his own Ionian, we are doom'd

To worse than captive rebels.

Ser. Let us trace them;

She cannot be fled far; and, found, she makes

A richer prize to our soft sovereign

Than his recover'd kingdom.

All. Baal himself

Ne'er fought more fiercely to win empire, than

His silken son to save it: he defies

All augury of foes or friends; and like

The close and sultry summer's day, which bodes

A twilight tempest, bursts forth in such thunder

As sweeps the air and deluges the earth.

The man's inscrutable.

Ser. Not more than others.

All are the sons of circumstance: away—

Let's seek the slave out, or prepare to be

Tortured for his infatuation, and

Condemn'd without a crime. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Salemenes and Soldiers, &c.*]

Sal. The triumph is

blatant; they are beaten backward from the

And we have open'd regular access [palace,

To the troops station'd on the other side

Euphrates, who may still be true; nay, must be,

When they hear of our victory.—But where

Is the chief victor? where's the king?

[*Enter Sardanapalus, crown'd, &c. and Myrrha.*]

Sar. Here, brother,

Sal. Unhurt, I hope.

Sar. Not quite; but let it pass.

We've clear'd the palace

Sal. And I trust the city.

Our numbers gather; and I've order'd onward

A cloud of Parthians, hitherto reserved,

All fresh and fiery, to be pour'd upon them

In their retreat, which soon will be a flight.

Sar. It is already, or at least they march'd

Faster than I could follow with my Bactrians,

Who spare'd no speed. I am spent; give me a

Sal. There stands the throne, sire. [seat

Sar. 'Tis no place to rest on,

For mind nor body: let me have a couch,

[*They give a seat*

A peasant's stool, I care not what: so—now

I breathe more freely.

Sal. This great hour has proved

The brightest and most glorious of your life.

Sar. And the most tiresome. Where's my cup-

bearer?

Bring me some water.

Sal. [smiling] 'Tis the first time he

Ever had such an order: even I,

Your most austere of counsellors, would now,

Suggest a purpler beverage.

Sar. Blood—doubtless.

But there's enough of that shed; as for wine,

I have learn'd to-night the price of the pure ele-

ment:

Thrice have I drank of it, and thrice renew'd,

With greater strength than the grape ever gave me,

My charge upon the rebels. Where's the soldier

Who gave me water in his helmet?

One of the Guards. Slain, sire!

An arrow pierc'd his brain, while, scattering

The last drops from his helm, he stood in act

To place it on his brows.

Sar. Slain! unwarded!

And slain to serve my thirst: that's hard, poor

slave!

Had he but liv'd, I would have gorged him with

Gold! all the gold of earth could ne'er repay

The pleasure of that draught; for I was parch'd

As I am now. [*They bring water—he drinks*

I live again—from henceforth

The goblet I reserve for hours of love,
But war on water.

Sal. And that bandage, sire,
Which girds your arm?

Sar. A scratch from brave Beleses.

Myr. Oh! he is wounded!

Sar. Not too much of that;

And yet it feels a little stiff and painful.

Now I am cooler.

Myr. You have bound it with—

Sar. The fillet of my diadem: the first time

That ornament was ever aught to me

Save an encumbrance.

Myr. [to the Attendants.] Summon speedily

A leech of the most skilful; pray, retire:

I will unbind your wound and tend it.

Sar. Do so,

For now it throbs sufficiently: but what

Know'st thou of wounds? yet wherefore do I ask?

Know'st thou, my brother, where I lighted on

This minion?

Sal. Herling with the other females,

Like frighten'd antelopes.

Sar. No: like the dam

Of the young lion, femininely raging

(And femininely meaneth furiously,

Because all passions in excess are female)

Against the hunter flying with her cub,

She urged on with her voice and gesture, and

Her floating hair and flashing eyes, the soldiers,

In the pursuit.

Sal. Indeed!

Sar. You see, this night

Made warriors of more than me. I paused

To look upon her, and her kindled cheek; [hair.

Her large black eyes, that flash'd through her long

As it stream'd o'er her; her blue veins that rose

Along her most transparent brow; her nostril

Dilated from its symmetry; her lips

Apart; her voice that clove through all the din

As a lute pierceth through the cymbals' clash,

Jarr'd but not drown'd by the loud brattling; her

Waved arms, more dazzling with their own born

whiteness

Than the steel her hand held, which she caught up

From a dead soldier's grasp; all these things made

Her seem unto the troops a prophetic

Of victory, or Victory herself,

Come down to hail us hers.

Sal. [aside.] This is too much.

Again the love-fit's on him, and all's lost,

Unless we turn his thoughts.

[*Aloud*] But pray thee, sire,

Think of your wound—you said even now 'twas

painful.

Sar. That's true, too; but I must not think of it

Sal. I have look'd to all things needful, and will

Receive reports of progress made in such [now

Orders as I had given, and then return

To hear your further pleasure.

Sar. Be it so

Sal. [in retiring.] Myrrha!

Myr. Prince!

Sal. You have shown a soul to-night,

Which, were he not my sister's lord—But now

I have no time: thou lovest the king?

Myr. I love

Sardanapalus.

Sal. But wouldst have him king still?

Myr. I would not have him less than what he
should be. [all

Sal. Well then, to have him king, and yours, and

He should, or should not be; to have him *free*,

Let him not sink back into luxury.

You have more power upon his spirit than

Wisdom within these walls, or fierce rebellion

Raging without: look well that he relapse not.

Myr. There needed not the voice of Salemenes

To urge me on to this: I will not fail.

All that a woman's weakness can—

Sal. Is power

Omnipotent o'er such a heart as his:

Exert it wisely. [*Exit Salemenes.*

Sar. Myrrha! what, at whispers

With my stern brother? I shall soon be jealous.

Myr. [smiling.] You have cause, sire; for on the

earth there breathes not

A man more worthy of a woman's love,—

A soldier's trust,—a subject's reverence,—

A king's esteem—the whole world's admiration

Sar. Praise him, but not so warmly. I must not

Hear those sweet lips grow eloquent in aught

That throws me into shade; yet you speak truth.

Myr. And now retire to have your wound look'd

Pray lean on me. [to.

Sar. Yes, love! but not from pain.

[*Exit omnes.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Sardanapalus discovered sleeping upon
a Couch, and occasionally disturbed in his
slumbers, with Myrrha watching.

Myr. [sigh, gazing.] I have stolen upon his rest,
if rest it be,

Which thus convulses slumber: shall I wake him

No, he seems calmer. Oh, thou God of Quiet!

Whose reign is o'er seal'd eyelids and soft dreams,

Or deep, deep sleep, so as to be unfathom'd,

Look like thy brother, Death,—so still,—so stirless—

For then we are happiest, as it may be, we

Are happiest of all within the realm

Of thy stern, silent, and unawakening twin.

Again he moves—again the play of pain

Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden gust

Crisps the reluctant lake that lay so calm

Beneath the mountain shadow; or the blast

Ruffles the autumn leaves, that drooping cling

Faintly and motionless to their loved boughs,

I must awake him—yet not yet; who knows

I rom what I rouse him? It seems pain; but if

I quicken him to heavier pain? The fever

Of this tumultuous night, the grief too of

This wound, though slight, may cause all this, and

Me now to see than him to suffer. No: [shake

Let Nature use her own maternal means,—

And I await to second, not disturb her

Sar. [*awakening*] Not so—although ye multiplied the stars,

And gave them to me as a realm to share
From you and with you! I would not so purchase
The empire of eternity. Hence—hence—
Old hunter of the earliest brutes! and ye,
Who hunted fellow-creatures as if brutes!
Once bloody mortals—and now bloodier idols,
If your priests lie not! And thou, ghastly beldame!
Dripping with dusky gore, and trampling on
The carcasses of Inde—away! away!
Where am I? Where the spectres? Where—
No—that

Is no false phantom: I should know it 'midst
All that the dead dare gloomily raise up
From their black gulf to daunt the living. *Myrrha!*

Myr. Alas! thou art pale, and on thy brow the drops

Gather like night dew. My beloved, hush—
Calm thee. Thy speech seems of another world,
And thou art lord of this. Be of good cheer;
All will go well

Sar. Thy hand—so—'tis thy hand;
'Tis flesh; grasp—clasp—yet closer, till I feel
Myself that which I was.

Myr. At least know me
For what I am, and ever must be—thine.

Sar. I know it now. I know this life again.
Ah, *Myrrha!* I have been where we shall be.

Myr. My lord!

Sar. I've been in the grave—where worms are
lords,

And kings are—But I did not deem it so;
I thought 'twas nothing.

Myr. So it is; except
Unto the timid, who anticipate
That which may never be.

Sar. Oh, *Myrrha!* if
Sleep shows such things, what may not death dis-
close?

Myr. I know no evil death can show, which life
Has not already shown to those who live
Embodied longest. If there be indeed

A shore where mind survives, 'twill be as mind,
All unincorporate: or if there flits
A shadow of this cumbersome clot of clay, [heaven]
Which stalks, methinks, between our souls and
And fetters us to earth—at least the phantom,
Whate'er it have to fear, will not fear death.

Sar. I fear it not; but I have felt—have seen—
A legion of the dead.

Myr. And so have I.
The dust we tread upon was once alive, [seen?]
And wretched. But proceed: what hast thou
Speak it, 'twill lighten thy dimm'd mind.

Sar. Methought—
Myr. Yet pause, thou art tired—in pain—ex-
hausted; all

Which can impair both strength and spirit: seek
Rather to sleep again.

Sar. Not now—I would not
Dream; though I know it now to be a dream
What I have dreamt:—and canst thou bear to
hear it?

Myr. I can bear all things, dreams of life or
death,

Which I participate with you in semblance
Or full reality.

Sar. And this look'd real,
I tell you: after that these eyes were open,
I saw them in their flight—for then they fled.

Myr. Say on.

Sar. I saw, that is, I dream'd myself
Here—here—even where we are, guests as we were.
Myself a host that deem'd himself but guest.

Willing to equal all in social freedom:
But, on my right hand and my left, instead
Of thee and Zames, and our custom'd meeting,
Was ranged on my left hand a haughty, dark,
And deadly face; I could not recognise it,
Yet I had seen it, though I knew not where:

The features were a giant's, and the eye
Was still, yet lighted; his long locks curl'd down
On his vast bust, whence a huge quiver rose
With shaft-heads feather'd from the eagle's wing,
That peep'd up bristling through his serpent hair.

I invited him to fill the cup which stood
Between us, but he answer'd not—I fill'd it;
He took it not, but stared upon me, till
I trembled at the fix'd glare of his eye:
I frown'd upon him as a king should frown;—

He frown'd not in his turn, but look'd upon me
With the same aspect, which appall'd me more,
Because it changed not; and I turn'd for refuge
To milder guests, and sought them on the right,
Where thou wert wont to be. But—

[*He pauses.*]

Myr. What instead?
Sar. In thy own chair—thy own place in the
banquet—

I sought thy sweet face in the circle—but
Instead—a grey-hair'd, wither'd, bloody-eyed,
And bloody-handed, ghastly, ghostly thing,
Female in garb, and crown'd upon the brow,
Furrow'd with years, yet sneering with the passion
Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust,
Sate:—my veins curdled.

Myr. Is this all?

Sar. Upon
Her right hand—her lank, bird-like right hand—
stood

A goblet, bubbling o'er with blood; and on
Her left, another, fill'd with—what I saw not,
But turn'd from it and her. But all along
The table sate a range of crown'd wretches,
Of various aspects, but of one expression.

Myr. And felt you not this a mere vision?

Sar. No;

It was so palpable, I could have touch'd them.
I turn'd from one face to another, in
The hope to find at last one which I knew
Ere I saw theirs: but no—all turn'd upon me,
And stared, but neither ate nor drank, but stared
Till I grew stone, as they seem'd half to be,
Yet breathing stone, for I felt life in them,
And life in me: there was a horrid kind
Of sympathy between us, as if they
Had lost a part of death to come to me,

And I the half of life to sit by them.
We were in an existence all apart
From heaven or earth—And rather let me see
Death all than such a being!

Myr. And the end?

Sar. At last I sate, marble, as they, when rose
The hunter and the crone; and smiling on me—
Yes, the enlarged but noble aspect of
The hunter smiled upon me—I should say,
His lips, for his eyes moved not—and the woman's
Thin lips relax'd to something like a smile.
Both rose, and I the crown'd figures on each hand
Rose also, as if aping their chief shades—
Mere mimics even in death—but I sate still;
A desperate courage crept through every limb,
And at the last I feared them not, but laugh'd
Full in their phantom faces. But then—then
The hunter laid his hand on mine: I took it,
And I grasp'd it—but it melted from my own;
While he too vanish'd, and I left nothing but
The memory of a hero, for he bore his own.

Myr. And I was: the ancient's flourishes, too,
Am I thine to lose.

Sar. Ah, Myrrha, but the woman,
The female who remain'd, she flew upon me,
And burnt my lips up with her noxious kisses;
And, flinging down the goblets on each hand,
Methought their poisonous flow'd around us, till
Each form'd a hill-leas river. Still she clung;
The other phantoms, like a row of statues,
Stood full as in our temples, but she still
In'd rage I me, while I drank from her, as if,
In her to her remembrance last, I
Had been the son who flew her for her nest.
Then—then—a chaos of all earth's things
Throng'd thick and shapeless: I was dead, yet
feeling—

Burn'd, and I raised again—consum'd by worm,
Purged by the flames, and wither'd in the air!
I can say nothing further of my thoughts,
Save that I long'd for thee, and sought for thee,
In all these agonies, and woke and found thee.

Myr. So shalt thou find me ever at thy side,
Here and hereafter, if the last may be,
But think not of these things—the mere creations
Of late events, acting upon a time
Unused to toil, yet over-wrought by toil
Such as might try the sternest.

Sar. I am forgotten.
Now that I see thee once more, what was seen
Seems nothing.

Enter Salmenes.

Sar. Is the king so soon awake?
Sar. Yes, brother, and I would I had not slept,
For all the predecessors of our line
Rose up, methought, to drag me down to them.
My father was amongst them, too; but he,
I know not why, kept from me, leaving me
Between the hunter-founder of our race,
And her, the homicide and husband-killer,
Whom you call glorious.

Sar. So I term you also,
Now you have shown a spirit like to hers.

By day-break I propose that we set forth,
And charge once more the rebel crew, who still
Keep gathering head, repulsed, but not quite quell'd
Sar. How wears the night?

Sar. There yet remain some hours
Of darkness: use them for your further rest.

Sar. No, not to-night, if 'tis not gone: methought
I pass'd hours in that vision.

Myr. Scarcely one;
I watch'd by you: it was a heavy hour,
But an hour only.

Sar. I let us then hold council;
To-morrow we set forth.

Sar. But ere that time,
I had a grace to seek.

Sar. 'Tis granted.

Sar. Hear it
Ere you reply too readily; and 'tis

I cry: *no ear only.*

Myr. Prince, I take my leave.

[*Exit Myrrha.*]

Sar. That slave deserves her freedom.

Sar. Freedom only I
That slave deserves to share a throne.

Sar. Your patience—
'Tis not yet vacant, and 'tis of its partner

I come to speak with you.

Sar. How! of the queen?
Sar. Even so. I judged it fitting for their safety

That, ere the dawn, she sets both with her children
For Paphlagonia, where our kinsman Cotta
Governs; and there, if all events secure [them
My nephews and your sons their lives, and I with
their just pretensions to the crown in case—

Sar. I perceive as is probable: well thought—
Let them'st forth with a sure escort.

Sar. That
Is all provided, and I the galley ready

To help I on the Euphrates; but ere they
Depart, will you not see—

Sar. My sons? It may
Use in my heart, and I the poor boys will weep;

And what can I reply to comfort them,
Save with some hollow hopes and ill-worn smiles?
You know I cannot feign.

Sar. But you can feel I
At least, I trust so; in a word, the queen

Requests to see you ere you part—for ever.

Sar. Unto what end? what purpose? I will
grant

Aught—all that she can ask—but such a meeting.

Sar. You know, or ought to know, enough of
women,

Since you have studied them so steadily,

That what they ask in aught that touches on

The heart, is dearer to their feelings or

Their fancy than the whole external world.

I think as you do of my sister's wish;

But 'twas her wish—she is my sister—you

Her husband—will you grant it?

Sar. 'Twill be useless;

But let her come.

Sar. I go. [*Exit Salmenes.*]

Sar. We have lived asunder

Too long to meet again—and now to meet!
Have I not cares enow, and pangs enow,
To bear alone, that we must mingle sorrows,
Who have ceased to mingle love?

Re-enter Salemenes and Zarina.

Sar. My sister! Courage:
Shame not our blood with trembling, but remember
From whence we sprung. The queen is present.

Zar. I pray thee, brother, leave me. [*sire.*]

Sar. Since you ask it.

[*Exit Salemenes.*]

Zar. Alone with him! How many a year has
pass'd,

Though we are still so young, since we have met
Which I have worn in widowhood of heart!
He loved me not: yet he seems little chang'd—
Chang'd to me only—would the change were mu-
tual!

He speaks not—scarce regards me—not a word,
Nor look—yet he *was* soft of voice and aspect,
Indifferent, not austere. My lord!

Sar. Zarina!

Zar. No, not Zarina—do not say Zarina.

That tone—that word—annihilate long years,
And things which make them longer.

Sar. 'Tis too late
To think of these past dreams. Let's not re-
proach—

That is, reproach me not—for the *last* time—

Zar. And first. I ne'er reproach'd you.

Sar. 'Tis most true;
And that reproof comes heavier on my heart

Than—But our hearts are not in our own power.

Zar. Nor hands; but I gave both.

Sar. Your brother said

It was your will to see me ere you went

From Niniveh with—[*He hesitates.*]

Zar. Our children: it is true.

I wish'd to thank you that you have not divid'd
My heart from all that's left it now to love—

Those who are yours and mine, who look like you,
And look upon me as you look'd upon me

Once—But they have not chang'd.

Sar. Nor ever will.
I can would have them dutiful.

Zar. I cherish

Those infants, not alone from the blind love
Of a fond mother, but as a fond woman.

They are now the only tie between us.

Sar. Deem not

I have not done you justice: rather make them,
Resemble your own line than their own sire.

I trust them with you—to you: fit them for

A throne, or, if that be denied—You have heard
Of this night's tumults?

Zar. I had half forgotten,
And could have welcomed any grief save yours,
Which gave me to behold your face again.

Sar. The throne—I say it in fear—but 'tis
In peril: they perhaps may never mount it;
But let them not for this lose sight of it.

I will dare all things to bequeath it them;
But if I fail, then they must win it back

Bravely—and, won, wear it wisely, not as I
Have wasted down my royalty.

Zar. They ne'er
Shall know from me of aught but what may honour
Their father's memory

Sar. Rather let them hear
The truth from you than from a trampling world.
If they be in adversity, they'll learn
Not soon the scorn of crowds for crownless princes,
And find that all their father's sins are theirs.
My boys!—I could have borne it were I childless.

Zar. Oh! do not say so—do not poison all
My peace left, by unwishing that thou wert
A father. If thou conquerest, they shall reign,
And honour him who saved the realm for them,
So little cared for as his own; and if—

Sar. 'Tis lost, all earth will cry out, thank your
father!

And they will swell the echo with a curse.

Zar. That they shall never do; but rather honour
The name of him, who, dying like a king,

In his last hours did more for his own memory

Than many monarchs in a length of days,
Which date the flight of time, but make no annals.

Sar. Our annals draw perchance unto their close;
But at the least, whate'er the past, their end

Shall be like their beginning—memorable.

Zar. Yet be not rash—be careful of your life,
Live but for those who love.

Sar. And who are they

A slave, who loves from passion—I'll not say
Ambition—she has seen thrones shake, and loves;

A few friends who have revell'd till we are

As one, for they are nothing if I fall;

A brother I have injured—children whom

I have neglected, and a spouse—

Zar. Who loves.

Sar. And pardons?

Zar. I have never thought of this,
And cannot pardon till I have condemn'd.

Sar. My wife!

Zar. Now blessings on thee for that word!
I never thought to hear it more—from thee.

Sar. Oh! thou wilt hear it from my subjects.
Yes—

These slaves whom I have nurtured, pamper'd, fed,
And swoll'n with peace, and gorged with plenty, till
They reign themselves—all monarchs in their
mansions—

Now swarm forth in rebellion, and demand
His death, who made their lives a jubilee;

While the few upon whom I have no claim
Are faithful! This is true, yet monstrous.

Zar. 'Tis

Perhaps too natural; for benefits

Turn poison in bad minds.

Sar. And good ones make
Good out of evil. Happier than the bee,
Which hives not but from wholesome flowers.

Zar. Then reap
The honey, nor inquire whence 'tis derived.

Be satisfied—you are not all abandon'd.

Sar. My life insures me that. How long, bethink
you,

Were not I yet a king, should I be mortal; [be?
That is, where mortals are, not where they must
Zar. I know not. But yet live for my—that is,
Your children's sake]

Sar. My gentle, wrong'd Zarina!
I am the very slave of circumstance

And impulse—borne away with every breath!
Misplaced upon the throne—misplaced in life
I know not what I could have been, but feel
I am not what I should be—let it end.

But take this with thee: if I was not form'd
To prize a love like thine, a mind like thine,
Nor dote even on thy beauty—as I've doted
On lesser charms, for no cause save that such
Devotion was a duty, and I hated
All that look'd like a chain for me or others
(This even rebellion must avouch); yet hear
These words, perhaps among my lost—that none
E'er valued more thy virtues, though he knew not
To profit by them—as the miner lights
Upon a vein of virgin ore, discovering
That which avails him nothing: he hath found it,
But 'tis not his—but some superior's, who
Placed him to dig, but not divide the wealth
Which sparkles at his feet; nor dare he lift
Nor pose it, but must grovel on, upturning
The sullen earth.

Zar. Oh! if thou hast at length
Discover'd that my love is worth esteem,
I ask no more—but let us hence together,
And I—let me say *we*—shall yet be happy.
Assyria is not all the earth—we'll find
A world out of our own—and be more bless'd
Than I have ever been, or thou, with all
An empire to indulge thee.

Enter Salemenes,

Sar. I must part ye—
The moments, which must not be lost, are passing.

Zar. Inhuman brother! wilt thou thus weigh out
Instants so high and blest?

Sar. Blest!

Zar. He hath been
So gentle with me, that I cannot think
Of quitting.

Sar. So—this feminine farewell
Ends as such partings end, in *no* departure.
I thought as much, and yielded against all
My better bodings. But it must not be.

Zar. Not be?

Sar. Remain, and perish—

Zar. With my husband—

Sar. And children.

Zar. Alas!

Sar. Hear me, sister, like

My sister;—all's prepared to make your safety

Certain, and of the boys too, our last hopes;

'Tis not a single question of mere feeling,

Though that were much—but 'tis a point of state:

The rebels would do more to seize upon

The offspring of their sovereign, and so crush—

Zar. Ah! do not name it.

Sar. Well, then, mark me; when

They are safe beyond the Median's grasp, the

rebels

Have miss'd their chief aim—the extinction of
The line of Nimrod. Though the present king
Fall, his sons live for victory and vengeance.

Zar. But could I not remain, alone?

Sar. What! leave
Your children, with two parents and yet orphans—
In a strange land—so young, so distant?

Zar. No—

My heart will break.

Sar. Now you know all—decide.

Sar. Zarina, he hath spoken well, and we

Must yield awhile to this necessity.

Remaining here, you may lose all; departing,

You save the better part of what is left,

To both of us, and to such loyal hearts

As yet beat in these kingdoms.

Sar. The time presses.

Sar. Go, then. If e'er we meet again, perhaps

I may be worthier of you—and, if not,

Remember that my faults, though not atoned for,

Are end'd. Yet, I dread thy nature will

Grieve more about the blighted name and ashes

Which once were mightiest in Assyria—than—

But I grow womanish again, and must not;

I must learn sternness now. My sins have all

Been of the softer order—*hide* thy tears—

I do not bid thee *not* to shed them—twere

Easier to stop Euphrates at its source

Than one tear of a true and tender heart—

But let me not behold them; they unman me

Here when I had remann'd myself. My brother,

Lead her away.

Zar. Oh, God! I never shall

Behold him more!

Sar. [striving to conduct her.] Nay, sister, I
must be obey'd.

Zar. I must remain—away! you shall not hold
What, shall he die alone?—I live alone! [*inc.*]

Sar. He shall *not* die alone; but lonely you

Have lived for years.

Zar. That's false! I knew he lived,

And lived upon his image—let me go!

Sar. [conducting her off the stage.] Nay, then, I
must use some fraternal force,

Which you will pardon.

Zar. Never. Help me! Oh!

Sardanapalus, wilt thou thus behold me

Torn from thee?

Sar. Nay—then all is lost again,

If that this moment is not gain'd.

Zar. My brain turns—

My eyes fail—where is he? [*She faints.*]

Sar. [advancing.] No—set her down;

She's dead—and you have slain her.

Sar. 'Tis the mere

Faintness of o'erwrought passion: in the air

She will recover. Pray, keep back.—[*Aside.*] I

Avail myself of this sole moment to [must

Bear her to where her children are embark'd,

l' the royal galley on the river.

[Salemenes bears her off.

Sar. [solus.]

This, too—

And thus too must I suffer—I, who never

Inflicted purposely on human hearts

A voluntary pang! But that is false—
She lov'd me, and I lov'd her—Fatal passion!
Why dost thou not expire *at once* in hearts
Which thou hast lighted up at once? Zarina I
I must pay dearly for the desolation
Now brought upon thee. Had I never lov'd
But thee I should have been an unopposed
Monarch of honouring nations. To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads even those who claim
The homage of mankind as their born due,
And find it, till they forfeit it themselves!

Enter Myrrha.

Sar. You here! Who call'd you?

Myr. No one—but I heard
Far off a voice of wail and lamentation,
And thought—

Sar. It forms no portion of your duties
To enter here till sought for.

Myr. Though I might,
Perhaps, recall some softer words of yours
(Although they *too were chiding*), which reproved
Because I ever dreaded to intrude;
Resisting my own wish and your injunction
To heed no time nor presence, but approach you
Uncall'd for:—I retire.

Sar. Yet stay—being here.
I pray you pardon me: events have sour'd me
Till I wax peevish—heed it not: I shall
Soon be myself again.

Myr. I wait with patience,
What I shall see with pleasure.

Sar. Scarce a moment
Before your entrance in this hall, Zarina,
Queen of Assyria, departs thence

Myr. Ah!

Sar. Wherefore do you start?

Myr. Did I do so?

Sar. 'Twas well you enter'd by another portal,
Else you had met. That pang at least is spared her!

Myr. I know to feel for her.

Sar. That is too much,
And beyond nature—'tis nor mutual
Nor possible. You cannot pity her,
Nor she ought but—

Myr. Despise the favourite slave?
Not more than I have ever scorn'd myself.

Sar. Scorn'd! what, to be the envy of your sex,
And lord it o'er the heart of the world's lord?

Myr. Were you the lord of twice ten thousand
worlds—

As you are like to lose the one you sway'd—
I did abase myself as much in being
Your paramour, as though you were a peasant—
Nay, more, if that the peasant were a Greek.

Sar. You talk it well—

Myr. And truly.

Sar. In the hour
Of man's adversity all things grow daring
Against the falling; but as I am not
Quite fall'n, nor now disposed to bear reproaches,
Perhaps because I merit them too often,
I let us then part while peace is still between us.

Myr. Part!

Sar. Have not all past human beings parted.
And must not all the present one day part?

Myr. Why?

Sar. For your safety, which I will have look'd to,
With a strong escort to your native land;
And such gifts, as, if you had not been all
A queen, shall make your dowry worth a kingdom.

Myr. I pray you talk not thus.

Sar. The queen is gone:
You need not shame to follow. I would fall
Alone—I seek no partners but in pleasure.

Myr. And I no pleasure but in parting not.
You shall not force me from you.

Sar. Think well of it—
It soon may be too late.

Myr. So let it be;
For then you cannot separate me from you.

Sar. And will not; but I thought you wish'd it

Myr. I?

Sar. You spoke of your abasement.
Myr. And I feel it
Deeply—more deeply than all things but love.

Sar. Then fly from it.
Myr. 'Twill not recall the past—
'Twill not restore my honour, nor my heart.

No—here I stand or fall. If that you conquer,
I live to joy in your great triumph: should
Your lot be different, I'll not weep, but share it.
You did not doubt me a few hours ago.

Sar. Your courage never—nor your love till now;
And none could make me doubt it save yourself.

Those words—

Myr. Were words. I pray you, let the proofs
Be in the past acts you were pleas'd to praise
This very night, and in my further bearing,
Beside, wherever you are borne by fate.

Sar. I am content: and, trusting in my cause,
Think we may yet be victors and return
To peace—the only victory I covet.

To me war is no glory—conquest no
Renown. To be forc'd thus to uphold my right
Sits heavier on my heart than all the wrongs
These men would bow me down with. Never, never
Can I forget this night, even should I live
To add it to the memory of others.

I thought to have made mine inoffensive rule
An era of sweet peace 'midst bloody annals,
A green spot amidst desert centuries,
On which the future would turn back and smile,
And cultivate, or sigh when it could not
Recall Sardanapalus' golden reign.

I thought to have made my realm a paradise,
And every moon an epoch of new pleasures.
I took the rabble's shouts for love—the breath
Of friends for truth—the lips of woman for
My only guerdon—so they are, my Myrrha:

[*He kisses her.*]

Kiss me. Now let them take my realm and life!
They shall have both, but never thee!

Myr. No, never!
Man may despoil his brother man of all
That's great or glittering—kingdoms fall,—hosts
yield,—
Friends fail,—slaves fly,—and all betray—and more

Than all, the most indebted—but a heart
That loves without self-love! 'Tis here — now
prove it.

Enter Salemenes.

Sar. I sought you—How! *she* here again?

Sar. Return not
Now to reproof: methinks your aspect speaks
Of higher matter than a woman's presence.

Sar. The only woman whom it much imports me
At such a moment now is safe in absence—
The queen's embark'd.

Sar. And well? say that much.

Sar. Yes.
Her transient weakness has pass'd o'er; at least,
It settled into tearless silence: her
Pale face and glittering eye, after a glance
Upon her sleeping children, were still fix'd
Upon the palace towers as the swift galley
Stole down the hurrying stream beneath the star-
But she said nothing. [light;

Sar. Would I felt no more
Than she has said!

Sar. 'Tis now too late to feel.
Your feelings cannot cancel a sole pang:
To change them, my advices bring sure tidings
That the rebellious Medes and Chaldees, marshall'd
By their two leaders, are already up
In arms again; and, serrying their ranks,
Prepare to attack: they have apparently
Been join'd by other satraps.

Sar. What! more rebels?
Let us be first, then.

Sar. That were hardly prudent
Now, though it was our first intention. If
By noon to-morrow we are join'd by those
I've sent for by sure messengers, we shall be
In strength enough to venture an attack,
Ay, and pursuit too; but, till then, my voice
Is to await the onset.

Sar. I detest
That waiting; though it seems so safe to fight
Behind high walls, and hurl down foes to
Deep fosses, or behold them sprawl on spikes
Strew'd to receive them, still I like it not—
My soul seems lukewarm; but when I set on them,
Though they were fill'd on mount duns, I would have
A pluck at them, or perish in hot blood!—
Let me then charge.

Sar. You talk like a young soldier
Sar. I am no soldier, but a man: speak not
Of soldier-ship, I loathe the word, and those
Who pride themselves upon it; but direct me
Where I may pour upon them.

Sar. You must spare
To expose your life too hastily: 'tis not
Like mine or any other subject's breath;
The whole war turns upon it—with it; thus
Alone creates it, kindles, and may quench it—
Prolong it—end it.

Sar. Then let us end both!
'Twere better thus, perhaps, than prolong either;
I'm sick of one, perchance of both.

[*A trumpet sounds without.*
Sar. Hark!

Sar. Hark!

Sar. Hark!

Sar. Hark!

Sar. Hark!

Sar. Hark!

Sar. Hark!

Sar. Hark!

Sar. Hark!

Sar.

Reply, not listen.

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Sar.

Let us

And your wound?

'Tis bound—

'Tis heal'd—I had forgotten it. Away!
A leech's lancet would have scratch'd me deeper;
The slave that gave it might be well ashamed
To have struck so weakly.

Sar. Now, may none this hour
Strike with a better aim!

Sar. Ay, if we conquer;
But if not, they will only leave to me
A task they might have spared their king. Upon
them! [*Trumpet sounds again*

Sar. I am with you.
Sar. Ho, my arms! again, my arms!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same Hall in the Palace.*

Myrrha and Balaia.

Myr. [*at a window.*] The day at last has broken.
What a night

Hath usher'd it! how beautiful in heaven!
Though varied with a transitory storm,
More beautiful in that variety!

How hideous upon earth! where peace and hope,
And love and revel, in an hour were trampled
By human passions to a human chaos,
Not yet resolved to separate elements—

'Tis warring still! And can the sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky,
With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains,
And billows purpler than the ocean's, making
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
So like we almost deem it permanent;

So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught
Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently
Scatter'd along the eternal vault; and yet
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love; which they who mark not,
Know not the realms where those twin gem
(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet relations,
For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamour) build the palaces
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe
Briefly;—but in that brief cool calm vale
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid suffering,
Though seemingly employ'd like all the rest
Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks
Of pain or pleasure, two names for one feeling,
Which our internal, restless agony
Would vary in the sound, although the sense
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy.

Sar. You muse right calmly; and can you so watch
The sunrise which may be our last?

Myr. It is

Myr. It is

Myr. It is

Myr. It is

Myr. It is

Myr. It is

Myr. It is

Myr. It is

Myr. It is

Therefore that I so watch it, and reproach
Those eyes, which never may behold it more,
For having look'd upon it oft, too oft,
Without the reverence and the rapture due
To that which keeps all earth from being as fragile
As I am in this form. Come, look upon it,
The Chaldee's god, which when I gaze upon
I grow almost a convert to your Baal.

Bal. As now he reigns in heaven, so once on earth
He sway'd.

Myr. He sways it now far more, then; never
Had earthly monarch half the power and glory
Which centres in a single ray of his

Bal. Surely he is a god!

Myr. So we Greeks deem too;
And yet I sometimes think that gorgeous orb
Must rather be the abode of gods than one
Of the immortal sovereigns. Now he breaks
Through all the clouds, and fills my eyes with light
That shuts the world out. I can look no more.

Bal. Hark! heard you not a sound?

Myr. No, 'twas mere fancy;
They battle it beyond the wall, and not
As in late midnight conflict in the very
Chambers: the palace has become a fortress
Since that insidious hour; and here, within
The very centre, girded by vast courts
And regal halls of pyramid proportions,
Which must be earned one by one before
They penetrate to where they then arrived,
We are as much shut in even from the sound
Of peril as from glory.

Bal. But they reach'd
Thus far before.

Myr. Yes, by surprise, and were
Beat back by valour: now at once we have
Courage and vigilance to guard us.

Bal. May they
Prosper!

Myr. That is the prayer of many, and
The dread of more: it is an anxious hour;
I strive to keep it from my thoughts. Alas!
How vainly!

Bal. It is said the king's demeanour
In the late action scarcely more appall'd
The rebels than astonish'd his true subjects.

Myr. 'Tis easy to astonish or appal
The vulgar mass which moulds a horde of slaves;
But he did bravely.

Bal. Slew he not Beleses?
I heard the soldiers say he struck him down.

Myr. The wretch was overthrown, but rescued to
Triumph, perhaps, o'er one who vanquish'd him
in fight, as he had spared him in his peril;
and by that heedless pity risk'd a crown.

Bal. Hark!
Myr. You are right; some steps approach, but
slowly.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing in Salmenes wounded,
with a broken javelin in his side: they seat
him upon one of the couches which furnish
the Apartment.*

Myr. Oh, Jove!

Sal. Then all is over.

Sal. That is false.

Hew down the slave who says so, if a soldier.

Myr. Spare him—he's none; a mere court
butcher.

That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.

Sal. Let him live on, then.

Myr. So wilt thou, I trust.

Sal. I fain would live this hour out, and the event,

But doubt it—Who before did ye bear me here?

Sal. By the king's order. When the javelin struck
you,

You fell and faintest: 'twas his strict command
To bear you to this hall.

Sal. 'Twas not ill done;

For seeming slain in that cold dizzy trance;
The sight might shake our soldiers—but 'tis vain,
I feel it ebbing!

Myr. Let me see the wound;

I am not quite skilless: in my native land

'Tis part of our instruction. War being constant,

We are nervecd to look on such things.

Sal. Best extract

The javelin.

Myr. Hold! no, no, it cannot be.

Sal. I am sped, then!

Myr. With the blood that fast must follow

The extracted weapon, I do fear thy life.

Sal. And I not death. Where was the king when

Convey'd me from the spot where I was stricken?

Sal. Upon the same ground, and encouraging

With voice and gesture the dispirited troops

Who had seen you fall, and falter'd back.

Sal. Whom heard ye

Named next to the command?

Sal. I did not hear.

Sal. Fly then, and tell him, 'twas my last request

That Zames take my post until the junction.

So hoped for, yet delay'd, of Ofranes,

Satrap of Susa. Leave me here; our troops

Are not so numerous as to spare your absence.

Sal. But, prince—

Sal. Hence, I say! Here's a courtier and

A woman, the best chamber company.

As you would not permit me to expire

Upon the field, I'll have no idle soldiers

About my sick couch. Hence! and do my bidding!

[*Exit the Soldiers.*]

Myr. Gallant and glorious spirit! must the earth

So soon resign thee?

Sal. Gentle Myrrha, 'tis

The end I would have chosen, had I liv'd

The monarch or the monarch's by this;

As 'tis, I have not outlived them.

Myr. You wax pale.

Sal. Your hand; this broken weapon but prolongs

My pangs, without sustaining life enough

To make me useful: I would draw it forth

And my life with it, could I but hear how

The fight goes.

Enter Sardanapalus and Soldiers.

Sal. My best brother!

Sal. And the battle

Is lost?

Sal. [*Respondingly.*] You see me here.

Sal. I'd rather see you *thus*!
[*He draws out the weapon from the wound, and dies.*]

Sar. And *thus* I will be seen; unless the succour,
The last frail reed of our beleagu'ring hopes,
Arrive with Ofratanes.

Myr. Did you not
Receive a token from your dying brother,
Appointing Zames chief?

Sar. I did.

Myr. Where's Zames?

Sar. Dead.

Myr. And Altada?

Sar. Dying.

Myr. Pania? Sfero?

Sar. Pania yet lives; but Sfero's fled or captive.
I am alone.

Myr. And is all lost?

Sar. Our walls,
Though thinly mann'd, may still hold out against
Their present force, or aught save treachery:
But 't' the field—

Myr. I thought 'twas the intent
Of Salmenes not to risk a sally
Till ye were strengthen'd by the expected succours.

Sar. I overruled him.

Myr. Well, the fault's a brave one.

Sar. But fatal. Oh, my brother! I would I give
These realms, of which thou wert the ornament,
The sword and shield, the sole redeeming honour,
To call back—But I will not weep for thee:
Thou shalt be mourn'd for as thou wouldst be
mourn'd.

It grieves me not that thou shouldst stop this life
Believing that I could survive what thou
Hast died for—our long royalty of race.
If I redeem it, I will give thee blood
Of thousands, tears of millions, for atonement
(The tears of all the good are thine already)
If not, we meet again soon—if the spirit
Within us lives beyond;—thou'rt readiest mine,
And dost me justice now. Let me once clasp
That yet warm hand, and fold that bloodless heart.

[*Lembrs the body.*]

To this which beats so bitterly. Now bear
The body hence.

Soldier. Where?

Sar. To my proper chamber.

Place it beneath my canopy, as though
The king lay there: when this is done, we will
Speak further of the rites due to such ashes.

[*Exeunt Soldiers with the body of Salmenes.*]

Enter Pania.

Sar. Well, Pania! have you placed the guards
The orders fix'd on? [and issued]

Pan. Sire, I have obey'd

Sar. And do the soldiers keep their hearts up?

Pan. Sire?

Sar. I'm answer'd? When a king asks twice,
A question as an answer to his question, [and has
It is a portent. What! they are dishearten'd?

Pan. The death of Salmenes, and the shouts
Of the exulting rebels on his fall,
Have made them—

Sar. *Rage*—not droop—it should have been.
We'll find the means to rouse them.

Pan. Such a loss
Might sadden even a victory.

Sar. Alas!
Who can so feel it as I feel? but yet, [and we
Though coop'd within these walls, they are strong,
Have those without will break their way through
hosts,

To make their sovereign's dwelling what it was—
A palace; not a prison, nor a fortress.

Enter an Officer, hastily.

Sar. Thy face seems ominous. Speak!

Off. I dare not.

Sar. Dare not?

While millions dare revolt with sword in hand!
That's strange. I pray thee break that loyal silence
Which loathes to shock its sovereign; we can hear
Worse than thou hast to tell.

Pan. Proceed, thou hearest.

Off. The wall which skirted near the river's brink
Is thrown down by the sudden inundation
Of the Euphrates, which now rolling, swoll
From the enormous mountains where it rises,
By the late rains of that tempestuous region,
O'erflows its banks, and hath destroy'd the bul-
work.

Pan. That's a black augury! it has been said
For ages, 'That the city ne'er should yield
To man, until the river grew its foe.'

Sar. I can forgive the omen, not the ravage
How much is swept down of the wall?

Off. About

Some twenty stadia.*

Sar. And all this is left
Pervious to the assailants?

Off. For the present
The river's fury must impede the assault;
But when he shrinks into his wonted channel,
And may be cross'd by the accustomed banks,
The palace is their own.

Sar. That shall be never.
Though men, and gods, and elements, and omens,
Have risen up 'gainst one who ne'er provoked them,
My father's house shall never be a cave
For wolves to horde and howl in.

Pan. With your sanction,
I will proceed to the spot, and take such measures
For the assurance of the vacant space
As time and means permit.

Sar. About it straight,

And bring me back, as speedily as full
And fair investigation may permit,
Report of the true state of this irruption
Of waters. [*Exeunt Pania and the Officer.*]

Myr. Thus the very waves rise up

Against you.

Sar. They are not my subjects, girl,
And may be pardon'd, since they can't be punish'd.
Myr. I joy to see this portent shakes you not.

Sar. I am past the fear of portents: they can
tell me

* About two miles and a half.

Nothing I have not told myself since midnight:
Despair anticipates such things.

Myr. Despair!

Sar. No, not despair precisely. When we know
All that can come, and how to meet it, our
Resolves, if firm, may merit a more noble
Word than this is to give it utterance.
But what are words to us? we have well nigh done
With them and all things.

Myr. Save *one deed*—the last
And greatest to all mortals; crowning act
Of all that was, or is, or is to be—
The only thing common to all mankind,
So different in their births, tongues, sexes, natures,
Hues, features, climes, times, feelings, intellects,
Without one point of union save in this,
To which we tend, for which we're born, and I thread
The labyrinth of mystery, call'd life. [cheerful.
Sar. Our dew being wellnigh wound out let's be
They who have nothing more to fear may well
Indulge a smile at that which once appall'd;
As children at discover'd bugbears.

Pan. Re-enter Pania. 'Tis

As was reported: I have order'd there
A double guard, withdrawing from the wall
Where it was strongest the required addition
To watch the breach occasion'd by the waters.

Sar. You have done your duty faithfully, and as
My worthy Pania I further ties between us
Draw near a close, I pray you take this key:

[Gives a key.

It opens to a secret chamber, placed
Behind the couch in my own chamber (Now
Press'd by a nobler weight than e'er it bore—
Though a long line of sovereigns have lain down
Along its golden frame—as bearings for
A time what late was Salemenes). Search
The secret covert to which this will lead you:
'Tis full of treasure; take it for yourself
And your companions; there's enough to load ye,
Though ye be many. Let the slaves be freed, too;
And all the inmates of the palace, of
Whatever sex, now quit it in an hour. [pleasure,
Thence launch the regal barks, once form'd for
And now to serve for safety, and embark.
The river's broad and swoln, and uncommanded
[More potent than a king] by these besiegers.
Fly I and be happy!

Pan. Under your protection I
So you accompany your faithful guard.

Sar. No, Pania I that must not be; get thee hence,
And leave me to my fate.

Pan. 'Tis the first time
I ever disobey'd: but now—

Sar. So all men
Dare heard me now, and insolence within
Apes Treason from without. Question no further;
'Tis my command, my last command. Wilt thou
Oppose it? thou!

Pan. But yet—not yet.

Sar. Well, then,
Swear that you will obey when I shall give
The signal.

Pan. With a heavy but true heart,
I promise.

Sar. 'Tis enough, now order here
Faggots, pine-nuts, and wither'd leaves, and such
Things as catch fire and blaze with one sole
spark;

Bring cedar, too, and precious drugs and spices,
And mighty planks, to nourish a tall pile,
Bring frankincense and myrrh, too, for it is
For a great sacrifice I build the pyre!
And heap them round yon throne.

Pan. My lord!

Sar. I have said it,
And you have sworn.

Pan. And could keep my faith
Without a vow. [Exit Pania.

Myr. What mean you?
Sar. You shall know
Anon—what the whole earth shall ne'er forget.

Pania, returning with a Herald.
Pan. My king, in going forth upon my duty,
This herald has been brought before me, craving
An audience.

Sar. Let him speak.

Her. The King Arbaces—

Sar. What, crown'd already?—But, proceed.

Her. Beless,
The anointed high-priest—

Sar. Of what god or demon?
With new kings rise new altars. But, proceed;
You are sent to prate your master's will, and not
Reply to mine.

Her. And Satrap Ofratanes—

Sar. Why, he is ours.

Her. [showing a ring.] Be sure that he is now
In the camp of the conquerors; behold
His signet ring.

Sar. 'Tis his. A worthy triad!
Poor Salemenes! thou hast died in time
To see one treachery the less: this man
Was thy true friend and my most trusted subject.
Proceed.

Her. They offer thee thy life, and freedom
Of choice to single out a residence
In any of the further provinces,
Guarded and watch'd, but not confined in person,
Where thou shalt pass thy days in peace; but on
Condition that the three young princes are
Given up as hostages.

Sar. [ironically] The generous victors!

Her. I wait the answer.

Sar. Answer, slave! How long
Have slaves decided on the doom of kings?

Her. Since they were free.

Sar. Mouthpiece of mutiny!
Thou at the least shalt learn the penalty
Of treason, though its proxy only. Pania!
Let his head be thrown from our walls within
The rebels' lines, his carcass down the river.
Away with him!

[Pania and the Guards setting him.

Pan. I never yet obey'd
Your orders with more pleasure than the present.
Hence with him, soldiers! do not soil this hall

Of my duty with treasonable gore;
Put him to rest without.

Her. A single word:
My office, king, is sacred.

Sar. And what's mine?
That thou shouldst e'en once dare to ask of me
To lay it down?

Her. I but obey'd my orders,
At the same peril if refused, as now
Incurs'd by my obedience.

Sar. So there are
New monarchs of an hour's go with us despotic,
As sovereigns swathed in purple, and enthroned
From birth to manhood!

Her. My life waits your breath,
Yours I speak here—yours—but mine I do—yours
Might die in love, as mine does in command;
We that are mortal, both have our disease,
Such as the gods themselves do not destroy
Apostrophe!—but not mortal in his office;
And to order I only all that is done.

He has a rare advantage in his name—but that
More he has, as I shall see, as will the gods—fact

Sar. He sings—let that give thee—My life!—let
Still be a life of youth. Here, fellow-wake

Her. *quodlibet*—*let it hold your wine,*
And think of nothing but their weight on my lie,
And think of nothing but their weight on my lie.

Her. I thank you, and only for my life, and thus
Most gorgeous gift, which renders it more precious
But must I bear no more war?

Sar. Yes,—I ask
An hour's time to consider.

Her. But not a year's?
Sar. As he is not it, the expiration of
That thy eyes may never bear so further from me,
They are, I repeat, not of my report, then, let us
As I do not think so.

Her. I shall not fail
To let a minute's grace of your pleasure.

Sar. An I thank you, word my
Her. I shall not forget it,
Whichever it be.

Sar. Command me to believe;
And tell him, ere a year expires, I'll return
Hence, hence to meet me.

Her. Where?
Sar. At Babylon.

At least from thence he will depart to meet me.
Her. I shall obey you to the letter.

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Sar. *Exit Her.*
Sar. *Exit Her.*

Leave that, save fraught with fire unquenchable,
To the new comers. Frame the whole as if
'Twere to enkindle the strong tower of our
Inveterate enemies. Now it bears an aspect!
How say you, Pania, will this pile suffice
For a king's obsequies?

Pan. Ay, for a kingdom's.
I understand you, now.

Sar. And blame?
Pan. No—

Let me but fire the pile, and share it with you.
Sar. That duty's mine.

Pan. A woman's!
Myr. 'Tis the soldier's!

Part to be for his sovereign, and why not
The woman's with her lover?

Pan. 'Tis most strange!
Myr. But not so rare, my Pania, as thou think'st
it.

In the meantime, live thou,—farewell! the pile
Is to fly.

Pan. 'Tis bold shame to leave my sovereign
With but a single female to partake
His wealth.

Sar. Too many far have heralded
Me to the dust already. Get thee hence:
Launch thee.

Pan. And live wretched!
Sar. Think upon
Thy vow—'tis sacred and irrevocable.

Pan. Since it is so, farewell.
Sar. Search well my chamber,
Feel me remorse at bearing off the gold;
Remember, what you leave you leave the slaves
With us—me; and when you have borne away
A side off to your boats, blow one long blast
Up to the framing of us you quit the palace.
The river's brink is too remote, its stream
Foolish at present to permit the echo
To reach distinctly from its banks. Then fly,—
As I say you, turn back; but still keep on
Your way, and ring the Euphrates; if you reach
The land of Bagdadoma, where the queen
Lies with my three sons in Cotta's court,
Say what you saw at parting, and request
That she remember what I said at one
Parting, in my mournful still.

Pan. That royal hand!
Let me then on mine represent to my lips;
And the soldier's others who throng round you, and
Will fondle with you!

Myr. *Exit Pania, and the soldier's, kiss-
ing her, and the hem of his robe.*

Sar. My best! my best friends!
I'll see you, each other; part at once;
All the wells shall be sudden, when for ever,
I'll see they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
Hence, and be happy; trust me, I am not
Nearer to you; or far more for what
Is past, if present; for the future, 'tis
In the hands of the deities, if such
There be; I shall know soon. Farewell—farewell.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Exit Pania and Soldiers.

Myr. These men were honest : it is comfort still
That our last looks should be on loving faces.

Sar. And lovely ones, my beautiful ! but hear me !
If at this moment—for we now are on
The brink—thou feel'st an inward shrinking from
This leap through flame into the future, say it :
I shall not love thee less ; nay, perhaps more,
For yielding to thy nature ; and there's time
Yet for thee to escape hence

Myr. Shall I light
One of the torches which lie heap'd beneath
The ever-burning lamp that burns without,
Before Baal's shrine in the adjoining hall ?

Sar. Do so. Is that thy answer ?

Myr. Thou shalt see.
[*Exit Myrrha.*]

Sar [*solus.*] She's firm. My fathers ! whom I
will rejoice,

It may be, purified by death from some
Of the gross stains of too material being,
I would not leave your ancient first abode
To the defilement of usurping bondmen ;
If I have not kept your inheritance
As ye bequeath'd it, this bright part of it,
Your treasure, your abode, your sacred relics
Of arms and records, monuments, and scrolls,
In which *they* would have revell'd, I bear with me
To you in that absorbing element,
Which most personifies the soul as leaving
The least of matter unconsumed before
Its fiery workings :—and the light of this
Most royal of funereal pyres shall be
Not a mere pillar form of cloud and flame,
A beacon in the horizon for a day,
And then a mount of ashes, but a light
To lesson ages, rebel nations, and
Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full many
A people's records, and a hero's acts ;
Sweep empire after empire, like this first
Of empires, into nothing ; but even then
Shall spare this deed of mine, and hold it up
A problem few dare imitate, and none
Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life
Which led to such a consummation.

*Myrrha returns with a lighted torch in one hand,
and a cup in the other.*

Myr. Lo !
I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.

Sar. And the cup ?

Myr. 'Tis my country's custom to
Make a libation to the gods.

Sar. And mine
To make libations amongst men. I've not
Forgot the custom ; and although alone,
Will drain one draught in memory of many
A joyous banquet past.

[*Sardanapalus takes the cup, and after drinking
and tinkling the reversed cup, as a drop falls,
exclaims—*

And this libation

Is for the excellent Beleses.

Myr. Why

Dwells thy mind rather upon that man's name
Than on his mate's in villainy ?

Sar. The one
Is a mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a friend's hand ; the other
Is a master-mover of his warlike puppet ;
But I dismiss them from my mind.—Yet pause,
My Myrrha ! dost thou truly follow me,
Freely and fearlessly

Myr. And dost thou think
A Greek girl dare not do for love, that which
An Indian widow braves for custom ?

Sar. Then
We but await the signal.

Myr. It is long
In sounding.

Sar. Now, farewell ; one last embrace.

Myr. Embrace, but *not* the last ; there is one more.
Sar. True, the commingling fire will mix our
ashes.

Myr. And pure as is my love to thee, shall they,
Purged from the dross of earth, and earthly passion,
Mix pale with thine. A single thought yet irks me.

Sar. Say it.

Myr. It is that no kind hand will gather
The dust of both into one urn.

Sar. The better :
Rather let them be borne abroad upon
The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air,
Than be polluted more by human hands
Of slaves and traitors. In this blazing palace,
And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,
We leave a nobler monument than Egypt
Hath piled in her brick mountains, o'er dead kings,
Or *Kiva*, for none know whether those proud piles
Be for their monarch or their ox-god Apis :
So much for monuments that have forgotten
Their very record !

Myr. Then farewell, thou earth !
And loveliest spot of earth ! farewell, Ionia !
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation ! My last prayer [thee !
Was for thee, my last thoughts, save *one*, were of

Sar. And that ?

Myr. Is yours.
The trumpet of Pania sounds without.

Sar. Hark !

Myr. Now !

Sar. Adieu, Assyria !

I loved thee well, my own, my fathers' land,
And better as my country than my kingdom,
I sated thee with peace and joys, and this
Is my reward ! and now I owe thee nothing,
Not even a grave. [*He mounts the pile.*

Now, Myrrha !
Myr. Art thou ready ?

Sar. As the torch in thy grasp.

[*Myrrha fires the pile.*
Myr. 'Tis fired ! I come.

[*As Myrrha springs forward to throw herself
into the flames, the Curtain falls.*]

THE TWO FOSCARI.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

The father softens, but the governor's resolved.—CRITIC.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Francis Foscari, *Doge of Venice.*
 Jacopo Foscari, *Son of the Doge.*
 James Loredano, *a Patrician.*
 Marco Memmo, *a Chief of the Party*
 Barbarigo, *a Senator.*

*Other Senators, The Council of Ten, Guards,
 Attendants, &c. &c.*

WOMAN.

Marina, *Wife of young Foscari.*

SCENE.—The Ducal Palace, Venice.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the Ducal Palace.

Enter Loredano and Barbarigo, meeting.

Lor. Where is the prisoner?
Bar. Reposing from
 The Question
Lor. The hour's past—fix'd yesterday
 For the resumption of his trial—Let us
 Rejoin our colleagues in the council, and
 Urge his recall.
Bar. Nay, let him profit by
 A few brief minutes for his tortur'd limbs;
 He was o'erwrought by the question yesterday,
 And may die under it if now repeated.
Lor. Well?
Bar. I yield not to you in love of justice,
 Or hate of the ambitious Foscari,
 Father and son, and all their rancorous race;
 But the poor wretch has suffer'd beyond nature's
 Most stoical endurance.
Lor. Without owning
 His crime?
Bar. Perhaps without committing any.
 But he avow'd the letter to the Duke
 Of Milan, and his sufferings half atone for
 Such weakness.
Lor. We shall see.
Bar. Yes, Loredano,
 Pursue hereditary hate too far.
Lor. How far?
Bar. To extermination.
Lor. When they are
 Extinct, you may say this—Let's enter a protest.
Bar. Yet pause—the number of our colleagues
 Complete yet; two are wanting ere we can
 Proceed.
Lor. And the chief judge, the Doge?
Bar. Not—
 With more than Roman fortitude, is ever
 First at the board in this unhappy process
 Against his last and only son.

Lor. True—true—
 His last.
Bar. Will nothing move you?
Lor. Feels he, think you?
Bar. He shows it not.
Lor. I have mark'd that—the wretch I
Bar. But yesterday, I hear, on his return
 To the ducal chambers, as he pass'd the threshold
 The old man fainted.
Lor. it begins to work, then.
Bar. The work is half your own.
Lor. And should be all mine—
 My father and my uncle are no more.
Bar. I have read their epitaph which says they
 By poison. [died]
Lor. When the Doge declared that he
 Should never deem himself a sovereign till
 The death of Peter Loredano, both
 The brothers sickened shortly—he is sovereign.
Bar. A wretched one.
Lor. What should they be who make
 Orphans?
Bar. But did the Doge make you so?
Lor. Yes.
Bar. What solid proofs?
Lor. When princes set themselves
 To work in secret, proofs and process are
 Alike made simultaneous, but I have such
 Of the first, as shall make the second needless.
Bar. But you will move by law?
Lor. By all the laws
 Which's would I leave us
Bar. They are such in this
 Our state as render retribution easier
 Than amongst remoter nations. Is it true
 That you have written in your books of commerce
 Of the wealthy practice of our highest nobles,
 'Doge Foscari, my debtor for the deaths
 Of Marco and Pietro Loredano,
 My sire and uncle?
Lor. It is written thus.
Bar. And will you leave it uneras'd?

Lor. Till balanced.
Bar. And how?

[Two Senators pass over the stage, as in their way to 'the Hall of the Council of Ten.'

Lor. You see the number is complete.
 Follow me. [Exit Loredano.

Bar. [solus.] Follow thee! I have follow'd long
 Thy path of desolation, as the wave
 Sweeps after that before it, alike whelming
 The wreck that creaks to the wild winds, and wretch
 Who shrieks within its riven ribs, as gush
 The waters through them; but this son and sire
 Might move the elements to pause, and yet
 Must I on hardily like them—Oh! would
 I could as blindly and remorselessly!—
 Lo, where he comes!—Be still, my heart! they are
 Thy foes, must be thy victims: wilt thou beat
 For those who almost broke thee?

Enter Guards, with young Foscari as prisoner, &c.

Guard. Let him rest.
 Signor, take time

Jac. Fos. I thank thee, friend, I'm feeble;
 But thou may'st stand reproved.

Guard. I'll stand the hazard.
Jac. Fos. That's kind!—I meet some pity, but
 This is the first. [no mercy:

Guard. And might be the last, did they
 Who rule behold us.

Bar. [advancing to the Guard.] There is one
 who does:

Yet fear not; I will neither be thy judge
 Nor thy accuser; though the hour is past,
 Wait their last summons—I am of 'the Ten,'
 And waiting for that summons, sanction you
 Even by my presence: when the last call sounds,
 We'll in together.—Look well to the prisoner!

Jac. Fos. What voice is that?—'Tis Barbarigo's!
 Our house's foe, and one of my few judges. [Ah!

Bar. To balance such a foe, if such there be,
 Thy father sits amongst thy judges.

Jac. Fos. True,
 He judges.

Bar. Then deem not the laws too harsh
 Which yield so much indulgence to a sire,
 As to allow his voice in such high matter
 As the state's safety—

Jac. Fos. And his son's. I'm faint;
 Let me approach, I pray you, for a breath
 Of air, yon window which o'erlooks the waters.

Enter an Officer, who whispers Barbarigo.

Bar. [to the Guard.] Let him approach. I must
 not speak with him

Further than thus: I have transgress'd my duty
 In this brief parley, and must now redeem it
 Within the Council Chamber. [Exit Barbarigo.

[Guard conducting Jacopo Foscari to the window.
Guard. There, sir, 'tis

Open.—How feel you!
Jac. Fos. Like a boy—Oh Venice!

Guard. And your limbs?
Jac. Fos. Limbs! how often have they borne me

Bounding o'er yon blue tide, as I have skinn'd
 The gondola along in childlike race,

And, masqued as a young gondolier, amidst
 My gay competitors, noble as I.

Raced for our pleasure, in the pride of strength;
 While the fair populace of crowding beauties,
 Plebeian as patrician, cheer'd us on

With dazzling smiles, and wishes audible,
 And waving kerchiefs, and applauding hands,

Even to the goal!—How many a time have I
 Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,

The wave all roughen'd, with a swimmer's stroke
 Flung the billows back from my drench'd hair,

And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
 Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er

The waves as they arose, and prouder still
 The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,

In my wantonness of spirit, plunging down
 Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making

My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
 By those above, till they wax'd fearful; then

Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
 As show'd that I had search'd the deep: exulting,

With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
 The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd

The foam which broke around me, and pursued
 My track like a sea-bird!—I was a boy then.

Guard. Be a man now: there never was more need
 Of manhood's strength.

Jac. Fos. [looking from the lattice.] My beautiful,
 my own,

My only Venice—this is breath! Thy breeze,
 Thine Adrian sea-breeze, how it fans my face!

Thy very winds feel native to my veins,
 And cool them into calmness! How unlike

The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,
 Which howled about my Candiotè dungeon, and

Made my heart sick
Guard. I see the colour comes

Back to your cheek: Heaven send you strength to
 bear

What more may be imposed!—I dread to think on't.
Jac. Fos. They will not banish me again?—No—

Let them wring on; I am strong yet. [no,
Guard. Confess,

And the rack will be spared you.
Jac. Fos. I confess'd

Once—twice before: both times they exiled me.
Guard. And the third time will slay you.

Jac. Fos. Let them do so,
 So I be buried in my birth-place: better

Be ashes here than aught that lives elsewhere.
Guard. And can you so much love the soil which

hates you? [soil
Jac. Fos. The soil!—Oh no, it is the seed of the
 Which persecutes me; but my native earth

Will take me as a mother to her arms,
 I ask no more than a Venetian grave.

A dungeon, what they will, so it be here.
 Enter an Officer.

Off. Bring in the prisoner!
Guard. Signor, you hear the order.

Jac. Fos. Ay, I am used to such a summons: 'tis
 The third time they have tortured me:—then lend
 Thine arm. [me
 } To the Guard.

Off. Take mine, sir, 'tis my duty to
Be nearest to your person.

Fos. Fos. You!—you are he
Who yesterday presided o'er my pangs—
Away!—I'll walk alone.

Off. As you please, signor;
The sentence was not of my signing, but
I dared not disobey the Council when
They— [engine.

Fos. Fos. Bade thee stretch me on their horrid
I pray thee touch me not—that is, just now;
The time will come they will remember that order,
But keep off from me till 'tis issue'd. As
I look upon thy hand is my earling limbs
Quiver with the anticipate I wrenching,
And the cold drops stream through my brow, as if—
But onward—I have borne it—I can bear it—
How beaks my father?

Off. With his wint'ed aspect.

Fos. Fos. So I love the earth, and sky, the blue of
ocean,

The brightness of our city and her domes,
The mirth of her Piazza, even now
His merry hums of native's pierce—where,
Even here, into these chambers of the unknown
Who govern, and the unkie wh and the unnumber'd
Judged and destroy'd in silence,—all things wear
The self-same aspect, to my very sire!
Nothing can sympathize with Foscari,
Not even a Doge.—SEN. I attend you.

Fos. Fos. [To the Doge, an Officer, &c.]
Enter Memmo, &c. [To the Doge.]

M. M. He's gone—we are too late!—think you
Will sit for any length of time to-day?— [The Ten
S. M. They say the prisoner is most obdurate,
Persisting in his first avowal; but
More I know not.

M. M. And that is woth; the secrets
Of you terrible chamber are all hidden
From us, the premier work of the state,
As from the people.

Sen. Save the words from our ears,
Which—like the tales of spirits, that are said
Near ruin'd buildings—never have been perceived,
Nor wholly disbelieve; but know, 'tis little
Of the state's real acts as of the grave's
Unfathom'd mysteries.

Mem. But with length of time
We gain a step in knowledge, and I think
I forward to be one day of the discoverers.

Sen. Or Doge?

Mem. Why, no, not if I can avoid it.

Sen. 'Tis the first station of the state, and may
Be lawfully desired, and lawfully
Attain'd by noble aspirants.

Mem. To such
I leave it; though born noble, my ambition
Is limited: I'd rather be an unit
Of an united and imperial 'Ten,
Than shine a lonely though a gilded cipher—
Whom have we here? the wife of Foscari!

Enter Marina, with a female Attendant.

Mar. What, no one?—I am wrong, there still are
But they are senators. [two;

M. M. Most noble lady,
Command us.

Mar. I command!—Alas! my life
Has been one long entreaty, and a vain one.

Mem. I understand thee, but I must not answer.

Mar. [fiercely] True—none dare answer here
save on the rack.

Or guests I save those—

Mar. [interrupting her.] High-born dame! be-
When, thou now art. [think thee

Mar. Where I now am!—It was
My husband's father's palace.

M. M. The Duke's palace.

Mar. And his sons' prison!—True, I have not
I see it;

And if there were no other nearer, bitter
Remembrances, would I think the illustrious Memmo
For pointing out the pleasures of the place.

M. M. Be silent!

Mar. [looking up towards heaven] I am; but oh
tho' maternal God!

Canst thou continue so, with such a world?

Mem. Thy husband yet may be absolved.

Mar. He is, He is,

In heaven. I pray you, signor senator,
Speak not of that; you are a man of office,
So is the Doge; he has a son at stake
Now, at this moment, and I have a husband,
Or had; they are there within, or were at least
An hour since, face to face, as judge and culprit:
Will he condemn him?

Mem. I trust not

Mar. But if

He does not, there are those will sentence both.

M. M. They can.

Mar. And with them power and will are one
In wickedness!—my husband's lost!

Mem. Not so;
Justice is judge in Venice.

Mar. If it were so,
There now would be no Venice. But let it
Live on, so the good die not, till the hour
Of nature's summons; but 'the Ten's' is quicker,
And we must wait out. Ah! a voice of woe!
[A faint cry within.

Sen. Hark!

Mem. 'Twas a cry of—

Mar. No, no; not my husband's—
Not Foscari's.

Mem. The voice was—

Mar. Not here. Not here; no.

He shriek! No, that should be his father's part,
Not his—not his—be he in silence.

[A faint groan again within.

Mem. What?

Again!

Mar. His voice! it seem'd so: I will not
Believe it. Should he shrink, I cannot cease
To love; but—no—no—no—it must have been
A fearful pang, which wrung a groan from him.

Sen. And feeling for thy husband's wrongs,
wouldst thou

Have him bear more than mortal pain in silence?

Mar. We all must bear our tortures. I have not

Left barren the great house of Foscari,
Though they sweep both the Doge and son from
I have endured as much in giving life [life;
To those who will succeed them, as they can
In leaving it: but mine were joyful pangs:
And yet they wrung me till I *could* have shriek'd,
But did not; for my hope was to bring forth
Heroes, and would not welcome them with tears.

Mem. All's silent now.

Mar. Perhaps all's over; but
I will not deem it: he hath nerved himself,
And now defies them.

Enter an Officer hastily.

Mem. How now, friend, what seek you?
Off. A leech. The prisoner has fainted.

[*Exit Officer.*

Mem. Lady,

'Twere better to retire.

Sen. [*Offering to assist her.*] I pray thee do so.

Mar. Off! I will tend him

Mem. You! Remember, lady!
Ingress is given to none within those chambers,
Except 'the Ten,' and their familiars.

Mar. Well,
I know that none who enter there return
As they have enter'd—many never; but
They shall not balk my entrance.

Mem. Alas! this
Is but to expose yourself to harsh repulse,
And worse suspense.

Mar. Who shall oppose me?

Mem. They
Whose duty 'tis to do so.

Mar. 'Tis their duty
To trample on all human feelings, all
Ties which bind man to man, to emulate
The fiends who will one day requite them in
Variety of torturing! Yet I'll pass.

Mem. It is impossible.

Mar. That shall be tried.
Despair defies even despotism: there is [hosts
That in my heart would make its way through
With level'd spears; and think you a few jailors
Shall put me from my path? Give me, then, way;
This is the Doge's palace: I am wife
Of the Duke's son, the *innocent* Duke's son,
And they shall hear this!

Mem. It will only serve
More to exasperate his Judges.

Mar. What
Are judges who give way to anger? they
Who do so are assassins. Give me way.

[*Exit Marina.*

Sen. Poor lady!

Mem. 'Tis mere desperation: she
Will not be admitted o'er the threshold.

Sen. And
Even if she be so, cannot save her husband,
But see, the officer returns.

[*The Officer passes over the stage with another person.*

Mem. I hardly
Thought that 'the Ten' had even this touch of
Or would permit assistance to this sufferer. [i]ty,

Sen. Pity! Is't pity to recall to feeling
The wretch too happy to escape to death
By the compassionate trance, poor nature's last
Resource against the tyranny of pain?

Mem. I marvel they condemn him not at once.

Sen. That's not their policy; they'd have him live,
Because he fears not death; and banish him,
Because all earth, except his native land,
To him is one wide prison, and each breath
Of foreign air he draws seems a slow poison,
Consuming but not killing.

Mem. Circumstance
Confirms his crimes, but he avows them not.

Sen. None, save the Letter, which he says was
written.

Address'd to Milan's duke, in the full knowledge
That it would fall into the senate's hands,
And thus he should be re-convey'd to Venice.

Mem. But as a culprit.

Sen. Yes, but to his country;
And that was all he sought,—so he avouches.

Mem. The accusation of the bribes was proved.

Sen. Not clearly, and the charge of homicide
Has been annull'd by the death-bed confession
Of Nicholas Erizzo, who slew the late
Chief of 'the Ten.'

Mem. Then why not clear him?

Sen. That
They ought to answer; for it is well known
That Almozo Donato, as I said,
Was slain by Erizzo for private vengeance.

Mem. There must be more in this strange process
than
The apparent crimes of the accused disclose—
But here come two of 'the Ten'; let us retire.

[*Exit Memmo and Senator.*

Enter Lorezano and Barbarigo.

Bar. [*Addressing Lor.*] That were too much:
believe me, 'twas not meet
The trial should go further at this moment.

Lor. And so the Council must break up, and Jus-
Pause in her full career, because a woman [i]ce
Breaks in on our deliberations?

Bar. No,
That's not the cause; you saw the prisoner's state.

Lor. And had he not recover'd?
Bar. To relapse

Upon the least renewal.
Lor. 'Twas not tried.

Bar. 'Tis in vain to murmur; the majority
In council were against you.

Lor. Thanks to you, sir,
And the old ducal dotard, who combin'd
The worthy voices which o'er-ruled my own.

Bar. I am a judge; but must confess that part
Of our stern duty, which prescribes the Question,
And bids us sit and see its sharp infliction,
Makes me wish—

Lor. What?

Bar. That you would sometimes feel,
As I do always.

Lor. Go to, you're a child,
Infirm of feeling as of purpose, blown
About by every breath, shook by a sigh,

And melted by a tear—a precious judge
For Venice! and a worthy statesman to
Be partner in his policy.

Bar. He shed

No tears.

Lor. He cried out twice.

Bar. A saint had done so,

Even with the crown of glory in his eye,
At such inhuman artifice of pain
As was forced on him; but he did not cry
For pity; not a word nor groan escaped him,
And those two shrieks were not in supplication,
But wrung from pangs, and follow'd by no prayers.

Lor. He mutter'd many times between his teeth,
But inarticulately.

Bar. That I heard not;

You stood more near him.

Lor. I did so.

Bar. Methought,

To my surprise, too, you were touch'd with mercy,
And were the first to call out for assistance
When he was failing.

Lor. I believed that swoon

His last.

Bar. And have I not oft heard thee name
His and his father's death your nearest wish?

Lor. If he dies innocent, that is to say,

With his guilt unavow'd, he'll be lamented.

Bar. What, wouldst thou slay his memory?

Lor. Wouldst thou have

His state descend to his children, as it must,
If he die unattainted?

Bar. War with them too? [nothing]

Lor. With all their house, till theirs or mine are

Bar. And the deep agony of his pale wife,

And the repress'd convulsion of the high
And princely brow of his old father, which
Broke forth in a slight shuddering, though rarely,
Or in some clumny drops, soon wiped away
In stern serenity; these moved you not?

[Exit Loredano]

He's silent in his hate, as Foscari [me

Was in his suffering; and the poor wretch moved

More by his silence than a thousand outcries

Could have effected. 'Twas a dreadful sight

When his distracted wife broke through into

The hall of our tribunal, and beheld

What we could scarcely look upon, long us'd

To such sights. I must think no more of this,

Lest I forget in this compassion for

Our foes, their former injuries, and lose

The hold of vengeance Loredano plans

For him and me; but mine would be content

With lesser retribution than he thirsts for,

And I would mitigate his deeper hatred

To milder thoughts; but for the present, Foscari

Has a short hourly respite, granted at

The instance of the elders of the Council,

Moved doubtless by his wife's appearance in

The hall, and his own sufferings.—Lo! they come:

How feeble and forlorn! I cannot bear

To look on them again in this extremity:

I'll hence, and try to soften Loredano.

[Exit Barbarigo]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the Doge's Palace.

The Doge and a Senator.

Sen. Is it your pleasure to sign the report

Now, or postpone it till to-morrow?

Doge. Now;

I overlook'd it yesterday: it wants

Merely the signature. Give me the pen—

[*The Doge sits down and signs the paper.*]

There, signor. [not signed.]

Sen. [looking at the paper.] You have forgot; it is

Doge. Not sign'd? Ah, I perceive my eyes begin

To wax more weak with age. I did not see

That I had dip'd the pen without effect.

Sen. [dipping the pen into the ink, and placing the paper before the Doge.] Your hand, too

shakes, my lord: allow me, thus—

Doge. 'Tis done, I thank you.

Sen. Thus the act confirm'd

By you and by 'the Ten' gives peace to Venice.

Doge. 'Tis long since she enjoy'd it: may it be

As long ere she resume her arms!

Sen. 'Tis almost

Thirty-four years of nearly ceaseless warfare

With the Turk, or the powers of Italy;

The state had need of some repose.

Doge. No doubt

I found her Queen of Ocean, and I leave her

Lady of Lombardy; it is a comfort

That I have added to her daidem

The gems of Brescia and Ravenna; Crema

And Bergamo no less are hers; her realm

By land has grown by thus much in my reign,

While her sea-way has not shrunk.

Sen. 'Tis most true,

And merits all our country's gratitude.

Doge. Perhaps so.

Sen. Which should be made manifest.

Doge. I have not complain'd, sir.

Sen. My good lord, forgive me.

Doge. For what?

Sen. My heart bleeds for you.

Doge. For me, signor!

Sen. And for your—

Doge. Stop!

Sen. It must have way, my lord:

I have too many duties towards you

And all your house, for past and present kindness,

Not to feel deeply for your son.

Doge. Was this

In your commission?

Sen. What, my lord?

Doge. This prattle

Of things you know not; but the treaty's signed;

To turn with it to them who sent you.

Sen. I

Obey. I had in charge, too, from the Council

That you would fix an hour for their reunion.

Doge. Say, when they will—now, even at this

moment,

If it so please them; I am the state's servant.

Sen. They would accord some time for your re-

pose.

Doge. I have no repose, that is, none which shall
The loss of an hour's time unto the state [cause
Let them meet when they will, I shall be found
Where I should be, and what I have been ever.

[Exit Senator. The Doge remains in silence.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. Prince!

Doge. Say on.

Att. The illustrious lady Foscari
Requests an audience.

Doge. Bid her enter. Poor

Marina!

[Exit Attendant. The Doge remains in silence
as before.

Enter Marina.

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

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

Mar. I wish'd to speak to you of *him*

Doge. Your husband?

Mar. And your son,

Doge. Proceed, my daughter!

Mar. I had obtain'd permission from 'the Ten'
To attend my husband for a limited number
Of hours.

Doge. You had so.

Mar. 'Tis revoked.

Doge. By whom?

Mar. 'The Ten.'—When we had reach'd 'the
Bridge of Sighs.'

Which I prepared to pass with Foscari,
The gloomy guardian of that passage first
Demurr'd: a messenger was sent back to
'The Ten';—but as the court no longer sate,
And no permission had been given in writing,
I was thrust back, with the assurance that
Until that high tribunal re-assembled
The dungeon walls must still divide us.

Doge. True,

The form has been omitted in the haste
With which the court adjourn'd; and till it meets,
'Tis dubious.

Mar. Till it meets! and when it meets,
They'll torture him again; and he and I
Must purchase by renewal of the rack
The interview of husband and of wife,
The holiest tie beneath the heavens!—Oh God!
Dost thou see this?

Doge. Child—child—

Mar. [abruptly.] Call me not 'child!'
You soon will have no children—you deserve none—
You, who can talk thus calmly of a son
In circumstances which would call forth tears
Of blood from Spartans! Though these did not
weep

Their boys who died in battle, is it written
That they beheld them perish piecemeal, nor
Stretch'd forth a hand to save them?

Doge. You behold me:

I cannot weep—I would I could; but if
Each white hair on this head were a young life,
This ducal cap the diadem of earth,

This ducal ring with which I wed the waves
A talisman to still them—I'd give all
For him.

Mar. With less he surely might be saved.

Doge. That answer only shows you know not
Venice.

Alas! how should you? she knows not herself,
In all her mystery. Hear me—they who aim
At Foscari, aim no less at his father;
The sire's destruction would not save the son;
They work by different means to the same end,
And that is—but they have not conquer'd yet.

Mar. But they have crush'd.

Doge. Nor crush'd as yet—I live,

Mar. And your son,—how long will he live?

Doge. I trust.

For all that yet is passed, as many years
And happier than his father. The rash boy,
With womanish impatience to return,
Hath ruin'd all by that detected letter:
A high crime, which I neither can deny
Nor palliate, as parent or as Duke:
Had he but borne a little, little longer
His Candiotte exile, I had hopes—he has quench'd
He must return. [them—

Mar. To exile?

Doge. I have said it.

Mar. And can I not go with him?

Doge. You well 'know

This prayer of yours was twice denied before
By the assembled 'Ten,' and hardly now
Will be accorded to a third request,
Since aggravated errors on the part
Of your lord renders them still more austere.

Mar. Austere? Atrocious! The old human fiends,
With one foot in the grave, with dim eyes, strange
To tears save drops of dotage, with long white
And scanty hairs and shaking hands, and heads
As palsied as their hearts are hard, they counsel,
Cabal, and put men's lives out, as if life
Were no more than the feelings long extinguish'd
In their accursed bosoms.

Doge. You know not—

Mar. I do—I do—and so should you, methinks
That these are demons: could it be else that
Men, who have been of women born and suckled—
Who have loved, or talk'd at least of love—have
given [babes
Their hands in sacred vows—have danced their
Upon their knees, perhaps have mourn'd above
them—

In pain, in peril, or in death—who are,
Or were at least in seeming, human, could
Do as they have done by yours, and you yourself—
You, who abet them?

Doge. I forgive this, for

You know not what you say.

Mar. You know it well,

And feel it nothing.

Doge. I have borne so much,

That words have ceased to shake me.

Mar. Oh, no doubt!

You have seen your son's blood flow, and your flesh
shook not;

And after that, what are a woman's words?
No more than woman's tears, that they should
shake you.

Doge. Woman, this clamorous grief of thine, I
tell thee,

Is no more in the balance weigh'd with that
Which—but I pity thee, my poor Marina!

Mar. Pity my husband, or I cast it from me;

Pity thy son! *Thy* pity!—'tis a word

Strange to thy heart—how came it on thy lips?

Doge. I must bear these reproaches, though they
Couldest thou but read— [wronging me]

Mar. Tis not upon thy brow.

Nor in thine eyes, nor in thine acts,—where then
Should I behold this sympathy? or shall?

Doge. [*Je m'engage d'aujourd'hui*]. There.

Mar. In the earth?

Doge. Tis whither I am travelling: when

It lies upon this heart, for he'll be there, though

Lead he with me all, then the thoughts which press

Now, you will know me better.

Mar. Are you, then,

Indeed, thus to be pitied?

Doge. Pity! None

Shall ever use that I use, with which men

Cloak their soul's hourly triumph, as a fine

To mingle with my name; that a man should die,

As far as I have borne it, what it was

When I received it.

Mar. But for the poor children

Of him thou canst not, or thou wilt not save,

Ye were the best to bear it.

Doge. Would it were so!

Better for him he never had been born;

Better for me—I have seen our loss, and shew'd it!

Mar. That's false! A true, a fair, trusty agent,

More loving, or more loyal, could not

Within a human breast, I would not change

My exiled, persecuted, and I should think,

Oppress'd but not disgrac'd, nor kill'd, or whelm'd,

Alive, or dead, for punishment; I should

In stry or in fate, with you'd!

To lack his suit, I should not!—No dishonour!

I tell thee, *Doge*, 'tis Venice's dishonour!

His name shall be her first, worst reproach

For what he suffers, not for what he did.

'Tis ye who are all traitors, tyrant-sons!

Did you but love your country, let me tell you

Who totters back in chains, or tatters, and

Submits to all things rather than to exile,

You'd fling your lives for them, and explore

His grace for your enemies' guilt.

Doge. He was

Indeed all you have said. I better bore

The deaths of the two sons Heaven took from me,

Than *Jacopo's* disgrace.

Mar. That wor I again?

Doge. Has he not been condemn'd?

Mar. Is none but guilt so?

Doge. Time may restore his memory—I would
hope so.

He was my pride, my—but 'tis useless now—

I am not given to tears, but wept for joy

When he was born: those drops were ominous

Mar. I say he's innocent! And were he not so,

Is our blood and kin to shrink from us

In fatal moments?

Doge. I shrink not from him;

But I have other duties than a father's;

The state would not dispense me from those duties;

Twice I demand it, but was refus'd;

They must then be fulfill'd.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A message from

The Ten,'

Doge. Who bears it?

Att.

Noble Loredano,

Doge. He!—but admit him. [*Exit Attendant*]

Mar. Must I then retire?

Doge. Perhaps it is not requisite, if this

Concerns your husband, and if not—Well, signor,

Your pleasure? [*So Loredano entering*]

Lor. I hear that of 'the Ten.'

Doge. They

Have chosen well their envoy,

Lor. 'Tis their choice

Which leads me here.

Doge. It does their wisdom honour,

And no less to their courtesy.—Proceed.

Lor. We have decid'd.

Doge. We?

Lor. 'The Ten' in council.

Doge. What! have they met again, and met with-

Apprising me? [*Exit*]

Lor. They wish'd to spare your feelings,

Not to shun age.

Doge. That's news—why spared they either?

I think them, notwithstanding,

Lor. You know well

That they have power to act at their discretion,

Whether with, or without the presence of the *Doge*.

Doge. 'Tis some years since I learn'd this, long

Before

It came to *Doge*, or dream'd I of such an advancement

Yourselves must be the signor, I sit in

That of the society or were a young patrician.

Lor. True, in my father's time; I have heard him

Threaten'd, but he shew'd them, as you say, *Lana*

Your light, so may remember them; they both

Die'stilling.

Doge. And if they did so, better

So, that they've long enjoy'd in pain.

Lor. No, I'd try yet most men like to live their

Doge. An ill but, that they? [*Flays out.*]

Lor. The grave knows best; they died,

As I would suddenly.

Doge. Is that so strange,

That you're yet at the word emphatically?

Lor. So far from strange, that never was there

In my mind half so natural as theirs. [*Death*

Trumpets]

Doge. What should I think of mortals?

Lor. That they have mortal foes.

Doge. I understand you;

Your sires were mine, and you are heir in all things,

Lor. Your best know if I should be so.

Doge. I do.

Your fathers were my foes, and I have

Foul rumours were abroad; I have also read
Their epitaph, attributing their deaths
To poison. 'Tis perhaps as true as most
Inscriptions upon tombs, and yet no less
A fable.

Lor. Who dares say so?

Doge. I!—'Tis true

Your fathers were mine enemies, as bitter
As their son e'er can be, and I no less
Was theirs; but I was *openly* their foe:
I never work'd by plot in council, nor
Cabal in commonwealth, nor secret means
Of practice against life by steel or drug.
The proof is, your existence.

Lor. I fear not.

Doge. You have no cause, being what I am: but
were I

That you would have me thought, you long ere
Were past the sense of fear. Hate on; I care not.

Lor. I never yet knew that a noble's life
In Venice had to dread a Doge's frown,
That is, by open means.

Doge. But I, good signor,
Am, or at least *was*, more than a mere duke,
In blood, in mind, in means, and that they know
Who dreaded to elect me, and have since
Striven all they dare to weigh me down: be sure,
Before or since that period, had I held you
At so much price as to require your absence,
A word of mine had set such spirits to work
As would have made you nothing. But in all things
I have observed the strictest reverence;

Not for the laws alone, for those *you* have strain'd
(I do not speak of *you* but as a single
Voice of the many) somewhat beyond what
I could enforce for my authority.

Were I disposed to brawl; but, as I said,
I have observed with veneration, like
A priest's for the high altar, even unto
The sacrifice of my own blood and quiet,
Safety, and all save honour, the decrees,
The health, the pride, and welfare of the state.
And now, sir, to your business.

Lor. 'Tis decreed,

That, without further repetition of
The Question, or continuance of the trial,
Which only tends to show how stubborn guilt is
(The Ten, dispensing with the stricter law
Which still prescribes the Question till a full
Confession, and the prisoner partly having
Avow'd his crime in not denying that
The letter to the Duke of Milan's his),
James Foscari return to banishment,
And sail in the same galley which convey'd him.

Mar. Thank God! At least they will not drag
him more

Before that horrible tribunal. Would he
But think so, to my mind the happiest doom,
Not he alone, but all who dwell here, could
Desire, were to escape from such a land. [ter.

Doge. That is not a Venetian thought, my daughter.
Mar. No, 'twas too human. May I share his

Lor. Of this 'the Ten' said nothing. [exile?

Mar. So I thought!

That were too human, also. But it was not
Inhibited?

Lor. It was not named.

Mar. [To the Doge.] Then, father,
Surely you can obtain or grant me thus much:

[To Loredano

And you, sir, not oppose my prayer to be
Permitted to accompany my husband?

Doge. I will endeavour.

Mar. And you, signor?

Lor. Lady!

'Tis not for me to anticipate the pleasure
Of the tribunal.

Mar. Pleasure! what a word
To use for the decrees of—

Doge. Daughter, know you
In what a presence you pronounce these things?

Mar. A prince's and his subject's.

Lor. Subject!

Mar. Oh!

It galls you:—well, you are his equal, as
You think; but that you are not, nor would be,
Were he a peasant:—well, then, you're a prince,
A princely noble; and what then am I?

Lor. The offspring of a noble house.

Mar. And wedded
To one as noble. What, or whose, then, is
The presence that should silence my free thoughts.

Lor. The presence of your husband's judges.

Doge. And
The deference due even to the lightest word
That falls from those who rule in Venice.

Mar. Keep
Those maxims for your mass of scared meek ones,
Your merchants, your Dalmatian and Greek slaves,
Your tributaries, your dumb citizens,
And mask'd nobility, your stirri, and
Your spies, your galley and your other slaves,
To whom your midnight carryings off and drown-
ings,

Your dungeons next the palace roofs, or under
The water's level; your mysterious meetings,
And unknown dooms, and sudden executions,
Your 'Bridge of Sighs,' your strangling chamber,
and

Your torturing instruments, have made ye seem
The beings of another and worse world!
Keep such for them; I fear ye not. I know ye;
Have known and proved your worst, in the infernal
Process of my poor husband! Treat me as
Ye treated him:—you did so, in so dealing
With him. Then what have I to fear *from you*,
Even if I were of fearful nature, which
I trust I am not?

Doge. You hear, she speaks wildly.

Mar. Not wisely, yet not wildly.

Lor. Lady! words

Utter'd within these walls I bear no further
Than to the threshold, saving such as pass
Between the Duke and me on the state's service.

Doge! have you aught in answer?

Doge. Something from
The Doge; it may be also from a parent.

Lor. My mission *here* is to the Doge

Doge. Then say
The *Doge* will choose his own ambassador,
Or state in person what is meet; and for
The father—

Lor. I remember mine.—Farewell!
I kiss the hands of the illustrious lady,
And bow me to the Duke. [Exit Loredano.

Mar. Are you content?

Doge. I am what you behold.

Mar. And that's a mystery.

Doge. All things are so to mortals; who can read

Save He who made? or, if they can, the few [them]

And gifted spirits, who have studied long

That loathsome volume—man, and por'd upon

Those black and bloody leaves, his heart and brain,

But learn a magic, which recoils upon

The adept who pursues it; all the suns

We find in others, nature made our own;

All our advantages are those of fortune;

Birth, wealth, health, beauty, are her accidents,

And when we cry out against Fate, 'twere well

We should remember Fortune can take nought

Save what she gave—the rest was nakedness,

And lusts, and appetites, and vanities,

The universal heritage, to battle

With as we may, and least in humblest stations,

Where hunger swallows all in one low want,

And the original ordinance, that man

Must sweat for his poorittance, keeps all possible

Also, save fear of damnation.

As I false, and hollow—clay in my first last,

The prince's name less than posterity's,

Our fame is in man's hand, and he will give it

Less than he will, and he will give it

Our eyes, and he will give it

Something, and he will give it

The crown, and he will give it

Upon our way, the world is

Depends upon a straw that can be

And when we think we hold, we hold

And still towards death, a thing which comes as

much

Without our act or choice, and still, that

methinks we must have run? This is an old world,

And this is hell; the best is that it is not

Eternal.

Mar. Those are things we cannot judge

On earth.

Doge. And how then shall we judge each other,

Who are all earth, and I, was and end upon

To judge my son? I have a heart to bid

My country faithfully—

I dare them to the proof, the *Senato* what

She was and is; my reign has dild and I remain;

And, in reward, the gratitude of Venice

Has left, or is about to leave, me single.

Mar. And Foscari? I do not think of such things.

So I be left with him.

Doge. You shall be so;

Thus much they cannot well deny.

Mar. And if

They should, I will fly with him.

Doge. That can ne'er be.

And whither would you fly?

Mar. I know not, reckon it—

To Syria, Egypt, to the Ottoman—

Anywhere, where we might respire unfetter'd,

And live nor girt by spies, nor liable

To edicts of inquisitors of state.

Doge. What, wouldst thou have a renegade for

And turn him into traitor? [husband,

Mar. He is none!

The country is the traitress, which thrusts forth

Her best and bravest from her. Tyranny

Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem

None rebels except subjects? The prince who

Neglects or violates his trust is more

A brigand than the robber-chief

Doge. I cannot

Charge me with such a breach of faith.

Mar. No; thou

Observe'st, obey'st such laws as make old Draco's

A code of mercy by comparison. [I

Doge. I found the law; I did not make it. Were

A subject, still I might find parts and portions

Fit for amendment; but as prince, I never

Would change, for the sake of my house, the

left by our fathers. [charter

Mar. Did they make it for

The ruin of their children?

Doge. Under such laws, Venice

Has risen to what she is—a state to rival

In deeds, an I days, and sway, and, let me add,

In glory, for we have had Roman spirits

Amidst us, all that history has bequeath'd

Of Rome and Carthage in their best times, when

The people sway'd by senates.

Mar. Rather say,

That they were the best men, it is

Perhaps so;

For they were the world; in such a state

They were the best of

So, break as is permitted, or the meanest,

With it a name, is like nothing, when

The policy, irrevocably tending

To the great end, must be maintain'd in vigour.

Mar. This means that you are more a Doge than

father.

Doge. It means, I am more citizen than either.

If we had not for many centuries

Had thousands of such citizens, and I shall,

First, have still such, Venice were no city.

Mar. Accused be the city where the laws

Would stifle nature's!

Doge. Had I as many sons

As I have years, I would have given them all,

Not without feeling, but I would have given them

To the state's service, to fulfil her wishes

On the field, in the field, or, if it must be,

As it, about has been, to ostracism,

Exile, or chains, or whatsoever worse

She might decree.

Mar. And this is patriotism?

To me it seems the worst barbarity.

Let me seek out my husband; the sage 'Ten,'

With all its jealousy, will hardly war

So far with a weak woman as deny me

A moment's access to his thugoon.

Doge. I'll
So far take on myself, as order that
You may be admitted.
Mar. And what shall I say
To Foscari from his father?
Doge. That he obey
The laws.
Mar. And nothing more? Will you not see him
ere he depart? It may be the last time.
Doge. The last!—my boy!—the last time I shall see
My last of children! Tell him I will come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Prison of Jacopo Foscari.*

Jac. Fos. [solus]. No light save you faint gleam
which shows me walls
Which never echo'd but to sorrow's sounds,
The sigh of long imprisonment, the step
Of feet on which the iron clank'd, the groan
Of death, the imprecation of despair!
And yet for this I have return'd to Venice,
With some faint hope, 'tis true, that time, which wears
The marble down, had worn away the hate
Of men's hearts; but I knew them not, and here
Must I consume my own, which never beat
For Venice but with such a yearning as
The dove has for her distant nest, when wheeling
High in the air on her return to greet
Her callow brood. What letters are these which
[*Approaching the wall.*]
Are scrawl'd along the inexorable wall?
Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the names
Of my sad predecessors in this place,
The dates of their despair, the brief words of
A grief too great for many. This stone page
Holds like an epitaph their history;
And the poor captive's tale is graven on
His dungeon barrier, like the lover's record
Upon the bark of some tall tree, which bears
His own and his beloved's name. Alas!
I recognise some names familiar to me,
And blighted like to mine, which I will add,
Fittest for such a chronicle as this,
Which only can be read, as writ, by wretches.

[*He engraves his name.*]*Enter a Familiar of 'the Tent.'*

Fam. I bring you food.
Jac. Fos. I pray you set it down;
I am past hunger; but my lips are parch'd—
The water!
Fam. There. [better.]
Jac. Fos. [after drinking.] I thank you: I am
Fam. I am commanded to inform you that
Your further trial is postponed.
Jac. Fos. Till when?
Fam. I know not.—It is also in my orders
That your illustrious lady be admitted.
Jac. Fos. Ah! they relent, then—I had ceased to
Twas time. [hope it:]

*Enter Marina.**Mar.* My best beloved I

Jac. Fos. [embracing her.] My true wife,
And only friend! What happiness!
Mar. We'll part
No more.
Jac. Fos. How I wouldst thou share a dungeon?
Mar. Ay.
The rack, the grave, all—anything with thee,
But the tomb last of all, for there we shall
Be ignorant of each other, yet I will
Share that—all things except new separation;
It is too much to have survived the first.
How dost thou? How are those worn limbs? Alas!
Why do I ask? Thy paleness—
Jac. Fos. 'Tis the joy
Of seeing thee again so soon, and so
Without expectancy, has sent the blood
Back to my heart, and left my cheeks like thine,
For thou art pale too, my Marina!
Mar. 'Tis
The gloom of this eternal cell, which never
Knew sunbeam, and the sallow sullen glare
Of the familiar's torch, which seems akin
To darkness more than light, by lending to
The dungeon vapours its bituminous smoke,
Which cloud whate'er we gaze on, even thine eyes—
No, not thine eyes—they sparkle—how they sparkle!
Jac. Fos. And thine! but I am blinded by the
torch. [here?]
Mar. As I had been without it. Couldst thou see
Jac. Fos. Nothing at first; but use and time hav'^d
Familiarity with what was darkness; [taught me
And the grey twilight of such glimmerings as
Glide through the crevices made by the winds
Was kinder to mine eyes than the full sun,
When gorgeously o'ergilding any towers
Save those of Venice; but a moment ere
Thou camest hither I was busy writing.
Mar. What?
Jac. Fos. My name: look, 'tis there recorded—next
The name of him who here preceded me,
If dungeon dates say true.
Mar. And what of him?
Jac. Fos. These walls are silent of men's ends;
they only
Seem to hint shrewdly of them. Such stern walls
Were never piled on high save o'er the dead,
Or those who soon must be so.—*What of him?*
Thou askest.—What of me? may soon be ask'd,
With the like answer—doubt and dreadful surmise—
Unless thou tell'st my tale.
Mar. I speak of thee!
Jac. Fos. And wherefore not? All then shalt
speak of me:
The tyranny of silence is not lasting,
And, though events be hidden, just men's groans
Will burst all censurement, even a living grave's!
I do not doubt my memory, but my life;
And neither do I fear.
Mar. Thy life is safe.
Jac. Fos. And liberty?
Mar. The mind should make its own.
Jac. Fos. That has a noble sound; but 'tis a sound,
A music most impressive, but too transient:
The mind is much, but is not all. The mind

Hath nerve I me to endure the risk of death,
An' torture positive, far worse than death
(If death be a deep sleep), without a groan,
Or with a cry which rather shamed my judges
Than me; but 'tis not all, for there are things
More woful—such as this small dungeon, where
I may breathe many years.

Mar. Alas! and this
Small dungeon is all that belongs to thee
Of this wide realm, of which thy sire is prince.

Fos. Fos. That thought would scarcely aid me to
endure it.

My doom is common; many are in dungeons,
But none like mine, so near their father's palace;
But then my heart is something high, and hope
Will stream along those mote-like rays of light
Pierced with dusty atoms, which afford
Our only day: for, save the spoiler's torch,
An' a strange fire-fly, which was quickly caught
Last night in your enormous spider's net,
I never saw aught here like a ray. Alas!
I know if mind may bear us up, or no;
For I have such, and shewn it before men;
It sinks in solitude; my soul is social.

Mar. I will be with thee.

Fos. Fos. Ah! if it were so!
But *that* they never granted—nor will grant,
And I shall be alone to men, no look—
Those lying likeliesses of living men.

I ask'd for even the outlines of their kind,
Which they term annual history, what you will,
Which men have peep'd at, peep'd out, and I they were
Rife I find—(Oh, see, walls here!)—in my study,
Most faithful pictures of Venetian story,
With all their Frank, or Italian, or British,
The Hell not far from home, which hangs on high
Hatch'd by the fowls of the air, and the birds of the air.

Mar. To what end? and their deeds of their
Last council on thy doom.

Fos. Fos. I know it—look!
[*He points to his study, as referring to the
pictures which he has there.*]

Mar. No—no—no more of that: even they relent
From that atrocity.

Fos. Fos. What then?

Mar. That you
Return to Canida.

Fos. Fos. Then my last hope's gone,
I could endure my dungeon, for 'twas Venice;
I could long, at the torture, there was something
In my native air that buoy'd my spirits up
Like a ship on the sea in two'ry storm,
But proudly still I striking the high waves,
An' the fling on its course; but *those*, afar,
I'd that a curse! Hell of slaves and captives,
And unbelievers, like a stranded wreck,
My very soul seem'd moldering in my bosom
And piteous I shall perish, if remanded.

Mar. And how?

Fos. Fos. At once—by better means, as brief.
What! would they even deny me my sire's sepulchre,
As well as home and heritage?

Mar. My husband!
I have suel to accompany thee hence,

And not so hopelessly. This love of thine
For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil
Is passion, and not patriotism; for me,
So I could see thee with a quiet aspect,
And the sweet freedom of the earth and air,
I would not cavil about climes or regions.
This crowd of palaces and prisons is not
A paradise; its first inhabitants
Were wretched exiles.

Fos. Fos. Well I know how wretched I
Mar. An' I yet you see how, from their banishment

Before the Tartar into these salt isles,
Their and pure energy of mind, all that
Remain'd of Rome for their inheritance,
Created by degrees an ocean Rome; *
An' I shall an evil, which so often leads
To good, depress thee thus?

Fos. Fos. Had I gone forth
From my own land, like the old patriarchs, seeking
An other region, with their flocks and herds;
Had I been cast out like the Jews from Zion,
Or like our fathers, driven by Attila
From fertile Italy, to barren islets,
I would I have given some tears to my late country,
An' I may thought; but afterwards address'd
Myself, with those about me, to create
A new home and fresh state: perhaps I could!
I have borne this—though I know not.

Mar. Wherefore not?
It was the lot of millions, and must be
The fate of myriads more.

Fos. Fos. Ay—we but hear
Of the survivors, not of their new lands,
Their numbers and success; but who can number
The hearts which broke in silence at that parting,
Or after the departure; or that malady
Which fills up green and native fields to view
From the rough deep, with such identity
To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he
Can scarcely be restrain'd from treading them?
That in body, which out of tones and tunes
Gives us such picture for the longing sorrow
Of the wild mountaineer, when far away
From the snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous thought
An' I like. You call this *weakness*? It is strength,
I say—the parent of all honest feeling,
He who loves not his country, can love nothing.

Mar. Obey her, then: 'tis she that puts thee forth.
Fos. Fos. Ay, there it is; 'tis like a mother's curse
Upon my soul—the mark is set upon me.

The exiles you speak of went forth by nations,
Their hands lock'd each other by the way,
Their tents were pitch'd together—I'm alone.

* In Lady Morgan's fearless and excellent work upon Italy, I perceive the expression of "Rome of the sea" applied to Venice. The same phrase occurs in the "Two Foscari." My publisher can vouch for me, that if the tragedy was written and sent to England some time before I had seen Lady Morgan's work, which I only received on the 16th of August, I hasten, however, to notice the coincidence, and to yield the originality of the phrase to her who first placed it before the public.

† Alluding to the Swiss air and its effects.

Mar. You shall be so no more—I will go with thee.

Jac. Fos. My best Marina!—and our children?

Mar. They,

I fear, by the prevention of the state's
Abhorrent policy (which holds all ties
As threads which may be broken at her pleasure),
Will not be suffer'd to proceed with us.

Jac. Fos. And canst thou leave them?

Mar. Yes. With many a pang.

But—I *can* leave them, children as they are,
To teach you to be less a child—From this
Learn you to sway your feelings, when exacted
By duties paramount; and 'tis our first
On earth to bear.

Jac. Fos. Have I not borne?

Mar. Too much

From tyrannous injustice, and enough
To teach you not to shrink now from a lot,
Which, as compared with what you have undergone
Of late, is mercy.

Jac. Fos. Ah! you never yet
Were far away from Venice, never saw
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
While every furrow of the vessel's track
Seem'd ploughing deep into your heart; you never
Saw day go down upon your native shores
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
And after dreaming a disturbed vision
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.

Mar. I will divide this with you. Let us think
Of our departure from this much-loved city
(Since you must *love* it, as it seems), and this
Chamber of state, her gratitude allots you.
Our children will be cared for by the Doge,
And by my uncles: we must sail ere night.

Jac. Fos. That's sudden. Shall I not behold my
father?

Mar. You will.

Jac. Fos. Where?

Mar. Here, or in the ducal chamber—
He said not which. A woe! that you could bear
Your exile as he bears it.

Jac. Fos. Blame him not.
I sometimes murmur for a moment; but
He could not now act otherwise. A show
Of feeling or compassion on his part
Would have but drawn upon his aged head
Suspicion from 'the Ten,' and upon mine
Accumulated ills.

Mar. Accumulated!
What pangs are those they have spared you?

Jac. Fos. That of leaving
Venice without beholding him or you,
Which might have been forbidden now, as 'twas
Upon my former exile.

Mar. That is true,
And thus far I am also the state's debtor,
And shall be more so when I see us both
Floating on the free waves—away—away—
Be it to the earth's end, from this abhorrd,
Unjust and—

Jac. Fos. Curse it not. If I am silent,
Who dares accuse my country?

Mar. Men and angels!

The blood of myriads reeking up to heaven,
The groans of slaves in chains, and men in dun-
geons,

Mothers, and wives, and sons, and sires, and sub-
held in the bondage of ten bald-heads; and
Though last, not least, *thy silence!* *Couldst thou*
snay

Aught in its favour, who would praise like *thee*?

Jac. Fos. Let us address us then, since so it
To our departure. Who comes here? [must be,

Enter Loredano, attended by Familiars.

Lor. [to the Familiars.] Retire,
But leave the torch. [Exit the two Familiars.

Jac. Fos. Most welcome, noble signor.
I did not deem this poor place could have drawn
Such presence hither.

Lor. 'Tis not the first time
I have visited these places.

Mar. Nor would be
The last, were all men's merits well rewarded.
Came you here to insult us, or remain
As spy upon us, or as hostage for us?

Lor. Neither are of my office, noble lady!
I am sent hither to your husband, to
Announce 'the Ten's' decree.

Mar. That tenderness
Has been anticipated: it is known.

Lor. As how?

Mar. I have inform'd him, not so gently,
Doubtless, as your nice feelings would prescribe,
The indulgence of your colleagues; but he knew it.
If you come for our thanks, take them, and hence!
The dungeon gloom is deep enough without you,
And full of reptiles, not less loathsome, though
Their sting is honester.

Jac. Fos. I pray you, calm you:
What can avail such words?

Mar. To let him know
That he is known.

Lor. Let the fair dame preserve
Her sex's privilege.

Mar. I have some sons, sir,
Will one day thank you letter.

Lor. You do well
To nurse them wisely. Foscari—you know
Your sentence, then?

Jac. Fos. Return to Candia?

Lor. True—
For life.

Jac. Fos. Not long.

Lor. I said—for *life*.

Jac. Fos. And I
Repeat—not long.

Lor. A year's imprisonment
In Canea—afterwards the freedom of
The whole isle.

Jac. Fos. Both the same to me: the after
Freedom as is the first imprisonment.

Is't true my wife accompanies me?

Lor. Yes,
If she so wills it.

Mar. Who obtain'd that justice?

Lor. One who wars not with women.

Mar. But oppresses

Men: howsoever let him have *my* thanks
For the only boon I would have ask'd or taken
From him or such as he is.

Lor. He receives them

As they are offer'd.

Mar. May they thrive with him
So much!—no more.

Jac. Fos. Is this, sir, your whole mission?
Because we have brief time for preparation,
And you perceive your presence doth disquiet
This lady, of a house noble as yours.

Mar. Nobler!

Lor. How nobler?

Mar. As more generous!

We say the 'generous steel' to express the purity
Of his high blood. Thus much I've learnt, although
Venetian (who see few steeds save of bronze),
From those Venetians who have skinn'd the coasts
Of Egypt and her neighbour Andly:

And why not say as soon the 'generous man'?
If race be aught, it is in qualities

More than in years; and mine, which is as old
As yours, is better in its product, nay—

Look not so stern—but get you back, and pore
Upon your genealogic tree's most green
Of leaves and most mature of fruits, and there
Blush to find ancestors, who would have blush'd
For such a son—thou cold inveterate hater!

Jac. Fos. Again, Marina!

Mar. Again! *still* Marina.

See you not, he comes here to glut his hate

With a last look upon our misery?

Let him partake it!

Jac. Fos. That were difficult.

Mar. Nothing more easy. He partakes it now—
Ay, he may veil beneath a marble brow

And sneering lip the pang, but he partakes it.

A few brief words of truth shame the devil's ser-
No less than master; I have probed his soul— [wants
A moment, as the eternal fire, ere long,
Will reach it always. See how he shrinks from me!

With death, and chains, and exile in his hand,

To scatter o'er his kind as he thinks fit;

They are his weapons, not his armour, for

I have pierced him to the core of his cold heart.

I care not for his frowns! We can but die,

And he but live, for him the very worst

Of destinies: each day secures him more
His tempter's.

Jac. Fos. This is mere insanity.

Mar. It may be so; and *who* hath made us mad?

Lor. Let her go on; it irks not me.

Mar. That's false!

You came here to enjoy a heartless triumph

Of cold looks upon manifold griefs! You came

To be sued to in vain—to mark our tears,

And heard our groans—to gaze upon the wreck

Which you have made a prince's son—my husband;

In short, to trample on the fallen—an office

The hangman shrinks from, as all men from him!

How have you sped? We are wretched, signor, as

Your plots could make, and vengeance could desire
And how feel you?

Lor. As rocks.

Mar. By thunder blasted

They feel not, but no less are shiver'd. Come,

Foscari; now let us go, and leave this felon,

The sole fit habitant of such a cell,

Which he has peopled often, but he'er fitly

Till he himself shall brood in it alone.

Enter the Doge.

Jac. Fos. My father!

Doge [embracing him]. Jacopo! my son—my son!

Jac. Fos. My father still! How long it is since I
Have heard that name my name—*our* name!

Doge. My boy!
Couldst thou but know—

Jac. Fos. I rarely, sir, have murmur'd.

Doge. I feel too much thou hast not.

Mar. Doge, look there!
[*She points to Loredano.*]

Doge. I see the man—what mean'st thou?

Mar. Caution!

Lor. Being

The virtue which this noble lady most

May practise, she doth well to recommend it.

Mar. Wretch! 'tis no virtue, but the policy

Of those who can must deal perforce with vice:

As such I recommend it, as I would

To one whose foot was on an adder's path.

Doge. Daughter, it is superfluous; I have long
Known Loredano.

Lor. You may know him better

Mar. Yes: *worse* he could not.

Jac. Fos. Father, let not these
Our parting hours be lost in listening to

Reproaches, which boot nothing. Is it—is it,

Indeed, our last of meetings?

Doge. You behold

These white hairs!

Jac. Fos. And I feel, besides, that mine

Will never be so white. Embrace me, father!

I loved you ever—never more than now

Look to my children—to your last child's children:

Let them be all to you which he was once,

And never be to you what I am now.

May I not see *them* also?

Mar. No—not here.

Jac. Fos. They might behold their parent any-
where.

Mar. I would that they beheld their father in

A place which would not mingle fear with love,

To freeze their young blood in its natural current

They have fed well, slept soft, and knew not that

Their sire was a mere hunted outlaw. Well,

I know his fate may one day be their heritage;

But let it only be their *heritage*,

And not their present fee. Their senses, though

Alive to love, are yet awake to terror;

And these vile damps, too, and you *thick green* wave

Which floats above the place where we now stand—

A cell so far below the water's level,

Sending its pestilence through every crevice,

Might strike them; *this is not their atmosphere*,

However you—and you—and most of all,

As worthiest—you, sir, noble Loredano!

May breathe it without prejudice.

Jac. Fos. I have not

Reflected upon this, but acquiesce.

I shall depart, then, without meeting them?

Doge. Not so: they shall await you in my chamber.

Jac. Fos. And must I leave them—all?

Lor. You must.

Jac. Fos. Not one?

Lor. They are the state's

Mar. I thought they had been mine.

Lor. They are, in all maternal things.

Mar. That is

In all things painful. If they're sick, they will
Be left to me to tend them: should they die,
To me to bury and to mourn; but if
They live, they'll make you soldiers, senators,
Slaves, exiles—what you will; or if they are
Females with portions, brides and *brides* for nobles!

Behold the state's care for its sons and mothers!

Lor. The hour approaches, and the wind is fair.

Jac. Fos. How know you that here, where the
genial wind

Ne'er blows in all its blustering freedom?

Lor. 'Twas so

When I came here. The galley floats within

A bow-shot of the 'Riva di Schiavoni.'

Jac. Fos. Father! I pray you to precede me, and

Prepare my children to behold their father.

Doge. Be firm, my son!

Jac. Fos. I will do my endeavour.

Mar. Farewell! at least to this detested dungeon,

And him to whose good offices you owe

In part your past imprisonment.

Lor. And present

Liberation.

Doge. He speaks truth.

Jac. Fos. No doubt! but 'tis

Exchange of chains for heavier chains I owe him.

He knows this, or he had not sought to change them.

But I reproach not.

Lor. The time narrows, signor.

Jac. Fos. Alas! I little thought so lingeringly

To leave abodes like this: but when I feel

That every step I take, even from this cell,

Is one away from Venice, I look back

Even on these dull damp walls, and—

Doge. Boy! no tears.

Mar. Let them flow on: he wept not on the
rack

To shame him, and they cannot shame him now.

They will relieve his heart—that too kind heart—

And I will find an hour to wipe away

Those tears, or add my own. I could weep now,

But would not gratify you wretch so far.

Let us proceed. Doge, lead the way.

Lor. [to Familiar.] The torch, there!

Mar. Yes, light us on, as to a funeral pyre,

With Loredano mourning like an heir.

Doge. My son, you are feeble; take this hand,

Jac. Fos. Alas!

Must youth support itself on age, and I

Who ought to be the prop of yours?

Lor. Take mine.

Mar. Touch it not, Foscari; 'twill sting you.

Signor,

Stand off! be sure, that if a grasp of yours

Would raise us from the gulf wherein we are
plunged,

No hand of ours would stretch itself to meet it.

Come, Foscari, take the hand the altar gave you;

It could not save, but will support you ever.

Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the Ducal Palace.

Enter Loredano and Barbarigo.

Bar. And have you confidence in such a project?

Lor. I have.

Bar. 'Tis hard upon his years.

Lor. Say rather

Kind to relieve him from the cares of state.

Bar. 'Twill break his heart.

Lor. Age has no heart to break.

He has seen his son's half broken, and, except

A start of feeling in his dungeon, never

Swerved.

Bar. In his countenance, I grant you, never:

But I have seen him sometimes in a calm

So desolate, that the most clamorous grief

Had nought to envy him within. Where is he?

Lor. In his own portion of the palace, with

His son, and the whole race of Foscari.

Bar. Bidding farewell.

Lor. A last. As soon he shall

Bid to his dukedom.

Bar. When embarks the son?

Lor. Forthwith—when this long leave is taken.

Time to admonish them again. [‘Tis

Bar. Forbear;

Retrench not from their moments.

Lor. Not I, now

We have higher business for our own. This day

Shall be the last of the old Doge's reign,

As the first of his son's last banishment,

And that is vengeance.

Bar. In my mind, too deep.

Lor. 'Tis moderate—not even life for life, the rule

Denounced of retribution from all time;

They owe me still my father's and my uncle's.

Bar. Did not the Doge deny this strongly?

Lor. Doubtless.

Bar. And did not this shake your suspicion?

Lor. No.

Bar. But if this deposition should take place

By our united influence in the Council,

It must be done with all the deference

Due to his years, his station, and his deeds.

Lor. As much of ceremony as you will,

So that the thing be done. You may, for aught

I care, depute the Council on their knees

(Like Barbarossa to the Pope), to beg him

To have the courtesy to abdicate.

Bar. What if he will not?

Lor. We'll elect another,

And make him null.

Bar. But will the laws uphold us?

Lor. What laws?—'The Ten' are laws; and if

they were not,

I will be legislator in this business.

Bar. At your own peril?

Lor. There is none, I tell you,

Our powers are such.

Bar. But he has twice already

Solicited permission to retire,

And twice it was refused.

Lor. The better reason

To grant it the third time.

Bar. Unask'd?

Lor. It shows

The impression of his former instances:

If they were from his heart, he may be thankful:

If not, 'twill punish his hypocrisy.

Come, they are met by this time; let us join them,

And be *thrice* fix'd in purpose for this once.

I have prepared such arguments as will not

Fail to move them, and to remove him: since

Their thoughts, their objects, have been sound'd,

do not

Sen. with your waste I scruple, teach us pause,

And all will prosper.

Bar. Could I but be certain

This is no prelude to such perseverance

Of the sire as has fallen upon the son,

I would support you,

Lor. He is safe, I tell you;

His fourscore years and fifty may linger on

As long as he can drag them; 'tis his throne

Alone is aim'd at.

Bar. But disaster led princes

Are seldom long of life.

Lor. And men of eighty

More seldom still.

Bar. And why not wait these few years?

Lor. Because we have waited long enough, and he

Lives longer than our right Heav'n is intended!

[*March of Lorenzo and Bartoligo.*]

Enter Memmo and a Senator.

Sen. A summons to 'the Ten' why so?

Mem. 'The Ten'

Alone can answer; they are not 'y' wont

To let their thoughts anticipate their purpose

By previous proclamation. We are summon'd—

That is enough.

Sen. For them, but not for us;

I would know why.

Mem. You will know why anon,

If you obey; and, if not, you no less.

Will I know why you should have obey'd.

Sen. I mean not

To oppose them, *but*—

Mem. In Venice '*but*' is a traitor,

But no no '*but*,' unless you would pass o'er

The Bridge which few re-pass.

Sen. I am silent.

Mem. Why

Thus hesitate? 'The Ten' have call'd in aid

Of their deliberative five and twenty

Patricians of the senate—you are one,

And I another; and it seems to me

Both honour'd by the choice or chance which leads

To mingle with a body so august. [us

Sen. 'Tis true. I say no more

Mem. As we hope, signor,

And all may honestly, (that is, all those
Of noble blood may), one day hope to be
Decemvir, it is surely for the senate's
Chosen delegates a school of wisdom, to
Be thus admitted, though as novices,
To view the mysteries.

Sen. Let us view them: they
No doubt are worth it.

Mem. Being worth our lives
If we divulge them, doubtless they are worth
Something, at least to you or me.

Sen. I sought not
A place within the sanctuary; but being
Chosen, however reluctantly so chosen,
I shall fulfil my office.

Mem. Let us not

Be lost in obeying 'the Ten's' summons.

Sen. All are not met, but I am of your thought
Sufficient.

Mem. The earliest are most welcome
In earnest councils—we will not be least so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Doge, Jacopo Foscari, and Marina.

Jac. Fos. Ah, father! though I must and will
Yet— I pray you to obtain for me [depart,

That I once more return unto my home,

Heav'n's ramp to the peril. Let there be

A point of time, as becom' to my heart,

With any penalty annex'd they please,

But let me still return.

Doge. Sen Jacopo,

Gods delay our country's will: 'tis not

For me to look beyond

Jac. Fos. But still I must

Look back. I pray you think of me.

Doge. Alas!

You ever were my dearest offspring, when

They were more numerous, nor can be less so

Now you are left; but did the state demand

The exile of the disinterred ashes

Of your three goodly brothers, now in earth,

And that deponding shades came flitting round

To hope, be the act, I must no less obey

A duty paramount to every duty.

Mem. My husband! let us on: this but prolongs

Our sorrow.

Jac. Fos. But we are not summon'd yet;

The galley's sails are not unfur'd!—who knows?

The wind may change.

Mem. And if it do, it will not

Change *their* hearts, or your lot: the galley's oars

Will quickly clear the harbour.

Jac. Fos. O ye elements!

Where are your storms?

Mem. In human breasts. Alas!

Will nothing calm you?

Jac. Fos. Never yet did mariner

Put up to patron-saint such prayers for prosperous

And pleasant breezes, as I call upon you,

Ye tenderants of my own city! which

Ye love not with more holy love than I.

To hush us from the deep the Adrian waves,

And waken Arctur, sovereign of the tempest!

Till the sea dash me back on my own shore

A broken corse upon the barren Lido,
Where I may mingle with the sands which skirt
The land I love, and never shall see more!

Mar. And wish you this with *me* beside you?

Jac. Fos. No—
No—not for thee, too good, too kind! May'st thou
Live long to be a mother to those children
Thy fond fidelity for a time deprives
Of such support! But for myself alone,
May all the winds of heaven howl down the Gulf,
And tear the vessel, till the mariners,
Appall'd, turn their despairing eyes on me,
As the Phenicians did on Jonah, then
Cast me out from amongst them, as an offering
To appease the waves. The billow which destroys
me

Will be more merciful than man, and bear me
Dead, but *still bear me* to a native grave,
From fishers' hands, upon the desolate strand,
Which, of its thousand wrecks, hath ne'er received
One lacerated like the heart which then
Will be.—But wherefore breaks it not? why live I?

Mar. To man thyself, I trust, with time, to master
Such useless passion. Until now thou wert
A sufferer, but not a loud one: why
What is this to the things thou hast borne in silence—
Imprisonment and actual torture?

Jac. Fos. Double,
Triple, and tenfold torture! But you are right,
It must be borne. Father, your blessing.

Doge. Would
It could avail thee! but no less thou hast it.

Jac. Fos. Forgive—

Doge. What?

Jac. Fos. My poor mother, for my birth,
And me for having lived, and you yourself,
(As I forgive you), for the gift of life,
Which you bestow'd upon me as my sire.

Mar. What hast thou done?

Jac. Fos. Nothing. I cannot charge
My memory with much save sorrow: but
I have been so beyond the common lot
Chasten'd and visited, I needs must think
That I was wicked. If it be so, may
What I have undergone here keep me from
A like hereafter!

Mar. Fear not: *that's* reserved
For your oppressors.

Jac. Fos. Let me hope not.

Mar. Hope not?

Jac. Fos. I cannot wish them *all* they have in-
flicted. [fold.]

Mar. *All!* the consummate fiends! A thousand—
May the worm which ne'er dieth feed upon them!

Jac. Fos. They may repent.

Mar. And if they do, Heaven will not
Accept the tardy penitence of demons.

Enter an Officer and Guards.

Off. Signor! the boat is at the shore—the wind
Is rising—we are ready to attend you.

Jac. Fos. And I to be attended. Once more,
father,
Your hand!

Doge. Take it. Alas! how thine own trembles!

Jac. Fos. No—you mistake: 'tis yours that
shakes, my father.

Farewell!

Doge. Farewell! Is there aught else?

Jac. Fos. No—nothing.
[To the Officer.]

Lend me your arm, good signor.

Off. You turn pale—

Let me support you—paler—ho! some aid there!
Some water!

Mar. Ah, he is dying!

Jac. Fos. Now, I'm ready—
My eyes swim strangely—where's the door?

Mar. Away!

Let me support him—my best love! O God!

How faintly beats this heart—this pulse!

Jac. Fos. The light!
Is it the light?—I am faint.

[Officer presents him with water.]

Off. He will be better,

Perhaps, in the air.

Jac. Fos. I doubt not. Father—wife—

Your hands!

Mar. There's death in that damp, clammy
grasp.

Oh, God!—My Foscari, how fare you?

Jac. Fos. Well! [*He dies.*]

Off. He's gone!

Doge. He's free.

Mar. No—no, he is not dead;

There must be life yet in that heart—he could not
Thus leave me.

Doge. Daughter!

Mar. Hold thy peace, old man!

I am no daughter now—thou hast no son.

Oh, Foscari!

Off. We must remove the body

Mar. Touch it not, dungeon miscreants! your
base office

Ends with his life, and goes not beyond murder,
Even by your murderous laws. Leave his remains
To those who know to honour them.

Off. I must

Inform the signory, and learn their pleasure.

Doge. Inform the signory from *me*, the *Doge*,

They have no further power upon those ashes:

While he lived, he was theirs, as fits a subject—

Now he is *mine*—my broken-hearted boy!

[Exit Officer.]

Mar. And I must live!

Doge. Your children live, Marina.

Mar. My children! true—they live, and I must
live

To bring them up to serve the state, and die

As died their father. Oh! what best of blessings

Were barrenness in Venice! Would my mother

Had been so!

Doge. My unhappy children!

Mar. What!

You feel it then at last—you!—Where is now

The stoic of the state!

Doge. [*Throwing himself down by the body.*] Here!

Mar. Ay, weep on!

I thought you had no tears—you hoarded them

Until they are useless ; but weep on ! he never
Shall weep more—never, never more.

Enter Loredano and Barbarigo.

Lor. What's here ?

Mar. Ah ! the devil come to insult the dead !
Incarnate Lucifer ! 'tis holy ground. [Avaunt !

A martyr's ashes now lie there, which make it
A shrine. Get thee back to thy place of torment !

Bar. Lady, we knew not of this sad event,
But pass'd here merely on our path from council.

Mar. Pass on.

Lor. We sought the Doge.

Mar. [pointing to the Doge, who is still on the
ground by his son's body.] He's busy, look,

About the business you provided for him.

Are ye content ?

Bar. We will not interrupt

A parent's sorrows.

Mar. No, ye only make them.

Then leave them.

Doge [rising]. Sirs, I am ready.

Bar. No—not now.

Lor. Yet 'twas important.

Doge. If 'twas so, I can

Only repeat—I am ready.

Bar. It shall not be

Just now, though Venice totter'd o'er the deep
Like a frail vessel. I respect your griefs. [bring

Doge. I thank you. If the tidings which you
Are evil, you may say them ; nothing further

Can touch me more than him thou look'st on there ;
If they be good, say on ; you need not fear

That they can *injure* me.

Bar. I would they could !

Doge. I spoke not to you, but to Loredano.

He understands me.

Mar. Ah ! I thought it would be so.

Doge. What mean you ?

Mar. Lo ! there is the blood beginning
To flow through the dead lips of Foscari—

The body bleeds in presence of the assassin,
[To Loredano.

Thou cowardly murderer by law, behold

How death itself bears witness to thy deeds !

Doge. My child ! this is a phantasy of grief.

Bear hence the body. [To his attendants.] Signors,
Within an hour I'll hear you. [if it please you,

[*Exit* Doge, Marina, and attendants with
the body. *Remain* Loredano and Bar-
barigo.

Bar. He must not

Be troubled now.

Lor. He said himself that nought

Could give him trouble further.

Bar. These are words ;

But grief is lonely, and the breaking in
Upon it barbarous.

Lor. Sorrow preys upon

Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world,

Than calling it at moments back to this.
The busy have no time for tears.

Bar. And the refore

You would deprive this old man of all business ?

Lor. The thing's decreed. The Giunta and 'the
Ten'

Have made it law—who shall oppose that law ?

Bar. Humanity !

Lor. Because his son is dead ?

Bar. And yet unburied.

Lor. Had we known this when

The act was passing, it might have suspended

Its passage, but impedes it not—once past.

Bar. I'll not consent.

Lor. You have consented to

All that's essential—leave the rest to me.

Bar. Why press his abdication now ?

Lor. The feelings

Of private passion may not interrupt

The public benefit ; and what the state

Decides to-day must not give way before

To-morrow for a natural accident.

Bar. You have a son.

Lor. I have—and had a father

Bar. Still so inexorable ?

Lor. Still.

Bar. But let him

Inter his son before we press upon him

This edict.

Lor. Let him call up into life

My sire and uncle—I consent. Men may,

Even aged men, be, or appear to be,

Sires of a hundred sons, but cannot kindle

An atom of their ancestors from earth.

The victims are not equal ; he has seen

His sons expire by natural deaths, and I

My sires by violent and mysterious maladies.

I used no poison, bribed no subtle master

Of the destructive art of healing, to

Shorten the path to the eternal cure.

His sons—and he had four—are dead, without

My dabbling in vile drugs.

Bar. And art thou sure

He died in such ?

Lor. Most sure.

Bar. And yet he seems

All openness.

Lor. And so he seem'd not long

Ago to Carmagnola.

Bar. The attainted

And foreign traitor ?

Lor. Even so : when he,

After the very night in which 'the Ten'

(Join'd with the Doge) decided his destruction,

Met the great Duke at daybreak with a jest,

Demanding whether he should angor him

'The good day or good night ?' his Doge-ship an-
swer'd,

'That he in truth had pass'd a night of vigil,

In which (he added with a gracious smile)

There often has been question about you.' *

'Twas true ; the question was the death resolved

Of Carmagnola, eight months ere he died ;

And the old Doge, who knew him doom'd, smiled

on him [hand—

With deadly cozenage, eight long months before—

* An historical fact. See DARU, tom. ii.

Eight months of such hypocrisy as is
Learnt but in eighty years. Brave Carmagnuola
Is dead; so is young Foscari and his brethren—
I never smiled on them.

Bar. Was Carmagnuola
Your friend?

Lor. He was the safeguard of the city.
In early life its foe, but, in his manhood,
Its saviour first, then victim.

Bar. Ah! that seems
The penalty of saving cities. He
Whom we now act against not only saved
Our own, but added others to our sway.

Lor. The Romans (and we ape them) gave a crown
To him who took a city; and they gave
A crown to him who saved a citizen
In battle: the rewards are equal. Now,
If we should measure forth the cities taken
By the Doge Foscari, with citizens
Destroy'd by him, or through him, the account
Were fearfully against him, although narrow'd
To private havoc, such as between him
And my dead father.

Bar. Are you then thus fix'd?
Lor. Why, what should change me?

Bar. That which changes me:
But you, I know, are marble to retain

A feud. But when all is accomplish'd, when
The old man is deposed, his name degraded,
His sons all dead, his family depress'd,
And you and yours triumphant, shall you sleep?

Lor. More soundly.
Bar. That's an error, and you'll find it
Ere you sleep with your fathers.

Lor. They sleep not
In their accelerated graves, nor will
Till Foscari fills his. Each night I see them
Stalk frowning round my couch, and, pointing
towards

The ducal palace, marshal me to vengeance.
Bar. Fancy's distemperature! There is no passion
More spectral or fantastical than Hate;
Not even its opposite, Love, so peoples air
With phantoms, as this madness of the heart.

Enter an Officer.

Lor. Where go you, sirrah?
Off. By the ducal order
To forward the preparatory rites
For the late Foscari's interment.

Bar. Their
Vault has been often open'd of late years.
Lor. 'Twill be full soon, and may be closed for
Off. May I pass on? [ever.

Lor. You may.
Bar. How bears the Doge
This last calamity?

Off. With desperate firmness,
In presence of another he says little,
But I perceive his lips move now and then;
And once or twice I heard him, from the adjoining
Apartment, mutter forth the words—'My son!
Scarce audibly. I must proceed. [Exit Officer.

Bar. This stroke
Will move all Venice in his favour.

Lor. Right!
We must be speedy; let us call together
The delegates appointed to convey
The Council's resolution.

Bar. I protest
Against it at this moment.

Lor. As you please—
I'll take their voices on it ne'ertheless,
And see whose most may sway them, yours or mine.
[Exit Barbarigo and Loredano.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Doge's Apartment.

The Doge and Attendants.

Att. My lord, the deputation is in waiting;
But add, that if another hour would better
Accord with your will, they will make it theirs.

Doge. To me all hours are alike. Let them ap-
proach. [Exit Attendants.

Officer. Prince! I have done your bidding.
Doge. What command?

Off. A melancholy one—to call the attendance
Of—

Doge. True—true—true; I crave your pardon. I
Begin to fail in apprehension, and
Wax very old—old almost as my years.
Till now I fought them off, but they begin
To overtake me.

*Enter the Deputation, consisting of six of the Sig-
nory and the Chief of the Ten.*

Noble men, your pleasure!
Chief of the Ten. In the first place, the Council
doth condole

With the Doge on his late and private grief.

Doge. No more—no more of that.
Chief of the Ten. Will not the Duke

Accept the homage of respect?
Doge. I do

Accept it as 'tis given—proceed.
Chief of the Ten. 'The Ten,'

With a selected Giunta from the senate
Of twenty-five of the best born patricians,
Having deliberated on the state
Of the republic, and the overwhelming cares
Which, at this moment, doubly must oppress
Your years, so long devoted to your country,
Have judged it fitting, with all reverence,
Now to solicit from your wisdom (which
Upon reflection must accord in this),

The resignation of the ducal ring,
Which you have worn so long and venerably;
And to prove that they are not ungrateful, nor
Cold to your years and services, they add
An appanage of twenty hundred golden
Ducats, to make retirement not less splendid
Than should become a sovereign's retreat.

Doge. Did I hear rightly?
Chief of the Ten. Need I say again?

Doge. No—Have you done?
Chief of the Ten. I have spoken. Twenty-four

Hours are accorded you to give an answer.
Doge. I shall not need so many seconds.

Chief of the Ten. We
Will now retire.

Doge. Stay! four and twenty hours
Will alter nothing which I have to say.

Chief of the Ten. Speak!
Doge. When I twice before reiterated
My wish to abdicate, it was refused me;
And not alone refused, but ye exacted
An oath from me that I would never more
Renew the instance. I have sworn to die
In full exertion of the functions which
My country call'd me here to exercise,
According to my honour and my conscience—
I cannot break my oath.

Chief of the Ten. Reduce us not
To the alternative of a decree,
Instead of your compliance.

Doge. Providence
Prolongs my days to prove and chasten me;
But ye have no right to regulate my length
Of days, since every hour has been the country's.
I am ready to lay down my life for her,
As I have laid down dearer things than life;
But for my dignity—I forbear it of
The *whole* republic: when the *general* will
Is manifest, then you shall all be answer'd.

Chief of the Ten. We grieve for such an answer;
Aval you aught. [But it cannot

Doge. I can submit to all things,
But nothing will advance; no, not a moment.
What you decree—decree.

Chief of the Ten. With this, then, must we
Return to those who sent us?

Doge. You have heard me.
Chief of the Ten. With all due reverence we retire.

[*Exeunt the Deputation, &c.*

Enter an Attendant.

Att. My lord,
The noble dame Marina craves an audience.

Doge. My time is hurs.
Enter Marina.

Mar. My lord, if I intrude—
Perhaps you fain would be alone?

Doge. Alone?
Alone, come all the world around me, I

Am now and evermore. But we will bear it.

Mar. We will, and for the sake of those who are,
Endeavour—Oh, my husband!

Doge. Give it way:
I cannot comfort thee.

Mar. He might have lived,
So form'd for gentle privacy of life,
So loving, so beloved; the native of
Another land, and who so best an ill-boding
As my poor Foscari? Nothing was wanting
Unto his happiness and mine save not
To be Venetian.

Doge. Or a prince's son
Mar. Yes; all things which conduce to other
Imperfect happiness or high addition, [I mean]
By some strange destiny, to him ye would deny,
The country and the people whom he loved,
The prince of whom he was the elder born,
And—

Doge. Soon may be a prince no longer.

Mar. How?
Doge. They have taken my son from me, and now
At my too long worn diadem and ring. [aim

Let them resume their gewgaws!
Mar. Oh, the tyrants!

In such an hour too!
Doge. 'Tis the fittest time;

An hour ago I should have felt it.
Mar. And
Will you not now resent it?—Oh, for vengeance!

But he, who, had he been enough protected,
Might have repaid protection in this moment,
Cannot assist his father.

Doge. Nor should do so
Against his country, had he a thousand lives

Instead of that—
Mar. They tortured from him. This

May be pure patriotism. I am a woman:
To me my husband and my children were
Country and home. I loved *him*—how I loved him
I have seen him pass through such an ordeal as
The old martyrs would have shrunk from; he is

gone.
And I, who would have given my blood for him,
Have nought to give but tears! But could I com-
The retribution of his wrongs!—Well, well! [pass
I have sons, who shall be men.

Doge. Your grief distracts you.
Mar. I thought I could have borne it, when I saw

him
Bow'd down by such oppression; yes, I thought
That I would rather look upon his corpse

Than in his prolonged captivity:—I am punish'd
For that thought now. Would I were in his grave!

Doge. I must look on him once more.
Mar. Come with me!

Doge. Is he—
Mar. Our bridal bed is now his bier.

Doge. And he is in his shroud!
Mar. Come, come, old man!

[*Exeunt the Doge and Marina.*

Enter Barbarigo and Loredano.

Bar. [To an Attendant.] Where is the Doge?
Att. This instant retired hence,

With the illustrious lady his son's widow.

Bar. Where?
Att. To the chamber where the body lies.

Bar. Let us return, then.
Lor. You forget, you cannot

We have the implicit orler of the Giunta
To await their coming here, and join them in

Their office; they'll be here soon after us.

Bar. And will they press their answer on the Doge?
Lor. 'Twas his own wish that all should be done

promptly.
He answer'd quickly, and must so be answer'd;

His dignity is look'd to, his estate
Care'd for—what would he more?

Bar. Die in his robes:
He could not have lived long; but I have done

My duty to his honours, and opposed
This proposition to the *Let*, though vainly
Why would the general vote compel me hither?

Lor. 'Twas fit that some one of such different thoughts

From ours should be a witness, lest false tongues
Should whisper that a harsh majority
Dreaded to have its acts beheld by others.

Bar. And not less, I must needs think, for the sake
Of humbling me for my vain opposition.
You are ingenious, Loredano, in
Your modes of vengeance, nay, poetical,
A very Ovid in the art of *hating*;
'Tis thus (although a secondary object,
Yet hate has microscopic eyes), to you
I owe by way of foil to the more zealous,
This undesired association in
Your Giunta's duties.

Lor. How!—my Giunta!

Bar. Yours!
They speak your language, watch your nod, approve
Your plans, and do your work. Are they not yours?

Lor. You talk unwarily. 'Twere best they hear
This from you. [not]

Bar. Oh! they'll hear as much one day
From louder tongues than mine; they have gone beyond

Even their exorbitance of power: and when
This happens in the most contemn'd and object
States, stung humanity will rise to check it.

Lor. You talk but idly.

Bar. That remains for proof.
Here come our colleagues.

Enter the Deputation as before.

Chief of the Ten. Is the Duke aware

We seek his presence?

All. He shall be inform'd.

[Exit Attendant.

Bar. The Duke is with his son.

Chief of the Ten. If it be so,

We will remit him till the rites are over.

Let us return. 'Tis time enough to-morrow.

Lor. (*aside to Bar.*) Now the rich man's hell-fire
upon your tongue,

Unquench'd, unquenchable! I'll have it torn
From its vile babbling roots, till you shall utter

Nothing but sobs through blood, for this! Sage
I pray ye be not hasty. [signors,

[*Aloud to the others.*

Bar. But be human!

Lor. See, the Duke comes!

Enter the Doge.

Doge. I have obey'd your summons.

Chief of the Ten. We come once more to urge our

Doge. And I to answer. [past request.

Chief of the Ten. What!

Doge. My only answer.

You have heard it.

Chief of the Ten. Hear you then the last decree,
Definitive and absolute!

Doge. To the point—

To the point! I know of old the forms of office,

And gentle preludes to strong acts.—Go on!

Chief of the Ten. You are no longer Doge; you
are released

From your imperial oath as sovereign;

Your ducal robes must be put off; but for

Your services, the state allots the appanage

Already mention'd in our former congress.

Three days are left you to remove from hence,

Under the penalty to see confiscated

All your own private fortune.

Doge. That last clause,
I am proud to say, would not enrich the treasury.

Chief of the Ten. Your answer, Duke!

Lor. Your answer, Francis Foscari!

Doge. If I could have foreseen that my old age

Was prejudicial to the state, the chief

Of the republic never would have shown

Himself so far ungrateful, as to place

His own high dignity before his country;

But this *life* having been so many years

Not useless to that country, I would fain

Have consecrated my last moments to her.

But the decree being render'd, I obey.

Chief of the Ten. If you would have the three days
nam'd extended,

We willingly will lengthen them to eight,

As sign of our esteem.

Doge. Not eight hours, signor,

Nor even eight minutes—there's the ducal ring.

[*Taking off his ring and cap.*

And there the ducal diadem. And so

The Adriatic's free to wed another.

Chief of the Ten. You go not forth so quickly.

Doge. I am old, sir,

And even to move but slowly must begin

To move betimes. Methinks I see amongst you

A face I know not.—Senator! your name,

You, by your garb, Chief of the Forty!

Mem. Signor,

I am the son of Marco Memmo.

Doge. Ah!

Your father was my friend.—But *sons and fathers!*—

What, ho! my servants there!

Atten. My prince!

Doge. No prince—

There are the princes of the prince! [*Pointing to
the Ten's deputation.*—Prepare

To part from hence upon the instant.

Chief of the Ten. Why

So rashly? 'twill give scandal.

Doge. Answer that;

[*To the Ten.*

It is your province.—Sirs, bestir yourselves;

[*To the Servants.*

There is one burthen which I beg you bear

With care, although 'tis past all further harm—

But I will look to that myself.

Bar. He means

The body of his son.

Doge. And call Marina,

My daughter!

Enter Marina.

Doge. Get thee ready, we must mourn

Elsewhere.

Mar. And everywhere.

Doge. True; but in freedom,

Without these jealous spies upon the great.

Signors, you may depart: what would you more?

We are going: do you fear that we shall bear

The palace with us? Its *old* walls, ten times
As *old* as I am, and I'm very old,
Have served you, so have I, and I and they
Could tell a tale; but I invoke them not
To fall upon you! else they would, as erst
The pillars of stone Dagon's temple on
The Israelite and his Philistine foes.
Such power I do believe there might exist
In such a curse as mine, provoked by such
As you; but I curse not. Adieu, good signors!
May the next duke be better than the present!

Lor. The present duke is Paschal Malpiero.

Doge. Not till I pass the threshold of these doors.

Lor. St. Mark's great bell is soon about to toll
For his inauguration.

Doge. Earth and heaven!
Ye will reverberate this peal; and I
Live to hear this!—the first Doge who e'er hear!
Such sound for his successor! happier he,
My attendant predecessor, stern Patiero—
This insult at the least was spared him.

Lor. What!
Do you regret a traitor?

Doge. No!—I merely
Envy the dead.
Chief of the Ten. My lord, if you indeed

Are bent upon this rash abandonment
Of the state's justice, at the least retire
By the private staircase, which conducts you toward
The landing-place of the canal.

Doge. No! I
Will now descend the stairs by which I mounted
To sovereignty—the Giant's Stairs, on whose
Broad eminence I was invested duke.
My services have called me up those steps,
The malice of my foes will drive me down them
Three five and thirty years ago was I
Installed, and traversed these same halls, from which
I never thought to be divorced except
A corpse—a corpse, it might be, fighting for them—
But not push'd hence by fellow-citizens.
But come; my son and I will go together—
He to his grave, and I to pay for mine.

Chief of the Ten. What! this in public!
Doge. I was publicly

Elected, and so will I be deposed.
Marina! art thou willing?

Mar. Here's my arm!
Doge. And here my staff; thus prop'd I will I go
forth.

Chief of the Ten. It must not be—the people will
Doge. The people!—There's no people, you well
know it,

Else you dare not deal thus by them or me.
There is a *populace*, perhaps, whose looks [you,
May shame you; but they dare not groan or curse
Save with their hearts and eyes.

Chief of the Ten. You speak in passion,
Else—

Doge. You have reason. I have spoken much
More than my wont; it is a fable which
Was not of mine, but more excuses you,
inasmuch as it shows that I approach
A stage which may justify this decli-

Of yours, although the law does not, nor will,
Farewell, sirs!

Barr. You shall not depart without
An escort fitting past and present rank,
We will accompany, with due respect,
The Doge unto his private palace. Say!
My brethren, will we not?

Different voices. Ay!—Ay!
Doge. You shall not

Stir—in my train, at least. I enter'd here
As sovereign—I go out as citizen

By the same portals, but as citizen.
All these vain ceremonies are base insults,
Which only ulcerate the heart the more,
Applying poisons there as antidotes.

Pomp is for princes—I am none!—That's false,
I am, but only to these gates.—Ah!

Lor. Hark!
[The great bell of St. Mark's tolls.

Barr. The bell!
Chief of the Ten. St. Mark's, which tolls for the
Of Malpiero, [election

Doge. Well I recognise
The sound! I heard it once, but once before,
And that is five and thirty years ago;
Even then I was not young.

Barr. Sit down, my lord!
You tremble.

Doge. 'Tis the knell of my poor boy!
My heart aches bitterly.

Lor. I pray you sit.
Doge. No; my seat here has been a throne till now.

Marina! let us go.
Mar. Most readily

Doge. [walks a few steps, then stops]. I feel athirst
—will no one bring me here

A cup of water?
Barr. I—

Mar. And I—
Lor. And I—

[The Doge takes a goblet from the hand of Loredano.
Doge. I take yours, Loredano, from the hand
Most fit for such an hour as this.

Lor. Why so?
Doge. 'Tis said that our Venetian crystal has
Such pure antipathy to poisons as
To bur it, if aught of venom touches it.

You bore this goblet, and it is not broken.
Lor. Well, sir!

Doge. Then it is false, or you are true
For my own part, I credit neither, 'tis
An ancient legend

Mar. You talk wildly, and
Henceforth now be seated, nor as yet
Depart. Ah! now you look as look'd my husband!

Lor. He sinks!—support him!—quick—a chair—
Support him!

Doge. The bell tolls on!—let's hence—my brain's
on fire!

Barr. I do beseech you, lean upon us!
Doge. No!

A sovereign should die standing. My poor boy!—
Oil with your arms!—That bell!

[The Doge drops down and dies.

Mar. My God! My God!

Bar. (to Lor.) Behold! your work's completed!

Chief of the Ten. Is there then
No aid? Call in assistance!

Att. 'Tis all over.

Chief of the Ten. If it be so, at least his obsequies
Shall be such as befits his name and nation,
His rank and his devotion to the duties
Of the realm, while his age permitted him
To do himself and them full justice. Brethren,
Say, shall it not be so?

Bar. He has not had
The misery to die a subject where
He reign'd: then let his funeral rites be princely.

Chief of the Ten. We are agreed, then?

All, except Lor., answer. Yes.
Chief of the Ten. Heaven's peace be with him!

Mar. Signors, your pardon: this is mockery!
Juggle no more with that poor remnant, which,
A moment since, while yet it had a soul,
(A soul by whom you have increased your empire,
And made your power as proud as was his glory.)
You banish'd from his palace, and tore down
From his high place, with such relentless coldness;
And now, when he can neither know these honours,
Nor would accept them if he could, you, signors,
Purpose, with idle and superfluous pomp,
To make a pageant over what you trampled.
A princely funeral will be your reproach,
And not his honour.

Chief of the Ten. Lady, we revoke not
Our purposes so readily.

Mar. I know it,
As far as touches torturing the living
I thought the dead had been beyond even you,
Though (some no doubt) consign'd to powers which
Resemble that you exercise on earth. [may
Leave him to me; you would have done so for
His dregs of life, which you have kindly shorten'd:
It is my last of duties, and may prove
A dreary comfort in my desolation.
Grief is fantastical, and loves the dead,
And the apparel of the grave.

Chief of the Ten. Do you
Pretend still to this office?

Mar. I do, signor
Though his possessions have been all consumed
In the state's service, I have still my dowry,
Which shall be consecrated to his rites,
And those of— [She stops with agitation.

Chief of the Ten. Best retain it for your children.

Mar. Ay, they are fatherless, I thank you.

Chief of the Ten. We
Cannot comply with your request. His relics
Shall be exposed with wanted pomp, and follow'd
Unto their home by the new Doge, not clad
As Doge, but simply as a senator.

Mar. I have heard of murderers, who have in-
terr'd

Their victims; but ne'er heard, until this hour,
Of so much splendour in hypocrisy
O'er those they slew. I've heard of widows' tears—
Alas! I have shed some—always thanks to you!
I've heard of *hears* in sables—you have left none
To the deceased, so you would not the part
Of such. Well, sirs, you will be done! as one day,
I trust, Heaven's will be done too!

Chief of the Ten. Know you, lady,
To whom ye speak, and perils of such speech?

Mar. I know the former better than yourselves;
The latter—like yourselves; and can face both.
Wish you more funerals?

Bar. Heed not her rash words;
Her circumstances must excuse her bearing.

Chief of the Ten. We will not note them down.

*Bar. (turning to Lor., who is writing upon his
tablet.)* What art thou writing,

With such an earnest brow, upon thy tablets?

Lor. (pointing to the Doge's body.) That he has
paid me!

Chief of the Ten. What debt did he owe you?

Lor. A long and just one; Nature's debt and mine.

[Curtain falls.]

* The Venetians appear to have had a particular turn for breaking the hearts of their Doges. The following is another instance of the kind in the Doge Marco Barbarigo: he was succeeded by his brother Agostino Barbarigo, whose chief merit is here mentioned.—Le doge, blessé de trourer constamment un contradicteur et un censeur si amer dans son frère, lui dit un jour en plein conseil: "Messire Augustin, vous faites tout votre possible pour hâter ma mort; vous vous flattez de me succéder; mais, si les autres vous connaissent aussi bien que je vous connais, ils n'auront garde de vous élire." Là-dessus il se leva, énu de colère, entra dans son appartement, et mourut quelques jours après. Ce frère, contre lequel il s'étoit enporté, fut précisément le successeur qu'on lui donna. C'étoit un mérite dont on aimoit à tenir compte; surtout à un parent, de s'être mis en opposition avec le chef de la république." —DARU, *Hist. de Venise*, t. II, p. 533.
† *L'ha pagaba!* An historical fact. See *Hist. de Venise*, par P. DARU, t. II, p. 411.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	SPIRITS.	WOMEN.
Adam.	Angel of the Lord.	Eve.
Cain.	Lucifer.	Adah.
Abel.		Zillah.

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, and worlds, which these illuminate, Or shadow, maifest 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 benighted beings, To be beloved, more than all, save Thee—Let me love Thee and them!—All hail! all hail!

Zillah. O 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. Why should I speak?

Adam. To pray.

Cain. Have ye not prayed?

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.

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.

Adam. And we must gather it again. [ledge?

O God! why didst Thou plant the tree of know-

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

Ye might have then defied Him. [life?

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 destroyed his parents.

Content thee with what is. Had we been so,

Thou now hadst been contented.—Oh, my son!

Adah. Our orisons completed, let us hence,

Each to his task of toil—not heavy, though

Useful: 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. [Exit Adam and Eve.

Zillah. Wilt thou not, my brother?

Abel. Why wilt thou wear this gloom upon thy brow,

Which can avail thee nothing, save to rouse

The Eternal anger?

Adah. My beloved Cain

Wilt thou frown even 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 two, sisters, 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!

[Exit Abel, Zillah, and Adah.

Cain [solus]. And this is

Life!—Toil! and wherefore should I toil!—because

My father could not keep his place in Eden!

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 farthest 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 cherubin-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. 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 revealed : 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 I, 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 covering, 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—

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 *hate* us so,

That He may torture :—let Him. He is great—

But, in His greatness, 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,

Immortal, 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— [have swum

Cain. Then speak'st to me of things which long

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 rather 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? 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,

The 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. I?

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:

Tis 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 falling. 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 forked 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 deed 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 pervade

Space—but I speak to thee of what thou know'st

With all thy tree of knowledge. fnot,

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 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 Adah 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 thing.

That bear the form of earth-born being.

Cain. Ah!

I thought it was a being: who could do

Such evil things to being 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 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. die—

Cain. I'm glad of that: I would not have them

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 his brother's.
Cain. Detest thy error!
 Not to snatch first that fruit:—but to pluck'd
 The knowledge, which was given a part 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:
 What is true knowledge?
Cain. Wilt thou teach me all?
Lucifer. Ay, upon one condition.
Cain. Name it.
Lucifer. That thou shalt fall down and worship me—by the Lord.
Cain. Thou art not the Lord my father worship!
Lucifer. No.
Cain. His spirit?
Lucifer. [with him] No: there is not the same
 Name, still, I would have said, thy speech—
 And I say, as thou art, so I am.
 His power, I do believe, but I do not
 Mean thee, are you wouldst give me power
 Whom shall I then worship?
Cain. I do not know.
 A goodly gift, which I will give thee,
 And I shall be the Lord thy father.
 Thou shalt worship me, and thou shalt
 Why should I then worship thee?
Lucifer. He shall worship me, will
 Thou?
Cain. How? I shall worship me? I will it?
 Can I not obey my knowledge?—is that?
Lucifer. How? I was not?—He shall worship
 I do. But I will level to neither.
Lucifer. Ne'er the less,
 Thou art my worshipper: not worshipping
 Him, makes thee name the same.
Cain. And what is that?
Lucifer. Thou'lt know here—and here after.
Cain. Let me but
 Be taught the mystery of my being.
Lucifer. Follow
 Where I lead thee.
Cain. But I must retire
 To till the earth—for I have pluck'd—
Lucifer. What?
Cain. To cull some first-fruits.
Lucifer. Why?
Cain. To offer up
 With Abel on an altar.
Lucifer. Say let 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 A Loh.
Adah. My brother, I have come for thee;
 It is our hour of rest, as I say—and we
 Have laboured without thee. Thou hast labour'd not
 This morn: but I have done thy task: the fruits
 Are ready, and glowing as the light which ripens:
 Come away.
Cain. Seest thou not?
Adah. I see an angel:
 We have seen to my: 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
 That 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 stand'st between heart and heart?
Cain. He is a god.
Adah. How know'st thou?
Cain. He speaks like
 A god.
Adah. So oft the serpent, as Iit Feol.
Lucifer. Thou'rt rest, A lab—was not the tree that
 Offer'd life?
Adah. Ay—to our eternal sorrow.
Lucifer. And yet that grief is knowledge—so he
 Had rest:
 And if he had I may you, 'twas with truth;
 And truth in its own essence cannot be
 Bargain'd.
Adah. But art thou know of it has gather'd
 Full on all: expansion from our home,
 And health, and toil, and sweat, and heaviness;
 Remembrance of that which was—and hope of that
 Which is, methinks—Cain! walk not with this spirit,
 Beyond all what we have borne, and love me—
 Love thee.
Lucifer. More than thy mother, and thy sire?
Adah. I do. Is that 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, 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—what's'er
It seems 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— [higher
Lucifer. Higher things than ye are slaves: and I
Than them or ye would be so, did they not
Prefer an independency of torture
To the smooth agencies of adulation,
In hymns and harpings, and self-seeking prayers,
To that which is omnipotent, because
It is omnipotent, and I 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 know-
Of good and evil? [deceit

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 can not 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 an I nearer:—Cain—Cain—save me from
him! [spirit.

Cain. What dreads my Adah? This is no ill
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 *are men*—cherubim *have men*;
And this should be a cherub, since he lives not.

Lucifer. And if the higher knowledge quenches
love,

What must be to you exact love when known?
Since the all-knowing cherub lives not,
The seraphs *are men*—cherubim *have men*;
That they are not compatible, the dream
Of thy fond parents, first, or *learning* proves.
Could I but love and like the *angel*—since there is
No other cherub, your sire hath *deceiv'd* already;
His worship is but *tear*.

Adah. Oh, Cain! thine love,
Cain. For thee, my Adah—I *do* love not—it was
Born with me—but I love nought else.

Adah. Our parents?
Cain. Do they love us when they snatch'd from
the tree

That which hath driven us all from Paradise?
Adah. Were we not there then—and if we had been,
Should we not love them, and our children, Cain?

Cain. My little Enoch! an I his big sister!
Could I but love them happy, I would half
Forget—but it can never be forgotten

Through three 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 look'd the true of science
And sin; and I, not content with their own sorrow,
Begg'd me—*she*—and I all the fates that flow,
An I all the annual er'd and human life
Multitudes, millions, myriads, which may be,
To whom agents accumulate

Eyegaze!—and I must be sire of such things!
Thy beauty and thy love—my love an I joy,
The myriads must an I the place be our,
All we love in our children, and in thee, then,
But lead them an I ourselves the eight many years
Of sin an I pain—*a few*! it is *of*—*tree*,
Intercheck'd with an instant of bliss, *of*—*tree*,
To Death—the unknown! *Methinks* the tree of
knowledge

Hath not fill'd its promise; if they shall,
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 fangs—*reach* us that?

Adah. I am not wretched, Cain, and if thou
Wert happy—

Cain. Be thou happy, then, alone;
I will have to do with happiness,

Which handles me and mine.

Adah. Alone I could not,
Nor *be* the 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 *had*—*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?

Adam. He is not so; He hath
The angels and the mortals to make happy,
And thus becomes 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.

Adam. 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 loth 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 moon.

Adam. It is a beautiful star; I love it for its beauty

Lucifer. And why not adore?
Adam. Our father
Adores the Invisible only.

Lucifer. But the symbols
of the Invisible are the brightest
of what is visible; and I, your right star
Is leader of the host of heaven.

Adam. Our father
Said that he has beheld the God Himself
Who made him and our mother

Lucifer. Hast thou seen Him?

Adam. Yes—in His works
Lucifer. But in His being?

Adam. 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 luminous stars
Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault
With things that look as if they would fire suns;
So beautiful, unnumber'd, and endearing,
Not dazzling, as I 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! thou seest'st
Couldst thou but know what oceans will be shed—

Adam. By me?
Lucifer. By all.

Adam. What it all?
Lucifer. The millions—

The myriad myriads—the all-peopled earth—

The unpeopled earth—and the o'er-peopled hell,
Of which thy bosom is the germ.

Adam. O Cain!

This spirit curseth us.
Cain. Let him say on;

Him will I follow,
Adam. Whither?

Lucifer. To a place
Whence he shall come back to thee in an hour;
But in that hour see things of many days.

Adam. 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,
Shew in an hour what he hath made in many,
Or hath destroyed in few?

Cain. Lead on.

Adam. Will he,
In sooth, return within an hour?

Lucifer. He shall.
With us acts are exempt from time, and we
Can stretch an hour into eternity.

We breathe not by a mortal measurement—
But that's a mystery. Can, come on with me.

Adam. 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

To make that silent and expectant world [thee,
As populous as this; at present there
Are few mortal beings.

Adam. Where dwellest thou?

Lucifer. Through all space. Where should I
dwell? Where are

Thy God or Gods—there am I; all things are
Discreet 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 are peopled or shall people both—
These are my realms! So that I do divide

These, and possess a kingdom which is not
Mine. If I were not that which I have said,
Could I stand here? His angels are within

Your vision.

Adam. 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.*
Adam [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 ask

Lucifer. Have faith in me, and thou shalt be
Born 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 proclaim'd 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
Amerc'd for doubts beyond thy little life,
With torture of my doomings. 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 what'er thou art,
Is yon our earth?

Lucifer. Dost thou not recognise
The dust which form'd your father?

Cain. Can it be?
You small blue circle, swinging in far ether,
With an inferior circle 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 small 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 knew such things.

Lucifer. But if that high thought were
Link'd to a servile 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 poetry 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
Lie—there is what must survive.

Cain. The Other
Spoke 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 angel: wouldst thou be as I am?

Cain. I know not what thou art: I see thy power,
And see that thou show'st me things beyond my power,
Beyond all power of my born frailties,
Although inferior still to my desires
And my expectations.

Lucifer. What are they which dwell
So humbly in their pride, as yet sojourn
With worms in clay?

Cain. And what art thou who dwellest
So heightily in spirit, and yet so range
Nature and immortality—god 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 unlucky, learn
To anticipate my immortal duty.

Lucifer. Thou didst before I came upon thee.

Cain. How?

Lucifer. By suffering.

Cain. And must to torture be immortal?

Lucifer. We and thy sons will try. But now, be-
Is it not glorious? (hold!)

Cain. Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginative 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 aerial universe of endless
Expansion—at which my soul aches to think—
Intolerated with eternity?
O God! O Gods! or whatso'er ye are!
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
Your works, or accidents, or whatso'er

They may be! Let me die, as atoms die
(If that they die), or know ye in your night
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 I—yonder!

Lucifer. Yea.

Cain. And wilt thou tell me so?

Why, I have seen the fireflies on I know not
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 thou think
of them?

Cain. That they are! cautious in their own sphere,
And that the night, which makes both cautious,
The little shining firefly in its flight,
And the inanimate star in its great course,
Must both be guided.

Lucifer. But by whom or what?

Cain. Show me.

Lucifer. Darest thou behold it?

Cain. If I know I what
I dare behold! As yet, thou hast shown me
I dare not gaze on farther.

Lucifer. Oh, then, with me
Wouldst thou behold things mortal or immortal?

Cain. Why, what are they?

Lucifer. I do partly; but what dost thou
Sit next thy heart?

Cain. The things I see.

Lucifer. But what I
Sawest thou?

Cain. The things I have not seen,

Nor ever shall—the mysteries of both.

Lucifer. What, if I show thee things which
Have died,

As I have shown thee much which cannot die?

Cain. Do so.

Lucifer. Away, then, on our dainty wings.

Cain. Oh, how we cleave the blue! The stars
Fadly tremble!

The earth I behold is my earth? Let me look on it,
For I was made of it.

Lucifer. Then behold it 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 in vain;

'Tis part of thy eternity, and I mine.

Cain. Where dost thou find I mine?

Lucifer. To what wast thou fore thee?
The phantasm of the world; of which thy world
Is but the wreck.

Cain. What! is it not thine now?

Lucifer. No more than life is; and that was ere
O, I were, or the things which seem to us [thou

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 thee, if
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

Lucifer. And yet thou seest. [gone.]

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 even when their atmosphere

Of light gave way, and show'd 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 seckest 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 part of.

Lucifer. Behold!

Cain. 'Tis 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 thine 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 me thou
Couldst not have gone beyond thy world. On! on!
[*They disappear through the clouds.*]

SCENE II — *Hades.*

Enter Lucifer and Cain.

Cain. How silent and how vast are these dim
worlds!

For they seem 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 unimaginal 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—
O 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 indistinct, 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.

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 unconscious atoms,
All to be animated for this only!

Cain. What are these mighty phantoms which I
Floating around me?—They wear not the form [see
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round us 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-Lilith's, nor in my children's:
An I 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, as I high, as I beautiful, and fall
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable
Stupor, for I never saw such. They bear not
The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor ought that is
Now I reathing; mighty yet and beautiful
As the most beautiful and mighty which
I 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. A lam is the first.

Lucifer. Of thee 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 ever 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
Cain. But was mine theirs? [from thine.

Lucifer. It was.

Cain. But not as now.

It is too little and too lowly to
Sustain such creatures.

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
Material, as thou art. [were once

Cain. And must I be

Like them?

Lucifer. Let Him 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 tell
 The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there in safety.

Cain. No; I'll stay here.

Lucifer. How long?

Cain. For ever! Since

I must one day return here from the 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 seest have
 The gates of death. [saw'd—

Cain. By what gate have we enter'd

Even now?

Lucifer. By mine! But, plight'd to return,
 My spirit luoys 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 untailing.
 Nor gratify my thous and swelling thoughts
 With knowledge, nor allay my thousand fears
 Of death and life.

Lucifer. What thy world is, thou seest,
 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 inhabitants
 Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which
 Roar nightly in the forest, but tenfold
 In magnitude and terror; taller than
 The cherub-guarded walls of Eden, with
 Eyes flashing like the fiery swords which fence them,
 And tusks projecting like the trees strip'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?

Lucifer. No: for thy frail race to war
 With them would render the curse on it useless—
 'T would be destroyed 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? [you,

Lucifer. Your Maker told ye, they were made for
 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 *know-*
 It was a lying tree—for we *know* nothing. [ledge!

At least it *promis'd* knowledge at the price
 Of death—but *kn.* ledge 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
 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 yon 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 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 you 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
Had more of beauty. [other

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! whene'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
For serpents to tempt woman to. [more

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 no? Who
covets evil

For its own bitter sake? None—nothing 'tis
The heaven of all life, and lifelessness.

Cain. Within those glorious orbs which we
beheld,

Distant, and dazzling, and innumerable,
Ere we came down into this phantom realm,

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 beautiful things remote?

Cain. My sister Adah. All the stars of heaven,
The deep blue noon 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 indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears, 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
voice—

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 my 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 brother's soul's with those who have no children.

Cain. A hen thou canst have no fellowship with us.

Lucifer. It may be that thine own shall be for mine,
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?

Even 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 said'st
Of all beloved things thou lovest her
Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth hers
Unto thy children—

Cain. Must I assuage thy

What should I be without her?

Lucifer. What am I?

Cain. Dost thou love nought?

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 canst not see it?
Or no, except some vast and general purpose,
To which particular things must melt like snows.

Cain. Snows? what are they?

Lucifer. Happier in
not knowing

What thy remotest offspring must encounter;
But look beneath the slime which know no wife or

Cain. But dost thou not love something like
thyself?

Lucifer. And dost thou love the
Cain. Yes, I do 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 is past, and hitherto
Even Adam and my mother both are fair;

Not fair like Adam and the seraphim—
But very fair.

Lucifer. All that must pass away
In time 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 lovest nothing.
Lucifer. And thy brother—

Sits he not near thy heart?
Cain. Why should he not? [Goes].

Lucifer. Thy father loves him well—so does thy

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 Jewish—the indulgent Lord,
And bounteous planter of Elysian 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;

He searches every creature.

Cain. So be they! when fore speak to me of this?
Lucifer. But use thou hast thought of this cre-

ture,
Cain. And if
I bear thought, why recall a thought that—

Lucifer. *Beasts are beasts*—Suffice!

Here we are in the world; speak not of mine.

Thou hast shown me wonders; thou hast shown me
these

Mysterious Atlantes who walk'd the earth
On which ours is the wreck; thou hast pointed out
Myriads of airy worlds, of which our own

Is the thin and remote companion, in
Infinity; but thou hast shown me shadows

Of existence with the dreadful name
Which thy name is—Death; thou hast

shown me mine—
But not of Jehovah dwells,
In His spiritual Paradise—or *Eden*;

Where is it?
Lucifer. Here, and o'er all space.

Cain. But ye
Have some allotted dwelling—as all things;

Clay has its earth, and other worlds their tenants;

All temporary things creatures their
Particular element; and things which have
Perpetual life, like the immortal breath, have theirs,

And the Jewish and thyself have thine—
Ye do not dwell by the?

Lucifer. No, we reign
Together; but our dwellings are asunder.

Cain. We did there were only one of ye! Per-
haps of mine.

An eye of purpose could make union
In elements which seem now jarring in storms.

How can ye, being spirits, wise and infinite,
To separate? Are ye not as brethren in

Your origin, and your nature, and your glory?
Lucifer. Art thou not Abel's brother?

Cain. We are brethren,
And I've 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,

Yon blue immensity, is boundless?

Lucifer.

Ay.

Cain. And cannot ye both reign, then? is there

Enough?—why should ye differ?

[not

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

Ye are His creatures, and not mine.

[not:

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!

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 internumerable 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,

Or 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?

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 you 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

For our child's canopy?

[it

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, lying 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 awake 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
And smile, thou little, young inheritor [Jon
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 time
Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown.
Which were not mine nor 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 thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,
Shall walk in that forbidden place together!

Adam. 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 Here, or
Adam. Here, or
Where'er thou wilt; where'er thou art I feel not
The want of this so much I regret I don't
Have I not thee, our boy, our sister, and her, sister,
And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve,
To whom we owe so much I bestow our birth?

Cain. Yes—death, too, is amongst the debts we
owe her.

Adam. Cain! that proud spirit, who will brew
these hence,

Hath sadden'd thine still better. I had hoped I
The promised wonders which thou hast beheld,
Visions, thou say'st, of a new world, out of this,
Would have compos'd thy raptures to a dream
Of a contented knowledge; but I see
Thy guide hath done thee evil; still I thank him,
And can forgive him all, that he has done
Hath given thee back to us.

Cain. So soon?
Adam. 'Tis scarcely
Two hours since ye departed; two of my hours
To me, but only *à vous* upon the sun.

Cain. And yet I have approach'd that sun, and
Worlds which he once shone on, and I can no more
Shall light; and worlds he never lit; methought
Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

Adam. 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 wars
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!

Adam. Wherefore said he so?
Jehovah said not that.

Cain. No; *It* contents Him
With making us the *nothing* which we are;
And after fluttering dust with glimpses of
Eden and Immortality, resolves
It back to dust again—for what?

Adam. Thou know'st—
Even for our parents' error.

Cain. Wh it is that
To us? they sinn'd, then *let them die!* [thought

Adam. Thou hast not spoken well, nor is that
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 noisy sleeper there
Might never taste of death nor human sorrow,
Nor hand it down to those who spring from him.

Adam. How know we that some such atonement
May not reflect our race? [one day

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
Atonc for this mysterious, nameless sin—
If it be such, a sin to seek for knowledge?

Adam. Alas! thou smitest now, my Cain: thy
Sins I grieve in mine ears. [words

Cain. Then leave me!
Adam. Never,

Though thy God left thee.

Cain. Say, what have we here?
Adam. Two stalks, which our brother Abel made
During thine absence, was ripen'd to offer

As a sacrifice to God on thy return.

Cain. And he who says that I would be so ready
With the fruits of manna, which he daily brings
With a meek brow, who has his humility
Shew'd more stark than with slip, as a bribe
To the Creator?

Adam. Surely, 'tis well done.

Cain. One altar may suffice, I have no offering.

Adam. The fruits of the earth, the early beautiful
Blossom of the bud, and bloom of flowers and fruits,
These are a goodly offering to the Lord,
Gave with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

Cain. I have told, and till I, and sweeten in the
A vorling to the ears; must I do more? [sinn,

For what should I be grateful for a war
With all the elements ere they will yield

The fruit we eat? For what must I be grateful?
For being dust, and grovelling in the dust,

Full I return to dust? If I am nothing—
For nothing shall I be an hypocrite, [should I

And seem well pleas'd with pain? For what
Be contrite?—For my father's sin, already

I 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 germ 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! O 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
The mother's joys of watching, nourishing, [joys,
And loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet Enoch!

[*She goes to the child.*

O 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, boy!

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

In high communion with a spirit, far [wandering,
Beyond our wonted range. Was he of those

We have seen and spoken with, like 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 sister Adah, leave us for awhile— [my brother,
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. [spheres,
Suns, moons, and earths, upon their loud-voiced

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 to-

gether.

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. *Cain!* 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 purpose.

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 offering.

Cain. I have no flocks;

I am a tiller of the ground, and must

Yield what it yieldeth to my toil—its fruit:

[*He gathers fruits.*

Behold them in their various bloom and ripeness.

[*They dress their altars, and kindle a flame upon them.*]

Abel. My brother, as the cider, 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]. O 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 Thy 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 shepherds' 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 Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour Of Thee, and of Thy name, for evermore!

Cain [standing erect during this speech]. Spirit! whatever or whoso'er Thou art,

Omnipotent, it may be—an I, if good, Shew in the exemption of Thy flocks from evil; Jehovah up on earth! and God in heaven! And it may be with other names, I choose Thine attributes so containing, as Thy works: If Thou must be propitiated, by thy prayers, Take them! If thou art to be plac'd with altars, An I shall I with a sacrifice, to give them! Twisting the neck of the innocent I see, If Thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine, which smokes

On my right hand, both shall I for Thy service In the turf of his flock, whose hind I now rack In sanguinary use to Thy skies; Or if the sweet and life-giving fruits of earth, And milk be a sacrifice, which the innocent turf I spread them on, why dost thou face Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may seem Good to Thee, my-mother, they have not Suffer'd in labour, and I rather than A sample of thy works, than thy position To look on ours! If a shrine wilt not victim, And altar without gore, may we Thy turf, Look on it! And for him who doth smother, He is—such as Thine maids and 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 wrath with thee.

Cain. Why so?

Abel. Thy fruits are scatter'd on the earth.

Cain. From earth they came, to earth let them return; [summer:]

Their seed will bear fresh fruit there ere the 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 [raising]. Cain! what meanest thou?

Cain. To cast down your 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. *Hist!*

He [staring]. what was his high pleasure in The pains 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 self-ignorant victims underneath Thy poisonous 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 way!—thy God loves blood!—then look to it: Give way, ere He hath me!

Abel. In His great name, I stand between thee and the shrine which hath Had His acceptance.

Cain. If thou lov'st thyself, Strike 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 temple, which he snatches from the altar].

Then take thy life unto thy God, Since He loves lives.

Abel [falls]. What hast thou done, my brother?

Cain. Brother!

Abel. O God! receive Thy servant, and
Forgive his slayer, for he knew not what
He did. Cain, give me—give me thy han 1; and tell
Poor Zillah—

Cain [after a moment's stupefaction]. My hand 1
'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 1

Abel! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote

Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ah, why

Wouldst thou oppose me? This is 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

O God! O God! [me!

Abel [very faintly]. What's he who speaks of

Cain. Thy murderer. [God?

Abel. Then may God forgive him! Cain

Comfort 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 swims 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 cannot be so slight, as to be quencht!

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! [No, no!

What means this paleness, and you stream?—

It is not blood; for who would shed his blood?

Abel! what's this?—who hath done this? He moves

not; [mine

He breathes not; and his hands drop down from

With stony lifelessness! Ah! cruel Cain!

Why can'st thou not in time to save him from

This violence? Whatever hath assaï'd him,

Thou wert the stronger, and shouldst have stepp'd in

Between him and aggression! Father!—Eve!—

Adah!—come hither! Death is in the world!

Exit Zillah, calling on her parents, etc.

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,

As if he would not have asserted his

Inevorable claim without my aid.

I am awake at last—a dreary dream

Had 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 eyes 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 you—O death! death!

Why didst thou not take me, who first incurr'd

thee?

Why dost thou not so now?

Adam.

Eve! let not this,

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 rivers 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 corpse.
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. Cain! Cain!

Adah. He is't thou that voice?

The Voice within. 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,
Even 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 driv'st 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,
Who 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 seest 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

Wouldest 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 slewest 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 be ghastly! so shall he be restored

By God the life to him He loved; and taken

I 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.]

Abel. He's gone, let us go forth;
 I bid our attle Enoch cry within our bower.
Cain. Ah! little knows he what he weeps for!
 And I who have shed blood cannot shed tears!
 But the four rivers 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
 Go to our children; I will follow thee. [them:
Adah. I will not leave thee lonely with the dead;
 Let us depart together.
Cain. Oh! thou dead
 And everlasting witness! whose unsmiling
 Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou *new*
 I know not; but if thou seest what I am, [art
 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 ta'en thee,
 I, who sprang 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 four rivers of Eden—Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel,
 and Euphrates.—GEN. ii. 10-14.

The first grave yet dug for mortality.
 But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth! On
 earth!
 For all the fruits thou hast render'd to me, I
 Give thee back this.—Now for the wilderness!
 [Adah sleeps 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. Lo! 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 drier the fountain of a gentle race,
 Which might have graced his recent marriage
 couch,
 And might have temper'd this stern blood of mine,
 Unting with our children Abel's offspring!
 O Abel!
Adah. Peace be with him!
Cain But with *me!*
 [Exeunt.

HEAVEN AND EARTH: A MYSTERY.

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS:

'And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair;
 and they took them wives of all which they chose'—GEN. vi. 1, 2.

1822.

'And woman wailing for her demon lover.'—COLERIDGE.

This Drama was never completed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANGELS.

Samiasa,
 Azazel
 Raphael, the Archangel.

MEN.

Noah and his Sons—
 Irad,
 Japhet.

WOMEN.

Anah,
 Aholibaamah.

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth.—Chorus of Merits.

PART I.

SCENE I.—A woody and mountainous district near
 Mount Ararat.—Time, Midnight.

Enter Anah and Aholibaamah.

Anah. Our father sleeps: it is the hour when they
 Who love us are accustom'd to descend

Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat:
 How my heart beats!

Aho. Let us proceed upon
 Our invocation.

Anah. But the stars are hidden.

I tremble.

Aho. So do I, but not with fear
 Of aught save their delay.

E E

Anah. My sister, though
I love Azazel more than—oh! too much!—
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.

She. And where is the impidity of loving
Celestial natures?

She. But, Ah! 'tis in die,
The ever-blessed since His sing'd we I met;
That out of love I found I might I know not
That I love—sing, I feel a thousand hearts
Which are not unmiss of right.

She. The world is the
The same sons of clay, and will not say,
The result he loves the world and I will not say;
Marry, and I will not say.

She. I should have loved
Azazel, and I would have loved
I should have loved, I should have loved,
At last I think that I should have loved,
Which I should have loved,
Of the world, I should have loved,
A world of love, I should have loved,
I should have loved,
He should have loved,
My sister, I should have loved,
At last I think that I should have loved.

She. But, Ah! 'tis in die,
The world is the same sons of clay,
Of I should have loved, I should have loved,
I should have loved, I should have loved.

She. At last I think that I should have loved,
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My sister, I should have loved,
At last I think that I should have loved.

That thou forgett'st in thine eternity
Her whose heart death could not keep from o'er-
flowing

For thee, immortal essence as thou art I
Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
Am I such, I feel, are waging in my heart
A war unworthy; to an Adamite
Forgive, my Seraph I that such thoughts appear,
For sorrow is our element;

Delight
An Eden kept afar from sight,
Though sometimes with our visions bleat
The hour is near

Which tells me we are not abandoned quite—
Appear! appear!
Seraph!

My own Azazel! be but here,
And leave the stars to their own light.

She. Sumas!
Whence o'er
Thou art in the upper air—
Or warring with the spirits who may dare
Dispute with Him

Who made all empires, empire; or recalling
Some wandering star, which shoots through the
depths,

Whose tenants lying, while their world is falling,
Share the dim destiny of clay in this;
Or jangling with the inferior cherubim,
Thou deignest to partake their hymn—
Sumas!

I will thee, I love thee, and I love thee
More than I worship thee, that will I not;

But thy spirit lean to mine may move thee,
To love and share my lot I
Though I be found of clay,

And the rest of mine
More bright than those of day
On Eden's streams,

Their mortality cannot repay
What we more warm than mine
More warm than mine

More warm than mine
I feel, which I might not have hidden yet to shine,
If I was glad at thy Giver's and thine.

It may be I might not have hidden yet to shine,
If I was glad at thy Giver's and thine,
It may be I might not have hidden yet to shine,
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It may be I might not have hidden yet to shine,
If I was glad at thy Giver's and thine.

* I have not seen the original of this poem, but I have
too copy the English rank in the original, which is by

Not though the serpent's sting should pierce me thorough,

And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil

Around me still! and I will smile,

And curse thee not; but holla

Thee in as warm a fold

As—But descend, and prove

A mortal's love

For an immortal. If the skies contain

More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!

Anah. Sister! sister! I view them winging

Their bright way through the parted night.

Aho. The clouds from off their pinions flinging,

As though they bore to-morrow's light.

Anah. But if our father see the sight!

Aho. He would! but deem it was the moon

Rising unto some sorcerer's tune

An hour too soon.

Anah. They come! he comes!—Azazel!—

Aho. Haste

To meet them! Oh for wings to bear

My spirit, while they hover there,

To Samiassa's breast!

Anah. Lo! they have kindle'd all the west,

Like a returning sunset;—lo!

On Ararat's late secret crest,

A mild and many-colour'd bow,

The remnant of their flashing path,

Now shines! and now behold! it hath

Return'd to night, as rippling foam,

Which the leviathan hath lash'd

From his unfathomable home,

When sporting on the face of the calm deep,

Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd

Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.

Aho. They have touch'd earth!—Samiassa!

Anah. My Azazel!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Irad and Japhet.

Irad. Despond not; wherefore wilt thou wander

To add thy silence to the silent flight, [thus

And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?

They cannot aid thee.

Japh. But they soothe me—now

Perhaps she looks upon them as I look,

Merthinks a being that is beautiful

Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,

The eternal beauty of undying things.

O Anah!

Irad. But she loves thee not.

Japh. Alas!

Irad. And proud Ahobamah spurns me also.

Japh. I feel for thee too.

Irad. Let her keep her pride,

Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn:

It may be, time too will avenge it.

Japh. Canst thou

Find joy in such a thought?

Irad. Nor joy, nor sorrow.

I loved her well; I would have loved her better,

Had love been met with love: as 'tis, I leave her

To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

Japh. What destinies?

Irad. I have some cause to think

She loves another.

Japh. Anah?

Irad. No; her sister.

Japh. What other?

Irad. That I know not; but her air,

If not her words, tells me she loves another.

Japh. Ay, but not Anah; she but loves her God.

Irad. What'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,

What can it profit thee?

Japh. True, nothing; but

I love.

Irad. And so did I.

Japh. And now thou lov'st not,

Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?

Irad. Yes,

Japh. I pity thee.

Irad. Me! why?

Japh. For being happy,

Deprived of that which makes my misery.

Irad. I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,

And would not feel as thou dost for more shekels

Than all our father's herd would bring if weigh'd

Against the metal of the sons of Cain—

The yellow dust they try to barter with us,

As if such useless and discolour'd trash,

The refuse of the earth, could be received

For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all

Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Japhet,

Sigh to the stars, as wolves howl to the moon—

I must back to my rest.

Japh. And so would I,

If I could rest.

Irad. Thou wilt not to our tents then?

Japh. No, *Irad.* I will to the cavern, whose

Mouth, they say, opens from the internal world,

To let the inner spirits of the earth

Forth when they walk its surface.

Irad. Wherefore so!

What wouldst thou there?

Japh. Soothe further my sad spirit

With gloom as sad; it is a hopeless spot,

And I am hopeless.

Irad. But 'tis dangerous;

Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with

I must go with thee. [terrors,

Japh. Irad, no; believe me:

I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.

Irad. But evil things will be thy foe the more,

As not being of them; turn thy steps aside,

Or let mine be with thine.

Japh. No; neither, *Irad!*

I must proceed alone.

Irad. Then peace be with thee!

[Exit Irad.]

Japh. [solus.] Peace! I have sought it where it should be found,

In love—with love, too, which perhaps deserved it;

And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart—

A weakness of the spirit—listless days,

And nights inexorable to sweet sleep—

Have come upon me. Peace! what peace? the calm

Of desolation, and the stillness of

The untrodden forest, only broken by

The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs ;
 Such is the sullen or the fitful state
 Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked,
 And many signs and portents have proclaim'd
 A change at hand, and an overwhelming doom
 To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!
 When the dread hour denounced shall open wide
 The fountains of the deep, how mightiest thou
 Have lain within this bosom, folded from
 The elements—this bosom, which in vain
 Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,
 While thine—O God! at least remit to her
 Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the falling
 As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,
 Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!
 How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst
 not!
 And still would I redeem thee—see thee live
 When Ocean is Earth's grave, and, unopposed
 By rock or shallov, the leviathan,
 Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
 Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

[Exit Japhet.

Enter Noah and Shem,

Noah. Where is thy brother Japhet?
 Shem. He went forth,
 According to his wont, to meet with Irad,
 He said; but, as I fear, to bend his steps
 Towards Anah's tent's, round which he hovers
 nightly,

Like a dove round and round its pillage'd nest;
 Or else he walks th' wild up to the cavern
 Which opens to the heart of Ararat

Noah. What doth he there? It is an evil spot
 Upon an earth all evil: for things worse
 Than even wicked men resort there: he
 Still loves this daughter of a fated race,
 Although he could not wed her if she loved him,
 And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts
 Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well
 The destiny and end of these days,
 And that the hour approacheth, should indulge
 In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way;
 He must be sought for!

Shem. Go not forward, father;
 I will seek Japhet.

Noah. Do not fear for me:
 All evil things are powerless on the man
 Selected by Jehovah.—Let us on.

Shem. To the tents of the father of the sisters?

Noah. No; to the cavern of the Caucasus

[I scunt Noah and Shem.

SCENE III.—*The mountains.—A cavern and the
 rocks of Caucasus.*

Japh. [solus.] Ye wilds, that look eternal! and
 thou cave.

Which seem'st unfathomable! and ye mountains,
 So varied and so terrible in beauty!
 Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks,
 And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
 In perpendicular places, where the foot
 Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
 Ye look eternal! Yet in a few days,

Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurl'd
 Before the mass of waters; and you cave,
 Which seems to lead into a lower world,
 Shall have its depth search'd by the sweeping wave,
 And dolphins gambol in the lion's den:
 And man—Oh, men! my fellow beings! who
 Shall weep above your universal grave,
 Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
 Alas! what am I better than ye are,
 That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
 The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
 While I had hope; or the more savage haunts,
 Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her!
 And can it be!—Shall you exulting peak,
 Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
 Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
 No more to have the morning sun break forth,
 And scatter back the mists in floating folds
 From its tremendous brow; no more to have
 Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
 Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
 No more to be the beacon of the world,
 For angels to alight on, as the spot

Nearst the stars? And can those words 'no more'
 Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
 And the pre-de-tined creeping things reserved
 By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
 He preserve them, and I not have the power
 To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
 A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,
 Shall soope, to save his kind to be prolong'd,
 To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
 Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
 Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this, until
 The salt morass subside into a sphere
 Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
 The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,
 Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
 Breath will be still'd at once! All-beauteous world!
 So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
 With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
 And night by night, thy number'd days and nights:
 I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
 Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
 A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
 Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
 Such as—O God! and canst thou—[He pauses.

[A rushing sound from the cavern is heard,
 and shouts of laughter—afterwards a
 Spirit voices.

Japh. In the name
 Of the Most High, what art thou?

Spirit [laughs]. Ha! ha! ha!

Japh. By all that earth holds holiest, speak!

Spirit [laughs]. Ha! ha!

Japh. By the approaching deluge! by the earth
 Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
 The deep, which will lay open all her fountains!
 The heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,
 And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
 Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
 Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!

Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?

Spirit Why weep'st thou?

Japh. For earth and all her children.

Spirit. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Spirit vanishes*]

Japh. How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,

The coming desolation of an orb,

On which the sun shall rise and warm no life!

How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is

Sleep too upon the very eve of death!

Why should they wake to meet it? What are here,

Which look like death in life, and speak like things

Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!

[*Various Spirits pass from the cavern.*]

Spirit. Rejoice!

The abhorred race

Which could not keep in Eden their high place,

But listen'd to the voice

Of knowledge without power,

Are nigh the hour

Of death!

Not slow, not single, not by sword nor sorrow,

Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping

motion,

Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!

Earth shall be ocean!

And no breath,

Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!

Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:

Not even a rock from out the liquid grave

Shall lift its point to save,

Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,

After long looking o'er the ocean wide

For the expected ebb which cometh not:

All shall be void,

Destroy'd!

Another element shall be the lord

Of life, and the abhor'd

Children of dust be quenched; and of each hue

Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;

And of the variegated mountain

Shall nought remain

Unchanged, or of the level plain;

Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:

All merged within the universal fountain,

Man, earth, and fire, shall die,

And sea and sky

Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.

Upon the foam

Who shall erect a home?

Japh. [coming forward.] My sire!

Earth's seed shall not expire!

Only the evil shall be put away

From day.

Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!

Who howl your hideous joy

When God destroys whom you dare not destroy;

Hence! haste!

Back to your inner caves!

Until the waves

Shall search you in your secret place,

And drive your sullen race

Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds

In restless wretchedness along all space!

Spirit. Son of the saved!

When thou and thine have braved

The wide and warring element;

When the great barrier of the deep is rent,

Shall thou and thine be good or happy? No;

Thy new world and new race shall be of woe—

Less goodly in their aspect, in their years

Less than the glorious giants, who

Yet walk the world in pride,

The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.

Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears,

And art thou not ashamed

Thus to survive,

And eat, and drink, and wife?

With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,

As even to hear this wide destruction named,

Without such grief and courage, as should rather

Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,

Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,

And build thy city o'er the drown'd earth's grave!

Who would outlive their kind,

Except the base and blind?

Mine

Hateth thine,

As of a different order in the sphere,

But not our own.

There is not one who hath not left a throne

Vacant in heaven, to dwell in darkness here,

Rather than see his mates endure alone.

Go, wretch! and give

A life like thine to other wretches—live!

And when the annihilating waters roar

Above what they have done,

Envy the Giant Patriarchs then no more,

And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!

Thyself for being his son!

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern

Rejoice!

No more the human voice

Shall vex our joys in middle air

With prayer;

No more

Shall they adore;

And we, who ne'er for ages have adored

The prayer-exacting Lord,

To whom the omission of a sacrifice

Is vice:—

We, we shall view the deep's salt sources poured,

Until one element shall do the work

Of all in chaos; until they,

The creatures proud of their poor clay,

Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk

In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where

The deep shall follow to their latest lair;

Where even the brutes, in their despair,

Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,

And the striped tiger shall lie down to die

Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother:

Till all things shall be as they were,

Silent and uncreated, save the sky;

While a brief truce

Is made with Death, who shall forbear

The little remnant of the past creation,

To generate new nations for his use:

This remnant, floating o'er the undulation

Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,

When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil
 Into a world, shall give again to Time
 New beings, years, diseases, sorrow, crime,
 With all companionship of hate and toil,
 Until—

Japh. [interrupting them.] The Eternal Will
 Shall deign to expound this dream
 Of good and evil; and redeem
 Unto Himself all times, all things;
 And, gather'd under His almighty wings,
 Abolish hell!

And to the expiated Earth
 Restore the Beauty of her birth,
 Her Eden, in an endless paradise,
 Where men no more can fall as once he fell,
 And even the very demons shall do well!

Spirits. And when shall take effect this wondrous
 spell?

Japh. When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,
 And then in glory.

Spirits. Meantime still struggle in the mortal
 chain—

Till earth wax hoary;

War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven, in vain—
 Until the clouds look gory

With the blood reeking from each battle-plain;
 New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but
 still

The same old tears, of crimes, and eldest ill,
 Shall be amongst your race in different forms;

But the same moral storms

Shall oversweep the future, as the waves

In a few hours t' *Ægean's* cliffs' graves.

Chorus of Spirits.

Brethren, rejoice!

Mortal, farewell!

Hark, hark! dire, ly we can hear the voice
 Of growing ocean's gloomy swell;

The winds, too, plume their perching wings;

The fountains have nearly filled their springs;

The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,
 And heaven set wide her windows of wild man-
 kind

View, unacknowledged, each tremulous dark-
 Still, as they were from the beginning, thine!

We hear the sound they cannot hear,

The muttering thunders of the threatening
 sphere;

Yet a few hours their coming is delayed;

Their flashing banners, folded still on high,

Yet undisplay'd,

Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.

Howl, howl, O Earth!

Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth;

Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below

The ocean's overflow!

The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,

The little shells, of ocean's least things be

Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—

How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!

And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,

Unanswer'd, save by the encroaching swell;

While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,

The wings which could not save:—

Where could he rest them, while the whole space
 brings

Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?

Brethren, rejoice!

And loudly lift each superhuman voice—

All die,

Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—

The seed of Seth,

Exempt for future Sorrow's sake from death.

But of the sons of Cain,

None shall remain,

And all his goodly daughters

Must be beneath the desolating waters;

Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid

Along the wave, the cruel Heaven upraid,

Which would not spare

Beings even in death so fair.

It is decreed,

All die!

And to the universal human cry

The universal silence shall succeed!

Fly, brethren, fly!

But still rejoice

We fell!

They fall!

So perish all!

These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from hell!

[*The Spirits disappear, soaring upward.*]

Japh. [*solus*] God hath proclaim'd the destiny
 of earth:

My father's ark of safety hath announced it;

The very demons shriek it from their caves;

The scroll of Enoch prophesied it long*

In silent books, which, in their silence, say

More to the mind than thunder to the ear:

And yet men listen'd not, nor listen; but

Walk darkling to their doom, which, though so nigh,

Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,

Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty pur-
 or deaf obedient Ocean, which fulfils it. [pose,

Now sign yet hangs its banner in the air;

The clouds are few, and of their wanted texture;

The sun will rise upon the earth's last day

As on the fourth day of creation, when

God said unto him 'Shine!' and he broke forth

Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet

Unknown forefather of mankind, but roused

Before the human orison the earlier

Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,

Which in the open firmament of heaven

Have wings like angels, and like them salute

Heaven first each day before the Adamites!

Their matins now draw nigh—the east is kindling,

And they will sing! and day will break! both near,

So near, the awful close! For these must drop

* And there were giants in the earth in those days, and after; mighty men which were of old, men of renown. — GENESIS.

† The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up; and the windows of heaven were opened. — *Ibid.*

* The book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the flood.

Their outworn pinions on the deep; and day,
 After the bright course of a few brief morrows—
 Ay, day will rise—but upon what? a chaos,
 Which was ere day; and which, renew'd, makes time
 Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?
 No more to last than is eternity
 Unto Jehovah, who created both.
 Without Him, even eternity would be
 A void: without man, time, as made for man,
 Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that deep
 Which has no fountain; as his race will be
 Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world.
 What have we here? Shapes of both earth and air?
 No—all of heaven, they are so beautiful.
 I cannot trace their features; but their forms,
 How lovely they move along the side
 Of the grey mountain, scattering its mist!
 And after the swart savage spirits, whose
 Infernal immortality pour'd forth
 Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
 Welcome as Eden. It may be, they come
 To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
 For which I have so often pray'd—They come!
 Anah! O God! and with her—

Enter Samiasa, Azazel, Anah, and Aholibamah.

Anah. Japhet! *Lo!*

Sam. A son of Adam!

Asa. What doth the earth-born here,
 While all his race are slumbering?

Japh. Angel! what
 Dost thou on earth, when thou shouldst be on high?

Asa. Know'st thou not, or forgett'st thou, that a
 part

Of our great function is to guard thine earth?

Japh. But all good angels have forsaken earth,
 Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly
 The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my
 In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!
 Why walk'st thou with this spirit, in those hours
 When no good spirit longer lights below?

Anah. Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet
 Forgive me—

Japh. May the Heaven, which soon no more
 Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.

Aho. Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!
 We know thee not.

Japh. The hour may come when thou
 May'st know me better; and thy sister know
 Me still the same which I have ever been.

Sam. Son of the Patriarch, who hath ever been
 Upright before his God, whate'er thy griefs—
 And thy words seem of sorrow mix'd with wrath—
 How have Azazel or myself brought on thee
 Wrong?

Japh. Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou
 Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not
 Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
 That word so often! but now say it, ne'er
 To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er
 Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
 To save this beautiful—these beautiful
 Children of Cain?

Asa. From what?

Japh. And is it so,
 That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye
 Have shared man's sin, and it may be, now must
 Partake his punishment; or, at the least,
 My sorrow.

Sam. Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
 To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.

Japh. And hath not the Most High expounded
 Then ye are lost, as they are lost. (them?)

Aho. So be it!
 If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink
 More to be mortal, than I would to dare
 An Immortality of agonies

With Samiasa!

Anah. Sister! sister! speak not
 Thus.

Asa. Fearest thou, my Anah?
Anah. Yes, for thee:

I would resign the greater remnant of
 This little life of mine, before one hour
 Of thine eternity should know a pang.

Japh. It is for *him*, then! for the Seraph thou
 Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not
 Left thy God too: for unions like to these,
 Between a mortal and an immortal, cannot
 Be happy or be hallow'd. We are sent
 Upon the earth to toil and die; and they
 Are made to minister on high unto
 The Highest; but if he can save thee, soon
 The hour will come in which celestial aid
 Alone can do so.

Anah. Ah! he speaks of death.

Sam. Of death to *us!* and those who are with us:
 But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
 Could smile.

Japh. I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
 I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
 Of a well-losing sire, who hath been found
 Righteous enough to save his children. Would
 His power was greater of redemption! or
 That by exchanging my own life for hers,
 Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
 The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share
 The ark which shall receive a remnant of
 The seed of Seth!

Aho. And dost thou think that we,
 With Cain's, the eldest-born of Adam's, blood
 Warm in our veins—strong Cain! who was begotten
 In Paradise—would mingle with Seth's children?
 Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
 No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!
 Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine
 From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
 Too much of the forefather whom thou savest
 Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
 From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!
 But thou, my Anah!—let me call thee mine,
 Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word I cannot
 Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
 Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
 Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
 Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
 The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,

For all of them are fairest in their favour—

Aho. *(interrupting him.)* An I wouldst thou have her like our father's foe

In mind, in soul? If I partook thy thought,

And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her!*

Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou makest strife.

Japh. Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!

Aho. But

He slew not Seth; and what hast thou to do

With other deeds between his God and him?

Japh. Thou speakest well? his God hath judged him, and

I had not named his deed, but that thy self

Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink

From what he had done.

Aho. He was our father's father

The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,

And most enduring. Shall I blush for him

From whom we had our being? Look upon

Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,

Their courage, strength, and length of days—

Japh. They are number'd

Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,

I glory in my brethren and our fathers!

Japh. My sire and race but glory in their God,

Anah! and thou?—

Anah. What'er our God decrees,

The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,

And will endeavour patiently to obey.

But could I dare to pray in this dread hour

Of universal vengeance (if such should be),

It would not to be live, alone exempt

Of all my house. My sister! oh, my sister!

Whi it were the world, or other worlds, or all

The brightest future, without the sweet past—

Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all

The things which spring up with me, like the stars,

Making my dim existence radiant with

Soft lights which were not mine? Ah! oh, anah!

Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, and it:

I father death, because that thou must die.

Aho. What! hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,

The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,

Shaken my sister? Are we not the love I

Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we

Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?

Rather than thus—But the embushest dreams

The worst of dreams, the fantasies engender'd

By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who

Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,

And bid those clouds and waters take a shape

Distinct from that which we and all our sires

Have seen them wear on their eternal way?

Who shall do this?

Japh. He whose one word produced them.

Aho. Who heard that word?

Japh. The universe which leap'd

To life before it. Ah! I smil'd thou still in scorn?

Turn to thy seraphs; if they attest it not,

They are none.

Sam. Aholibamah own thy God!

Aho. I have ever hail'd our Maker, Samasa,

As thine and mine; a God of love, not sorrow

Japh. Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve Above its first and best inhabitants.

Aho. 'Tis said so.

Japh. It is even so.

Enter Noah and Shem.

Noah. Japhet! what

Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?

Dreadst thou not to partake their coming doom?

Japh. Father, it cannot be a sin to seek

To save an earth-born being; and behold,

These are not of the sinful, since they have

The fellowship of angels.

Noah. These are they, then,

Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives

I root out the race of Cain; the sons of heaven,

Who seek earth's daughters for their beauty?

Sam. Patriarch!

Thou hast said it.

Noah. Woe, woe, woe to such communion

Has not God made a barrier between earth

And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

Sam. Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?

Did God not love what He had made? And what

Do we but imitate and emulate

His love unto created love?

Noah. I am

But man, and was not made to judge mankind,

Far less the sons of God; but as our God

Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal

His judgments, I reply, that the descent

Of seraphs from their everlasting seat

Unto a perishable and perishing,

Even on the very *ere of perishing*, world,

Canst it be good.

Sam. What I thought it were to save?

Noah. Not ye in all your glory can redeem

What He who made you glorious hath condemn'd.

Were your immortal mission safety, 'twould

Be general, not for two, though beautiful;

And beautiful they are, but not the less

Condemn'd.

Japh. Oh, father! say it not.

Noah. Son! son!

It that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget

That they exist; they soon shall cease to be;

While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,

And I better.

Japh. Let me die with *this*, and *them!*

Noah. Thou shouldst for such a thought, but

shall not; He

Whom thou deceus thee.

Sam. And why him and thee,

More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?

Noah. Ask Him who made thee greater than

And mine, but not less subject to His own [myself

Abashtiness. And, lo! His mildest and

Least to be tempted messenger appears!

Enter Raphael the Archangel.

Raph. Spirits!

Whose seat is near the throne,

What do ye here?

Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown,

Now that the hour is near
When earth must be alone?
Return!
Adore and burn
In glorious homage with the elected seven.
Your place is heaven.

Sera. Raphael!
The first and fairest of the sons of God,
How long hath this been law,
That earth by angels must be left untrod?
Earth! which oft saw
Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her soil!
The world He loved, and made
For love; and oft have we obey'd
His frequent mission with delighted pinions:
Adoring Him in His least works display'd;
Watching this youngest star of His dominions;
And as the latest birth of His great world,
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord
Why is thy brow severe?
And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?
Raph. Had Samiata and Azazel been
In their true place, with the angelic choir,
Written in fire
They would have seen
Jehovah's late decree,
And not inquired their Maker's breath of me;
But ignorance must ever be
A part of sin;
And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less
As they wax proud within;
For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.
When all good angels left the world, ye stay'd,
Stung with strange passions, and debased
By mortal feelings for a mortal maid:
But ye are pardon'd thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals. Hence! away! away!
Or stay,
And lose eternity by that delay!
Aza. And thou! if earth be thus forbidden
In the decree
To us until this moment hidden,
Dost thou not err, as we,
In being here?
Raph. I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God.
Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear
That which I came to do: till now we trod
Together the eternal space, together
Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must
die!
Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither,
And much which she inherits: but oh! why
Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,
Without involving ever some vast void
In the immortal ranks? immortal still
In their immeasurable forfeiture.
Our brother Satan fell; his burning will,
Rather than longer worship, dared endure!
But ye who still are pure,
Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest one,
Think how he was undone!
And think if tempting man can compensate
For heaven desired too late.

Long have I warr'd,
Long must I war,
With him who deem'd it hard
To be created, and to acknowledge Him
Who 'midst the cherubim
Made him as suns to a dependent star,
Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.
I loved him—beautiful he was; O heaven!
Save *HIS* who made, what beauty and what power
Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!
The wish is impious; but, oh ye!
Yet undestroyed, be warn'd! Eternity
With him, or with his God, is in your choice
He hath not tempted you, he cannot tempt
The angels, from his further snares exempt:
But man hath listen'd to his voice,
And ye to woman's—beautiful she is,
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.
The snake but vanquish'd dust, but she will draw
A second host from heaven, to break heaven's law.
Yet, yet, oh fly:
Ye cannot die;
But they
Shall pass away,
While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
For perishable clay,
Whose memory in your immortality
Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.
Think how your essence differeth from theirs
In all but suffering! Why partake
The agony to which they must be heirs—
Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,
And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil?
Even had their days been left to toil their path
Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath,
Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's spoil.
Alto. Let them fly!
I hear the voice which says that all must die,
Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs died;
And that on high
An ocean is prepared,
While from below
The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.
Few shall be spared,
It seems; and of that few, the race of Cain
Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.
Sister! since it is so,
And the eternal Lord
In vain would be implored
For the remission of one hour of woe,
Let us resign even what we have adored,
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
If not unmoved, yet undismay'd
And wailing less for us than those who shall
Survive in mortal or immortal thrall.
And when the fatal waters are alloy'd,
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.
Fly, Seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.
Our portion is to die,
And yours to live for ever:
But, which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great Giver

Obey Him, as we shall obey ;
 I would not keep this life of mine in clay
 An hour beyond His will ;
 Nor see ye lose a portion of His grace,
 For all the mercy which Seth's race
 Find still.
 Fly !

And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,
 Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,
 Samiata !

And if I look up with a tearless eye,
 'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep—
 Farewell ! Now rise, inexorable Deep !
Anak. And must we die ?

And must I lose thee too,
 Azazel ?

Oh, my heart ! my heart !
 Thy joys and woes were true,
 And yet thou wert so happy too !

The blow, though not un-*dear* for, falls as new :
 But yet depart !
 Ah ! why ?

Yet let me not retain thee—fly !
 My pangs can be but brief ; but thine would I be
 Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.

Too much already hast thou deign'd
 To one of Adam's race !
 Our doom is sorrow ; not to us alone,
 But to the spirits who have not disdain'd
 To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.
 The first who taught us knowledge hath been
 hurl'd

From his once archangelic throne
 Into some unknown world ;
 And thou, Azazel ! No—
 Thou shalt not suffer woe
 For me. Away I nor weep !
 Thou canst yet weep ; but yet
 May'st suffer more, not weeping ; then forget
 Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling Deep
 Can bring no pang like this—fly ! fly !
 Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.

Japh. Oh, say not so !
 Father I and thou, archangel, thou I
 Surely celestial Mercy lurks below
 That pure severe serenity of brow ;
 Let them not meet this sea without a shore,
 Save in our ark, or let me be no more !
Nash. Peace, child of passion, peace !
 If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue
 Do God no wrong !

Live as He wills it—he when He ordains,
 A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's,
 Cease, or be sorrowful in silence ; cease
 To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
 Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee ?
 Such would it be
 To alter His intent

For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man !
 And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.

Japh. Ay, father ! but when they are gone,
 And we are all alone,
 Floating upon the azure desert, and
 The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,

And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
 Buried in its immeasurable breast,
 Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then com-
 mand ?

Can we in desolation's peace have rest ?
 O God ! be Thou a God, and spare
 Yet while 'tis time !

Renew not Adam's fall ;
 Mankind were then but twain,
 But they are numerous now as are the waves
 And the tremendous rain, [graves,
 Whose drops shall be less thick than would their
 Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain,
Nash. Silence, vain boy ! each word of thine's a
 crime !

Angel ! forgive this stripling's fond despair.
Raph. Seraphs ! these mortals speak in passion :
 Who are, or should be, passionless and pure, [ye,
 May now return with me.

Sam. It may not be :
 We have chosen, and will endure.

Raph. Say'st thou ?
Act. He hath said it, and I say, Amen !
Raph. Again !

Then from this hour,
 Shown as ye are of all celestial power
 And aliens from your God,
 Farewell !

Japh. Alas ! where shall they dwell ?
 Hark, hark ! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
 Are howling from the mountain's bosom :
 There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
 Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom :
 Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

Nash. Hark, hark ! the sea-birds cry I
 In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,
 And hover round the mountain, where before
 Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
 Yet dared to soar,

Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.
 Soon it shall be their only shore,
 And then, no more !

Japh. The sun ! the sun I
 He riseth, but his better light is gone,
 And a black circle bound
 His glaring disk around,

Proclaims Earth's last of summer days hath shone !
 The clouds return into the hues of night,
 Save where their brazen-coloured edges streak
 The verge where brighter morns were wont to break
Nash. An ill ! yon flash of light,
 The distant thunder's harbingers, appears !
 It cometh ! hence, away !

Leave to the elements their evil prey !
 Hence to where our all-hallowed ark uprears
 Its safe and wreckless sides.

Japh. Oh, father, stay !
 Leave not my *Anah* to the swallowing tides !

Nash. Must we not leave all life to such ? Begone !
Japh. Not I.

Nash. Then die
 With them !

How darest thou look on that prophetic sky,
 And seek to save what all things now condemn

In overwhelming unison

With just Jehovah's wrath?

Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same path?

Noah. Blasphemer! darest thou murmur even now?

[brow:

Raph. Patriarch! be still a father! smooth thy

Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink:

He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink

With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters;

But he, when Passion passeth, good as thou,

Nor perish like Heaven's children with Man's daughters.

[unite

Aha. The tempest cometh; Heaven and Earth

For the annihilation of all life.

Unequal is the strife

Between our strength and the Eternal Might!

Sam. But ours is with thee: we will bear ye far

To some untroubled star,

Where thou and Anah shall partake our lot:

And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth,

Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.

Anah. Oh! my dear father's tents, my place of birth!

And mountains, land, and woods! when ye are not
Who shall dry up my tears?

Aza. Thy Spirit-lord,

Fear not; though we are shut from heaven,

Yet much is ours, whence we can not be driven.

Raph. Rebel! thy words are wicked as thy deeds

Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,

Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,

Still flashes in the angelic hands.

Aza. It cannot slay us: threaten dust with death,

And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds.

What are thy swords in our immortal eyes?

Raph. The moment cometh to approve thy

And learn at length [strength];

How vain to war with what thy God commands:

Thy former force was in thy faith.

Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.

Chorus of Mortals.

The heavens and earth are mingling—God! O God!

What have we done? Yet spare!

Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their prayer!

The dragon crawls from out his den,

To herd, in terror, innocent with men!

And the birds scream their agony through air.

Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw Thy rod

Of wrath, and pity Thine own world's despair!

Hear not Man only, but all nature, plead!

Raph. Farewell, thou earth! Ye wretched sons
of clay,

I cannot, must not, aid you. 'Tis decreed!

[Exit Raphael.

Japh. Some clouds sweep on as vultures for
their prey,

While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word

At which their wrathful vials shall be poured.

No azure more shall robe the firmament,

Nor spangled stars be glorious: Death hath risen

In the Sun's place, a pale and ghastly glare

Hath wound itself around the dying air. [prison,

Aza. Come, Anah! quit this chaos-founded

To which the elements again repair,

To turn it into what it was: beneath

The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,

As was the eagle's nestling once within

Its mother's care. Let the coming chaos chafe

With all its elements! heed not their din!

A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe

Ethereal life, will ye explore?

These darken'd clouds are not the only skies.

[Azazel and Samiara fly off, and disappear
with Anah and Abolibamah.

Japh. They are gone! They have disappear'd
amidst the roar

Of the forsaken world; and never more,

Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,

Now near its last, can aught restore

Anah unto these eyes.

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh, son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!

What wilt thou leave us all—all—*all!* behind?

While safe amidst the elemental strife,

Thou sit'st within thy guarded ark?

A Mother [offering her infant to Japhet]. Oh,
let this child embark!

I brought him forth in woe,

But thought it joy

To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born?

What hath he done—

My unwear'd son—

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?

What is there in this milk of mine, that Death

Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy

My boy,

And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?

Save him, thou seed of Seth!

Or cursed be—with Him who made

Thee and thy race, for which we are betray'd!

Japh. Peace! 'tis no hour for curses, but for
prayer!

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!

And where

Shall prayer ascend

When the swell'd clouds unto the mountains bend

And burst,

And gushing oceans every barrier rend,

Until the very deserts know no thirst?

Accurst

Be He who made thee and thy sire!

We deem our curses vain; we must expire;

But as we know the worst.

Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent

Before the implacable Omnipotent,

Since we must fall the same?

If He hath made earth, let it be His shame

To make a world for torture.—Lo! they come,

The loathsome waters, in their rage!

And with their roar make wholesome Nature dumb!

The forest's trees (coeval with the hour

When Paradise upsprung,

Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,

Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung).

So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,

Are overtopp'd,
 Their summer blossoms by the surges lopp'd,
 Which rise, and rise, and rise,
 Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—
 They meet the seas,
 And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.
 Fly, son of Noah, fly! and take thine ease
 In thine allotted ocean-tent;
 And view, all floating o'er the element,
 The corpses of the world of thy young days:
 Then to Jehovah raise
 Thy song of praise!
A Mortal. Blessed are the dead
 Who die in the Lord!
 And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,
 Yet as *His* word,
 Be the decree adored!
 He gave me life—He taketh but
 The breath which is His own;
 And though these eyes should be for ever shut,
 Nor longer this weak voice before His throne
 Be heard in supplicating tone,
 Still blessed be the Lord,
 For what is past,
 For that which is:
 For all are His,
 From first to last—
 Time—space—eternity—life—death—
 The vast known and immeasurable unknown,
 He made, and can unmake;
 And shall I, for a little gasp of breath,
 Blasphe me and growm?
 No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
 Nor quaver, though the universe may quake.

Chorus of Mortals.
 Where shall we fly?
 Not to the mountains high;
 For now their torrents rush, with double roar,
 To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
 Already grasps each drowning hill,
 Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.
Enter a Woman.
Woman. Oh, save me, save I
 Our valley is no more:
 My father and my father's tent,
 My brethren and my brethren's herds,
 The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent,
 And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,
 The little rivulet which freshen'd all
 Our pastures green,
 No more are to be seen.
 When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,
 I turn'd to bless the spot,
 And not a leaf appear'd about to fall;—
 And now they are not!
 Why was I born?
Japhet. To die! in youth to die!
 And happier in that doom.
 Than to behold the universal tomb
 Which I
 Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain.
 Why, when all perish, why must I remain?
 [*The waters rise, men fly in every direction; many are overtaken by the waves. The Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.*]

WERNER; OR, THE INHERITANCE: A TRAGEDY.

1822.

TO
 THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE,

BY ONE OF HIS HUMBLEST ADMIRERS, THIS TRAGEDY IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE

THE following drama is taken entirely from the 'German's Tale, Krutzner,' published many years ago in 'Lee's Canterbury Tales,' written (I believe) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection. I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ella of Stralenheim) added by myself; but in the rest the original is chiefly followed. When I was young (about fourteen, I think) I first read this tale, which made a deep impression upon me; and may, in deed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written. I am not sure that it ever was very popular; or, at any rate, its popularity has since been eclipsed by that of other great writers in the same department. But I have generally found that those who *had* read

agreed with me in their estimate of the singular power of mind and conception which it develops. I should also add *conception*, rather than execution; for the story might, perhaps, have been developed with greater advantage. Amongst those whose opinions agreed with mine upon this story, I could mention some very high names: but it is not necessary, nor indeed of any use; for every one must judge according to his own feelings. I merely refer the reader to the original story, that he may see to what extent I have borrowed from it; and am not unwilling that he should find much greater pleasure in perusing it than the drama which is founded upon its contents.

I had begun a drama upon this tale so far back as 1815 (the first I ever attempted, except one at thirteen years old, called 'Ulric and Ilvina,' which I had sense enough to burn), and had nearly completed an act, when I was interrupted by circumstances. This is somewhere amongst my papers in England; but as it has not been found, I have re-written the first, and added the subsequent acts.

The whole is neither intended, nor in any shape adapted, for the stage.

PISA, February, 1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Werner,
Ulric.
Stralenheim.
Idenstein.
Gabor.
Fritz.
Henrick.

Eric.

Arnheim.
Meister.
Rodolph.
Ludwig.

WOMEN.

Josephine,
Ida Stralenheim.

SCENE.—Partly on the frontier of Silesia, and partly in Siegendorf Castle, near Prague.

TIME.—The Clo. of the Thirty Years' War.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Hall of a decayed Palace near a small Town on the Northern Frontier of Silesia—the Night tempestuous.

Werner and Josephine, his Wife.

Jos. My love, be calmer!

Wer. I am calm.

Jos. To me—

Yes, but not to thyself; thy pace is hurried,
And no one walks a chamber like to ours
With steps like thine when his heart is at rest.
Were it a garden, I should deem thee happy,
And stepping with the bee from flower to flower;
But here!

Wer. 'Tis chill; the tapestry lets through
The wind to which it waves; my blood is frozen.

Jos. Ah, no!

Wer. [smiling.] Why! wouldst thou have it so?

Jos. I would

Have it a healthful current.

Wer. Let it flow

Until 'tis spilt or check'd—how soon, I care not.

Jos. And am I nothing in thy heart?

Wer. All—all.

Jos. Then canst thou wish for that which must
break mine?

Wer. [approaching her slowly.] But for thee I
had been—no matter what,

But much of good and evil; what I an
Thou knowest; what I might or should have been,
Thou knowest not; but still I love thee, nor
Shall aught divide us.

[Werner walks on abruptly, and then approaches Josephine.

The storm of the night

Perhaps affects me; I'm a thing of feelings,

And have of late been sickly, as, alas!

Thou know'st by sufferings more than mine, my
In watching me. [love!]

Jos. To see thee well is much—

To see thee happy—

Wer. Where hast thou seen such?

Let me be wretched with the rest!

Jos. But think

How many in this hour of tempest shiver

Beneath the biting wind and heavy rain,

Whose every drop bows them down nearer earth,

Which hath no chamber for them save beneath

Her surface.

Wer. And that's not the worst: who cares

For chambers? rest is all. The wretches whom

Thou name'st—ay, the wind howls round them, and

The dull and dropping rain saps in their bones

The creeping marrow. I have been a soldier,

A hunter, and a traveller, and am

A beggar, and should know the thing thou talk'st of,

Jos. And art thou not now shelter'd from them

Wer. Yes. And from these alone. [all?

Jos. And that is something.

Wer. True—to a peasant

Jos. Should the nobly born

Be thankless for that refuge which their habits

Of early delicacy render more

Useful than to the peasant, when the ebb

Of fortune leaves them on the shoals of life?

Wer. It is not that, thou know'st it is not: we

Have borne all this, I'll not say patiently,

Except in thee—but we have borne it.

Jos.

W^oo?

Hor. Something beyond our outward sufferings
(though

These were enough to gnaw into our souls)
Hath stung me oft, and, more than ever, now.
When, but for this untoward sickness, which
Seized me upon this desolate frontier, and
Hath wasted, not alone my strength, but means,
And leaves us—no! this is beyond me!—but
For this I had been happy—*then* been happy—
The splendour of my rank sustain'd—my name—
My father's name—been still upheld; and, more
Than those—

Fos. [abruptly.] My son—our son—our Ulric,
Been clasp'd again in these long-empty arms,
And all a mother's hunger satisfied.
Twelve years! he was but eight then:—beautiful
He was, and beautiful he must be now,
My Ulric! my adored!

Hor. I have been full oft
The chase of Fortune; now she hath desert'd
My spirit where it cannot turn at bay,—
Sick, poor, and lonely.

Fos. Lonely! my dear husband!
Hor. Or worse—involving all I love, in the
Far worse than solitude. Alas! I had to lead,
And all been over in a nameless grave.

Fos. And I had not easily let thee; but I may take
Comfort! We have struggled long; and I thy wife
With Fortune win or weary her at last.
So that they find the goal, rejoice to find
Further. Take comfort,—we shall feel our boy.

Hor. We were in slight of him, for everything
Which could bring compensation for past sorrow—
And I to be baffled thus!

Fos. We were not baffled.
Hor. Are we not penniless?

Fos. We never were wealthy.
Hor. But I was born to wealth, and rank, and
power;

Enjoy'd them, lov'd them, and alas! alone I thim,
And forfeit'd them by my father's wrath,
In my sixteenth youth! I suffer'd the abuse
Long sufferings have atoned. My father's death
Left the path open, yet not wide as I wish.
This cold and creeping humour, who so long
Kept his eye on me, as the waking pain
The fluttering bird, I at once flew to; at a time,
Become the master of my father's estate,
Of that which lifts him up to the summit
Dominion and domain.

Fos. Who know? our son
May have return'd back to his grandfather,
And even now uphold thy rights for the—?

Hor. "Thy hopeless,
Since his strange disappearance from my father's,
Latailing, as it were, my sins upon
himself, no tidings have reach'd his ears."
I parted with him to his grandfather's care.
The promise that his anger would be short
Of the third generation; but he never consent
To claim her stern prerogative, and visit
Upon my boy his father's faults and follies. [yet
Fos. I must hope better still,—at least we have
Baffled the long pursuit of Stralenheim.

Hor. We should have done, but for this fatal
More fatal than a mortal malady, [sickness;
Because it takes not life, but life's sole solace:
Even now I feel my spirit girt about
By the snares of this avaricious fiend:—
How do I know he hath not track'd us here?

Fos. He does not know thy person; and his spies,
Who so long watch'd thee, have been left at Ham-
burgh.

Our unexpected journey, and this change
Of name, leaves all discovery far behind:
None hold us here for aught save what we seem.

Hor. Save what we seem! save what we are—
sick leggars,

Even to our very hopes.—Ha! ha!

Fos. Alas!
Thou'lt never laugh!

Hor. *Hor.* would read in this form
The high soul of the son of a long line?

Hor. in this garb, the heir of princely lands?

Fos. in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride

Of rank and ancestry? In this worn cheek

And faded cheek, how I brow, the lord of halls

Which lately fed a thousand vassals?

Fos. You
Ponder! 't is not thus up on these worldly things,
My Werner! when you might'st choose for bride
The bright laughter of a wan long exile.

Hor. An excess of laughter with an earnest son,
Were a fit marriage; but I still had hopes

To lift thee to the state we both were born for.

Your father's house, was noble, though decay'd;

And worthy 'twas to match with ours.

Fos. Your father had not think so, though 'twas
noble;

But had I my birth been all my claim to match

With thee, I should have deem'd it what it is.

Hor. And I what is that in thine eyes?

Fos. All which it
Has, I see in our behalf,—nothing!

Hor. How,—nothing

Fos. Or worse; for it has been a canker in

Thy breast from the beginning; but for this,

We had not felt our party but as

Millions of myriads fed it, cheerfully,

But for these phantoms of thy fearful father,

Thou'rt not 'till this hour, thy real, as thousands
deem it;

Or, if that seem too humble, tried by commerce,

Or other odd means, to amend thy fortunes.

Hor. [sincerely.] And been an Hunsicker
Junker? Excellent!

Fos. What'er thou might'st have been, to me
thou art

What no state high or low can ever change,

My heart's first choice;—which chose thee, know-
ing no other [sorrows;

Thy birth, thy hopes, thy pride; nought, save thy

While they last, let me comfort or divide them;

When they've all, let mine end with them, or thee!

Hor. My better angel! Such I have ever found
thy;

This jealousy, or this weakness of my temper,
Ne'er rais'd a thought to injure thee or thine.

Thou didst not mar my fortunes : my own nature
In youth was such as to unmake an empire,
Had such been my inheritance ; but now,
Chasten'd, subdued, out-worn, and taught to know
Myself,—to lose this for our son and thee I
Trust me, when, in my two-and-twentieth spring,
My father barr'd me from my fathers' house,
The last sole scion of a thousand sires
(For I was then the last), it hurt me less
Than to behold my boy and my boy's mother
Excluded in their innocence from what
My faults deserved exclusion ; although then
My passions were all living serpents, and
Twined like the Gorgon's round me.

[A loud knocking is heard.]

Fos. Hark !
Wer. A knocking !

Fos. Who can it be at this lone hour ? We have
Few visitors.

Wer. And poverty hath none,
Save those who come to make it poorer still.
Well, I am prepared.

*Werner puts his hand into his bosom, as if
to search for some weapon.*

Fos. Oh ! do not look so. I
Will to the door. It cannot be of import
In this lone spot of wintry desolation :—
The very desert saves man from mankind.

[She goes to the door.]

Enter Idenstein.

Iden. A fair good evening to my fairer hostess
And worthy—What's your name, my friend ?

Wer. Are you
Not afraid to demand it ?

Iden. Not afraid ?

Egad ! I am afraid. You look as if
I ask'd for something better than your name,
By the face you put on it.

Wer. Better, sir !

Iden. Better or worse, like matrimony : what
Shall I say more ? You have been a guest this
Here in the prince's palace—to be sure, [month
His highness had resign'd it to the ghosts
And rats these twelve years—but 'tis still a palace]—
I say you have been our lodger, and as yet
We do not know your name.

Wer. My name is Werner.

Iden. A goodly name, a very worthy name,
As e'er was gilt upon a trader's board :
I have a cousin in the lazaretto
Of Hamburg, who has got a wife who bore
The same. He is an officer of trust,
Surgeon's assistant (hoping to be surgeon),
And has done miracles i' the way of business.
Perhaps you are related to my relative ?

Wer. To yours ?

Fos. Oh, yes ; we are, but distantly.
[Aside to Werner]. Cannot you humour the dull
gossip till

We learn his purpose ?

Iden. Well, I'm glad of that ;
I thought so all along, such natural yearnings
Play'd round my heart :—blood is not water, cousin ;
And so let's have some wine, and drink unto

Our better acquaintance : relatives should be
Friends.

Wer. You appear to have drank enough already ;
And if you have not, I've no wine to offer,
Else it were yours : but this you know, or should
know :

You see I am poor, and sick, and will not see
That I would be alone ; but to your business !
What brings you here ?

Iden. Why, what should bring me here ?

Wer. I know not, though I think that I could
That which will send you hence.

[Gross
Fos. [aside.] Patience, dear Werner !

Iden. You don't know what has happen'd, then ?

Fos. How should we ?

Iden. The river has o'erflow'd.

Fos. Alas ! we have know'

That to our sorrow for these five days ; since
It keeps us her

Iden. But what you don't know is,
That a great personage, who fain would cross
Against the stream and three postillions' wishes,
Is drown'd below the ford, with five post-horses,
A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

Fos. Poor creatures ! are you sure ?

Iden. Yes, of the monkey,

And the valet, and the cattle ; but as yet
We know not if his excellency's dead

Or no ; your noblemen are hard to drown,

As it is fit that men in office should be ;
But what is certain is, that he has swallow'd
Enough of the Oder to have burst two peasants ;

And now a Saxon and Hungarian traveller,
Who, at their proper peril, snatch'd him from

The whirling river, have sent on to crave
A lodging, or a grave, according as

It may turn out with the live or dead body.

Fos. And where will you receive him ? here, I
If we can be of service—say the word. [hope,

Iden. Here ? no ; but in the prince's own apart-
ment,

As fits a noble guest :—'tis damp, no doubt,
Not having been inhabited these twelve years ;

But then he comes from a much damper place,

So scarcely will catch cold in't, if he be

Still liable to cold—and if not, why

He'll be worse lodg'd to-morrow : ne'ertheless,

I have order'd fire and all appliances

To be got ready for the worst—that is,

In case he should survive.

Fos. Poor gentleman,

I hope he will, with all my heart.

Wer. Intendant,

Have you not learn'd his name ? My Josephine,
[Aside to his wife.

Retire : I'll sift this fool. [Exit Josephine.

Iden. His name ? oh Lord !

Who knows if he hath now a name or no ?

'Tis time enough to ask it when he's able

To give an answer ; or if not, to put

His heir's upon his epitaph. Methought

Just now you chid me for demanding names ?

Wer. True, true, I did so : you say well and
wisely.

Enter Gabor.

Gab. If I intrude, I crave—

Iden. Oh, no intrusion!

This is the palace; this a stranger like
Yourself; I pray you make yourself at home;
But where's his excellency? and how fares he?

Gab. Wetly and wearily, but out of peril:
He pass'd to change his garments in a cottage
(Where I do'd mine for these, and came on
hither).

And has almost recover'd from his drenching.
He will be here anon

Iden. What ho, there! bustle!
Without there, Herman, Weillburg, Peter, Conrad!
[Gives directions to different servants who enter.

A nobleman sleeps here to-night—see that
All is in order in the damask chamber—
Keep up the stove—I will myself to the cellar—
And Malon Idenstein (my consort, stranger)
Shall furnish forth the bed-apparel; for,
To say the truth, they are marvellous scant of this
Within the palace precincts, since his highness
Left it some dozen years ago. And then
His excellency will sup, doubtless?

Gab. Faith I
I cannot tell; but I should think the pillow
Would please him better than the table, after
His soaking in your river; but for fear
Your viands should be thrown away, I mean
To sup myself, and have a friend with me
Who will do honour to your good cheer with
A traveller's appetite

Iden. But are you so
His excellency—But I shall see to it

Gab. I do not know.

Iden. And yet you saved his life.

Gab. I help'd my friend to do so.

Iden. Well, that's strange,
To save a man's life whom you do not know.

Gab. Not so; for there are some I know so well,
I scarce should give myself the trouble.

Iden. Pray,

Good friend, and who may you be?

Gab. By my family,
Hungarian.

Iden. Which is call'd?

Gab. It matters little?

Iden. [aside.] I think that all the world are grown
anonymous,

Since no one cares to tell me what he's call'd!

Pray, has his excellency a large suite?

Gab. Sufficent.

Iden. How many?

Gab. I did not count them.

We came up by mere accident, and just
in time to drag him through his carriage window.

Iden. Well, what would I give to save a great
man!

Do doubt you'll have a swingeing sum as recom-
pense.

Gab. Perhaps.

Iden. Now, how much do you reckon on?

Gab. I have not yet put up myself to sale;

in the mean time, my best reward would be

A glass of your Hockheimer, a green glass

Wreath'd with rich grapes and Bacchanal devices,
O'erflowing with the oldest of your vintage:
For which I promise you, in case you e'er
Run hazard of being drown'd (although I own
It seems, of all deaths, the least likely for you),
I'll pull you out for nothing. Quick, my friend,
And think, for every bumper I shall quaff,
A wave the less may roll above your head.

Iden. [aside.] I don't much like this fellow—close
and dry

He seems,—two things which suit me not; how-
ever,
Wine he shall have; if that unlock him not,
I shall not sleep to-night for curiosity.

[Exit Idenstein.
Gab. [to Werner.] This master of the ceremonies
The intendant of the palace, I presume:
'Tis a fine building, but decay'd.

Wern. The apartment
Design'd for him you rescued will be found
In better order for a sickly guest.

Gab. I wonder then you occupied it not,
For you seem delicate in health.

Wern. [quickly.] Sir!

Gab. Pray
Excuse me: have I said ought to offend you?

Wern. Nothing: but we are strangers to each
other.

Gab. And that's the reason I would have us less
I thought our bustling business would have said
You were a polite and obliging guest, the counter-
part of me and my companions.

Wern. Very true,
I have never, in my life, met before, and I never,
in my life, met before, a stranger like you.

I thought to cheer up this old binger here
At least to cheer him by a thing you share

The fare of my companions and myself.

Wern. Pray, pardon me; my health—

Gab. Even as you please
I have been a soldier, and I perhaps am blunt

In hearing

Wern. I have also served, and can
Respite a soldier's greeting.

Gab. In what service?

The Imperial?

Wern. [quickly, and then interrupting himself.] I
commanded—no—I mean

I served; but it is many years ago,
When first Bohemia rais'd her banner 'gainst
The Austrian.

Gab. Well, that's over now, and peace
Has turn'd some thousand gallant hearts adrift
To live as they best may; and, to say truth,
Some take the shortest.

Wern. What is that?

Gab. What'er

They lay their hands on. All Silesia and
Lozanic woods are tenanted by bands
Of the late troops, who levy on the country
Their maintenance; the Chateaux must keep
Their castle walls—beyond them 'tis but doubtful
Travel for your rich count or full-blown baron.
My comfort is that, wander where I may,
I've little left to lose now.

W'er. And I—nothing.

Gab. That's harder still. You say you were a
W'er. I was. [soldier.

Gab. You look one still. All soldiers are
Or should be comrades, even though enemies.

Our swords when drawn must cross, our engines aim
(While level'd) at each others' hearts; but when

A truce, a peace, or what you will, remits
The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep [then

The spark which lights the matchlock, we are bre-
You are poor and sickly—I am not rich, but healthy;

I want for nothing which I cannot want;
You seem devoid of this—wilt share it?

[*Gabor pulls out his purse.*

W'er. Who

Told you I was a beggar?

Gab. You, yourself,
In saying you were a soldier during peace-time.

W'er. [looking at him with suspicion.] You know
me not?

Gab. I know no man, not even
Myself: how should I then know one I ne'er
Beheld till half an hour since?

W'er. Sir, I thank you.
Your offer's noble were it to a friend,

And not unkind as to an unknown stranger,
Though scarcely prudent; but no less I thank you.

I am a beggar in all save his trade;
And when I beg of any one, it shall be

Of him who was the first to offer what
Few can obtain by asking. Pardon me.

[*Exit Werner.*

Gab. [solus.] A goodly fellow by his looks, though
worn,

As most good fellows are, by pain or pleasure,
Which tear life out of us before our time;

I scarce know which most quickly: but he seems
To have seen better days, as who has not

Who has seen yesterday?—But here approaches
Our sage intendant, with the wine: however,

For the cup's sake I'll bear the cupbearer.
Enter Idenstein.

Iden. 'Tis here! the supernaculum! twenty years
Of age, if 'tis a day.

Gab. Which epoch makes
Young women and old wine; and 'tis great pity

Of two such excellent things, increase of years,
Which still improves the one, should spoil the other

Fill full—Here's to our hostess!—your fair wife!
[*Takes a glass.*

Iden. Fair!—Well, I trust your ta te in wine is
equal

To that you show for beauty; but I pledge you
Nevertheless.

Gab. Is not the lovely woman
I met in the adjacent hall, who, with

An air, and port, and eye, which would have better
Besecm'd this palace in its brightest days

(Though in a garb adapted to its present
Abandonment), return'd my salutation—

Is not the same your spouse?

Iden. I would she were I
But you're mistaken!—that's the stranger's wife.

Gab. And by her aspect she might be a prince's;

Though time hath touch'd her too, she still retains
Much beauty, and more majesty.

Iden. And that
Is more than I can say for Madame Idenstein,

At least in beauty: as for majesty,
She has some of its properties, which might

Be spared—but never mind!

Gab. I don't. But who
May be this stranger? He too hath a bearing

Above his outward fortunes.

Iden. There I differ.
He's poor as Job, and not so patient; but

Who he may be, or what, or ought of him,
Except his name (and that I only learn'd

To-night), I know not.

Gab. But how came he here?
Iden. In a most miserable old caeche,

About month since, and immediately
Fell sick, almost to death. He should have died.

Gab. Tender and true!—but why?

Iden. Why, what is life
Without a living? He has not a stiver.

Gab. In that case, I much wonder that a person
Of your apparent prudence should admit

Guests so forlorn into this noble mansion. [make
Iden. That's true: but pity, as you know, *does*

One's heart commit these follies; and besides,
They had some valuables left at that time,

Which paid their way up to the present hour:
And so I thought they might as well be lodged

Here as at the small tavern, and I gave them
The run of some of the oldest palace rooms.

They served to air them, at the least as long
As they could pay for firewood.

Gab. Poor souls!

Iden. Ay,
Exceeding poor.

Gab. And yet unused to poverty,
If I mistake not. Whither were they going?

Iden. Oh! Heaven knows where, unless to heaven
itself.

Some days ago that look'd the likeliest journey
For Werner.

Gab. Werner! I have heard the name:
But it may be a feign'd one

Iden. Like enough!
But hark! a noise of wheels and voices, and

A blaze of torches from without. As sure
As destiny, his excellency's come.

I must be at my post; will you not join me,
To help him from his carriage, and present

Your humble duty at the door?
Gab. I dragg'd him

From out that carriage when he would have given
His barony or county to repel

The rushing river from his gurgling throat.
He has valets now enough: they stood aloof then,

Shaking their dripping ears upon the shore,
All roaring 'Help!' but offering none; and as

For duty (as you call it)—I did mine *then*, [here
Now *to yours*. Hence, and bow and cringe him
Iden. I cringe!—but I shall lose the opportunity—
Plague take it! he'll be *here*, and I not *there*!
[*Exit Idenstein hastily*

Re-enter Werner.

Wern. [to himself.] I heard a noise of wheels and
All sounds now jar me! [voices. How

Still here! Is he not [Perceiving Gabor.

A spy of my pursuer's? His frank offer
So suddenly, and to a stranger, wore
The aspect of a secret enemy;
For friends are slow at such.

Gab. Sir, you seem rapt;
And yet the time is not akin to thought.
These old walls will be noisy soon. The baron,
Or count (or whatsoever this half-drown'd noble
May be), for whom this desolate village and
Its lone inhalants show more respect
Than did the elements, is come.

Iden. [without.] This way—
This way, your excellency:—have a care,
The staircase is a little gloomy, and
Somewhat decay'd; but if we had expected
So high a guest—Pray take my arm, my lord!

Enter Stralenheim, Idenstein, and Attendants—
partly his own, and partly Retainers of the
Domain of which Idenstein is Intendant.

Stral. I'll rest me here a moment.
Iden. [to the servants.] Ho! a chair!
Instantly, knaves! [Stralenheim sits down.

Wern. [aside.] 'Tis he!
Stral. I'm better now.

Who are these strangers?
Iden. Please you, my good lord,
One says he is no stranger
Wern. [aloud and hastily.] Who says that?

[They look at him with surprise.]
Iden. Why, no one spoke of you or to you—but
Here's one his excellency may be pleased
To recognise. [Pointing to Gabor.

Gab. I seek not to disturb
His noble memory.
Stral. I apprehend
This is one of the strangers to whose aid I
Owe my rescue. Is not that the other?

[Pointing to Werner]
My state when I was succour'd must excuse
My uncertainty to whom I owe so much. [re-enters]

Iden. He!—no, my lord! he rather wants for
Than can afford it. 'Tis a poor sick man,
Travel-tired, and lately risen from a bed
From whence he never dream'd to rise.

Stral. Methought
That there were two.

Gab. There were, in company
But, in the service render'd to your lordship
I needs must say but one, and he is absent.
The chief part of what yet aid was render'd
Was his; it was his fortune to be first,
My will was not inferior, but his strength
And youth out-strip'd me; therefore do not waste
Your thanks on me. I was but a glad second
Unto a nobler principal.

Stral. Where is he?
An Atten. My lord, he tarried in the cottage
Your excellency rested for an hour, [where
And said he would be here to-morrow.

Stral. Till

That hour arrives, I can but offer thanks,
And then—

Gab. I seek no more, and scarce deserve
So much. My comrade may speak for himself.

Stral. [fixing his eyes upon Werner; then aside.]
It cannot be! and yet he must be look'd to.
'Tis twenty years since I beheld him with
These eyes; and, though my agents still have kept
Theirs on him, policy has held aloof
My own from his, not to alarm him into
Suspicion of my plan. Why did I leave
At Hamburg those who would have made assu-
rance

If this be he or no? I thought, ere now,
To have been lord of Siegendorf, and parted
In haste, though even the elements appear
To fight against me, and this sudden flood
May keep me prisoner here till—

[He pauses and looks at Werner; then resumes.]
This man must
Be watch'd. If it is he, he is so changed,
His father, rising from his grave again,
Would pass him by unknown. I must be wary;
An error would spoil all.

Iden. Your lordship seems
Pensive. Will it not please you to pass on?
Stral. 'Tis past fatigue, which gives my weigh-
down spirit

An outward show of thought. I will to rest.
Iden. The prince's chamber is prepared, with all
The very furniture the prince used when
Last here, in its full splendour.

[Aside.] Somewhat tatter'd,
And devilish damp, but fine enough by torch-light;
And th'is enough for your right noble blood
Of twenty quarterings upon a habiment;
So let their bearer sleep, with something like one
Now, as he one day will for ever lie.

Stral. [rising, and turning to Gabor.] Good night,
good people! Sir, I trust to-morrow
Will find me apter to requite your service.
In the meantime, I crave your company
A moment in my chamber.

Gab. I attend you.
Stral. [after a few steps, pauses, and calls to
Werner.] Friend!

Wern. Sir!
Iden. Ser' Lord—oh Lord! Why don't you say
His lordship, or his excellency? Pray,
My lord, excuse this poor man's want of breeding;
He hath not been accustom'd to admission
To such a presence.

Stral. [to Idenstein.] Peace, intendant!
Iden. Oh!

I am dumb.
Stral. [to Werner.] Have you been long here?

Wern. Long?
Stral. I sought

An answer, not an echo.
Wern. You may seek
Both from the walls. I am not used to answer
Those whom I know not.

Stral. Indeed! Ne'ertheless

You might reply with courtesy to what
I ask'd in kindness.

Her. When I know it such,
I will requite—that is, *reply*—in unison. [Sickness—
Stral. The intendant said you had been detain'd by
If I could aid you—journeying the same way?

Her. [*quickly.*] I am not journeying the same
way.

Stral. How know ye

That, ere you know my route?

Her. Because there is
But one way that the rich and poor must tread
Together. You diverged from that dread path
Some hours ago, and I some days; henceforth
Our roads must lie asunder, though they tend
All to one home.

Stral. Your language is above

Your station
Her. [*bitterly.*] Is it?

Stral. Or, at least, beyond

Your garb.

Her. 'Tis well that it is not beneath it,
As sometimes happens to the better clad.

But, in a word, what would you wish me?

Stral. [*startled.*] I?

Her. Yes—you! You know me not, and question
And wonder that I answer not—not knowing [me,
My inquisitor. Explain what you would have,
And then I'll satisfy yourself, or me.

Stral. I knew not that you had reasons for reserve.

Her. Many have such:—Have you none?

Stral. None which can
Interest a mere stranger.

Her. Then forgive
The same unknown and humble stranger, if
He wishes to remain so to the man
Who can have nought in common with him.

Stral. Sir,

I will not balk your humour, though untoward:

I only meant you service—but good night!

Intendant, show the way! [*To Gabor.*] Sir, you will
with me?

[*Exit Stralenheim and Attendants,
Idenstein, and Gabor.*

Her. [*sobs.*] 'Tis he! I am taken in the toils. Before

I quitted Hamburg, Giulio, his late steward,

Inform'd me, that he had obtained an order

From Brandenburg's elector, for the arrest

Of Kruitznier (such the name I then bore) when

I came upon the frontier; the free city

Alone preserved my freedom—till I left

Its walls—fool that I was to quit them! But

I deem'd this humble garb, and route obscure,

Had baffled the slow hounds in their pursuit.

What's to be done? He knows me not by person;

Nor could I aught, save the eye of apprehension,

Have recognised him, after twenty years,

We met so rarely and so coldly in

Our youth. But those about him! Now I can

Divine the frankness of the Hungarian, who

No doubt is a mere tool and spy of Stralenheim's,

To sound and to secure me—Without means!

Sick, poor—begirt too with the flooding rivers,

Impassable even to the wealthy, with

All the appliances which purchase modes
Of overpowering peril, with men's lives,—
How can I hope? An hour ago methought
My state beyond despair; and now, 'tis such
The past seems paradise. Another day
And I'm detected,—on the very eve
Of honours, rights, and my inheritance,
When a few drops of gold might save me still
In favouring an escape.

[*Enter Idenstein and Fritz in conversation.*

Fritz. Immediately

Iden. I tell you, 'tis impossible.

Fritz. It must

Be tried, however; and if one express
Fail, you must send on others, till the answer
Arrives from Frankfort, from the commandant.

Iden. I will do what I can.

Fritz. And recollect

To spare no trouble; you will be repaid

Tenfold.

Iden. The baron is retired to rest!

Fritz. He hath thrown himself into an easy-chair

Beside the fire, and slumbers, and has order'd

He may not be disturbed until eleven,

When he will take himself to bed.

Iden. Before

An hour is past, I'll do my best to serve him.

Fritz. Remember! [*Exit Fritz.*

Iden. The devil take these great men! they

Think all things made for them. Now here must I

Rouse up some half a dozen shivering vassals

From their scant pallets, and, at peril of

Their lives, despatch them o'er the river towards

Frankfort. Methinks the baron's own experience

Some hours ago might teach him fellow-feeling:

But no, 'tis *must*, and there's an end. How now?

Are you there, Mynheer Werner?

Her. You have left

Your noble guest right quickly.

Iden. Yes—he's dozing,

And seems to like that none should sleep besides.

Here is a packet for the commandant

Of Frankfort, at all risks and all expenses;

But I must not lose time: Good night! [*Exit*

Her. To Frankfort!

So, so, it thickens! Ay, 'the commandant.'

This tallies well with all the prior steps

Of this cool, calculating fiend, who walks

Between me and my father's house. No doubt

He writes for a detachment to convey me

Into some secret fortress.—Sooner than

This—

[*Werner looks around, and snatches up a knife
lying on a table in a recess.*

Now I am master of myself at least.

Hark,—footsteps! How do I know that Stralenheim

Will wait for even the show of that authority

Which is to overshadow usurpation?

That he suspects me's certain. I'm alone;

He with a numerous train. I weak; he strong

In gold, in numbers, rank, authority.

I nameless, or involving in my name

Destruction, till I reach my own domain;

He full-blown with his titles, which impose

Still further on these obscure petty burghers
Than they could do elsewhere. Hark! nearer still!
I'll to the secret passage which communicates
With the—No! all is silent—'twas my fancy!—
Still as the breathless interval between
The flash and thunder:—I must hush my soul
Amidst its perils. Yet I will retire,
To see if still be unexplored the passage
I wot of: it will serve me as a den
Of secrecy for some hours, at the worst.

[Werner draws a panel, and exit, closing it
after him.

Enter Gabor and Josephine.

Gab. Where is your husband?

Jos. Here, I thought: I left him

Not long since in his chamber. But these rooms
Have many outlets, and he may be gone
To accompany the intendant

Gab. Baron Stralenheim

Put many questions to the intendant on
The subject of your lord, and, to be plain,
I have my doubts if he means well.

Jos. Alas!

What can there be in common with the proud
And wealthy baron, and the unknown Werner?

Gab. That you know best.

Jos. Or, if it were so, how

Come you to stir yourself in his behalf,
Rather than that of him whose life you saved?

Gab. I help'd to save him, as in peril; but
I did not pledge myself to serve him in
Oppression. I know well these nobles, and
Their thousand modes of trampling on the poor.
I have proved them; and my spirit boils up when
I find them practising against the weak:—
This is my only motive.

Jos. It would be

Not easy to persuade my consort of
Your good intentions.

Gab. Is he so suspicious?

Jos. He was not once; but time and troubles have
Made him what you beheld.

Gab. I'm sorry for it.

Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
With its own weight impedes more than protects.
Good night! I trust to meet with him at day-break.

[Exit.

Re-enter Idenstein and some Peasants Josephine
re-enters up the Hall.

First Peasant. But if I'm drown'd?

Iden. Why, you will be well paid for't,

And have risk'd more than drowning for as much,
I doubt not.

Second Peasant. But our wives and families?

Iden. Cannot be worse off than they are, and in my
Be better.

Third Peasant. I have neither, and will venture.

Iden. That's right. A gallant curle, and fit to be
A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks

In the prince's body-guard—if you succeed;
And you shall have besides, in sparkling coin,
Two thalers.

Third Peasant. No more!

Iden. Out upon your avarice!

Can that low vice alloy so much ambition?

I tell thee, fellow, that two thalers in
Small change will subdivide into a treasure.

Do not five hundred thousand heroes daily

Risk lives and souls for the tithe of one thaler?

When had you half the sum?

Third Peasant. Never—but ne'er

The less I must have three.

Iden. Have you forgot

Whose vassal you were born, knave?

Third Peasant. No—the prince's,

And not the stranger's.

Iden. Sirrah! in the prince's

Absence, I am sovereign; and the baron is

My intimate connexion;—'Consin Idenstein!

(Quoth he) you'll order out a dozen villains,

And so, you villains! troop—march—march, I say;

And if a single dog's ear of this packet

Be sprinkled by the Oder—look to it!

For every page of paper, shall a hide

Of yours be stretch'd as parchment on a drum,

Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all

Refractory vassals, who cannot effect

Impossibilities.—Away, ye earth-worms!

[Exit, driving them out.

Jos. [coming forward] I fain would shun these
scenes, too oft repeated.

Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims

I cannot aid, and will not witness such.

Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull spot,

The dimmest in the district's map, exist

The insolence of wealth in poverty

O'er something poorer still—the pride of rank

In servitude, o'er something still more servile;

And vice in misery affecting still

A tatter'd splendour. What a state of being!

In Tus-cany, my own dear sunny land,

Our nobles were but citizens and merchants,

Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such

As these; and our all-ripe and gushing valleys

Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb

Was in itself a meal, and every vine

Ram'd, as it were, the beverage which makes glad

The heart of man; and the ne'er unfelt sun

(But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving

His warmth behind in memory of his beams)

Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe, less

Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd purple.

But, here! the despots of the north appear

To imitate the ice-wind of their clime,

Searching the shivering vassal through his rags,

To wring his soul—as the bleak elements

His form. And 'tis to be amongst these sovereigns

My husband pants! and such his pride of birth—

That twenty years of usage, such as no

Father born in a humble state could nerve

His soul to persecute his son withal,

Hath chang'd no atom of his early nature;

But I, born nobly also, from my father's

Kindness was taught a different lesson. Father!

May thy long-tried and now rewarded spirit

Look down on us and our so long desired

Utric! I love my son, as thou didst me!

What's that? Thou, Werner! can it be? and thus

[Enter Werner hastily, with the knife in his hand, by the secret panel, which he closes hurriedly after him.]

Wern. [not at first recognising her.] Discover'd! then I'll stab—[recognising her.]

Ah! Josephine,

Why art thou not at rest?

Fos. What rest? My god!

What does this mean?

Wern. [showing a rouleau.] Here's gold—gold, Josephine,

Will rescue us from this detested dungeon.

Fos. And how obtain'd?—that knife!

Wern. 'Tis bloodless—yet.

Away—we must to our chamber.

Fos. But whence comest thou?

Wern. Ask not! but let us think where we shall go— [I'll fit them now.]

This—this will make us way—[showing the gold]—

Fos. I dare not think thee guilty of dishonour.

Wern. Dishonour!

Fos. I have said it

Wern. Let us hence:

'Tis the last night, I trust, that we need pass here.

Fos. And not the worst, I hope.

Wern. Hope! I make sure,

But let us to our chamber.

Fos. Yet one question—

What hast thou done?

Wern. [fiercely.] Left one thing undone, which

Had made all well: let me not think of it!

Away!

Fos. Alas, that I should doubt of thee!

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the same Palace.

Enter Idenstein and others.

Iden. Fine doings! goodly doings! honest doings! A baron pillaged in a prince's palace!

Where, till this hour, such a sin ne'er was heard of.

Fritz. It hardly could, unless the rats despoil'd The mice of a few shreds of tapestry.

Iden. Oh! that I e'er should live to see this day!

The honour of our city's gone for ever.

Fritz. Well, but now to discover the delinquent: the baron is determin'd not to lose

This sum without a search.

Iden. And so am I.

Fritz. But whom do you suspect?

Iden. Suspect! all people

Without—within—above—below—Heaven help me!

Fritz. Is there no other entrance to the chamber?

Iden. None whatsoever.

Fritz. Are you sure of that?

Iden. Certain. I have lived and served here since my birth,

And if there were such, must have heard of such, Or seen it.

Fritz. Then it must be some one who Had access to the antechamber.

Iden. Doubtless.

Fritz. The man call'd Werner's poor!

Iden. Poor—as a miser.

But lodged so far off, in the other wing, By which there's no communication with The baron's chamber, that it can't be he. Besides, I bade him 'good night' in the hall, Almost a mile off, and which only leads To his own apartment, about the same time When this burglarious, larcenous felony Appears to have been committed.

Fritz. There's another,

The stranger—

Iden. The Hungarian?

Fritz. He who help'd

To fish the baron from the Oder.

Iden. Not

Unlikely. But, hold—might it not have been

One of the suite?

Fritz. How? We, sir!

Iden. No—not you,

But some of the inferior knaves. You say

The baron was asleep in the great chair—

The velvet chair—in his embroider'd night-gown;

His toilet spread before him, and upon it

A cabinet with letters, papers, and

Several rouleaux of gold; of which one only

Has disappear'd:—the door unbolts, with

No difficult access to any.

Fritz. Good sir,

Be not so quick; the honour of the corps

Which forms the baron's household's unimpeach'd

From steward to scullion, save in the fair way

Of speculation; such as in accounts,

Weights, measures, larder, cellar, buttery,

Where all men take their prey; as also in

Postage of letters, gathering of rents,

Purveying feasts, and understanding with

The honest trades who furnish noble masters;

But for your petty, packing, downright thievery,

We scorn it as we do board-wages. Then

Had one of our folks done it, he would not

Have been so poor a spirit as to hazard

His neck for one rouleau, but have swoop'd all;

Also the cabinet, if portable.

Iden. There is some sense in that—

Fritz. No, sir, be sure

'Twas none of our corps; but some petty, trivial

Picker and stealer, without art or genius.

The only question is—Who else could have

Access, save the Hungarian and yourself?

Iden. You don't mean me?

Fritz. No, sir; I honour more

Your talents—

Iden. And my principles, I hope.

Fritz. Of course. But to the point; What's to be done?

Iden. Nothing—but there's a good deal to be said.

We'll offer a reward; move heaven and earth,

And the police (though there's none nearer than

Frankfort); post notices in manuscript

(For we've no printer); and set by my clerk

To read them (for few can, save he and I);

We'll send out villains to strip beggars, and

Search empty pockets; also to arrest

All gipsies, and ill-clothed and sallow people.
Prisoners we'll have at least, if not the culprit;
And for the baron's gold—if 'tis not found,
At least he shall have the full satisfaction
Of melting twice its substance in the raising
The ghost of this rouleau. Here's alchemy
For your lord's losses!

Fritz. He hath found a better.

Idea. Where?

Fritz. In a most immense inheritance.
The late Count Siegendorf, his distant kinsman,
Is dead near Prague, in his castle, and my lord
Is on his way to take possession.

Idea. Was there
No heir?

Fritz. Oh, yes; but he has disappear'd
Long from the world's eye, and perhaps the world.
A prodigal son, beneath his father's ban
For the last twenty years; for whom his sire
Refused to kill the fatted calf; and, therefore,
If living, he must chew the husks still—but
The baron would find means to silence him,
Were he to re-appear: he's polite,
And has much influence with a certain court.

Idea. He's fortunate.

Fritz. 'Tis true, there is a grandson,
Whom the late count reclaim'd from his son's hands,
And educated as his heir; but then
His birth is doubtful.

Idea. How so?

Fritz. His sire made
A left-hand, love, imprudent sort of marriage,
With an Italian exile's dark-eyed daughter:
Noble, they say, too; but no match for such
A house as Siegendorf's. The grand-are ill
Could brook the alliance; and could ne'er be
brought

To see the parents, though he took the son.

Idea. If he's a lad of mettle, he may yet
Dispute your claim, and weave a web that may
Puzzle your baron to unravel.

Fritz. Why,
For mettle, he has quite enough: they say,
He forms a happy mixture of his sire
And grand-sire's qualities,—impetuous as
The former, and deep as the latter; but
The strangest is, that he too disappear'd
Some months ago.

Idea. The devil he did!

Fritz. Why, yes:
It must have been at his suggestion, at
An hour so critical as was the eve [By it
Of the old man's death, whose heart was broken

Idea. Was there no cause assign'd?

Fritz. Plenty, no doubt,
And none perhaps the true one—Some averr'd
It was to seek his parents: some because
The old man held his spirit in so strictly
(But that could scarce be, for he doted on him);
A third believed he wish'd to serve in war,
But peace being made soon after his departure,
He might have since return'd, were that the motive;
A fourth set charitably have surmised,
As there was something strange and mystic in him,

That in the wild exuberance of his nature
He had join'd the black bands, who lay waste
Lusatia.

The mountains of Bohemia and Silesia,
Since the last years of war had dwindled into
A kind of general condottiero system
Of bandit warfare; each troop with its chief,
And all against mankind.

Idea. That cannot be,
A young heir, bred to wealth and luxury,
To risk his life and honours with disbanded
Soldiers and desperadoes!

Fritz. Heaven best knows!

But there are human natures so allied
Unto the savage love of enterprise,
That they will seek for peril as a pleasure.
I've heard that nothing can reclaim your Indian,
Or tame the tiger, though their infancy
Were fed on milk and honey. After all,
Your Wallenstein, your Tilly and Gustavus,
Your Banner, and your Torstenson and Weimar,
Were but the same thing upon a grand scale;
And now that they are gone, and peace proclaim'd,
They who would follow the same pastime must
Pursue it on their own account. Here comes
The baron, and the Saxon stranger, who
Was his chief and in yesterday's escape,
But did not leave the cottage by the Oder
Until this morning.

Enter Stradenheim and Ulric

Stral. Since you have refused
All compensation, gentle stranger, save
Inadequate thanks, you almost check even them,
Making me feel the worthlessness of words,
And blush at my own barren gratitude,
They seem so ingiggardly, compared with what
Your courteous courage did in my behalf—

Ulric. I pray you press the theme no farther.

Stral. But
Can I not serve you? You are young, and of
That mould which throws out heroes; fair in favour;
Brave, I know, by my living now to say so;
And doubtless, with such a form and bearing
Would look into the fiery eyes of war,
As ardently for glory as you dared
An obscure death to save an unknown stranger,
In an as perilous, but opposite, element.
You are made for the service; I have served;
Have rank by birth and soldiery, and friends,
Who shall be yours. 'Tis true this pause of peace
Favours such views at present scantily;
But 'twill not last, men's spirits are too stirring;
And, after thirty years of conflict, peace
Is but a petty war, as the times show us
In every forest, or a mere arm'd truce.
War will reclaim his own; and, in the meantime,
You might obtain a post, which would insure
A higher soon, and, by my influence, fail not
To rise—I speak of Brandenburg, wherein
I stand well with the Elector; in Bohemia,
Like you, I am a stranger, and we are now
Upon its frontier.

Ulric. You perceive my garb
Is Saxon, and of course my service due

To my own sovereign. If I must decline
Your offer, 'tis with the same feeling which
Induced it.

Stral. Why, this is mere usury?
I owe my life to you, and you refuse
The acquittance of the interest of the debt,
To heap more obligations on me, till
I bow beneath them.

Ulr. You shall say so when
I claim the payment.

Stral. Well, sir, since you will not—
You are nobly born?

Ulr. I have heard my kinsmen say so.
Stral. Your actions show it. Might I ask your
Ulr. Utric. [name?]

Stral. Your house's?
Ulr. When I'm worthy of it,
I'll answer you.

Stral. [aside.] Most probably an Austrian,
Whom these unsettled times forbid to boast
His lineage on these wild and dangerous frontiers,
Where the name of his country is abhorr'd.
[Aloud to Fritz and Idenstein.]

So, sirs! how have ye sped in your researches?

Iden. Indifferent well, your excellency.
Stral. Then

I am to deem the plunderer is caught?
Iden. Humph!—not exactly.

Stral. Or at least suspected?
Iden. Oh! for that matter, very much suspected.

Stral. Who may he be?
Iden. Why, don't you know, my lord?

Stral. How should I? I was fast asleep.
Iden. And so

Was I, and that's the cause I know no more
Than does your excellency.

Stral. Dolt!
Iden. Why, if

Your lordship, being robb'd, don't recognise
The rogue, how should I, not being robb'd, identify
The thief among so many! In the crowd,
May it please your excellency, your thief looks
Exactly like the rest, or rather better:

'Tis only at the bar and in the dungeon,
That wise men know your felon by his features;
But I'll engage, that if seen there but once,
Whether he be found criminal or no,
His face shall be so.

Stral. [To Fritz.] Prithee, Fritz, inform me
What hath been done to trace the fellow?

Fritz. Faith!
My lord, not much as yet, except conjecture.

Stral. Besides the loss (which, I must own,
affects me
just now materially), I needs would find
The villain out of public motives; for
So dexterous a spoiler, who could creep
Through my attendants, and so many peopled
And lighted chambers, on my rest, and snatch
The gold before my scarce-closed eyes, would soon
Leave bare your borough, Sir Intendant!

Iden. True:
If there were aught to carry off, my lord.

Ulr. What is all this?

Stral. You join'd us but this morning,
And have not heard that I was robb'd last night.

Ulr. Some rumour of it reach'd me as I pass'd
The outer chambers of the palace, but
I know no further

Stral. It is a strange business;
The intendant can inform you of the facts

Iden. Most willingly. You see—
Stral. [impatiently.] Defer your tale,

Till certain of the hearer's patience.
Iden. That

Can only be approved by proofs. You see—
Stral. [again interrupting him, and addressing

Utric.] In short, I was asleep upon a chair,
My cabinet before me, with some gold
Upon it (more than I much like to lose,
Though in part only): some ingenious person
Contrived to glide through all my own attendants,

Besides those of the place, and bore away
A hundred golden ducats, which to find
I would be fain, and there's an end. Perhaps
You (as I still am rather faint) would add
To yesterday's great obligation, this,
Though slighter, yet not slight, to aid these men

(Who seem but lukewarm) in recovering it?
Ulr. Most willingly, and without loss of time—

[To Idenstein.] Come hither, mynheer!
Iden. But so much haste bodes

Right little speed, and—
Ulr. Standing motionless

None; so let's march: we'll talk as we go on.
Iden. But—

Ulr. Show the spot, and then I'll answer you.
Fritz. I will, sir, with his excellency's leave.

Ulr. Do so, and take you old ass with you.
Fritz. Hence!

Ulr. Come on, old oracle, expound thy riddle!
[Exit with Idenstein and Fritz.]

Stral. [solus.] A stalwart, active, soldier-looking
stripling,

Handsome as Hercules ere his first labour,
And with a brow of thought beyond his years
When in repose, till his eye kindles up
In answering yours. I wish I could engage him:

I have need of some such spirits near me now,
For this inheritance is worth a struggle.
And though I am not the man to yield without one,
Neither are they who now rise up between me
And my desire. The boy, they say, 's a bold one;
But he hath play'd the truant in some hour

Of freakish folly, leaving fortune to [whom
Champion his claims. That's well. The father,
For years I've tracked, as does the bloodhound,
never

In sight, but constantly in scent, had put me
To fault; but here I have him, and that's better.
It must be he! All circumstance proclaims it;
And careless voices, knowing not the cause
Of my inquiries, still confirm it.—Yes,

The man, his bearing, and the mystery
Of his arrival, and the time; the account, too,
The intendant gave (for I have not beheld her)
Of his wife's dignified but foreign aspect;
Besides the antipathy with which we met,

As snakes and lions shrink back from each other
By secret instinct that both must be foes
Deadly, without being natural prey to either;
All—all—confirm it to my mind. However,
We'll grapple, ne'ertheless. In a few hours
The order comes from Frankfort, if these waters
Rise not the higher (and the weather favours
Their quick abatement), and I'll have him safe
Within a dungeon, where he may avouch
His real estate and name; and there's no harm done,
Should he prove other than I deem. This robbery
(Save for the actual loss) is lucky also;
He's poor, and that's suspicious—he's unknown,
And that's defenceless.—True, we have no proofs
Of guilt,—but what hath he of innocence?
Were he a man indifferent to my prospects,
In other bearings, I should rather lay
The inculpation on the Hungarian, who
Hath something which I like not, and alone
Of all around, except the intendant, and
The prince's household an I my own, had ingress
Familiar to the chamber.

Enter Gabor.

Friend, how fare you? [they

Gab. As those who fare well everywhere, when
Have suppd and slumber'd, no great matter how—
And you, my lord?

Stral. Better in rest than purse.

Myne inn is like to cost me dear

Gab. I heard
Of your late loss; but 'tis a trifle to

One of your order

Stral. You would hardly think so,
Were the loss yours

Gab. I never had so much
(At once) in my whole life, and therefore am not
It to decerne. But I came here to seek you.

Your couriers are turn'd back—I have outstripp'd
In my return. [them,

Stral. You!—Why?

Gab. I went at daybreak,

To watch for the abatement of the river,

As being anxious to resume my journey;

Your messengers were all check'd like myself;

And, seeing the case hopeless, I await

The current's pleasure.

Stral. Would I the dogs were in it!
Why did they not, at least, attempt the passage?

I order'd this at all risks.

Gab. Could you order

The Oder to divide, as Moses did

The Red Sea (scarcely redder than the flood

Of the swollen stream), and be obey'd, perhaps

They might have ventured.

Stral. I must see to it:

The knaves! the slaves!—but they shall smart for
this. [*Exit Stralenheim.*

Gab. [*solus.*] There goes my noble, feudal, self-
will'd baron!

Epitome of what brave chivalry

The preux chevaliers of the good old times

Have left us. Yesterday he would have given

His lands (if he hath any), and, still dearer,

His sixteen quarterings, for as much fresh air

As would have fill'd a bladder, while he lay
Gurgling and foaming halfway through the window
Of his o'er-set and water-logg'd conveyance;
And now he storms at half a dozen wretches
Because they love their lives too! Yet, he's right:
'Tis strange they should, when such as he may put

them

To hazard at his pleasure. Oh, thou world!

Thou art indeed a melancholy jest! [*Exit Gabor.*

SCENE II.—*The Apartment of Werner, in
the Palace.*

Enter Josephine and Ulric.

Jos. Stand back, and let me look on thee again!
My Ulric!—my beloved!—can it be—
After twelve years?

Ulric. My dearest mother!

Jos. Yes!

My dream is realised—how beautiful!

How more than all I sigh'd for! Heaven receive

A mother's thanks!—a mother's tears of joy!

This is indeed thy work!—At such an hour, too,

He comes not only as a son, but saviour.

Ulric. If such a joy await me, it must double

What I now feel, and lighten from my heart

A part of the long debt of duty, not

Of love (for that was ne'er withheld)—forgive me!

This long delay was not my fault!

Jos. I know it,

But cannot think of sorrow now, and doubt

If I e'er felt it, 'tis so dazzled from

My memory by this oblivion's transport!—

My son!

Enter Werner

Werner. What have we here, more strangers?

Jos. No!

Look upon him! What do you see?

Werner. A stripling,

For the first time

Ulric. [*to Werner.*] For twelve long years, my father!

Werner. Oh, God!

Jos. He faints!

Werner. No—I am better now—

Ulric! [*Embraces him.*]

Ulric. My father, Siegendorf!

Werner. [*startling.*] Hush! boy—

The walls may hear that name!

Ulric. What then?

Werner. Why, then—

But we will talk of that anon. Remember,

I must be known here but as Werner. Come!

Come to my arms again! Why, thou look'st all

I should have been, and was not. Josephine!

Sure 'tis no father's fondness dazzles me;

But, had I seen that form amid ten thousand

Youth of the choicest, my heart would have chosen

This for my son!

Ulric. And yet you knew me not!

Werner. Alas! I have had that upon my soul

Which makes me look on all men with an eye

That only knows the evil at first glance.

Ulric. My memory served me far more fully; I

Have not forgotten aught; and oft-times in

The proud and princely halls of—[I'll not name

As you say that 'tis perilous, but i' the pomp
Of your sire's feudal mansion, I look'd back
To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset,
And wept to see another day go down
O'er thee and me, with those huge hills between us.
They shall not part us more.

Her. I know not that.

Are you aware my father is no more?

Ulr. Oh, heavens! I left him in a green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around him. 'Twas scarce three months
since.

Her. Why did you leave him?

Fos. [embracing Ulric.] Can you ask that
Is he not here? [question?]

Her. True; he hath sought his parents,
And found them; but oh! *how*, and in what state!

Ulr. All shall be better'd. What we have to do
Is to proceed, and to assert our rights,
Or rather yours; for I waive all, unless
Your father has disposed in such a sort
Of his broad lands as to make mine the foremost,
So that I must prefer my claim for form;
But I trust better, and that all is yours.

Her. Have you not heard of Stralenheim?

Ulr. I saved
His life but yesterday; he's here.

Her. You saved
The serpent who will sting us all.

Ulr. You speak
Riddles: what is this Stralenheim to us? [lands:]

Her. Everything. One who claims our fathers'
Our distant kinsman, and our nearest foe.

Ulr. I never heard his name till now. The count,
Indeed, spoke sometimes of a kinsman, who,
If his own line should fail, might be remotely
Involved in the succession; but his titles
Were never named before me—and what then?
His right must yield to ours.

Her. Ay, if at Prague;
But here he is all-powerful; and has spread
Snares for thy father, which, if hitherto
He hath escaped them, is by fortune, not
By favour.

Ulr. Doth he personally know you?

Her. No; but he guesses shrewdly at my person,
As he betray'd last night; and I, perhaps,
But owe my temporary liberty
To his uncertainty.

Ulr. I think you wrong him
(Excuse me for the phrase); but Stralenheim
Is not what you prejudge him, or, if so,
He owes me something both for past and present.
I saved his life, he therefore trusts in me.
He hath been plunder'd too, since he came hither:
Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now
Able to trace the villain who hath robb'd him:
I have pledged myself to do so; and the business
Which brought me here was chiefly that: but I
Have found, in searching for another's dross,
My own whole treasure—you, my parents!

Her. [agitatedly.] Who
Taught you to mention that name of 'villain'?

Ulr. What

More noble name belongs to common thieves?

Her. Who taught you thus to brand an unknown
With an infernal stigma? [being

Ulr. My own feelings
Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.

Her. Who taught you, long-sought and ill-found
boy! that

It would be safe for my own son to insult me?

Ulr. I named a villain. What is there in common
With such a being and my father?

Her. Everything!
That ruffian is thy father!

Fos. Oh, my son!

Believe him not—and yet!—[her voice falters.]

Ulr. [starts, looks earnestly at Werner and then
says slowly.] And you avow it?

Her. Ulric, before you dare despise your father,
Learn to divine and judge his actions. Young,
Kash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap,
Is it for you to measure passion's force,
Or misery's temptation? Wait—not long,
It cometh like the night, and quickly—Wait!—
Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted—till
Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin;
Famine and poverty your guests at table;
Despair your bed-fellow—then rise, but not
From sleep, and judge! Should that day e'er
arrive—

Should you see then the serpent, who hath coil'd
Himself around all that is dear and noble
Of you and yours, lie slumbering in your path,
With but *his* folds between your steps and happi-
ness,

When *he*, who lives but to tear from you name,
Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, with
Chance your conductor; midnight for your mantle,
The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep,
Even to your deadliest foe; and he as 'twere
Inviting death, by looking like it, while
His death alone can save you:—Thank your God!
If then, like me, content with petty plunder,
You turn aside—I did so.

Ulr. But—

Her. [abruptly.] Hear me!

I will not brook a human voice—scarce dare
Listen to my own (if that be human still)—
Hear me! you do not know this man—I do.
He's mean, deceitful, avaricious. You
Deem yourself safe, as young and brave; but learn
None are secure from desperation, few
From subtlety. My worst foe, Stralenheim
Housed in a prince's palace, couch'd within
A prince's chamber, lay below my knife!
An instant—a mere motion—the least impulse—
Had swept him and all fears of mine from earth.
He was within my power—my knife was raised—
Withdrawn—and I'm in his:—are you not so?
Who tells you that he knows you not? Who says
He hath not lured you here to end you? or
To plunge you, with your parents, in a dungeon?

[*He pauses.*]

Ulr. Proceed—proceed!

Her. He hath ever known

An.) hunted through each change of time—name—fortune—

And why not *you*? Are you more versed in men? He wound snares round me? flung along my path Reptiles, whom, in my youth, I would have spurn'd! Even from my presence; but, in spurning now, Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be More patient? Ulric!—Ulric!—there are crimes Made venial by the occasion, and temptations Which nature cannot master or forbear.

Ulric. [*who looks first at him, and then at Josephine*.] My mother!

Her. Ah! I thought so: you have now only one parent. I have lost alike Father and son, and stand alone.

Ulric. But stay!
[*Werner rushes out of the chamber.*]

Fos. [*to Ulric*.] Follow him not, until this storm of passion

Abates. Think'st thou, that were it well for him, I had not follow'd!

Ulric. I obey you, mother, Although reluctantly. My first act shall not Be one of disobedience.

Fos. Oh! he is good! Condemn him not from his own mouth, but trust To me, who have borne so much with him, and for That this is but the surface of his soul. [*him*.] And that the depth is rich in better things.

Ulric. These then are but my father's principles? My mother thinks not with him?

Fos. Nor doth he Think as he speaks. Alas! long years of grief Have made him sometimes thus.

Ulric. Explain to me More clearly, then, these claims of Stralencheim, That, when I see the subject in its bearings, I may prepare to face him, or at least To extricate you from your present perils. I pledge myself to accomplish this—but would I had arrived a few hours sooner!

Fos. Ay!
Hadst thou but done so!

Enter Gabor and Isenstein, with Attendants.

Gab. [*to Ulric*.] I have sought you, comrade. So this is my reward!

Ulric. What do you mean?
Gab. 'Sdeath! have I lived to these years, and for this! [*would*—

[*To Isenstein*.] But for your age and folly, I

Isen. Help!
Hands off! Touch an attendant!

Gab. Do not think I'll honour you so much as save your throat From the Ravenstone* by choking you myself.

Isen. I thank you for the respite: but there are Those who have greater need of it than me.

Ulric. Unriddle this vile wrangling, or—

Gab. At once, then, The baron has been robbed, and upon me

This worthy personage has deign'd to fix His kind suspicions—me! whom he ne'er saw Till yester' evening.

Isen. Wouldst have me suspect My own acquaintances? You have to learn That I keep better company.

Gab. You shall Keep the best shortly, and the last for all men, The worms! you hound of malice!

[*Gabor seizes on him.*]
Ulric. [*interfering*.] Nay, no violence;

He's old, unarm'd—be temperate, Gabor!

Gab. [*letting go Isenstein*.] True: I am a fool to lose myself because Fools deem me knave: it is their homage.

Ulric. [*to Isenstein*.] How Fare you?

Isen. Help!

Ulric. I have help'd you.

Isen. Kill him! then I'll say so.

Gab. I am calm—live on!

Isen. That's more Than you shall do, if there be judge or judgment In Germany. The baron shall decide!

Gab. Does he abet you in your accusation!

Isen. Does he not?

Gab. Then next time let him go sink Ere I go hang for snatching him from drowning. But here he comes!

Enter Stralencheim.
Gab. [*sets up to him*.] My noble lord, I'm here!

Stral. Well, sir!

Gab. Have you aught with me

Stral. What should I

Have with you?
Gab. You know best, if yesterday's

Flood has not wash'd away your memory; But that's a trifle. I stand here accused,

In phrases not equivocal, by you Intendant, of the pillage of your person

Or chamber:—is the charge your own or his?

Stral. I accuse no man.

Gab. Then you acquit me, baron?

Stral. I know not whom to accuse, or to acquit, Or scarcely to suspect.

Gab. But you at least Should know whom *not* to suspect. I am insulted—

Oppress'd here by these menials, and I look To you for remedy—teach them 'their duty!

To look for thieves at home were part of it, Boldly taught; but, in one word, if I

Have an accuser, let it be a man Worthy to be so of a man like me.

I am your equal.

Stral. You!

Gab. Ay, sir; and, for Aught that you know, superior; but proceed—

I do not ask for hints, and surmises, An I circumstance, and proof: I know enough

Of what I have done for you, and what you owe me. To have at least waited your payment rather

Than paid myself, had I been eager of Your gold. I also know, that were I ever

*The Ravenstone, 'Ravenstein,' is the stone gibbet of Germany, and is so called from the ravens perching on it.

The villain I am deem'd, the service render'd
So recently would not permit you to
Pursue me to the death, except through shame,
Such as would leave your scutcheon but a blank.
But this is nothing; I demand of you
Justice upon your unjust servants, and
From your own lips a disavowal of
All sanction of their insolence: thus much
You owe to the unknown, who asks no more,
And never thought to have ask'd so much.

Stral. This tone
May be of innocence.

Gab. 'Sdeath! who dare doubt it,
Except such villains as ne'er had it?

Stral. You
Are hot, sir.

Gab. Must I turn an icicle
Before the breath of menials, and their master?

Stral. Ulric! you know this man: I found him in
Your company.

Gab. We found you in the Oder,
Would we had left you there!

Stral. I give you thanks, sir.
Gab. I've earn'd them; but might have earn'd
more from others.

Perchance, if I had left you to your fate.

Stral. Ulric! you know this man?

Gab. No more than you do,
If he avouches not my honour.

Ulric. I
Can vouch your courage, and, as far as my
Own brief connexion led me, honour.

Stral. Then
I am satisfied.

Gab. [ironically.] Right easily, methinks.
What is the spell in his asseveration
More than in mine?

Stral. I merely said that I
Was satisfied—not that you are absolved.

Gab. Arrin! Am I accused or no?

Stral. Go to!
You wax too insolent. If circumstance

And general suspicion be against you,
Is the fault mine? Is't not enough that I
Decline all question of your guilt or innocence?

Gab. My lord, my lord, this is mere cozenage,
A vile equivocation; you well know

Your doubts are certainties to all around you—
Your looks a voice—your frowns a sentence; you
Are practising your power on me—because
You have it; but beware! you know not whom
You strive to tread on.

Stral. Threat'st thou?

Gab. Not so much
As you accuse. You hint the basest injury,

And I retort it with an open warning. [thing,

Stral. As you have said, 'tis true I owe you some-
For which you seem disposed to pay yourself.

Gab. Not with your gold.
Stral. With bootless insolence.

[To his Attendants and Idenstein.
You need not further to molest this man,
But let him go his way. Ulric, good morrow!

Exit Stralenheim, Idenstein, and Attendants.

Gab. [following.] I'll after him and—

Ulric. [stepping him.] Not a step.

Gab. Who shall

Oppose me?

Ulric. Your own reason, with a moment's
Thought.

Gab. Must I bear this?

Ulric. Pshaw! we all must bear

The arrogance of something higher than
Ourselves—the highest cannot temper Satan,
Nor the lowest his vicegerents upon earth.
I've seen you brave the elements, and bear
Things which had made this silkworm cast his skin—
And shrink you from a few sharp sneers and words?

Gab. Must I bear to be deem'd a thief? If 'twere
A handit of the woods, I could have borne it—
There's something daring in it:—but to steal
The moneys of a slumbering man!

Ulric. It seems, then,
You are not guilty.

Gab. Do I hear aright?

You too!

Ulric. I merely ask'd a simple question.

Gab. If the judge ask'd me,—I would answer 'No'—
To you I answer thus. [He draws.

Ulric. [drawing.] With all my heart!

Jos. Without there! Ho! help! help!—Oh, God!
here's murder! [Exit Josephine, shrieking.

Gabor and Ulric fight. Gabor is disarmed just as
Stralenheim, Josephine, Idenstein, &c., re-enter.

Jos. Oh! glorious heaven! He's safe!

Stral. [to Josephine.] Who's safe?

Jos. My—

Ulric. [interrupting her with a stern look, and
turning afterwards to Stralenheim.] Both!
Here's no great harm done.

Stral. What hath caused all this?

Ulric. You, baron, I believe; but as the effect
Is harmless, let it not disturb you.—Gabor!
There is your sword; and when you bare it next,
Let it not be against your friends.

[Ulric pronounces the last words slowly and
emphatically in a low voice to Gabor.

Gab. I thank you
Less for my life than for your counsel.

Stral. These

Brav's must end here.

Gab. [taking his sword.] They shall. You've
wrong'd me, Ulric, [would

More with your unkind thoughts than sword: I
The last were in my bosom rather than

The first in yours. I could have borne you noble's
Absurd insinuations—ignorance

And dull suspicion are a part of his
Entail will last him longer than his lands,—

But I may fit him yet:—you have vanquish'd me,
I was the fool of passion to conceive

That I could cope with you, whom I had seen
Already proved by greater perils than

Rest in this arm. We may meet by and by,
However—but in friendship. [Exit Gabor.

Stral. I will brook

No more! This outrage following up his insides,
Perhaps his guilt, has cancell'd all the rest.

I owed him heretofore for the so-vaunted
Aid which he added to your abler succour.

Ulric, you are not hurt?—

Ulric. Not even by a scratch.
Stral. [to Idenstein.] Intendant! take your
measures to secure

You fellow: I revoke my former lenity.
He shall be sent to Frankfort with an escort,
The instant that the waters have abated.

Iden. Secure him! He hath got his sword again—
And seems to know the use on't; 'tis his trade,
Belike;—I'm a civilian.

Stral. Fool! are not
You score of vassals dogging at your heels
Enough to seize a dozen such? Hence! after him!

Ulric. Baron, I do beseech you!

Stral. I must be
Obey'd. No words!
Iden. Well, if it must be so—
March, vassals! I'm your leader, and will bring
The rear up: a wise general never should
Expose his precious life—on which all rests.
I like that article of war.

[Exit Idenstein and Attendants.]

Stral. Come hither,
Ulric; what does that woman here? Oh! now
I recognise her, 'tis the stranger's wife
Whom they name ' Werner.'

Ulric. 'Tis his name.

Stral. Indeed!
Is not your husband visible, fair dame?—
Fos. Who seek, him?

Stral. No one—for the present: but
I fain would parley, Ulric, with yourself
Alone.

Ulric. I will retire with you.

Fos. Not so:
You are the latest stranger, and command
All places here. [care—
[Aside to Ulric, as she is cut.] O Ulric! have a
Remember what depends on a rash word!

Ulric. [to Josephine.] Fear not!—

[Exit Josephine]

Stral. Ulric, I think that I may trust you;
You saved my life—and acts like these beget
Unbounded confidence.

Ulric. Say on.

Stral. Mysterious
And long-engender'd circumstances (not
To be now fully enter'd on) have made
This man obnoxious—perhaps fatal to me.

Ulric. Who? Gabor, the Hungarian?

Stral. No—this ' Werner'—
With the false name and habit.

Ulric. How can this be?

He is the poorest of the poor—and yellow
Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye:
The man is helpless.

Stral. He is—'tis no matter;—
But if he be the man I deem (and that
He is so, all around us here—and much
That is not here—confirm my apprehension),
He must be made secure ere twelve hours further

Ulric. And what have I to do with this?

Stral. I have sent

To Frankfort, to the governor, my friend,
(I have the authority to do so by
An order of the house of Brandenburg),
For a fit escort—but this cursed flood
Bars all access, and may do for some hours.

Ulric. It is abating.

Stral. That is well,
Ulric. But how
Am I concern'd?

Stral. As one who did so much
For me, you cannot be indifferent to
That which is of more import to me than
The life you rescued.—Keep your eye on him!
The man avoids me, knows that I now know him.—
Watch him!—as you would watch the wild boar
when

He makes against you in the hunter's gap—
Like him he must be spear'd.

Ulric. Why so?

Stral. He stands
Between me and a brave inheritance!
Oh! could you see it! But you shall.

Ulric. I hope so.

Stral. It is the richest of the rich Bohemia,
Unscathed by scorching war. It lies so near
The strongest city, Prague, that fire and sword
Have skimm'd it lightly: so that now, besides
Its own exuberance, it bears double value
Confronted with whole realms far and near
Made deserts.

Ulric. You describe it faithfully. [but,

Stral. Ay—could you see it, you would say so—
As I have said, you shall.

Ulric. I accept the omen.

Stral. Then claim a recompense from it and me,
Such as both may make worthy your acceptance
And services to me and mine for ever

Ulric. And this sole, sick, and miserable wretch—
This way-worn stranger—stands between you and
This Paradise?—[As Alana did between
The devil and his)—[Aside].

Stral. He doth.

Ulric. Hath he no right?

Stral. Right! none. A disinherited prodigal,
Who for these twenty years disgraced his lineage
In all his acts—but chiefly by his marriage,
And living amidst commerce-fetching burghers,
And dabbling merchants, in a mart of Jews.

Ulric. He has a wife, then?

Stral. You'd be sorry to
Call such your mother. You have seen the woman
He calls his wife.

Ulric. Is she not so?

Stral. No more
Than he's your father:—an Italian girl,
The daughter of a banish'd man, who lives
On love and poverty with this same Werner.

Ulric. They are childless, then?

Stral. There is or was a bastard,
Whom the old man—the grandsire (as old age
Is ever dotting) took to warm his bosom,
As it went chilly downward to the grave:
But the imp stands not in my path—he has fled,

No one knows whither; and if he had not,
His claims alone were too contemptible
To stand.—Why do you smile?

Utr. At your vain fears:
A poor man almost in his grasp—a child
Of doubtful birth—can startle a grandee!

Stral. All's to be fear'd, where all is to be gain'd.
Utr. True; and ought done to save or to obtain it.
Stral. You have harp'd the very string next to my
I may depend upon you? [heart.

Utr. 'Twere too late
To doubt it.

Stral. Let no foolish pity shake
Your bosom (for the appearance of the man
Is pitiful)—he is a wretch, as likely
To have robb'd me as the fellow more suspected,
Except that circumstance is less against him;
He being lodged far off, and in a chamber
Without approach to mine; and, to say truth,
I think too well of blood allied to mine,
To deem he would descend to such an act:
Besides, he was a soldier, and a brave one
Once—though too rash.

Utr. And they, my lord, we know
By our experience, never plunder till [heirs,
They knock the brains out first—which makes them
Not thieves. The dead, who feel nought, can lose
nothing.

Nor e'er be robb'd: their spoils are a bequest—
No more.

Stral. Go to! you are a wag. But say
I may be sure you'll keep an eye on this man,
And let me know his slightest movement towards
Concealment or escape?

Utr. You may be sure
You yourself could not watch him more than I
Will be his sentinel.

Stral. By this you make me
Yours, and for ever.

Utr. Such is my intention [Exit *Utr.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the same Palace, from
whence the secret passage leads.*

Enter Werner and Gabor.

Gab. Sir, I have told my tale: if it so please you
To give me refuge for a few hours, well—
If not, I'll try my fortune elsewhere.

Wern. How
Can I, so wretched, give to Misery
A shelter?—wanting such myself as much
As e'er the hunted deer a covert—

Gab. Or
The wounded on his cool cave. Methinks
You rather look like one would turn at bay,
And rip the hunter's entrails.

Wern. Ah!
Gab. I care not

If it be so, being much disposed to do
The same myself. But will you shelter me?
I am oppress'd like you—and poor like you—
Disgraced— [graced?

Wern. [abruptly.] Who told you that I was dis-

Gab. No one: nor did I say you were so: with
Your poverty my likeness ended; but
I said I was so—and would add, with truth,
As undeservedly as you.

Wern. Again!
As I?

Gab. Or any other honest man.
What the devil would you have? You don't believe
Guilty of this base theft? [me

Wern. No, no—I cannot.

Gab. Why that's my heart of honour? you young
gallant—

Your miserly intendant and dense noble—
All—all suspected me; and why? because
I am the worst clothed and least named amongst
them:

Although, were Momus' lattice in our breasts,
My soul might brook to open it more widely
Than theirs: but thus it is—you poor and helpless—
Both still more than myself.

Wern. How knew you that?

Gab. You're right: I ask for shelter at the hand
Which I call helpless; if you now deny it,
I were well paid. But you, who seem to have proved
The wholesome bitterness of life, know well,
By sympathy, that all the outspread gold
Of the New World the Spaniard boasts about,
Could never tempt the man who knows its worth
Weigh'd at its proper value in the balance,
Save in such guise (and there I grant its power,
Because I feel it) as may leave no nightmare
Upon his heart o' nights.

Wern. What do you mean?

Gab. Just what I say; I thought my speech was
plain;

You are no thief—nor I—and, as true men,
Should aid each other.

Wern. It is a damn'd world, sir.

Gab. So is the nearest of the two next, as
The priests say (and no doubt they should know best),
Therefore I'll stick by this—as being loth
To suffer martyrdom, at least with such
An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.

It is but a night's lodging which I crave;
To-morrow I will try the waters, as
The dove did, trusting that they have abated.

Wern. Abated? Is there hope of that?

Gab. There was
At noontide.

Wern. Then we may be safe.

Gab. Are you
In peril?

Wern. Poverty is ever so.

Gab. That I know by long practice. Will you not
Promise to make mine less?

Wern. Your poverty?

Gab. No—you don't look a leech for that disorder;
I meant my peril only: you've a roof,

And I have none; I merely seek a covert.

Wern. Rightly; for how should such a wretch as I
Have gold?

Gab. Scarce honestly, to say the truth on't,
Although I almost wish you had the baron's.

Wern. Dare you insinuate?

Gab. What?
Wer. Are you aware
 To whom you speak?
Gab. No; and I am not used
 Greatly to care. [*A noise heard without.*] But
 hark! they come!
Wer. Who come?
Gab. The intendant and his man-hounds after me:
 I'd face them—but it were in vain to expect
 Justice at hands like theirs. Where shall I go?
 But show me any place. I do assure you,
 If there be faith in man, I am most guiltless:
 Think if it were your own case!
Wer. [*aside.*] Oh, just God!
 Thy hell is not hereafter! Am I dust still?
Gab. I see you're moved: and it shows well in you:
 I may live to requite it.
Wer. Are you not
 A spy of Stralenheim's?
Gab. Not I: and if
 I were, what is there to espy in you?
 Although, I recollect, his frequent question
 About you and your spouse might lead to some
 Suspicion; but you best know—what—and why.
 I am his deadliest foe.
Wer. You?
Gab. After such
 A treatment for the service which in part
 I render'd him, I am his enemy:
 If you are not his friend, you will assist me.
Wer. I will.
Gab. But how?
Wer. [*showing the panel.*] There is a secret spring:
 Remember, I discover'd it by chance,
 And used it but for safety.
Gab. Open it,
 And I will use it for the same.
Wer. I found it,
 As I have said: it leads through winding walls
 (So thick as to bear paths within their ribs,
 Yet lose no jot of strength or stateliness),
 And hollow cells, and obscure niches, to
 I know not whither; you must not advance:
 Give me your word.
Gab. It is unnecessary:
 How should I make my way in darkness through
 A Gothic labyrinth of unknow'n windings?
Wer. Yes, but who knows what place it may
 lead?
I know not—(mark you!)—but who knows it might
 not
 Lead even into the chamber of your foe?
 So strangely were contriv'd these galleries
 By our Teutonic fathers in old days,
 When man built less against the elements
 Than his next neighbour. You must not advance
 Beyond the two first windings; if you do
 (Albeit I never pass'd them), I'll not answer
 For what you may be led to.
Gab. But I will.
 A thousand thanks!
Wer. You'll find the spring more obvious
 On the other side; and, when you would return,
 It yields to the least touch.

Gab. I'll in—farewell!
 [*Gabor goes in by the secret panel.*
Wer. [*solus.*] What have I done? Alas! what
 had I done
 Before to make this fearful? Let it be
 Still some atonement that I save the man,
 Whose sacrifice had saved perhaps my own—
 They come! to seek elsewhere what is before them!
 Enter Idenstein and Others.
Iden. Is he not here? He must have vanish'd then
 Through the dim Gothic glass by pious aid
 Of pictured saints upon the red and yellow
 Casements, through which the sunset streams like
 sunrise
 On long pearl-colour'd beards and crimson crosses,
 And gilded crossiers, and cross'd arms, and crows,
 And helms, and twisted armour, and long swords,
 All the fantastic furniture of windows
 Dim with brave knights and holy hermits, whose
 Likeness and fame alike rest in some panes
 Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims
 As frail as any other life or glory.
 He's gone, however.
Wer. Whom do you seek?
Iden. A villain.
Wer. Why need you come so far, then?
Iden. In the search
 Of him who robb'd the baron
Wer. Are you sure
 You have divin'd the man?
Iden. As sure as you
 Stand there: but where's he gone?
Wer. Who?
Iden. He we sought,
Wer. You see he is not here.
Iden. And yet we traced him
 Up to this hall. Are you accomplices?
 Or deal you in the black art?
Wer. I deal plainly,
 To many men the blackest.
Iden. It may be
 I have a question or two for yourself
 Hereafter; but we must continue now
 Our search for't other.
Wer. You had best begin
 Your inquisition now: I may not be
 So patient always.
Iden. I should like to know,
 In good sooth, if you really are the man
 That Stralenheim's in quest of.
Wer. Insolent!
 Said you not that he was not here?
Iden. Yes, one;
 But there's another whom he tracks more keenly,
 And soon, it may be, with authority
 Both paramount to his and mine. But, come!
 Bustle, my boys! we are at fault.
 [*Exit Idenstein and Attenlant.*
Wer. In what
 A maze hath my dim destiny involved me!
 And one base sin hath done me less ill than
 The leaving undone one far greater. Down,
 Thou busy devil, rising in my heart!
 Thou art too late! I'll nought to do with blood.

Enter Ulric.

Ulr. I sought you, father.

Ulr. Is't not dangerous ?

Ulr. No; Stralenheim is ignorant of all
Or any of the ties between us: more—
He sends me here a spy upon your actions,
Deeming me wholly his.

Ulr. I cannot think it:

'Tis but a snare he winds about us both,
To swoop the sire and son at once.

Ulr. I cannot
Pause in each petty fear, and stumble at
The doubts that rise like briars in our path,
But must break through them, as an unarm'd carle
Would, though with naked limbs, were the wolf
rustling

In the same thicket where he hew'd for bread.
Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught so:
We'll overfly or rend them.

Ulr. Show me how ?

Ulr. Can you not guess ?

Ulr. I cannot.

Ulr. That is strange.
Came the thought ne'er into your mind *last night* ?

Ulr. I understand you not.

Ulr. Then we shall never
More understand each other. But to change
The topic—

Ulr. You mean to *pursue* it, as
'Tis of our safety.

Ulr. Right; I stand corrected.

I see the subject now more clearly, and
Our general situation in its bearings.
The waters are abating; a few hours [fort,
Will bring his summon'd myrmidons from Frank-
When you will be a prisoner, perhaps worse,
And I an outcast, bastardised by practice
Of this same baron to make way for him.

Ulr. And now your remedy. I thought to escape
By means of this accursed gold; but now
I dare not use it, show it, scarce look on it.
Methinks it wears upon its face my guilt
For motto, not the mintage of the state;
And, for the sovereign's head, my own begirt
With hissing snakes, which curl around my temples,
And cry to all beholders—Lo! a villain!

Ulr. You must not use it, at least now; but take
This ring. [He gives Werner a jewel.

Ulr. A gem! It was my father's!

Ulr. And
As such is now your own. With this you must
Bribe the intendant for his old caleche
And horses to pursue your route at sunrise.
Together with my mother.

Ulr. And leave you,
So lately found, in peril too!

Ulr. Fear nothing!
The only fear were if we fled together,
For that would make our ties beyond all doubt.
The waters only lie in flood between
This burgh and Frankfort; so far's in our favour.
The route on to Bohemia, though encumber'd,
Is not impassable; and when you gain
A few hours' start, the difficulties will be

The same to your pursuers. Once beyond
The frontier and you're safe.

Ulr. My noble boy!

Ulr. Hush! hush! no transports; we'll indulge in
In Castle Siegendorf! Display no gold! [then
Show Idenstein the gem (I know the man,
And have look'd through him); it will answer thus
A double purpose. Stralenheim lost gold—
No jewel; therefore it could not be his;
And then the man who was posses of this
Can hardly be suspected of abstracting
The baron's coin, when he could thus convert
This ring to more than Stralenheim has lost
By his last night's slumber. Be not over timid
In your address, nor yet too arrogant,
And Idenstein will serve you.

Ulr. I will follow
In all things your direction.

Ulr. I would have
Spared you the trouble; but had I appear'd
To take an interest in you, and still more
By dabbling with a jewel in your favour,
All had been known at once.

Ulr. My guardian angel!
This overpays the past. But how wilt thou
Fare in our absence ?

Ulr. Stralenheim knows nothing
Of me as aught of kindred with yourself.

I will but wait a day or two with him
To lull all doubts, and then rejoin my father

Ulr. To part no more!

Ulr. I know not that; but at
The least we'll meet again once more.

Ulr. My boy!

My friend!—my only child, and sole preserver!
Oh, do not hate me!

Ulr. Hate my father!

Ulr. Ay,

My father hated me. Why not my son ?

Ulr. Your father knew you not as I do.

Ulr. Scorpions
Are in thy works! Thou know me? in this guise
Thou canst not know me, I am not myself;
Yet (hate me not) I will be soon.

Ulr. I'll wait!

In the meantime be sure that all a son
Can do for parents shall be done for mine.

Ulr. I see it, and I feel it; yet I feel!
Further—that you despise me.

Ulr. Wherefore should I ?

Ulr. Must I repeat my humiliation ?

Ulr. No!

I have fathom'd it and you. But let us talk
Of this no more. Or if it must be ever,
Not now. Your error has redoubled all
The present difficulties of our house,
At secret war with that of Stralenheim;
All we have now to think of is to baffle
HIM. I have shown *one* way.

Ulr. The only one,
And I embrace it, as I did my son,
Who show'd *himself* and father's *safety* in
One day.

Ulr. You shall be safe; let that suffice.

Would Stralenheim's appearance in Bohemia
Disturb your right, or mine, if once we were
Admitted to our lands?

Wer. Assuredly,
Situate as we are now, although the first
Possessor might, as usual, prove the strongest,
Especially the next in blood.

Ulr. *Blood!* 'tis
A word of many meanings; in the veins,
And out of them, it is a different thing—
And so it should be, when the same in blood
(As it is call'd) are aliens to each other,
Like Theban brethren: when a part is bad,
A few spilt ounces purify the rest.

Wer. I do not apprehend you.
Ulr. That may be—
And should, perhaps—and yet—but get ye ready;
You and my mother must away to-night.
Here comes the intendant: sound him with the gem;
'Twill sink into his venaal soul like lead
Into the deep, and bring up slime and mud,
And ooze too, from the bottom, as the lead doth
With its greas'd understratum; but no less
Will serve to warn our vessels through these shoals.
The freight is rich, so heave the line in time!
Farewell! I scarce have time, but yet your *hand*,
My father!—

Wer. Let me embrace thee!
Ulr. We may be
Observed! subdue your nature to the hour!
Keep off from me as from your foe!

Wer. Accursed
Be he who is the stifling cause which smother's
The best and sweetest feeling of our hearts;
At such an hour too!

Ulr. Yes, curse—it will ease you!
Here is the intendant.

Enter Idenstein.
Master Idenstein,
How fare you in your purpose? Have you caught
The rogue?

Iden. No, faith!
Ulr. Well, there are plenty more:
You may have better luck another chase
Where is the baron?

Iden. Gone back to his chamber:
And now I think on't, asking after you
With nobly-born impatience

Ulr. Your great men
Must be answer'd on the instant, as the bound
Of the stung steed replies unto the spur:
'Tis well they have horses, too; for, if they had not,
I fear that men must draw their chariots, as
They say kings did Sesostris.

Iden. Who was he?
Ulr. An old Bohemian—an imperial gipsy
Iden. A gipsy or Bohemian, 'tis the same,
For they pass by both names. And was he one?
Ulr. I've heard so; but I must take leave.
Intendant,

Your servant!—Werner [*to* Werner *slightly*], if that
be your name,

Yours. [*Exit* Ulrice.
Iden. A well-spoken, pretty-faced young man!

And prettily behaved! He knows his station.
You see, sir: how he gave to each his due
Precedence!

Wer. I perceived it, and applaud
His just discernment and your own.
Iden. That's well—

That's very well. You also know your place, too;
And yet I don't know that I know your place.
Wer. [*showing the ring.*] Would this assist your
knowledge?

Iden. How!—What!—Eh?
A jewel.

Wer. 'Tis your own on one condition.
Iden. Mine!—Name it!
Wer. That hereafter you permit me
At thrice its value to redeem it: 'tis

A family ring.
Iden. A family! *yours!* a gem!
I'm breathless!

Wer. You must also furnish me,
An hour ere daybreak, with all means to quit
This place.
Iden. But is it real? Let me look on it:
Diamond, by all that's glorious!

Wer. Come, I'll trust you:
You have guess'd, no doubt, that I was born above
My present seeming.

Iden. I can't say I did,
Though this looks like it: this is the true breeding
Of gentle blood!

Wer. I have important reasons
For wishing to continue privily
My journey hence.

Iden. So then *you are* the man
Whom Stralenheim's in quest of?

Wer. I am not;
But being taken for him might conduct
So much embarrassment to me just now,
And to the baron's self hereafter—'tis
To spare both that I would avoid all bustle.

Iden. Be you the man or no, 'tis not my business;
Besides, I never could obtain the half
From this proud, niggardly noble, who would raise
The country for some missing bits of coin,
And never offer a precise reward—
But *this!* another look!

Wer. Gaze on it freely;
At day-dawn it is yours.

Iden. Oh, thou sweet sparkler!
Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself!
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar of
The soul! the true magnetic Pole to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!
Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which, sitting
High on the monarch's diadem, attractest
More worship than the majesty who sweats
Beneath the crown which makes his head ache, like
Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre!
Shalt thou be mine? I am, methinks, already
A little king, a lucky alchemist!—
A wise magician, who has bound the devil
Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,
Werner, or what else?

Her. Call me Werner still,
You may yet know me by a loftier title.
Idea. I do believe in thee! thou art the spirit
Of whom I long have dream'd in a low garb.—
But come, I'll serve thee; thou shalt be as free
As air, despite the waters; let us hence!
I'll show thee I am honest—(oh, thou jewel!)
Thou shalt be furnish'd, Werner, with such means
Of flight, that if thou wert a snail, not birds
Should overtake thee.—Let me gaze again!
I have a foster-brother in the mart
Of Hamburg skill'd in precious stones—How many
Carats may it weigh?—Come, Werner, I will wing
thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Stralenheim's Chamber.

Stralenheim and Fritz.

Fritz. All's ready, my good lord!
Stral. I am not sleepy,
And yet I must to bed; I fain would say
To rest, but something heavy on my spirit,
Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself
'Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between man
And man, an everlasting mist;—I will
Unto my pillow.

Fritz. May you rest there well!

Stral. I feel, and fear, I shall.

Fritz. And wherefore fear?

Stral. I know not why, and therefore do fear more,
Because an undecidable—but 'tis
All folly. Were the locks (as I desired)
Changed, to-day, of this chamber? for last night's
Adventure makes it needful.

Fritz. Certainly,
According to your order, and beneath
The inspection of myself and the young Saxon
Who saved your life. I think they call him 'Ulric.'

Stral. You think! you supercilious slave! what
right

Have you to tax your memory, which should be
Quick, proud, and happy to retain the name
Of him who saved your master, as a litany
Whose daily repetition marks your duty?— [still
Get hence! 'You think,' indeed! you, who stood
Howling and dripping on the bank, whilst I
Lay dying, and the stranger dash'd aside
The roaring torrent, and restored me to [scarce
Thank him—and despise you. 'You think!' and
Can recollect his name! I will not waste
More words on you. Call me betimes.

Fritz. Good night!
I trust to-morrow will restore your lordship
To renovated strength and temper.

[The scene closes.

SCENE III.—The secret Passage.

Gab. [solus.] Four—
Five—six hours have I counted, like the guard
Of outposts on the never-merry clock;
That hollow tongue of time, which, even when
It sounds for joy, takes something from enjoyment
With every clang 'Tis a perpetual knell,

Though for a marriage feast it rings: each stroke
Peals for a hope the less; the funeral note
Of Love deep-buried without resurrection
In the grave of Possession; while the knoll
Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
To triple Time in the son's ear.

I'm cold—

I'm dark;—I've blown my fingers—number'd o'er
And o'er my steps—and knock'd my head against
Some fifty buttresses—and roused the rats
And bats in general insurrection, till
Their cursed pattering feet and whirling wings
Leave me scarce hearing for another sound.
A light! It is at distance (if I can
Measure in darkness distance): but it blinks
As through a crevice or a key-hole in
The inhibited direction: I must on,
Nevertheless, from curiosity.
A distant lamp-light is an incident
In such a den as this. Pray Heaven it lead me
To nothing that may tempt me! Else—Heaven
aid me

To obtain or to escape it! Shining still!
Were it the star of Lucifer himself,
Or he himself girt with its beams, I could
Contain no longer. Softly: mighty well!
That corner's turn'd—so—ah! no;—right! it draws
Nearer. Here is a darksome angle—so,
That's weather'd.—Let me pause.—Suppose it leads
Into some greater danger than that which
I have escaped—no matter, 'tis a new one;
And novel perils, like fresh mistresses,
Wear more magnetic aspects:—I will on,
And be it where it may—I have my dagger,
Which may protect me at a pinch.—Burn still,
Thou little light! Thou art my *ignis fatuus!*
My stationary Will-o'-the-wisp!—So! so!
He hears my invocation, and fails not.

[The scene closes.

SCENE IV.—A Garden.

Enter Werner.

Her. I could not sleep—and now the hour's
at hand;

All's ready. Idenstein has kept his word;
And station'd in the outskirts of the town,
Upon the forest's edge, the vehicle
Awaits us. Now the dwindling stars begin
To pale in heaven; and for the last time I
Look on these horrible walls. Oh! never, never
Shall I forget them. Here I came most poor,
But not dishonour'd; and I leave them with
A stain,—if not upon my name, yet in
My heart! a never-dying canker-worm,
Which all the coming splendour of the lands,
And rights, and sovereignty of Siegendorf
Can scarcely lull a moment. I must find
Some means of restitution, which would ease
My soul in part: but how without discovery?
—It must be done, however; and I'll pause
Upon the method the first hour of safety.
The madness of my misery led to this
Base infamy; repentance must retrieve it:
I will have nought of Stralenheim's upon
My spirit, though he would grasp all of mine;

Lands, freedom, life,—and yet he sleeps as soundly,

Perhaps, as infancy, with gorgeous curtains
Spread for his canopy, o'er silken pillows,
Such as when—Hark! what noise is that? Again!
The branches shake; and some loose stones have
From yonder terrace. [fallen]

[Ulric leaps from the terrace.

Ulric! ever welcome!

Thrice welcome now! this filial—

Ulric. Stop! Before
We approach, tell me—

Ulric. Why look you so?

Ulric. Do I

Behold my father, or—

Ulric. What?

Ulric. An assassin?

Ulric. Insane or insolent!

Ulric. Reply, sir, as

You prize your life, or mine!

Ulric. To what must I

Answer?

Ulric. Are you or are you not the assassin
Of Stralenheim?

Ulric. I never was as yet

The murderer of any man. What mean you?

Ulric. Did not you *this* night (as the night before)

Retrace the secret passage? Did you not

Again revisit Stralenheim's chamber? and—

[Ulric pauses.

Ulric. Proceed.

Ulric. Died he not by your hand?

Ulric. Great God!

Ulric. You are innocent, then! my father's innocent!

Embrace me! Yes,—your tone—your look—yes,
Yet *so*. [yes,—

Ulric. If I e'er, in heart or mind,

Conceived deliberately such a thought,

But rather strove to trample back to hell

Such thoughts—if e'er they glared a moment through

The irritation of my oppressed spirit—

May heaven be shut for ever from my hopes,

As from mine eyes!

Ulric. But Stralenheim is dead.

Ulric. 'Tis horrible! 'tis hideous, as 'tis hateful!—

But what have I to do with this?

Ulric. No bolt

Is forced; no violence can be detected,

Save on his body. Part of his own household

Have been alarm'd; but as the attendant is

Absent, I took upon myself the care

Of mustering the police. His chamber has,

Past doubt, been enter'd secretly. Pardon me,

If nature—

Ulric. Oh, my boy! what unknown woes

Of dark fatality, like clouds, are gathering

Above our house!

Ulric. My father! I acquit you!

But will the world do so? will even the judge,

If—But you must away this instant.

Ulric. No!

Ulric. I'll face it. Who shall dare suspect me?

Ulric. Yet

You had *no* guests—*no* visitors—no life
Breathing around you, save my mother's?

Ulric. Ah!

The Hungarian!

Ulric. He is gone! he disappear'd

Ere sunset.

Ulric. No; I hid him in that very

Conceal'd and fatal gallery

Ulric. There I'll find him

[Ulric is going

Ulric. It is too late; he had left the palace ere

I quitted it. I found the secret panel

Open, and the doors which lead from that hall

Which masks it: I but thought he had snatch'd the

And favourable moment to escape [silence]

The myriads of Idenstein, who were

Dogging him yester-even.

Ulric. You reclosed

The panel?

Ulric. Yes; and not without reproach

(And inner trembling for the avoided peril)

At his dull heedlessness, in leaving thus

His shelterer's asylum to the risk

Of a discovery.

Ulric. You are sure you closed it?

Ulric. Certain.

Ulric. That's well; but had been better, if

You ne'er had turn'd it to a den for—[He pauses.

Ulric. Thieves!

Then wouldst say; I must bear it, and deserve it;

But not—

Ulric. No, father; do not speak of this:

This is no hour to think of petty crimes,

But to prevent the consequence of great ones.

Why would you shelter this man?

Ulric. Could I shun it?

A man pursued by my chief foe; disgraced

For my own crime: a victim to my safety,

Imploing a few hours' concealment from

The very wretch who was the cause he needed

Such refuge. Had he been a wolf, I could not

Have in such circumstances thrust him forth.

Ulric. And like the wolf he hath repaid you. But

It is too late to ponder this; you must

Set out ere dawn. I will remain here to

Trace the murderer, if 'tis possible.

Ulric. But thus my sudden flight will give the Moloch

Suspicion: two new victims in the lieu

Of one, if I remain. The fled Hungarian,

Who seems the culprit, and—

Ulric. Who seems? Who else

Can be so?

Ulric. Not I, though just now you doubted—

You, my son!—doubted—

Ulric. And do you doubt of him

The fugitive?

Ulric. Boy! since I fell into

The abyss of crime (though not of such crime),

Having seen the innocent oppress'd for me,

My doubt even of the guilty's guilt. Your heart

Is free, and quick with virtuous wrath to accuse

Appearances; and views a criminal

In Innocent's shadow, it may be,

Because 'tis dusky.

Ulr. And if I do so,
What will mankind, who know you not, or knew
But to oppress? You must not stand the hazard.
Away!—I'll make all easy. Idenstein
Will for his own sake and his jewel's hold
His peace—he also is a partner in
Your flight—moreover—

Ulr. Fly! and leave my name
Link'd with the Hungarian's, or prefer'd as poorest.
To hear the brand of bloodshed?

Ulr. Pshaw! leave anything
Except our fathers' sovereignty and castles,
For which you have so long panted, and in vain!
What name? You leave *no name*, since that you
Is feign'd. [bear

Ulr. Most true: but still I would not have it
Engraved in crimson in men's memories,
Though in this most obscure abode of men—
Besides, the search—

Ulr. I will provide against
Aught that can touch you. No one knows you here
As heir of Siegendorf: if Idenstein
Suspects, 'tis *but suspicion*, and he is
A fool: his folly shall have such employment,
Too, that the unknown Werner shall give way
To nearer thoughts of self. The laws (if e'er
Laws reach'd this village) are all in abeyance
With the late general war of thirty years,
Or crush'd, or rising slowly from the dust,
To which the march of armies trampled them.
Stralenheim, although noble, is unheeded
Here, save as *such*—without lands, influence,
Save what hath perish'd with him. Few prolong
A week beyond their funeral rites their sway
O'er men, unless by relatives, whose interest
Is roused: such is not here the case; he died
Alone, unknown,—a solitary grave,
Obscure as his deserts, without a scutcheon,
Is all he'll have, or wants. If I discover
The assassin, 'twill be well—if not, believe me,
None else; though all the full-fed train of menials
May howl above his ashes (as they did
Around him in his danger on the Oder),
Will no more stir a finger *now* than *then*,
Hence! hence! I must not hear your answer —

Look!
The stars are almost faded, and the grey
Begins to grizzle the black hair of night.
You shall not answer!—Pardon me that I
Am peremptory; 'tis your son that speaks,
Your long-lost, late-found son.—Let's call my
mother!

Softly and swiftly step, and leave the rest
To me: I'll answer for the event as far
As regards *you*, and that is the chief point,
'Tis my first duty, which shall be observed.
We'll meet in Castle Siegendorf—once more
Our banners shall be glorious! Think of that
Alone, and leave all other thoughts to me,
Whose youth may better battle with them.—
Hence!

And may your age be happy!—I will kiss
My mother once more, then Heaven's speed be
with you!

Ulr. This counsel's safe—but is it honourable?

Ulr. To save a father is a child's chief honour.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Hall in the Castle of
Siegendorf, near Prague.*

Enter Eric and Henrick, Retainers of the Count.

Eric. So, better times are come at last; to these
Old walls new masters and high wassail, both
A long desideratum.

Hen. Yes, for masters,
It might be unto those who long for novelty,
Though made by a new grave: but as for wassail,
Methinks the old Count Siegendorf maintain'd
His feudal hospitality as high
As e'er another prince of the empire.

Eric. Why,
For the mere cup and trencher, we no doubt
Fared passing well; but as for merriment
And sport, without which salt and sauces season
The cheer but scantily, our sizings were
Even of the narrowest.

Hen. The old count loved not
The roar of revel; are you sure that *this* does?

Eric. As yet he hath been courteous as he's boun-
teous,
And we all love him.

Hen. His reign is as yet
Hardly a year o'erpast its honeymoon,
And the first year of sovereigns is bridal:
Anon, we shall perceive his real sway
And moods of mind.

Eric. Pray heaven he keep the present I
Then his brave son, Count Utric—there's a knight!
Pity the wars ere e'er!

Hen. Why so?

Eric. Look on him!
And answer that yourself.

Hen. He's very youthful,
And strong and beautiful as a young tiger.

Eric. That's not a faithful vassal's likeness.

Hen. But
Perhaps a true one.

Eric. Pity, as I said,
The wars are over: in the hall, who like
Count Utric for a well-supported pride,
Which awes, but yet offends not? in the field
Who like him with his spear in hand, when, gnashing
His tusks, and ripping up from right to left
The howling hounds, the boar makes for the thicket?
Who backs a horse, or bears a hawk, or wears
A sword like him? Whose plume nods knightlier?

Hen. No one's, I grant you. Do not fear, if war
Be long in coming, he is of that kind
Will make it for himself, if he hath not
Already done as much.

Eric. What do you mean?

Hen. You can't deny his train of followers
(But few our native fellow-vassals born
On the domain) are such a sort of knaves
As—

[*Pauses*

Eric. What?

Hen. The war (you love so much) leaves living,
Like other parents, she spoils her worst children.

Eric. Nonsense! they are all brave iron-visaged
Such as old Tilly loved. [follows,

Hen. And who loved Tilly?

Ask that at Madgebourg—or for that matter

Wallenstein either;—they are gone to—

Eric. Rest!

But what beyond 'tis not ours to pronounce.

Hen. I wish they had left us something of this
The country (nominally now at peace) [rest!

'Tis overrun with—God knows who;—they fly

By night, and disappear with sunrise; but

Leave us no less desolation, nay, even more,

Than the most open warfare.

Eric. But Count Uric—
What has all this to do with him?

Hen. With him!
He—might prevent it. As you say, he's fond
Of war, why makes he it not on those marauders?

Eric. You'd better ask himself.

Hen. I would as soon

Ask the lion why he laps not milk.

Eric. An I here he comes!

Hen. The devil! you'll hold your tongue?

Eric. Why do you turn so pale?

Hen. 'Tis nothing—but
Be silent.

Eric. I will, upon what you have said

Hen. I assure you I meant nothing, a mere sport
Of words, no more; I esteem, had it been otherwise,

He is to marry the gentle Baroness

Ida of Stralshohn, the late Baron's heiress;

And Uric, no doubt, will set on what's ever

Of incensures the vile long intestine wars

Have given all nations, and most unto those

Who were born in them, and bred up upon

The knees of homicide; sprinkled, as it were,

With blood even at their baptism. Prithce peace,

On all that I have said!

Enter Uric and Rodolph.

Good morrow, Count.

Uric. Good morrow, worthy Henrick. I am, is
All ready for the chase?

Eric. The dogs are order'd

Down to the forest, and the vassals out

To beat the bushes, and the day looks promising.

Shall I call forth your excellency's suite?

What courser will you please to mount?

Uric. The dun,
Walstein.

Eric. I fear he scarcely has recover'd

The toils of Monday: 'twas a noble chase;

You spear'd four with your own hand.

Uric. True, good Eric;

I had forgotten—let it be the grey, then,

Old Ziska: he has not been out this fortnight.

Eric. He shall be straight comparisn'd. How

Of your immediate retainers shall [many

Escort you?

Uric. I leave that to Weillburgh, our
Master of the horse. [Exit Eric.

Rodolph!

Rod. My lord!

Uric. The news
Is awkward from the—

[Rodolph points to Henrick.

How now, Henrick? why

Linger you here?

Hen. For your commands, my lord.

Uric. Go to my father, and present my duty,

And learn if he would aught with me before

I mount. [Exit Henrick.

Rodolph, our friends have had a check

Upon the frontiers of Franconia, and

'Tis rumour'd that the column sent against them

Is to be strengthen'd. I must join them soon.

Rod. Best wait for further and more sure advices.

Uric. I mean it—and indeed it could not well

Have fallen out at a time more opposite

To all my plans.

Rod. It will be difficult
To excuse your absence to the count, your father.

Uric. Yes, but the unsettled state of our domain

In high Silesia will permit and cover

My journey. In the meantime, when we are

Engaged in the chase, draw off the eighty men

Whom Wolfe leads—keep the forests on your route;

You know it well?

Rod. As well as on that night

When we—

Uric. We will not speak of that until

We can repeat the same with like success:

And when you have join'd, give Rosenbergh this
letter. [Gives a letter

Add farther, that I have sent this slight addition

To our force with you and Wolfe, as herald of

My coming, though I could but spare them ill

At this time, as my father loves to keep

Full numbers of retainers round the castle,

Until this marriage, and its feasts and fooleries,

Are rung out with its peal of nuptial nonsense.

Rod. I thought you loved the lady Ida?

Uric. Why,

I do so—but it follows not from that

I would bind in my youth and glorious years,

So brief and burning, with a lady's zone,

Although 'twere that of Venus;—but I love her,

As woman should be loved, fairly and solely.

Rod. And constantly?

Uric. I think so; for I love

Nought else.—But I have not the time to pause

Upon these gewgaws of the heart. Great things

We have to do ere long. Speed! speed! good

Rodolph!

Rod. On my return, however, I shall find

The Baroness Ida lost in Countess Siegenlorf?

Uric. Perhaps my father wishes it; and sooth

'Tis no bad policy: this union with

The last bud of the rival branch at once

Unties the future and destroys the past.

Rod. Adieu.

Uric. Yet hold—we had better keep together

Until the chase begins; then draw thou off,

As I do as I have said

Rod. I will. But to

Return—'twas a most kind act in the count

Your father to send up to Königsberg

For this fair orphan of the baron, and
To hail her as his daughter.

Ulr. Wondrous kind!

Especially as little kindness till
Then grew between them.

Rod. The late baron died
Of a fever, did he not?

Ulr. How should I know?

Rod. I have heard it whisper'd there was some-
thing strange

About his death—and even the place of it
Is scarcely known.

Ulr. Some obscure village on
The Saxon or Silesian frontier.

Rod. He
Has left no testament—no farewell words?

Ulr. I am neither confessor nor notary,
So cannot say

Rod. Ah, here's the lady Ida
Enter Ida Stralenheim.

Ulr. You are early, my sweet cousin!

Ida. Not too early,

Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.

Why do you call me 'cousin'?

Ulr. [smiling.] Are we not so?

Ida. Yes, but I do not like the name; methinks
It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon

Our pedigree, and only weigh'd our blood.

Ulr. [startling.] Blood!

Ida. Why does yours start from your cheeks?

Ulr. Ay, doth it?

Ida. It doth—but no! it rushes like a torrent
Even to your brow again.

Ulr. [recovering himself.] And if it fled
It only was because your presence sent it [sin!

Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet cou-
Ida. 'Cousin' again.

Ulr. Nay, then, I'll call you sister.

Ida. I like that name still worse.—Would we had
Been aught of kindred!

Ulr. [gloriously.] Would we never had!

Ida. Oh, heavens! and can you wish that!

Ulr. Dearest Ida!

Did I not echo your own wish?

Ida. Yes, Ulric,

But then I wish'd it not with such a glance,
And scarce knew what I said; but let me be

Sister or cousin, what you will, so that

I still to you am something.

Ulr. You shall be

All—all—

Ida. And you to me are so already;

But I can wait.

Ulr. Dear Ida!

Ida. Call me Ida,

Your Ida, for I would be yours, none else's—

Indeed I have none else left, since my poor father—
[*She pauses.*]

Ulr. You have mine—you have me.

Ida. Dear Ulric, how I wish
My father could but view our happiness,

Which wants but this!

Ulr. Indeed!

Ida. You would have loved him,

He you; for the brave ever love each other:

His manner was a little cold, his spirit

Proud (as is birth's prerogative); but under

This grave exterior—Would you had known each
other!

Had such as you been near him on his journey,

He had not died without a friend to soothe

His last and lonely moments.

Ulr. Who says that?

Ida. What?

Ulr. That he died alone.

Ida. The general rumour,

And disappearance of his servants, who

Have ne'er return'd: that fever was most deadly

Which swept them all away.

Ulr. If they were near him,

He could not die neglected or alone.

Ida. Alas! what is a menial to a death-bed,

When the dim eye rolls vainly round for what

It loves?—They say he died of a fever.

Ulr. Say!

It was so.

Ida. I sometimes dream otherwise.

Ulr. All dreams are false.

Ida. And yet I see him as

I see you.

Ulr. Where?

Ida. In sleep—I see him lie

Pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised knife

Beside him.

Ulr. But you do not see his face!

Ida. [looking at him.] No! Oh, my God! do
you?

Ulr. Why do you ask?

Ida. Because you look as if you saw a murderer!

Ulr. [agitatedly.] Ida, this is mere childishness;
your weakness

Infects me, to my shame; but as all feelings

Of yours are common to me, it affects me.

Prithee, sweet child, change—

Ida. Child, indeed! I have

Full fifteen summers! [*A bugle sounds.*]

Rod. Hark, my lord, the bugle!

Ida. [sweetly to Rodolph.] Why need you tell
him that? Can he not hear it

Without your echo?

Rod. Pardon me, fair baroness!

Ida. I will not pardon you, unless you earn it

By aiding me in my dissuasion of

Count Ulric from the chase to-day.

Rod. You will not,

Lady, need aid of mine.

Ulr. I must not now

Forego it.

Ida. But you shall!

Ulr. Shall!

Ida. Yes, or be

No true knight.—Come, dear Ulric! yield to me

In this, for this one day: the day looks heavy,

And you are turn'd so pale and ill.

Ulr. You jest.

Ida. Indeed I do not!—ask of Rodolph.

Rod. Truly,

My lord, within this quarter of an hour

You have changed more than e'er I saw you change
In years.

Ulric. 'Tis nothing; but if 'twere, the air
Would soon restore me. I'm the true chameleon,
And live but on the atmo-sphere: your feasts
In castle halls, and social banquets, nurse not
My spirit—I'm a forester and breather
Of the steep mountain-tops, where I love all
The eagle loves.

Ida. Except his prey, I hope.

Ulric. Sweet Ida, wish me a fair chase, and I
Will bring you six boars' heads for trophies home.

Ida. And will you not stay, then? You shall not
Come! I will sing to you. [go!]

Ulric. Ida, you scarcely
Will make a soldier's wife.

Ida. I do not wish
To be so; for I trust these wars are over,
And you will live in peace on your domains.

Enter Werner as Count Siegendorf.

Ulric. My father, I salute you, and it grieves me
With such brief greeting.—You have heard our
The vassals wait [bingle;]

Sieg. So let them.—You forget
To-morrow is the appointed festival
In Prague for peace restored. You are apt to follow
The chase with such an ardour as will scarce
Permit you to return to-day, or if

Return'd, too much fatigued to join to-morrow
The nobles in our marshall'd ranks.

Ulric. You, count,
Will well supply the place of both—I am not
A lover of these pageantries.

Sieg. No, Ulric:
It were not well that you alone of all
Our young nobility—

Ida. And far the noblest
In aspect and demeanour.

Sieg. To Ida.] True, dear child,
Though somewhat frankly said for a fair damsel.—
But, Ulric, recollect too our position,
So lately reinstated in our honours.

Believe me, 'twould be mark'd in any house,
But most in *ours*, that ONE should be found want-
ing

At such a time and place. Besides, the Heaven
Which gave us back our own, in the same moment
It spread its peace o'er all, hath double claims
On us for thanksgiving: first, for our country;
And next, that we are here to share its blessings.

Ulric. [aside.] Devout, too! Well, sir, I obey at
once.

[Then aloud to a Servant.] Ludwig, dismiss the
train without! [Exit Ludwig.]

Ida. And so
You yield at once to him what I for hours
Might supplicate in vain.

Sieg. [smiling.] You are not jealous
Of me, I trust, my pretty rebel! who
Would sanction disobedience against all
Except thyself? But fear not; thou shalt rule him
Hereafter with a fonder sway and firmer

Ida. But I should like to govern *now*
Sieg. You shall,

Your *lord*, which by the way awaits you with
The countess in her chamber. She complains
That you are a sad truant to your music:
She attends you.

Ida. Then good morrow, my kind kinsmen!
Ulric, you'll come and hear me?

Ulric. By and by.
Ida. Be sure I'll sound it better than your bugles;
Then pray you be as punctual to its notes:
I'll play you King Gustavus' march.

Ulric. And why not
O! Tilly's?

Ida. Not that monster's! I should think
My harp-strings rang with groans, and not with
music.

Could I aught of *his* sound on it:—but come quickly;
Your mother will be eager to receive you. [Exit.]

Sieg. Ulric, I wish to speak with you alone.

Ulric. My time's your vassal.—
[Aside to Rodolph.] Rodolph, hence! and do
As I directed; and by his best speed
And readiest means let Rosenberg reply

Rod. Count Siegendorf, command you aught? I
Upon a journey past the frontier. [am bound]

Sieg. [starts.] Ah!—

Where, on *what* frontier?
Rod. The Silesian, on

My way.—[Aside to Ulric.]—*Where* shall I say?

Ulric. [aside to Rodolph.] To Hamburg.
[Aside to himself.] That

Word will, I think, put a firm padlock on
His further inquisition

Rod. Count, to Hamburg.

Sieg. [agitated.] Hamburg! No, I have nought
to do there, nor

Am aught connected with that city. Then
God speed you!

Rod. Fare ye well, Count Siegendorf!
[Exit]

Sieg. Ulric, this man who has just departed, is
One of those strange companions whom I fain
Would reason with you on.

Ulric. My lord, he is
Noble by birth, of one of the first houses
In Saxony.

Sieg. I talk not of his birth,
But of his bearing. Men speak lightly of him.

Ulric. So they will do of most men. Even the
monarch

Is not fenced from his chamberlain's slander, or
The sneer of the list courtier whom he has made
Great and ungrateful.

Sieg. If I must be plain,
The world speaks more than lightly of this Ro-
dolph;

They say he is leagued with the 'black bands' who
Ravage the frontier [still]

Ulric. And will you believe
The world?

Sieg. In this case—yes.

Ulric. In *any* case,
I thought you knew it better than to take

An accusation for a sentence
Sieg. Son!

I understand you : you refer to—but
My destiny has so involved about me
Her spider web, that I can only flutter
Like the poor fly, but break it not. Take heed,
Ulric ; you have seen to what the passions led me :
Twenty long years of misery and famine
Quench'd them not—twenty thousand more, per-
chance,

Hereafter (or even here in *moments* which
Might date for years, did Anguish make the dial)
May not obliterate or expiate
The madness and dishonour of an instant.
Ulric, be warn'd by a father!—I was not
By mine, and you behold me!

Ulric. I behold

The prosperous and beloved Siegendorf,
Lord of a prince's appanage, and honour'd
By those he rules and those he ranks with.

Sieg. Ah!

Why wilt thou call me prosperous, while I fear
For thee? Beloved, when thou lovest me not!
All hearts but one may beat in kindness for me—
But if my son's is cold!—

Ulric. Who *dare* say that?

Sieg. None else but I, who see it—*feel* it—keen-
er Than would your adversary, who dares say so,
Your sabre in his heart! But mine survives
The wound.

Ulric. You err. My nature is not given
To outward fondling : how should it be so,
After twelve years' divorcement from my parents?

Sieg. And did not I too pass those twelve torn years
In a like absence? But 'tis vain to urge you—
Nature was never call'd back by remonstrance.
Let's change the theme. I wish you to consider
That these young violent nobles of high name,
But dark deeds (ay, the darkest, if all Rumour
Reports be true), with whom thou consortest,
Will lead thee—

Ulric. [*Impatiently.*] I'll be led by no man.

Sieg. Nor

Be leader of such, I would hope : at once
To wean thee from the perils of thy youth
And haughty spirit, I have thought it well
That thou shouldst wed the lady Ida—more
As thou appear'st to love her.

Ulric. I have said
I will obey your orders, were they to
Unite with Hecate—can a son say more?

Sieg. He says too much in saying this. It is not
The nature of thine age, nor of thy blood,
Nor of thy temperament, to talk so coolly,
Or act so carelessly, in that which is
The bloom or blight of all men's happiness,
(For Glory's pillow is but restless, if
Love lay not down his cheek there) : some strong
Some master fiend is in thy service, to
Misrule the mortal who believes him slave,
And makes his every thought subservient ; else
Thou'dst say at once—'I love young Ida, and
Will wed her ;' or, 'I love her not, and all
The powers of earth shall never make me.'—So
Would I have answer'd.

Ulric. Sir, you wed for love.

Sieg. I did, and it has been my only refuge
In many miseries.

Ulric. Which miseries
Had never been but for this love-match.

Sieg. Still
Against your age and nature ! Who at twenty
E'er answer'd thus till now?

Ulric. Did you not warn me
Against your own example?

Sieg. Boyish sophist !
In a word, do you love, or love not, Ida?

Ulric. What matters it, if I am ready to
Obey you in espousing her?

Sieg. As far
As you feel, nothing, but all life for her.

She's young—all-beautiful—adores you—is
Endow'd with qualities to give happiness,
Such as rounds common life into a dream
Of something which your poets cannot paint,
An I if it were not wisdom to love virtue)

For which Philosophy might barter Wisdom ;
And giving so much happiness, deserves
A little in return. I would not have her
Break her heart for a man who has none to break ;

Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose
Deserted by the bird she thought a nightingale,
According to the Orient tale. She is—

Ulric. The daughter of dead Stralenheim, your foe :
I'll wed her, ne'ertheless, though, to say truth,
Just now I am not violently transported
In favour of such unions.

Sieg. But she loves you.

Ulric. And I love her, and therefore would think
Sieg. Alas ! Love never *do* so [*twice.*]

Ulric. Then 'tis true
He should begin, and take the bandage from
His eyes, and look before he leaps ; till now
He hath ta'en a jump i' the dark

Sieg. But you consent ?

Ulric. I did, and do.

Sieg. Then fix the day.

Ulric. 'Tis usual,

And certes courteous, to leave that to the lady
Sieg. I will engage for her.

Ulric. So will not I
For any woman : and as what I fix,

I fain would see unshaken, when she gives
Her answer, I'll give mine.

Sieg. But 'tis your office
To woo.

Ulric. Count, 'tis a marriage of your making,
So be it of your wooing ; but to please you,
I will now pay my duty to my mother,
With whom, you know, the lady Ida is.—
What would you have ? You have forbid my stirring
For manly sports beyond the castle walls,
And I obey ; you bid me turn a chamberer,
To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles,
And list to songs and tunes, and watch for smiles,
And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
The eyes of feminine, as though they were
The stars receding early to our wish
Upon the dawn of a world-winning battle—
What can a son or man do more ? [*Exit Ulric.*]

Sieg. [solus.] Too much!—
Too much of duty, and too little love!
He pays me in the coin he owes me not:
For such hath been my wayward fate, I could not
Fulfil a parent's duties by his side
Till now; but love he owes me, for my thoughts
Ne'er left him, nor my eyes long'd without tears
To see my child again, and now I have found him!
But how, obedient, but with coldness; duteous
In my sight, but with carelessness; mysterious,
Abstracted—distant—much given to long absence.
And where—none know—in league with the most
riotous

Of our young nobles; though, to do him justice,
He never stoops down to their vulgar pleasures;
Yet there's some tie between them which I cannot
Unravel. They look up to him—consult him—
Throng round him as a leader; but with me
He hath no confidence! Ah! can I hope it
After—what! doth my father's curse descend
Even to my child? Or is the Hungarian near
To shed more blood? or—Oh! if it should be!
Spirit of Stralenheim, dost thou walk these walls
To wither him and his—who, though they slew not,
Unlatch'd the door of death for thee? 'Twas not
Our fault, nor is our sin; thou wert our foe,
And yet I spared thee when my own destruction
Slept with thee, to awake with thine awakening!
And only took—Accursed gold! thou hast
Like poison in my hands; I dare not use thee,
Nor part from thee; thou comest in such a guise,
Methinks thou wouldst contaminate all hands
Like mine. Yet I have done, to atone for thee,
Thou villainous gold! and thy dead master's doom,
Though he died not by me or mine, as much
As if he were my brother! I have taken
His orphan Ida—cherish'd her as one
Who will be mine.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The abbot, if it please
Your excellency, whom you sent for, waits
Upon you. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Enter the Prior Albert.

Prior. Peace be with these walls, and I all
Within them!

Sieg. Welcome, welcome, holy father!
And may thy prayer be heard!—all men have need
Of such, and I—

Prior. Have the first claim to all
The prayers of our community. Our convent,
Frected by your ancestors, is still
Protected by their children.

Sieg. Yes, good father;
Continue daily orisons for us
In these dim days of heresies and blood,
Though the schismatic Swede, Gustavus, is
Gone home.

Prior. To the endless home of unbelievers,
Where there is everlasting wail and woe,
Gnashing of teeth, and tears of blood, and fire
Eternal, and the worm which dieth not! [*Done.*]

Sieg. True, father; and to avert those pangs from
Who, though of our most faultless holy church,
Yet died without its last and dearest offices,

Which smooth the soul through purgatorial pains,
I have to offer humbly this donation
In masses for his spirit.

[*Siegendorf offers the gold which he had
taken from Stralenheim.*]

Prior. Count, if I
Receive it, 'tis because I know too well
Refusal would offend you. Be assured
The largess shall be only dealt in alms,
And every mass no less sung for the dead.
Our house needs no donations, thanks to yours,
Which has of old endow'd it; but from you
And yours in all meet things 'tis fit we obey.
For whom shall mass be said?

Sieg. [falling.] For—for—the dead.

Prior. His name?

Sieg. 'Tis from a soul, and not a name,
I would avert perdition.

Prior. I meant not
To pry into your secret. We will pray
For one unknown, the same as for the proudest.

Sieg. Secret! I have none; but, father, he who's
gone
Might have one; or, in short, he did bequeath—
No, not bequeath—but I bestow this sum
For pious purposes.

Prior. A proper deed
In the behalf of our departed friends. [*foe.*]
Sieg. But he who's gone was not my friend, but
The deadliest and the staunchest.

Prior. Better still!
To employ our means to obtain heaven for the souls
Of our dead enemies is worthy those
Who can forgive them living

Sieg. But I did not
Forgive this man. I loathed him to the last,
As he did me. I do not love him now,
But—

Prior. Best of all! for this is pure religion!
You fan would rescue him you hate from hell—
An evangelical compassion—with
Your own gold too!

Sieg. Father, 'tis not my gold.

Prior. Whose then? You said it was no legacy.

Sieg. No matter whose—of this be sure, that he
Who own'd it never more will need it, save
In that which it may purchase from your altars:
'Tis yours, or theirs.

Prior. Is there no blood upon it?

Sieg. No; but there's worse than blood—eternal
shame!

Prior. Did he who own'd it die in his bed?

Sieg. Alas!
He did.

Prior. Son! you relapse into revenge,
If you regret your enemy's bloodless death.

Sieg. His death was fathomlessly deep in blood.

Prior. You said he died in his bed, not battle.

Sieg. He
Died, I scarce know—but—he was stabb'd in the dark,
And now you have it—perish'd on his pillow
By a cut-throat!—Ay! you may look upon me!
I am not the man. I'll meet your eye on that point,
As I can one day God's.

Prior. Nor did he die
By means, or men, or instrument of yours?
Sieg. No! by the God who sees and strikes!
Prior. Nor know you
Who slew him?
Sieg. I could only guess at one,
And he to me a stranger, unconnected,
As unemployed. Except by one day's knowledge,
I never saw the man who was suspected.
Prior. Then you are free from guilt.
Sieg. [eagerly.] Oh! am I?—say!
Prior. You have said so, and know best.
Sieg. Father! I have spoken
The truth, and nought but truth, if not the whole,
Yet say I am not guilty! for the blood
Of this man weighs on me, as if I shed it,
Though, by the Power who abhorreth human blood,
I did not!—nay, once spared it, when I might
And could—ay, perhaps, should (if our self-safety
Be e'er excusable in such defences
Against the attacks of over-potent foes):
But pray for him, for me, and all my house—
For, as I said, though I be innocent,
I know not why, a like remorse is on me,
As if he had fallen by me or mine. Pray for me,
Father! I have pray'd myself in vain.
Prior. I will
Be comforted! You are innocent, and should
Be calm as innocence.
Sieg. But calmness is not
Always the attribute of innocence
I feel it is not
Prior. But it will be so,
When the mind gathers up its truth within it.
Remember the great festival to-morrow,
In which you rank amidst our chiefest nobles,
As well as your brave sons; and smooth your aspect.
Nor in the general orison of thanks
For bloodshed stopt, let blood you shed not rise
A cloud upon your thoughts. This were to be
Too sensitive. Take comfort, and forget
Such things, and leave remorse unto the guilty.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A large and magnificent Gothic Hall
in the Castle of Siegendorf, decorated with
Trophies, Banners, and Arms of that family.

Enter Arnheim and Meister, Attendants of
Count Siegendorf.

Arn. Be quick! the count will soon return: the
ladies

Already are at the portal. Have you sent
The messengers in search of him he seeks for?

Meis. I have, in all directions, over Prague,
As far as the man's dress and figure could
By your description track him. The devil take
These revels of processions! All the pleasure
(If such there be) must fall to the spectators.

I'm sure none doth to us who make the show.

Arn. Go to! my lady countess comes.

Meis.

I'd rather

Ride a day's hunting on an outworn jade,
Than follow in the train of a great man,
In these dull pageantries.

Arn. Begone! and rail
Within. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Countess Josephine Siegendorf and
Ida Stralenheim.

Jos. Well, Heaven be praised! the show is over.

Ida. How can you say so? Never have I dreamt

Of aught so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs,

The banners, and the nobles, and the knights,

The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces,

The coursers, and the incense, and the sun [tomb,

Streaming through the stain'd windows, even the

Which look'd so calm, and the celestial hymns,

Which seem'd as if they rather came from heaven

Than mounted there. The bursting organ's peal

Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder;

The white robes and the lifted eyes; the world

At peace! and all at peace with one another!

Oh, my sweet mother! [Embracing Josephine.

Jos. My beloved child!

For such, I trust, thou shalt be shortly.

Ida. Oh!

I am so already—Feel how my heart beats!

Jos. It does, my love, and never may it throbb
With aught more better.

Ida. Never shall it do so!

How should it? What should make us grieve? I

To hear of sorrow; how can we be sad, I hate

Who love each other so entirely? You,

The count, and Ulric, and your daughter Ida

Jos. Poor child!

Ida. Do you pity me?

Jos. No; I but envy,

And that in sorrow, not in the world's sense

Of the universal vice, if one vice be

More general than another

Ida. I'll not hear

A word against a world which still contains

You and my Ulric. Did you ever see

Aught like him? How he tower'd amongst them all.

How all eyes follow'd him! The flowers fell faster—

Rain'd from each lattice at his feet, methought,

Than before all the rest; and where he trod

I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er

Will wither.

Jos. You will spoil him, little flatterer.

If he should hear you

Ida. But he never will

I dare not say so much to him—I fear him.

Jos. Why so? he loves you well.

Ida. But I can never

Shape my thoughts of him into words to him;

Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

Jos. How so?

Ida. A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes suddenly,

Yet he says nothing.

Jos. It is nothing; all men,

Especially in these dark troublous times,

Have much to think of.

Ida. But I cannot think

Of aught save him.

Jos. Yet there are other men

In the world's eye, as goodly. There's for instance,
The young Count Waldorf, who scarce once with-
His eyes from yours to-day. [drew

Ida. I did not see him,
But Ulrich. Did you not see at the moment
When all knelt, and I wept? and yet methought,
Through my fast tears, though they were thick and
I saw him smiling on me. 'warm,

Fos. I could not
See aught save heaven, to which my eyes were rais'd,
Together with the people's.

Ida. I thought too
Of heaven, although I look'd on Ulrich.

Fos. Come,
Let us retire! they will be here anon
Expectant of the banquet. We will lay
Aside these nodding plumes and dragging trains.

Ida. And, above all, these stiff and heavy jewels,
Which make my head and heart ache, as both throb
Beneath their glitter o'er my brow and zone.
Dear mother, I am with you.

*Enter Count Siegen orb, in full dress, from the
solenity, and Ludwig.*

Sieg. Is he not found?
Lud. Strict search is making everywhere, and if
The man be in Prague, be sure he will be found.

Sieg. Where's Ulrich?
Lud. He rode round the other way
With some young nobles; but he left them soon;
And, if I err not, not a minute since
I heard his excellency, with lustrin,
Gallop o'er the west draw-bridge.

Enter Ulrich, splendidly dressed.
Sieg. [to Ludwig.] See they cease not
Their quest of him I have described.

[Exit Ludwig
Oh, Ulrich!

How have I longed for thee!
Ulrich. Your wish is granted—
Behold me!

Sieg. I have seen the murderer
Ulrich. Whom? Where?

Sieg. The Hungarian, who slew Stralenheim
Ulrich. You dream.

Sieg. I live! and as I live, I saw him—
Heard him! he dared to utter even my name.

Ulrich. What name?
Sieg. Werner! 'twas mine.

Ulrich. It must be so
No more: forget it.

Sieg. Never! never! all
My destinies were woven in that name:
It will not be engraved upon my tomb,
But it may lead me there.

Ulrich. To the point—the Hungarian?
Sieg. Listen!—The church was throng'd: the
hymn was rais'd;

'*Te Deum*' peal'd from nations rather than
From choirs, in one great cry of 'God be praised!
For one day's peace, after thrice ten dreary years,
Each bloodier than the former: I arose,
With all the nobles, and as I look'd down
Along the lines of lifted faces,—from

Our banner'd and escutcheon'd gallery, I
Saw, like a flash of lightning (for I saw
A moment and no more), what struck me sightless
To all else—the Hungarian's face: I grew
Sick: and when I recover'd from the mist
Which curl'd about my senses, and again
Look'd down, I saw him not. The thanksgiving
Was over, and we march'd back in procession.
Ulrich. Continue.

Sieg. When we reach'd the Muldau's bridge,
The joyous crowd above, the numberless
Barks mann'd with revellers in their best garbs,
Which shot along the glancing tide below,
The decorated street, the long array,
The clashing music, and the thundering
Of far artillery, which seem'd to bid
A long and loud farewell to its great doings,
The standards o'er me, and the trappings round,
The roar of rushing thousands,—all—all could not
Chase this man from my mind, although my senses
No longer held him palpable.

Ulrich. You saw him
No more, then?

Sieg. I look'd, as a dying soldier
Looks at a draught of water, for this man;
But still I saw him not; but in his stead—

Ulrich. What in his stead?
Sieg. My eye for ever fell
Upon your dancing crest; the loftiest,
As on the loftiest and the loveliest head,
It rose the highest of the stream of plumes,
Which overflow'd the glittering streets of Prague

Ulrich. What's this to the Hungarian?
Sieg. Much; for I
Had almost then forgot him in my son;

When just as the artillery ceased, and paused
The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu
Of shouting, I heard in a deep, low voice,
Distinct and keener far upon my ear
Than the late cannon's volume, this word—'*Werner!*'

Ulrich. Utter'd by—
Sieg. HIM! I turn'd—and saw—and fell

Ulrich. And wherefore? Were you seen?
Sieg. The officious care
Of those around me dragg'd me from the spot,
Seeing my faintness, ignorant of the cause?

You, too, were too remote in the procession
(The old nobles being divided from their children)
To aid me

Ulrich. But I'll aid you now.
Sieg. In what?

Ulrich. In searching for this man, or—When he's
What shall we do with him? [found,

Sieg. I know not that.
Ulrich. Then wherefore seek?

Sieg. Because I cannot rest
Till he is found His fate, and Strauheim's,
And ours, seem intertwisted; nor can be
Unravell'd, till—

Enter an Attendant.
Attendant. A stranger to wait on
Your excellency.

Sieg. Whot
Attendant. He gave no name.

Sieg. Admit him ne'ertheless.

[*The Attendant introduces Gabor, and afterwards exit.*

Ah!

'Tis then Werner!

Gab.

Sieg. [*Thoughtfully.*] The same you knew, sir, by that name; and you! [and son,

Gab. [*Looking round.*] I recognise you both: father it seems. Count, I have heard that you, or yours, have lately been in search of me: I am here.

Sieg. I have sought you, and have found you: you are charged

(Your own heart may inform you why) with such a crime as— [He pauses.

Gab. Give it utterance, and then

I'll meet the consequences.

Sieg. You shall do so—

Unless—

Gab. First, who accuses me?

Sieg. All things,

If not all men: the universal rumour—

My own presence on the spot—the place—the time—

And every speck of circumstance unite

To fix the blot on you.

Gab. And on me only?

Pause ere you answer: is no other name

Save mine, stain'd in this business?

Sieg. Trifling villain!

Who play'st with thine own guilt! Of all that breathe

Thou best dost know the innocence of him

'Gainst whom thy breath would blow thy bloody slander

But I will talk no further with a wretch,

Further than justice asks. Answer at once,

And without quibbling, to my charge.

Gab. 'Tis false!

Sieg. Who says so?

Gab. I

Sieg. And how disprove it?

Gab. By

The presence of the murderer.

Sieg. Name him.

Gab. He

May have more names than one. Your lordship had so

Once on a time.

Sieg. If you mean me, I dare

Your utmost.

Gab. You may do so, and in safety;

I know the assassin.

Sieg. Where is he?

Gab. [*Pointing to Ulric.*] Beside you!

[*Ulric rushes forward to attack Gabor; Siegendorf interposes.*

Sieg. Liar and fiend! but you shall not be slain; these walls are mine, and you are safe within them.

[*He turns to Ulric*

Ulric, repel this calumny, as

Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrous,

I could not deem it earth-born: but be calm;

It will refute itself. But touch him not.

[*Ulric endeavours to compose himself*

Gab. Look at him, count, and then hear me.

Sieg. [*First to Gabor, and then looking at Ulric.*]

I hear thee.

My God! you look—

Ulric.

How?

Sieg. As on that dread night,

When we met in the garden.

Ulric. [*Composes himself.*] It is nothing. [hither

Gab. Count, you are bound to hear me. I came

Not seeking you, but sought. When I knelt down

Amidst the people in the church, I dream'd not

To find the beggar'd Werner in the seat

Of senators and princes; but you have call'd me,

And we have met.

Sieg.

Go on, sir.

Gab.

Ere I do so,

Allow me to inquire, who profited [ever;

By Stralenheim's death? Was't I—as poor as

And poorer by suspicion on my name!

The baron lost in that last outrage neither

Jewels nor gold; his life alone was sought,—

A life which stood between the claims of others

To honours and estates scarce less than princely.

Sieg. These hints, as vague as vam, attach no less

To me than to my son.

Gab.

I can't help that.

But let the consequence alight on him

Who feels himself the guilty one among us

I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because

I know you innocent, and deem you just.

But ere I can proceed—dare you protect me?

Dare you command me?

[*Siegendorf first looks at the Hungarian, and then at Ulric, who has unbuckled his sabre, and is drawing lines with it on the floor—still in its sheath.*

Ulric. [*looks at his father, and says,*] Let the man go on!

Gab. I am unarm'd, count—had your son lay down His sabre.

Ulric. [*offers it to him contemptuously.*] Take it.

Gab. No, sir, 'tis enough

That we are both unarm'd—I would not choose

To wear a steel which may be stain'd with more

Blood than came there in battle.

Ulric. [*casts the sabre from him in contempt.*] It—or some

Such other weapon, in my hand—spared yours

Once, when disarm'd and at my mercy

Gab.

True—

I have not forgotten it: you spared me for

Your own especial purpose—to sustain

An ignominy not my own

Ulric.

Proceed.

The tale is doubtless worthy the relater. [dorf,

But is it of my father to hear further? [To Siegen-

Sieg. [*takes his son by the hand.*] My son, I know my own innocence, and doubt not

Of yours—but I have promised this man patience.

Let him continue

Gab.

I will not detain you

By speaking of myself much: I began

Life early—and am what the world has made me.

At Frankfort on the Oder, where I pass'd

A winter in obscurity, it was

My chance at several places of resort
 (Which I frequented sometimes, but not often)
 To hear related a strange circumstance
 In February last. A martial force,
 Sent by the state, and, after strong resistance,
 Secured a band of desperate men, supposed
 Marauders from the hostile camp.—They proved,
 However, not to be so—but banditti,
 Whom either accident or enterprise
 Had carried from their usual haunt—the forests
 Which skirt Bohemia—even into Lusatia.
 Many amongst them were reported of
 High rank—and martial law slept for a time.
 At last they were escorted o'er the frontiers,
 And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction
 Of the free town of Frankfort. Of their fate
 I know no more.

Sieg. And what is this to Ulric?

Gab. Amongst them there was said to be one man
 Of wonderful endowments:—birth and fortune,
 Youth, strength, and beauty, almost superhuman,
 And courage as unrival'd, were proclaim'd
 His by the public rumour; and his sway,
 Not only over his associates, but
 His judges, was attributed to witchcraft,
 Such was his influence:—I have no great faith
 In any magic save that of the nine—
 I therefore deem'd him wealthy.—But my soul
 Was roused with various feelings to seek out
 This prodigy, if only to behold him.

Sieg. And did you so?

Gab. You'll hear. Chance favour'd me:
 A popular affray in the public square
 Drew crowds together—it was one of those
 Occasions where men's souls look out of them,
 And show them as they are—even in their faces:
 The moment my eye met his, I exclaim'd,
 'This is the man!' though he was then, as since,
 With the nobles of the city. I felt sure
 I had not err'd, and watch'd him long and nearly;
 I not'd down his form—his gesture, features,
 Stature, and bearing—and amidst them all,
 'Midst every natural and acquired distinction,
 I could discern, methought, the assassin's eye
 And gladiator's heart.

Ulric [sings]— The tale sounds well.

Gab. An I may sound better—He appear'd to me
 One of those beings to whom Fortune lends,
 As she doth to the daring—and on whom
 The fates of others oft depend; besides,
 An indescribable sensation drew me
 Near to this man, as if my point of fortune
 Was to be fix'd by him.—There I was wrong.

Sieg. And may not be right now

Gab. I follow'd him,
 Solicited his notice—and I obtain'd it—
 Though not his friendship:—it was his intention
 To leave the city privately—we left it
 Together—and together we arriv'd
 In the poor town where Werner was conceal'd,
 And Stralenheim was succour'd—Now we are on
 The verge—dare you hear further?

Sieg. I must do so—
 Or I have heard too much.

Gab. I saw in you

A man above his station—and if not
 So high, as now I find you, in my then
 Conceptions, 'twas that I had rarely seen
 Men such as you appear'd in height of mind,
 In the most high of worldly rank; you were
 Poor, even to all save rags; I would have shared
 My purse, though slender, with you—you refus'd it
Sieg. Doth my refusal make a debt to you,
 That thus you urge it?

Gab. Still you owe me something,
 Though not for that; and I owed you my safety,
 At least my seeming safety, when the slaves
 Of Stralenheim pursu'd me on the grounds
 That I had robb'd him.

Sieg. I conceal'd you—I,
 Whom and whose house you arraign, reviving viper!

Gab. I accuse no man—save in my defence.
 You, count, have made yourself accuser—judge:
 Your hall's my court, your heart is my tribunal,
 Be just, and I'll be merciful!

Sieg. You merciful?—
 You! Base calumniator!

Gab. I. 'Twill rest
 With me at last to be so. You conceal'd me—
 In secret passages known to yourself,
 You said, and to none else—At dead of night,
 Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious
 Of tracing back my way, I saw a glimmer,
 Through distant crannies, of a twinkling light:
 I follow'd it, and reach'd a door—a secret
 Portal—which open'd to the chamber, where,
 With cautious hand and slow, having first undone
 As much as made a crevice of the fastening,
 I look'd through, and beheld a purple bed,
 And on it Stralenheim!

Sieg. Asleep! And yet
 You slew him!—Wretch!

Gab. He was already slain,
 And heeling like a sacrifice. My own
 Blood became ice.

Sieg. But he was all alone!
 You saw none else? You did not see the—

[*He passes from agitation.*
 No,

Gab. No,
 He, whom you dare not name, nor even I
 Scarce dare to recollect, was not then in
 The chamber. [less still—

Sieg. [To Ulric] Then, my boy! thou art guilt-
 Thou had'st me say I was so once—Oh! now
 Do thou as much!

Gab. Be patient! I can not
 Recall now, though it shake the very walls
 Which frown above us. You remember, or
 If not, your son does,—that the locks were changed
 Beneath his chief inspection on the morn'
 Which led to this same night; how he had enter'd
 He best knows—but within an antechamber,
 The door of which was half ajar, I saw
 A man who wash'd his bloody hands, and oft
 With stern and anxious glance gaz'd back upon
 The bleeding body—but it mov'd no more.

Sieg. Oh! God of fathers!

Gab. I beheld his features

As I see yours—but yours they were not, though
Resembling them—behold them in Count Ulric's!
Distinct as I beheld them, though the expression
Is not now what it then was!—but it was so
When I first charged him with the crime—so lately.

Sieg. This is so—

Gab. [interrupting him.] Nay—but hear me to
the end!

Now you must do so.—I conceived myself
Betray'd by you and him (for now I saw
There was some tie between you) into this
Pretended den of refuge, to become
The victim of your guilt; and my first thought
Was Vengeance: but, though armed with a short
poniard

(Having left my sword without), I was no match
For him at any time, as had been proved
That morning—either in address or force.
I turn'd and fled—in the dark: chance rather than
Skill made me gain the secret door of the hall,
And thence the chamber where you slept—if I
Had found you *waking*, Heaven alone can tell
What vengeance and suspicion might have prompted;
But ne'er slept guilt as Werner slept that night.

Sieg. And yet I had horrid dreams! and such
brief sleep,

The stars had not gone down when I awoke.
Why didst thou spare me? I dreamt of my father—
And now my dream is out

Gab. 'Tis not my fault,
If I have read it.—Well! I fled and hid me—
Chance led me here after so many moons—
And show'd me Werner in Count Siegendorf!
Werner, whom I had sought in huts in vain,
Inhabited the palace of a sovereign!
You sought me and have found me—now you know
My secret, and may weigh its worth.

Sieg. [after a pause.] Indeed!
Gab. Is it revenge or justice which inspires
Your meditation?

Sieg. Neither—I was weighing
The value of your secret

Gab. You shall know it
At once:—When you were poor, and I, though poor,
Rich enough to relieve such poverty
As might have envied mine, I offer'd you
My purse—you would not share it:—I'll be franker
With you: you are wealthy, noble, trusted by
The imperial powers—you understand me?

Sieg. Yes.—

Gab. Not quite. You think me venal, and scarce
'Tis no less true, however, that my fortunes [true:
Mine made me both at present. You shall aid me:
I would have aided you—and also have
Been somewhat damaged in my name to save
Yours and your son's. Weigh well what I have said.

Sieg. Dare you await the event of a few minutes'
Deliberation?

Gab. [casts his eyes on Ulric, who is leaning
against a pillar.] If I should do so?

Sieg. I pledge my life for yours. Withdraw into
This tower.

[*Opens a turret door.*
Gab. [hesitatingly.] This is the second safe asylum
You have offer'd me.

Sieg. And was not the first so?

Gab. I know not that even now—but will approve
The second. I have still a further shield.—
I did not enter Prague alone; and should I
Be put to rest with Stralenheim, there are
Some tongues without will wag in my behalf.
Be brief in your decision!

Sieg. I will be so.—
My word is sacred and irrevocable
Within these walls, but it extends no further.

Gab. I'll take it for so much.

Sieg. [points to Ulric's sabre, still upon the
ground.] Take also that—

I saw you eye it eagerly, and him
Distrustfully.

Gab. [takes up the sabre.] I will; and so provide
To sell my life—not cheaply.

[*Gabot goes into the turret, which Siegendorf
closes.*

Sieg. [advances to Ulric.] Now, Count Ulric!
For son I dare not call thee—What say'st thou?

Ulric. His tale is true.

Sieg. True, monster!

Ulric. Most true, father!

And you did well to listen to it: what
We know, we can provide against. He must
Be silenced.

Sieg. Ay, with half of my domains;
And with the other half, could he and thou
Unsay this villainy.

Ulric. It is no time
For trifling or dissembling. I have said
His story's true; and he too must be silenced

Sieg. How so?

Ulric. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull
As never to have hit on this before?

When we met in the garden, what except
Discovery in the act could make me know
His death? Or had the prince's household been
Then summon'd, would the cry for the police
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I
Have loiter'd on the way? Or could you, *Werner*,
The object of the baron's hate and fears,
Have fled—unless by many an hour before
Suspicion woke? I sought and fathom'd you,—
Doubting if you were false or feeble: I
Perceived you were the latter: and yet so
Confiding have I found you, that I doubted
A' times your weakness.

Sieg. Parricide! no less
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit
For your accomplice?

Ulric. Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While you were tortured,
Could I be calm? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling? You
Have taught me feeling for you and myself?
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

Sieg. Oh! my dead father's curse! 'tis working
now.

Ulric. Let it work on! the grave will keep it down

Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy
To baffle such, than countermining a mole,
Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.
Yet hear me still!—If you condemn me, yet
Remember *who* hath taught me once too often
To listen to him! *Who* proclaim'd to me
That *there were crimes* made venial by the occasion?
That *passion* was our nature? that the goods
Of Heaven waited on the goods of fortune?
Who show'd me his humanity secured
By his *nerve* only? *Who* deprived me of
All power to vindicate myself and race
In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on
Himself—a *filon's* brand! The man who is
At once both warm and weak invites to deeds
He longs to do, but dare not—Is it strange
That I should *act* what you could *think*? We have
done

With right and wrong: and now must only ponder
Upon effects, not causes. Stralendheim,
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, *unknown*,
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew
Known as our foe—but not from vengeance. He
Was a rock in our way which I cut through,
As doth the bolt, because it stood between us
And our true destination—but not idly.
As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*
His *life*: when due, I but resumed the debt.
He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein
I have plunged our enemy. You kindled first
The torch—you show'd the path: now trace me that
Of safety—or let me!

Sieg. I have done with life!

Ul. Let us have done with that which cankers
Familiar feuds and vain recriminations. [Life—
Of things which cannot be undone. We have
No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,
And have within these very walls men who— [things
(Although you know them not) dare venture all
You stand high with the state; what passes here
Will not excite her too great curiosity:
Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,
Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to me:
We must have no *third* bidders thrust between us.
[Exit Ulric.

Sieg. [solus.] Am I awake? are these my fathers'
halls?

And you—my son! My son! *mine!* who have ever
Abhor'd both mystery and blood, and yet
Am plunged into the deepest hell of both!
I must be speedy, or more will be shed—
The Hungarian's!—Ulric—he hath partisans,
It seems: I might have guess'd as much. Oh fool!
Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key
(As I too) of the opposite door which leads
Into the turret. Now then! or once more
To be the father of fresh crimes—no less
Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor!

[Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.

SCENE II.—The Interior of the Turret.
Gabor and Siegenlof.

Gab. Who calls?

Sieg. I—Siegenlof! Take these and fly!
Lose not a moment!

[Tears off a diamond star and other jewels,
and thrusts them into Gabor's hand

Gab. What am I to do

With these?

Sieg. What'er you will: sell them, or hoard,
And prosper: but delay not, or you are lost!

Gab. You pledged your honour for my safety!

Sieg. And

Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not master,
It seems, of my own castle—of my own
Retainers—nay, even of these very walls,
Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly!
Or you will be slain by—

Gab. Is it even so?

Farewell, then! Recollect, however, count,
You sought this fatal interview!

Sieg. I did;

Let it not be more fatal still!—Begone!

Gab. By the same path I enter'd?

Sieg. Yes; that's safe still;

But loiter not in Prague:—you do not know
With whom you have to deal.

Gab. I know too well—

And knew it ere yourself, unhappy sire!

Farewell! [Exit Gabor

Sieg. [solus and listening.] He hath clear'd the
staircase. Ah! I hear

The door sound loud behind him! He is safe!

Safe!—Oh, my father's spirit!—I am faint—

[He leans down upon a stone seat, near the wall
of the tower, in a drooping posture.

Enter Ulric, with others armed, and with weapons
drawn.

Ul. Despatch!—he's there.

Und. The count, my lord!

Ul. [recognising Siegenlof.] You here, sir!

Sieg. Yes; if you want another victim, strike!

Ul. [seeing him strip of his jewels.] Where is
the ruffian who hath plunder'd you?

Vassals, despatch in search of him! You see
'Twas as I said—the wretch hath strip'd my father
Of jewels which might form a prince's heirloom!
Away! I'll follow you forthwith.

[Exit all but Siegenlof and Ulric.

What's this?

Where is the villain?

Sieg. There are *two*, sir: which

Are you in quest of?

Ul. Let us hear no more

Of this: he must be found. You have not let him
Escape?

Sieg. He's gone.

Ul. With your connivance?

Sieg. With

My fullest, freest aid.

Ul. Then fare you well!

[Ulric is going.

Sieg. Stop! I command—entreat—implore! Oh,
Will you then leave me? [Ulric!

Ul. What! remain to be

Denounced—dragg'd, it may be, in chains; and all
By your inherent weakness, half-humanity,

Selfish remorse, and temporising pity,
That sacrifices your whole race to save
A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, count,
Henceforth you have no son!
Sieg. I never had one;
And would you ne'er had borne the useless name!
Where will you go? I would not send you forth
Without protection.
Ulr. Leave that unto
I am not alone; nor merely the vain heir
Of your domains; a thousand, ay, ten thousand
Swords, hearts, and hands are mine.
Sieg. The foresters!
With whom the Hungarian found you first at
Frankfort!
Ulr. Yes—men—who are worthy of the name!
Go tell
Your senators that they look well to Prague;
Their feast of peace was early for the times;
There are more spirits abroad than have been laid
With Wallenstein!
Enter Josephine and Ida.
Jos. What is't we hear? My Siegendorf!
Thank Heaven, I see you safe!

Sieg. Safe!
Ida. Yes, dear father!
Sieg. No, no; I have no children: never more
Call me by that worst name of parent.
Jos. What
Means my good lord?
Sieg. That you have given birth
To a demon! [this of Ulric?
Ida. [taking Ulric's hand.] Who shall dare say
Sieg. Ida, beware! there's blood upon that hand.
Ida. [stooping to kiss it.] I'd kiss it off, though it
Sieg. It is so! [were mine.
Ulr. Away! it is your father's! [Exit Ulric.
Ida. Oh, great God!
And I have loved this man!
Ida falls senseless—Josephine stands speechless with horror.
Sieg. The wretch hath slain
Them both!—My Josephine! we are now alone!
Would we had ever been so!—All is over
For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave;
Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son
In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past?

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED:

A DRAMA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS production is founded partly on the story of a novel called 'The Three Brothers,' published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's 'Wood Demon' was also taken; and partly on the 'Faust' of the great Goethe. The present publication contains the two first parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Stranger, afterwards Cæsar.
Arnold,
Bourbon.
Philibert.
Cellini.

Bertha.
Olimpia.

*Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests,
Peasants, &c.*

PART I.

SCENE I.—A Forest.

Enter Arnold and his mother Bertha.

Bert. Out, hunchback!

Arn. I was born so, mother!

Bert. Out

Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven sons,
The sole abortion!

Arn. Would that I had been so,

And never seen the light!

Bert. I would so too!

But as thou *hast*—hence, hence—and do thy best!

That back of thine may bear its burthen, 'tis
More high, if not so broad as that of others

Arn. It bears its burthen;—but, my heart!

Will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?

I love, or, at the least, I loved you: nothing

Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.

You nursed me—do not kill me!

Bert.

Yes—I nursed thee,

Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not

If there would be another unlike thee,

That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,
And gather wood!

Arn. I will: but when I bring it,
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
So beautiful and lusty, and as free
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me;
Our milk has been the same.

Berth. As is the hedgehog's,
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

[Exit Bertha.

Arn. [solus.] Oh, mother!—She is gone, and I
Her bidding;—wearily but willingly [must do
I would fulfil it, could I only hope
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[Arnold begins to cut wood: in doing this he
wounds one of his hands.

My labour for the day is over now,
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my meed now
At home—what home? I have no home, no kin,
No kind—not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed, too,
Like them? Oh, that each drop which falls to earth
Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung
Or that the devil, to whom they liken me, [me?
Would and his likeness! If I must partake
His form, why not his power? Is it because
I have not his will too? For one kind word
From her who bore me would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
The wound.

[Arnold goes to a spring, and stops to wash his
hand: he starts back.

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me
What she hath made me. I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on it. Heinous wretch
That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
From drinking them. [He pines.

And shall I live on,
A burden to the earth, myself, and shame
Unto what brought me into life! Thou blood,
Which flow'st so freely from a scathed, let me
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore at once
This hateful compound of her atoms, and
Resolve back to her elements, and take
The shape of any reptile save myself,
And make a world for myriads of new worms!
This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade—my
Vile form—from the creation, as it hath
The green bough from the forest.

[Arnold places the knife in the ground, with the
point upwards.

Now tis set,

And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
Myself, and the sweet sun which warm'd me, but
In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!
So let them, for I would not be lamented:
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
The fallen leaves my monument; the murmur
Of the near fountain my sole elegy.
Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife,
his eye is suddenly caught by the fountain,
which seems in motion.

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall
The ripple of a spring change my resolve?
No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,
Not as with air, but by some subterranean
And rocking power of the eternal world.
What's here? A mist! No more?—

[A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands
gazing upon it: it is dispelled, and a tall
black man comes towards him.

Arn. What would you? Speak!
Spirit of man?

Stran. As man is both, why not
Say both in one?

Arn. Your form is man's, and yet
You may be devil.

Stran. So many men are that
Which is so call'd or thought, that you may add me
To which you please, without much wrong to either.
But come: you wish to kill yourself—pursue
Your purpose.

Arn. You have interrupted me.
Stran. What is that resolution which can e'er
Be interrupted? If I be the devil
You deem, a single moment would have made you
Mine, and for ever, by your suicide;
And yet my coming saves you.

Arn. I said not
You were the demon, but that your approach
Was like one.

Stran. Unless you keep company
With him (and you seem scarce used to such high
Society, you can't tell how he approaches;
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,
And then on me, and judge which of us twain
Looks likeliest what the hoors believe to be
Their cloven-footed terror.

Arn. Do you—dare you
To taunt me with my born deformity?

Stran. Were I to taunt a buffalo with this
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary
With thy sublime of humps, the animals
Would revel in the compliment. And yet
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more mighty
In action and endurance than thyself,
And all the fierce and far of the same kind
With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only
Nature's mistaken largess to bestow
The gifts which are of others upon man. [foot,

Arn. Give me the strength then of the buffalo when
He spurs high the dust, beholding his
Near enemy; or let me have the long
And patient swiftness of the desert-slip,

The helmless dromedary!—and I'll bear
The fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.
Stran. I will.
Arn. [with surprise.] Thou canst?
Stran. Perhaps. Would you aught else?
Arn. Thou mockest me.
Stran. Not I. Why should I mock
What all are mocking? That's poor sport. me-
To talk to thee in human language (for [thinks.
Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester
Hunts not the wretched coney, but the boar,
Or wolf, or lion, leaving paltry game
To petty burghers, who leave once a year
Their walls, to fill their household cauldrons with
Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee,—
Now I can mock the mightiest.
Arn. Then waste not
Thy time on me: I seek thee not.
Stran. Your thoughts
Are not far from me. Do not send me back:
I'm not so easily recall'd to do
Good service
Arn. What wilt thou do for me?
Stran. Change
Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so irks you;
Or form to your wish in any shape.
Arn. Oh! then you are indeed the demon, for
Nought else would wittingly wear mine.
Stran. I'll show thee
The brightest which the world e'er bore, and give
Thy choice. [three
Arn. On what condition?
Stran. There's a question!
An hour ago you would have given your soul
To look like other men, and now you pause
To wear the form of heroes.
Arn. No, I will not.
I must not compromise my soul.
Stran. What soul,
Worth naming so, would dwell in such a carcass?
Arn. 'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the tennent
In which it is mislodg'd. But name your compact:
Must it be sign'd in blood?
Stran. Not in your own.
Arn. Whose blood then?
Stran. We will talk of that hereafter.
But I'll be moderate with you, for I see
Great things within you. You shall have no bond
But your own will, no contract save your deeds.
Are you content?
Arn. I take thee at thy word.
Stran. Now then!
[The Stranger approaches the fountain, and
turns to Arnold.
A little of your blood.
Arn. For what?
Stran. To mingle with the magic of the waters,
And make the charm effective.
Arn. [holding out his wounded arm] Take it all.
Stran. Not now. A few drops will suffice for this
[The Stranger takes some of Arnold's blood in
his hand, and casts it into the fountain.
Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!

Rise to your duty—
This is the hour!
Walk lovely and pliant
From the depth of this fountain,
As the cloud-sha'en giant
Bestrides the Hartz Mountain.*
Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,
Bright as the Iris
When ether is spann'd,—
Such *his* dear is, [Pointing to Arnold.
Such my command!
Demons heroic—
Demons who wore
The form of the stoic
Or sophist of yore—
Or the shape of each victor,
From Maccalon's boy,
To each high Roman's picture,
Who breathed to destroy—
Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Up to your duty—
This is the hour!

[Various phantoms arise from the waters, and
pass in succession before the Stranger and
Arnold.

Arn. What do I see?
Stran. The black-eyed Roman, with
The eagle's beak between the eyes which ne'er
Beheld a conqueror, or look'd along
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became
His, and all those who heir'd his very name.
Arn. The phantom's bald; my quest is beauty.
Inher't; but his with his defects! [Count I
Stran. His brow was girt with laurels more than
You see his aspect—choose it, or reject. [thurs.
I can but promise you his form; his fame
Must be long sought and fought for.
Arn. I will fight too,
But not as a mock Caesar. Let him pass;
His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

Stran. Then you are far more difficult to please
Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus's mother,
Or Cleopatra at sixteen—an age
When love is not less in the eye than heart.
But be it so! Shadow, pass on!
[The phantom of Julius Caesar disappears
Arn. And can it
Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone,
And left no footstep?
Stran. There you err. His substance
Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame
More than enough to track his memory;
But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours,
Except a little longer and less crook'd
I the sun. Behold another!

[A second phantom passes.

* This is a well known German superstition—a
gigantic shadow produced by reflection on the
Brocken.

Arn. Who his he?

Stran. He was the fairest and the bravest of Athenians. Look upon him well.

Arn. He is More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

Stran. Such was the curled son of Clinias;—
Wouldst thou Invest thee with his form?

Arn. Would that I had Been born with it! But since I may choose further I will look further.

[*The shade of Alcibiades disappears.*]

Stran. Lo! behold again!

Arn. What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-eyed satyr.

With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,
The splay feet and low stature? I had better Remain that which I am.

Stran. And yet he was The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
And personification of all virtue.

But you reject him?
Arn. If his form could bring me That which redeem'd it—no

Stran. I have no power To promise that; but you may try, and find it Easier in such a form, or in your own

Arn. No. I was not born for philosophy,
Though I have that about me which has need on't.
Let him fleet on.

Stran. Be air, thou hemic-drinker!
[*The shade of Socrates disappears; another rises.*]

Arn. What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly hair!

And manly aspect look like Hercules,
Save that his jaundic eye hath more of Bacchus
Than the sad purger of the infernal world,
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,
As if he knew the worthlessness of those
For whom he had fought.

Stran. It was the man who lost The ancient world for love.

Arn. I cannot blame him,
Since I have risk'd my soul for cause I find not
That which he exchanged the earth for.

Stran. Since so far You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

Arn. No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult;
If but to see the heroes I should ne'er
Have seen else on this side of the dim shore
Whence they float back before us

Stran. Hence, triumvir,
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The shade of Antony disappears; another rises.*]

Arn. Who is this? Who truly looketh like a demigod,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature,
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal

In all that nameless bearing of his lids,
Which he wears as the sun his rays, soe'er they
Which shimes from him, and o'er his forehead
Emanation of a thing more glorious
Was he'er human voice!

Stran. Let the earth speak,

If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that form'd his urn.

Arn. Who was this glory of mankind?
Stran. The shame

Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—
Demetrius the Macedonian, and
Taker of cities.

Arn. Yet one shadow more.

Stran. [addressing the shadow.] Get thee to
Lamma's lap!

[*The shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes;
another rises.*]

I'll fit you still,
Fear not, my hunchback; for the shadows of
That which existed please not your nice taste,
I'll animate the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

Arn. Content! I will fix here.

Stran. I must comment

Your choice. The god-like son of the sea-goddess,
The unshorn boy of Pelene, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Bactria, roll'd o'er sands of gold,
Soft'ned by intermingling crystal, and
Kipp'd like flowing waters by the wind,
All vow'd to Sperchius as they were—behold them!
And *Am—* as he stood by Polyena,
With sanctify'd and with soft'ned love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet, downcast virgin, whose young hand
Trembled in *his* who slew her brother—So
He stand'd 't' the temple!—Look upon him as
Greece look'd her last upon her best, the instant
Ere Paris' arrow flew.

Arn. I gaze upon him
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon
Envelope mine.

Stran. You have done well. The greatest
Deformity should only barter with
The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

Arn. Come! Be quick!
I am impatient.

Stran. As a youthful beauty
Be for her guess—You both see what is not,
But dream it is what must be.

Arn. Must I wait?

Stran. No; that were a pity. But a word or two:
His stature is twelve cubits; would you so far
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or
(To talk canonically) wax a son
Of Anak?

Arn. Why not?

Stran. Glorious ambition!
I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of
Philant's stature would have gladly par'd
His own Goliath down to a slight David.
But thou, my mankin, wouldst soar a show
Rather than hero—Thou shalt be indulg'd,
If such be thy desire, and yet, by being
A little less, remov'd from present men
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all

Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt
A new-found mammoth : and their cursed engines,
Their culverins, and so forth, would find way
Through our friend's armour there, with greater ease
Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize
In Styx.

Arn. Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

Stran. Thou shalt be beautiful as the thing thou
And strong as what it was, and— [seest,

Arn. I ask not

For valour, since deformity is daring.
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal-
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,
And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, win them.

Stran. Well spoken! and thou doubtless wilt re-
main

Form'd as thou art. I may dismiss the mould
Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to incase
This daring soul, which could achieve no less
Without it.

Arn. Had no power presented me

The possibility of change, I would
Have done the best which spirit may to make
Its way, with all deformity's dull, deadly
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—
A hateful and unsightly molehill, to
The eyes of happier men. I would have look'd
On beauty in that sex which is the type
Of all we know or dream of beautiful
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh—
Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,
Though to a heart all love, what could not love me
In turn, because of this vile crooked clog,
Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have borne
It all, had not my mother spurn'd me from her
The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort
Of shape;—my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.
Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere
I knew the passionate part of life, I had
Been a clod of the valley,—happier nothing
Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage
And perseverance could have done, perchance
Had made me something—as it has made heroes
Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw me
Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;
And he who is so is the master of
Whatever dreads to die.

Stran. Decide between

What you have been, or will be.

Arn. I have done so,

You have open'd brighter prospects to my eyes,
And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,
I might be fear'd, admir'd, respected, loved
Of all save those next to me, of whom I
Would be loved. As thou showest me

A choice of forms, I take the one I view.

Haste! haste!

Stran. And what shall I wear

Arn. Surely, he

Who can command all forms will choose the high-
est,

Something superior even to that which was

Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*

Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still higher—

The poet's god, clothed in such limbs as are
Themselves a poetry.

Stran. Less will content me;

For I, too, love a change.

Arn. Your aspect is

Dusky, but not uncomely.

Stran. If I chose,

I might be whiter; but I have a penchant

For black—it is so honest, and besides

Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear

But I have worn it long enough of late,

And now I'll take your figure.

Arn. Mine!

Stran. Yes. You

Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha,

Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes;

You have yours—I mine.

Arn. Despatch! Despatch!

Stran. Even so.

[*The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it
along the turf, and then addresses the
phantom of Achilles.*

Beautiful shadow

Of Thetis' boy!

Who sleeps in the meadow

Whose grass grows o'er Troy:

From the red earth, like Adam,*

Thy likeness I shape,

As the being who made him,

Whose actions I ape.

Thou clay, be all glowing,

Till the rose in his cheek

Be as far as, when blowing,

It wears its first streak!

Ye violets, I scatter,

Now turn into eyes!

And thou, sunshiny water,

Of blood take the guise!

Let these hyacinth boughs

Be his long flowing hair,

And wave o'er his brows

As thou wavest in air!

Let his heart be this marble

I tear from the rock!

But his voice as the warble

Of birds on yon oak!

Let his flesh be the purest

Of mould, in which grew

The lily-root surest,

And drank the best dew!

Let his limbs be the lightest

Which clay can compound,

* Adam means 'red earth,' from which the first man was formed.

And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found !
Elements, near me,
Be mingled and stirr'd,
Know me, and hear me,
And leap to my word !
Sunbeams, awaken
This earth's animation !
'Tis done ! He hath taken
His stand in creation !

[Arnold falls senseless ; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground ; while the phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.

Arn. [in his new form.] I love, and I shall be beloved ! Oh, life !

At last I feel thee ! Glorious spirit !
Stran. Stop !

What shall become of your abandon'd garment,
You lump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,
Which late you wore, or were ?

Arn. Who cares ? Let wolves
And vultures take it, if they will.

Stran. And if
They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say
It must be peace-time, and no better fare
Abroad i' the fields.

Arn. Let us but leave it there ;
No matter what becomes on't.

Stran. That's ungracious,
If not ungrateful. Whatso'er it be,
It hath sustain'd your soul full many a day.

Arn. Ay, as the dunghill may conceal a gem
Which is now set in gold, as jewels should !
Stran. But if I give another form, it must be
By fair exchange, not robbery. For they
Who make men without women's and have long
Had patents for the same, and do not love
Your interlopers. The devil may take men,
Not make them,—though he reap the benefit
Of the original workmanship ;—and therefore
Some one must be found to assume the shape
You have quitted.

Arn. Who would do so ?
Stran. That I know not.

And therefore I must.
Arn. You !
Stran. I said it ere
You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

Arn. True. I forget all things in the new joy
Of this immortal change

Stran. In a few moments
I will be as you were, and you shall see
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow

Arn. I would be spared this
Stran. But it cannot be.
What ! shrink already, being what you are,
From seeing what you were ?

Arn. Do as thou wilt.
Stran. [to the late form of Arnold, extended on
the earth.]

Clay ! not dead, but soulless !
Though no man would choose thee,

An immortal no less
Deigns not to refuse thee.
Clay thou art ; and unto spirit
All clay is of equal merit.
Fire ! without which nought can live ;
Fire ! but in which nought can live,

Save the fabled salamander,
Or immortal souls which wander,
Praying what doth not forgive,
Howling for a drop of water,

Burning in a quenchless lot
Fire ! the only element
Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,

Save the worm which dieth not,
Can preserve a moment's form,
But must with thyself be blent :

Fire ! man's safeguard and his slaughter :
Fire ! Creation's first-born daughter ;
And Destruction's threaten'd son,
When heaven with the world hath done :

Fire ! assist me to renew
Life in what lies in my view
Stiff and cold !

His resurrection rests with me and you !
One little, marshy spark of flame—
And he again shall seem the same ;
But I his spirit's place shall hold !

[An ignis fatuus flits through the wood, and rests on the brow of the body. The Stranger disappears ; the body rises.

Arn. [in his new form.] Oh ! horrible !
Stran. [in Arnold's late shape.] What ! trem-
blest thou ?

Arn. Not so—
I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape
Thou lately worest ?

Stran. To the world of shadows,
But let us thread the present. Whither wilt thou ?
Arn. Must thou be my companion ?
Stran. Wherefore not ?

Your betters keep worse company.
Arn. My betters !
Stran. Oh ! you wax proud, I see, of your new
form :

I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too ! That's well ;
You improve apace ;—two changes in an instant,
And you are old in the world's ways already,
But bear with me : indeed you'll find me useful
Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce
Where shall we now be errant ?

Arn. Where the world
Is the best, that I may behold it in
Its workings.

Stran. That's to say, where there is war
And woman in activity. Let's see !
Spain—Italy—the new Atlantic world—
Africa, with all its Moors. In very truth,
There is small choice ; the whole race are just now
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

Arn. I have heard great things of Rome.
Stran. A goodly choice—
An I scarce a better to be found on earth,
Save Sodom was put out. The field is wide too ;
Pardon the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion

Of the old Vandals, are at play along
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

Arn. How

Shall we proceed?

Stran. Like gallants, on good coursers.
What, ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po
Our pages too!

Enter two Pages, with four coal-black horses.

Arn. A noble sight!

Stran. And of

A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,
Or your Kochlini race of Araby,
With these!

Arn. The mighty steam, which volumes high
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies, whel
Around their manes, as common insects swarm
Round common steeds towards sunset.

Stran. Mount, my lord:

They and I are your servitors.

Arn. And these

Our dark-eyed pages—what may be their names?

Stran. You shall baptize them.

Arn. What! in holy water?

Stran. Why not? The deeper sinner, better saint.

Arn. They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be
demons.

Stran. True; the devil's always ugly; and your
Is never diabolical. [beauty

Arn. I'll call him

Who bears the golden horn, and wears such bright

And blooming aspect, *Huon*; for he looks

Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest,

And never found till now. And for the other

And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not,

But looks as serious though serene as night,

He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king

Whose statue turns a harper once a day.

And you?

Stran. I have ten thousand names, and twice
As many attributes: but as I wear

A human shape, will take a human name.

Arn. More human than the shape (though it was
I trust. [mine once)

Stran. Then call me *Cæsar*.

Arn. Why, that name

Belongs to empires, and has been but borne
By the world's lords.

Stran. And therefore fittest for
The devil in disguise—since so deem me,
Unless you call me pope instead.

Arn. Well, then,

Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name
Shall be plain *Arnold* still.

Cæs. We'll add a title—

'*Count Arnold*;' it hath no ungracious sound,
And will look well upon a billet-doux.

Arn. Or in an order for a battle-field.

Cæs. [sings.] To horse! to horse! my coal-black
steed

Paws the ground and snuffs the air!

There's not a foal of Arab's breed

More knows whom he must bear;

On the hill he will not tire,
Swifter as it waves higher;

In the marsh he will not slacken,

On the plain be overtaken;

In the wave he will not sink,

Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;

In the race he will not pant,

In the combat he'll not faint;

On the stones he will not stumble,

Time nor toil shall make him humble;

In the stall he will not stiffen,

But be winged as a griffin,

Only flying with his feet;

And will not such a voyage be sweet?

Merrily! merrily! never unsound, [ground

Shall our bonny black horses skim over the

From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!

For we'll leave them behind in the glance of an eye.

[*They mount their horses, and disappear.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp before the walls of Rome.*

Arnold and Cæsar

Cæs. You are well enter'd now.

Arn. Ay; but my path
Has been o'er carcasses; mine eyes are full
Of blood.

Cæs. Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why!

Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight

And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,

Late constable of France: and now to be

Lord of the city which hath been earth's lord

Under its emperors, and—changing sex,

Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire—

Lady of the old world.

Arn. How old? What! are there
New worlds?

Cæs. To you You'll find there are such shortly,
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;

From one-half of the world named a *whole* new one,
Because you know no better than the dull

And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

Arn. I'll trust them.

Cæs. Do! They will deceive you sweetly,
And that is better than the bitter truth.

Arn. Dog!

Cæs. Man!

Arn. Devil!

Cæs. Your obedient humble servant.

Arn. Say *master* rather. Thou hast lured me on,
Through scenes of blood and lust, till I am here.

Cæs. And where wouldst thou be?

Arn. Oh, at peace—in peace.

Cæs. And where is that which is so? From the star
To the winding worm, all life is motion; and

In life *commotion* is the extremest point

Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes

A comet, and destroying as it sweeps

The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds its way,

Living upon the death of other things,

But still, like them, must live and die, the subject

Of something which has made it live and lie.

You must obey what all obey, the rule

Of fix'd necessity: against her edict

Rebellion prospers not.

Arn. And when it prospers—

Cæs. 'Tis no rebellion.

Arn. Will it prosper now!

Cæs. The Bourbon hath given orders for the assault, and by the dawn there will be work.

Arn. Alas!

And shall the city yield? I see the giant
Albion of the true God, and his true saint,
Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into
That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,
Which his blood made a badge of glory and
Of joy (as once of torture unto him,
God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

Cæs. 'Tis there, and shall be.

Arn. What?

Cæs. The crucifix

Above, and many altar shrines below,

Also some culverins upon the walls,

And harquebusses, and what not; besides

The men who are—kindle them to death

Of other men.

Arn. And those scarce mortal arches,

Pile above pile of everlasting wall,

The theatre where emperors and their subjects

(Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon

The battles of the monarchs of the world

And wood, the lion and his toady rebels

Of the then untameable desert, brought to post

In the arena (as right well they might),

When they had left no life, no force, no pier'd;

Made even the forest joy its tribute of

Life to their angry bells, as well

As *Dacian* men to die the eternal death

For a while instant's pastime, an' *Passion*

To a new gladiator?—Must it fall?

Cæs. The city, or the amphitheatre?

The church, or one, or all? for you confound

Both them and me.

Arn. To-morrow sounds the assault

With the first cock-crow.

Cæs. Which, if it end with

The evening's first nightingale, will be

Something new in the annals of great sieges;

For men must have their prey after long toil.

Arn. The sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps

More beautifully, than he did on *Rome*

On the day *Remus* leapt her wall.

Cæs. I saw him.

Arn. You!

Cæs. Yes, sir. You forget I am or was

Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape,

And a worse name. I'm *Caesar* and a hunchback

Now. Well! the first of *Caesars* was a bald-head,

And loved his laurels better as a wig

(So history says) than as a glory. Thus

The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.

I saw your *Romulus* (single as I am)

Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same womb,

Because he leapt a ditch (twas then no wall,

What'er it now be); and *Rome's* earliest cement

Was brother's blood; and if its native blood

Be spilt till the choked *Tiber* be as red

As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear

The deep hue of the ocean and the earth,

Which the great robber sons of fratricide
Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter
For ages.

Arn. But what have these done, their far
Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,
The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of
Piety?

Cæs. An! what had they done, whom the old
Romans o'erswept?—Hark!

Arn. They are soldiers singing
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

Cæs. And why should they not sing as well as
swans?

They are black ones, to be sure.

Arn. So, you are learn'd,
I see, too?

Cæs. In my grammar, certes. I
Was educated for a monk of all times,
And once I was well versed in the forgotten
Etruscan letters, an'—were I so minded—
Could I make their hieroglyphics plainer than
Your alphabet

Arn. And wherefore do you not?

Cæs. It answers better to resolve the alphabet
Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesmen,
And prophet, poet, doctor, alchemist,
Philosopher, and what not, they have built

More *Babels*, without new dispersion, than

The stammering young ones of the flood's dull ooze,

Who fail'd and fell each other. Why? why, marry,

Because no man could understand his neighbour

They are wiser now, and will not separate

For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,

Their *Shaloheth*, their *Koran*, *Talmud*, their

Cabala; their best brick-work, wherewithal

They build us— [sneer]

Arn. [interrupting *Cæs.*] Oh, thou everlasting

Resident! How the soldier's rough strain seems

Soften'd by distance to a hymn-like cadence!

Listen!

Cæs. Yes. I have heard the angels sing.

Arn. And demons howl.

Cæs. And man, too. Let us listen:

I love all music.

Son. of the Soldiers within.

The black hands came over

The Alps and their snow;

With Bourbon, the rover,

They pass'd the broad Po,

We have beaten all foemen,

We have captured a king,

We have turn'd back on no men,

And so let us sing!

Here's the Bourbon for ever!

Though penniless all,

We'll have one more endeavour

At yonder old wall.

With the Bourbon we'll gather

At day-dawn before

The gates, and together

Or break or climb o'er

The wall: on the ladder

As mounts each firm foot.

Our shout shall grow gladder,
And death only be mute.
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
The walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count o'er
The spoils of each dome?
Up! up with the hly!
And down with the keys!
In old Rome, the seven-hilly,
We'll revel at ease.
Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tyber all red.
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
The Bourbon for Aye!
Of our song bear the burden!
And fire, fire away!
With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes;
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drum;
And Italy's lances
Are combed at their mother;
But our leader from France's
Who warred with his brother.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon,
To plunder old Rome.

Ces. An indifferent song

For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

Arn. Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here comes

The general with his chiefs and men of trust.
A goodly rebel!

Enter the Constable Bourbon 'etern suis,' &c., &c.

Phil. How now, noble prince,

You are not cheerful?

Bourb. Why should I be so?

Phil. Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours.

Most men would be so.

Bourb. If I were secure!

Phil. Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant,

They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

Bourb. That they will filter is my least of fears.

That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites
To marshal them on—were those hoary walls
Mountains, and those who guard them like the gods
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—
But now—

Phil. They are but men who war with mortals.

Bourb. True; but these walls have girdled in great
ages,

And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
And present phantom of superious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They fit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!

Phil. So let them! Wilt thou

Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows!

Bourb. They no not menace me. I could have
faced,

Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp,
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,
And with their thin aspen faces and fix'd eyes
I fascinate mine. Look there!

Phil. I look upon

A lofty battlement.

Bourb. And there!

Phil. Not even

A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Shelter'd by the grey parapet from some
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might
Practise in the cool twilight.

Bourb. You are blind.

Phil. If seeing nothing more than may be seen
Be so.

Bourb. A thousand years have mann'd the walls
With all their heroes,—the last Cato stands
And tears his bowels, rather than survive
The liberty of that I would enslave,
And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits
From battlement to battlement.

Phil. Then conquer

The walls for which he conquer'd, and be greater!

Bourb. True; so I will, or perish.

Phil. You can not.

In such an enterprise to die is rather

The dawn of an eternal day than death.

[*Cæsar Arnold and Cæsar advance.*]

Ces. And the mere men—do they too sweat beneath
The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?

Bourb. Ah!

Welcome the bitter hunchback! and his master,
The beauty of our host, and brave as beauteous,
And generous as lovely. We shall find
Work for you both ere morning.

Ces. You will find,
So please your highness, no less for yourself.

Bourb. And if I do, there will not be a labourer
More forward, hunchback!

Ces. You may well say so.

For you have seen that back—as general
Placed in the rear in action—but your foes
Have never seen it.

Bourb. That's a fair retort.

For I provoked it:—but the Bourbon's breast
Has been, and I ever shall be, far advanced
In danger's face as yours, were you the *devil*!

Ces. And if I were, I might have saved myself
The toil of coming here.

Phil. Why so?

Ces. One half

Of your own hands of their own bold accord
Will go to him, the other half be sent,
More swiftly, not less surely.

Bourb. Arnold, your
Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his words
As his deeds.

Ces. Your highness much mistakes me.
The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

Bourb. You are brave, and that's enough for me;
and quick

In speech as sharp in action—and that's more.
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'
Comrade.

Cæs. They are but bad company, your highness;
And worse even for their friends than foes, as being
More permanent acquaintance.

Phil. How now, fellow!
Thou wast insolent, beyond the privilege
Of a butoon

Cæs. You mean, I speak the truth.
I'll lie—it is as easy; then you'll praise me
For calling you a hero.

Bourb. Philibert!
Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has
Been first, with that swart face and mountain
shoulder.

In field or storm, and patient in starvation;
An I for his tongue, the camp is full of licence,
And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue
Is, to my mind, far preferable to
The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration
Of a mere famish'd, sullen, grumbling slave,
Whom a thing can convince save a full meal,
And wine, and sleep, and a few marvels,
With which he decks him rich.

Cæs. It would be well
If the earth's princes ask'd no more.

Bourb. Be silent!

Cæs. Ay, but not idle. Work yourself with words,
You have few to speak.

Phil. What means the ambacious prater?

Cæs. To prate, like other prophets.

Bourb. Philibert!

Why will you vex I in? If we were not enough
To think on? And I! I will lead the attack
To-morrow.

Phil. He shall hold as much, my lord.

Bourb. And you will follow?

Phil. Since I must not lead.

Bourb. 'Tis necessary for the further doing
Of our enterprise, that thou should
Play the first foot upon the first ladder's
First step.

Phil. Upon his topmost, let us hope:
So shall he have his full deserts.

Bourb. The world's
Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow
Through every change the seven-hilled city hath
Retain'd her sway o'er nations, and the Caesars
But yielded to the Alarics, the Marcs,
Unto the pontiffs—Roman, Goth, or priest,
Still the world's masters! Civilized, barbarian,
Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus

Have been the circus of an empire. We'll
'Twas their turn—now 'tis ours; and let us hope
That we will fight as well, and I red much better.

Cæs. No doubt, the camp's the school of civic
What would you make of Rome? [lights.

Bourb. That which it was

Cæs. In Alaric's time?

Bourb. No, slave! In the first Caesar's,
Whose name you bear like other curs.

Cæs. And kings!
'Tis a great name for bloodhounds.

Bourb. There's a demon
In that fierce rattlesnake, thy tongue. Wilt never
Be serious?

Cæs. On the eve of battle, no;—
That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the general
To be more pensive; we adventurers
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we
Our tutelary deity, in a leader's shape, [think?]
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!
If the knives take to thinking, you will have
To crack those walls alone.

Bourb. You may sneer, since
'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse for't.

Cæs. I thank you for the freedom; 'tis the only
Pay I have taken in your highness' service. [self.

Bourb. Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay your-
Look on those towers; they hold my treasury;
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,
We would request your presence.

Arn. Prince! my service
Is yours, as in the field.

Bourb. In both we prize it,
And yours will be a post of trust at daybreak.

Cæs. And mine?

Bourb. To follow glory with the Bourbon.
Good night!

Arn. [to Cæs.] Prepare our armour for the
And wait within my tent. [assault,

[*Exeunt* Bourbon, Arnold, Philibert, &c.

Cæs. [solus.] Within thy tent!

Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my pre-
sence?

Or that this crooked coffer, which contain'd

Thy principle of life, is ought to me

I accept a mask? And these are men, forsooth!

Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!

This is the consequence of giving matter

The power of thought. It is a stubborn substance,

And thinks chaotically, as it acts,

Ever relapsing into its first elements.

Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis

The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.

When I grow weary of it, I have business

Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem

Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now

To bring one down amongst them, and set fire

Unto their anthill: how the pisuirs then

Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing

From tearing down each other's nests, pipe forth

One universal orison! Ha! ha! [*Exit* Cæsar.

PART II.

SCENE I—*Before the walls of Rome; the Assault:
the Army in motion, with ladders to scale the
walls; Bourbon, with a white scarf over his
armour, foremost.*

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

I.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark,

Whither flies the silent lark?

Whither shrinks the clouded sun?

Is the day indeed begun?

Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy :
But without there is a din
Should arouse the saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh, ye seven hills ! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken !

II.

Hearken to the steady stamp !
Mars is in their every tramp !
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon !
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank !
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier :
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

III.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Mann'd without an interval !
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon ;
All the warlike gear of old,
Mix'd with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew,
Shade of Remus ! 'tis a time
Awful as thy brother's crime !
Christians war against Christ's shrine :—
Must its lot be like to thine ?

IV.

Near—and near—and nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,—
Onward sweeps the rolling host !
Heroes of the immortal boast !
Mighty chiefs ! eternal shadows !
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother !
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels ?
Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not—*strike !* for Rome is mourning.*

V.

Onward sweep the varied nations !
Famine long hath dealt their rations.

To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh, glorious city !
Must thou be a theme for pity ?
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman !
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti !
Rouse thee, thou eternal city ;
Rouse thee ! Rather give the torch
With thine own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot

VI.

Ah ! behold you bleaching spectre !
Hion's children find no Hector ;
Priam's off-spring love their brother ;
Rome's great sire forgot his mother,
When he slew his gallant twin,
With inexorable sn.
See the giant shadow stride
O'er the ramparts high and wide !
When the first o'erleant thy wall,
Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.
Now, though towering like a Babel,
Who to stop his steps are able ?
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome !

VII.

Now they reach thee in their anger :
Fire and smoke and hellish claugour
Are around thee, thou world's wonder
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes,
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming !
Up again ! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier.
Thicker grows the strife : thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches.
Rome ! although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest-home ;
But thy hearts, alas ! oh, Rome !—
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish !

VIII.

Yet once more, ye old Penates !
Let not your quench'd hearths be Atë's !
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neros !
Though the son who slew his mother—
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother :
'Twas the Roman curb'd the Roman ;—
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
Rise ! for yours are holier charters !
Mighty gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling !
Mightier founders of those altars,
True and Christian,—strike the assaulters !
Tyber ! Tyber ! let thy torrent
Show even nature's self abhorrent

* Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to have repeated a verse of *Homer*, and wept o'er the burning of Carthage. He had better have granted it a capitulation.

Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited !
Kome be crush'd to one wide tomb,
But he still the Roman's Rome !

Bourbon, Arnold, Caesar, and others, arrive at the foot of the wall. Arnold is about to plant his ladder.

Bourb. Hold, Arnold ! I am first.

Arn. Not so, my lord.

Bourb. Hold, sir, I charge you ! Follow ! I am proud

Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

Bourbon plants his ladder, and begins to mount.

Now, boys ! On ! on !

[A shot strikes him, and Bourbon falls.]

Cæs. And off !

Arn. Eternal powers !

The host will be appall'd.—but vengeance ! vengeance !

Bourb. 'Tis nothing—lend me your hand.

[Bourbon takes Arnold by the hand, and rises ; but as he puts his foot on the step, falls again.]

Arnold ! I am sped.

Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it !

Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon ;

Let not the soldiers see it.

Arn. You must be

Removed ; the aid of—

Bourb. No, my g'dlant boy

Death is upon me—But what is *our* life ?

The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.

Keep them yet ignorant that I am but a boy.

Till they are conspirators—then do as you may.

Cæs. Would'nt your highness choose to kiss the cross ?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword

May serve instead ;—it did the same for Bayar !

Bourb. Thou bitter slave ! to name *him* at this

But I deserve it. [time]

Arn. [to Cæs.] Villain, hold your peace !

Cæs. What, when a Christian dies ? Shall I not

A Christian 'Vade in pace' ? [offer]

Arn. Silence ! Oh !

Those eyes are glazing which o'erlook'd the world,

And saw no equal.

Bourb. Arnold, shouldst thou see

France—But hark ! hark ! the assault grows warmer—Oh !

For but an hour, a minute more of life,

To die within the wall ! Hence, Arnold, hence !

You lose time—they will conquer Rome without

Arn. And without *thee* [thee.]

Bourb. Not so ; I'll lead them still

In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not

That I have ceased to breathe. Away ! and be

Victorious.

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bourb. You must—farewell—Up ! up ! the world is winning. [Bourbon dies.]

Cæs. [to Arnold.] Come, count, to business.

Arn. True I'll weep hereafter.

[Arnold covers Bourbon's body with a mantle, mounts the ladder, crying—

The Bourbon ! Bourbon ! On, boys ! Rome is ours !

Cæs. Good night, lord constable ! thou wert a man,

[Cæsar follows Arnold ; they reach the battlement ; Arnold and Cæsar are struck down.]

Cæs. A precious Somerset ! Is your countship injured ?

Arn. No [Remounts the ladder.]

Cæs. A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated !

And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them down !

His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it

As though it were an altar ; now his foot

Is on it, and—What have we here ? a Roman ?

[A man falls.]

The first bird of the covey ! he has fallen

On the out-side of the nest. Why, how now, fellow ?

Wounded Man. A drop of water !

Cæs. Blood's the only liquid

Nearer than Tiber.

Wounded Man. I have died for Rome. [Dies.]

Cæs. And so did Bourbon, in another sense.

Oh, these immortal men ! and their great motives !

But I must attend my young charge. He is

By this time 't the forum. Charge ! charge !

[Cæsar mounts the ladder ; the scene closes.]

SCENE II.—The City.—Combats between the Bersingers and Besieged in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.

Enter Cæsar.

Cæs. I cannot find my hero ; he is mix'd

With the heroic crowd that now pursue

The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.

What love we here ? A cardinal or two

That do not seem to love with martyrdom.

How did the old red-shanks scamper ! Could they doff

Their hose, as they have doff'd their hats, 'twould be

A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.

But let them fly ; the crimson kennels now

Will not much stain their stockings, since the mire

Is of the self-same purple hue.

Enter a Party fighting ; Arnold at the head of the *lance*, &c.

He comes,

Hand in hand with the mild twins—Gore and Glory.

Holla ! hold, count !

Arn. Away ! they must not rally.

Cæs. I tell thee, be not rash ; a golden bridge

Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee

A firm of beauty, and an

Exemption from some maladies of body,

But not of mind, which is not mine to give.

But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,

I dip't thee not in Styx ; and 'gainst a foe

I would not warrant thy chivalric heart

More than Pelides' heel ; why, then, be cautious,

And know thyself a mortal still.

Arn. And who

With aught of soul would combat if he were

Invincible ? That were pretty sport.

Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions roar ?

[Arnold rushes into the combat.]

Cæs. A precious sample of humanity !

Well, his blood's up ; and if a little's shed,

'Twill serve to curl his fever.

[Arnold engages with a Roman, who retires towards a portico.]

Arn. Yield thee, slave!
 I promise quarter.
Rom. That's soon said.
Arn. And done—
 My word is known.
Rom. So shall be my deeds.
 [*They re-engage. Caesar comes forward.*
Cæs. Why, Arnold! hold thine own; thou hast in
 A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor; [hand
 Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.
 Not so, my musqueteer, 'twas he who slew
 The Bourbon from the wall.
Arn. Ay, did he so.
 Then he hath carved his monument.
Rom. I yet
 May live to carve your better's.
Cæs. Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,
 Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he
 Who slays Cellini will have work'd as hard
 As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.
 [*Arnold disarms and wounds Cellini, but slightly;*
the latter draws a pistol, and fires; then
retires, and disappears through t'ie portico
Cæs. How forest thou? Thou hast a taste, me-
 thinks,
 Of red Bellona's banquet.
Arn. [*stagger.*] 'Tis a scratch.
 Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus.
Cæs. Where is it?
Arn. In the shoulder, not the sword arm—
 And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I had
 A helm of water!
Cæs. That's a liquid now
 In requisition, but by no means easiest
 To come at.
Arn. And my thirst increases;—but
 I'll find a way to quench it.
Cæs. Or be quench'd
 Thyself.
Arn. The chance is even; we will throw
 The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;
 Prithee be quick [*Caesar binds on the scarf.*
 And what dost thou so idly?
 Why dost not strike?
Cæs. Your old philosophers
 Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of
 The Olympic games. When I behold a prize
 Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.
Arn. Ay, 'gainst an oak.
Cæs. A forest, when it suits me:
 I combat with a mass, or not at all.
 Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine;
 Which is just now to gaze, since all these labourers
 Will reap my harvest gratis.
Arn. Thou art still
 A fiend!
Cæs. And thou—a man.
Arn. Why, such I fain would show me.
Cæs. True—as men are.
Arn. And what is that?
Cæs. Thou feeblest and thou see'st.
 [*Exit Arnold, joining in the combat, which still*
continues between detached parties. The
scene closes.

SCENE III.—*St. Peter's. The Interior of the Church; the Pope at the Altar; Priests, &c., crowding in confusion, and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiers*

Enter Caesar.

A Spanish Soldier. Down with them, comrades!
 seize upon those lamps!

Cleave you bald-pated shaveling to the chine!
 His rosary's of gold!

Lutheran Soldier. Revenge! revenge!

Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—

Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

Cæs. [*interposing*] How now, schismatic?
 What wouldst thou?

Luth. Sold. In the holy name of Christ,
 Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

Cæs. Yes, a disciple that would make the founder
 Of your belief renounce it, could he see
 Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

Luth. Sold. I say he is the devil

Cæs. Hush! keep that secret,
 Lest he should recognise you for his own.

Luth. Sold. Why would you save him! I repeat
 The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth. [he is

Cæs. And that's the reason: would you make a
 quarrel

With your best friends? You had far best be quiet;
 His hour is not yet come.

Luth. Sold. That shall be seen!

[*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward: a shot*
strikes him from one of the Pope's Guards,
and he falls at the foot of the Altar.

Cæs. [*to the Lutheran.*] I told you so.

Luth. Sold. And will you not avenge me?

Cæs. Not I! You know that 'Vengeance is the
 Lord's'

You see he loves no interlopers.

Luth. Sold. [*dying.*] Oh!

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,
 Crown'd with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive

My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,
 And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis

A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's

No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills

Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth

And ashes! [*The Lutheran dies.*

Cæs. Yes, thine own amidst the rest.

Well done, old Babel!

[*The Guards defend themselves desperately, while*
the Pontiff escapes, by a private passage, to
the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.

Cæs. Ha! right nobly battled!

Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great professions,

Together by the ears and hearts! I have not

Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus

Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;

Now they must take their turn.

Soldiers. He hath escaped!

Follow! [*sage up*

Another Sold. They have barr'd the narrow pas-

And it is clogg'd with dead even to the door.

Cæs. I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank
 me for't

In part. I would not have his bulls abolish'd...

'Twere worth one half our empire: his indulgences
Demand some in return,—no, no, he must not
Fall;—and, besides, his now escape may furnish
A future miracle, in future proof
Of his infallibility. [To the Spanish Soldier.]

Well, cut-throats!

What do you pause for? If you make not haste,
There will not be a link of pious gold left.
And you, too, catholics! Would ye return
From such a pilgrimage without a relic?
The very Lutherans have more true devotion:
See how they strip the shrines!

Soldiers. By holy Peter!
He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear
The best away.

Cas. And that were shame! Go to!
Assist in their conversion. [The Soldiers disperse;
many quit the Church, others enter.]

Cas. They are gone,
And others come: so flows the wave on wave
Of what these creatures call eternity,
Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant
That foam is their foundation. So another!

Enter Olimpia, flying from the pursuit—She springs
upon the Altar.

Sold. She's mine!

Another Sold. [opposing the former.] You lie, I
track'd her first; and were she

The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her. [They fight.]

3d Sold. [advancing towards Olimpia.] You may
settle

Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimp. Infernal slave!

You touch me not alive.

3d Sold. Alive or dead!

Olimp. [embracing a massive crucifix.] Respect
your God!

3d Sold. Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[As he advances, Olimpia, with a strong and
sudden effort, casts down the crucifix; it
strikes the Soldier, who falls.]

3d Sold. Oh, great God!

Olimp. Ah! now you recognise him

3d Sold. My brain is crush'd!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness! [He dies.
Other Soldiers coming up.] Slay her, although
she had a thousand lives:

She hath kill'd our comrade.

Olimp. Welcome such a death!

You have no life to give, which the worst slave
Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming
And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as [Son,
I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and
thee!

Enter Arnold.

Arn. What do I see? A cursed jackals!

Forbear!

Cas. [aside and laughing.] Ha! ha! here's equity!
The dogs

Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

Soldiers. Count, she hath slain our comrade.

Arn. With what weapon?

Sold. The cross, beneath which he is crush'd; be-
hold him

Lie there, more like a worm than man; she cast it
Upon his head.

Arn. Even so; there is a woman
Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,
Ye would have honour'd her. But get ye hence,
And thank your meanness, other God you have none
For your existence. Had you touch'd a hair
Of those dishevell'd locks, I would have thinn'd
Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!
Ye jackals! gnaw the bones the lion leaves,
But not even these till he permits.

A Sold. [murmuring.] The lion
Might conquer for himself then.

Arn. [cuts him down.] Mutineer!
Rebel in hell—you shall obey on earth!

[The Soldiers assault Arnold.]
Arn. Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show you
slaves,

How you should be commanded, and who led you
First o'er the wall you were so shy to scale,
Until I waved my banners from its height,
As you are bold within it.

[Arnold moves down the foremost; the rest
throw down their arms.]

Soldiers. Mercy! mercy!
Arn. Then learn to grant it. Have I taught you
Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements? [who]

Soldiers. We saw it, and we know it; yet forgive
A moment's error in the heat of conquest—
The conquest which you led to

Arn. Get you hence!
Hence to your quarters! you will find them fixed
In the Colonna palace.

Olimp. [aside.] In my father's
House! [no further need]

Arn. [to the soldiers.] Leave your arms; ye have
of such; the city's render'd. And mark well
You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out a stream
As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

Soldiers. [deposing their arms and departing.]
We obey!

Arn. [to Olimpia.] Lady, you are safe.

Olimp. I should be so

Had I a knife even; but it matters not—
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,
Even at the altar foot, whence I look down
Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd.

Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

Arn. I wish to merit His forgiveness, and

Thine own, although I have not injur'd thee.

Olimp. No! Thou hast only sack'd my native land,—

No injury!—and make my father's house

A den of thieves!—No injury!—this temple—

Slippery with Roman and holy gore!

No injury! And thou wouldst preserve me,

To be—but that shall never be!

[She raises her eyes to heaven, folds her robe
round her, and prepares to dash herself down
on the side of the Altar opposite to that where
Arnold stands.]

Arn. Hold! hold!

I swear

Olimp. Spare thine already forfeit soul
A perjury for which even hell would loathe thee.

I know thee.

Arn. No, thou know'st me not; I am not
Of these men, though—

Olimp. I judge thee by thy mates?

It is for God to judge thee as thou art.

I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;

Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me,

And here, upon the marble of this temple,

Where the baptismal font baptised me God's,

I offer him a blood less holy

But not less pure (pure as it left me then,

A redeem'd infant) than the holy water

The saints have sanctified!

[*Olimpia waves her hand to Arnold with disdain,
and dashes herself on the pavement from the
Altar.*

Arn. Eternal God!

I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

Cæs. [*approaches.*] I am here.

Arn. Thou! but oh, save her!

Cæs. [*assisting him to raise Olimpia.*] She hath
done it well!

The leap was serious.

Arn. Oh! she is lifeless!

Cæs. If

She be so, I have nought to do with that:

The resurrection is beyond me.

Arn. Slave!

Cæs. Ay, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks

Good words, however, are as well at times.

Arn. Words! canst thou aid her?

Cæs. I will try. A sprinkling

Of that same holy water may be useful.

[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*

Arn. 'Tis mix'd with blood.

Cæs. There is no cleaner now

in Rome.

Arn. How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!

Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,

I love but thee!

Cæs. Even so Achilles loved

Penthesilea: with his form it seems

You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

Arn. She breathes! But no, 'twas nothing, or the

Faint flutter life disputes with death. [*last*

Cæs. She breathes.

Arn. Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

Cæs. You do me right—

The devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deem'd:

He hath an ignorant audience.

Arn. [*without attending to him.*] Yes! her heart

Alas! that the first beat of the only heart [*beats.*

I ever wish'd to beat with mine should vibrate

To an assassin's pulse.

Cæs. A sage reflection.

But somewhat late 't' the day. Where shall we hear

say she lives. [*her?*

Arn. And will she live?

Cæs. As much

As dust can.

Arn. Then she is dead!

Cæs. Bah! bah! You are so,

And do not know it. She will come to life—

Such as you think so, such as you now are;

But we must work by human means.

Arn. We will

Convey her unto the Colonna palace,

Where I have pitch'd my banner.

Cæs. Come then! raise her up!

Arn. Softly!

Cæs. As softly as they bear the dead,

Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

Arn. But doth she live indeed?

Cæs. Nay, never fear!

But, if you rue it after, blame not me.

Arn. Let her but live!

Cæs. The spirit of her life

Is yet within her breast, and may revive.

Count! count! I am your servant in all things,

And this is a new office:—'tis not oft

I am employ'd in such; but you perceive

How staunch a friend is what you call a fiend.

On earth you have often only fiends for friends;

Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence,

The beautiful half-day, and nearly spirit!

I am almost enamour'd of her, as

Of old the angels of her earliest sex.

Arn. Thou!

Cæs. I! But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

Arn. Rival!

Cæs. I could be one right formidable;

But since I slew the seven husbands of

Tobias' future bride (and after all

Was suck'd out by some incense), I have laid

Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble

Of gaining, or—what is more difficult—

Getting rid of your prize again; for there's

The rub! at least to mortals.

Arn. Prithee, peace!

Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

Cæs. Like stars, no doubt; for that's a metaphor

For Lucifer and Venus.

Arn. To the palace

Colonna, as I told you!

Cæs. Oh! I know

My way through Rome.

Arn. Now onward, onward! Gently!

[*Exit, bearing Olimpia. The scene closes*

PART III.

SCENE I.—*A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded
by a wild but smiling Country. Chorus of Pea-
sants singing before the gates.*

Chorus.

I.

The wars are over,

The spring is come;

The bride and her lover

Have sought their home:

They are happy, we rejoice;

Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

II.

The spring is come; the violet's gone,

The first-born child of the early sun.

With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue

III.

And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

IV.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dim December—
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours,
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

Enter Caesar.

Cæs. [*singing.*] The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle.
The casque's on the wall.
There's rest for the rover;
But his armour is rusty,
And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall.
He drinks—but what's drinking
A mere pause from thinking!
No bugle awakes him with life-and-death call.

Chorus.

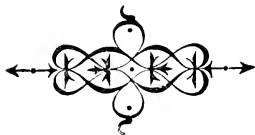
But the hound bayeth loudly,
The boar's in the wood,
And the falcon longs proudly
To spring from her hood:

On the wrist of the noble
She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble
With birds from their nest.

Cæs. Oh! shadow of glory!
Dim image of war!
But the chase hath no story,
Her hero no star,
Since Nimrod, the founder
Of empire and chase,
Who made the woods wonder
And quake for their race.
When the lion was young,
In the pride of his might,
Then 'twas sport for the strong
To embrace him in fight;
To go forth, with a pine
- or a spear, 'gainst the Mammoth,
Or strike through the ravine
At the foaming Behemoth;
While man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first-born of Nature,
And, like her, sublime?

Chorus.

But the wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home;
They are happy, and we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo from every voice!
[Exeunt the Peasantry, singing]



DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FIRST.

1819.

I.

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new
one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan:
We all have seen him in the pantomime,
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon, the Butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel,
Howe,
Evel and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley
now:
Each in their turn, like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame ' nine farrow' of that sow:
France, too, had Buonaparté and Dumourier
Recorded in the *Mouteur* and *Coureur*.

III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Petion, Cloutz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,
Were French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Dessaix,
Moreau,
With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV.

Neison was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd:
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly burn'd;
Because the army's greiv' more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd:
Besides, the prince is all for the land service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon,*
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
A good deal like him too, though quite the same
none
But then they shone not on the poet's page,
And so have been forgotten. I condemn none,
But can't find any in the present age
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

VI.

Most epic poems plunge *in medias res*
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),
And then your hero tells, when'er you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
My way is to begin with the beginning;
The regularity of my design
Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning,
And therefore I shall open with a line
(Although it cost me half an hour in spinning)
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women: he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb—and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz, perhaps—but that you soon may see.
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

IX.

His father's name was *Jose*—*Don*, of course,
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,
Than *Jose*, who begot our hero, who
Begot—but that's to come—Well, to renew;

X.

His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever nam'd,
With virtues equal'd by her wit alone.
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed;
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way, by all the things that she did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine; she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lope,
So that if any actor miss'd his part,
She could have served him for the prompter's
copy;

* *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona, etc.*—HORACE.

For her Feinagle's were an useless art,
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he
Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorned the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity ;
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity ;
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy : her morning dress was dminity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I wont stay
puzzling.

XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, 'the Lord's prayer,'
And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure ;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure ;
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure ;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
And said there was analogy between 'em ;
She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
But I must leave the proofs to those who've
seen 'em
But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,
And all may think which way their judgments
lean 'em, ["I am,"
'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means
The English always use to govern d—n."

XV.

Some women use their tongues—she *look'd* a
lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily
An all-in-all sufficient self-director,
Like the lament of late Sir Samuel Romilly,
The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector,
Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—
One sad example more, that 'All is vanity'
(The jury brought their verdict in 'Insanity')

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation.
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their
covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or 'Coole's Wife' set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers ;
To others' share let 'female errors' fall,
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect, past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison ;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison ;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best timepiece made by Harri-
son.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine 'incomparable oil,' Macassar !*

XVIII.

Perfect she was ; but as perfection is
Inspid in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
Don Jose, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning or the learn'd,
Who chose to go wherever he had a mind,
And never dream'd his lady was concern'd ;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturned,
Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities ;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities ;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
Off in the wrong, and never on his guard ;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepar'd,
That you might 'brain them with their lady's fan ;'
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen who, though well-born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation ;
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station ;
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpeck'd you all?

XXIII.

Don Jose and his lady quarrell'd—*why*,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though sever'd thousand people chose to try ;
'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor mine,
I loathe that low vice curiosity ;
But if there's anything in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions ; but their treatment was not kind

* Description des *vertus incomparables de l'huile*
Macassar.—See the Advertisement

I think the foolish people were possess'd,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confess'd—
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water, unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth:
Instead of quarrelling, had they been both in
Their senses, they'd have sent young master
forth
To school, or had him soundly whipped at home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don Jose and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead,
They lived respectably as man and wife;
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife.
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was mad;
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only bad;
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seem'd very odd.

XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted):
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges—
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan Ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more.
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaim'd, 'What magnanimity!'

XXX.

No doubt this patience, when the world is damn-
ing us,
Is philosophic in our former friends;
'Tis also pleasant to be decun'd magnanimous,
The more so in obtaining our own ends;
And what the lawyers call a '*magnus animus*,'
Conduct like this by no means comprehends:
Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,
But then 'tis not *my* fault if *others* hurt you.

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
And help them with a lie or two additional,
I'm not to blame, as you well know, no more is
Any one else—they were become traditional:
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
By contrast, which is what we just were wishing
And science profits by this resurrection— [all;
Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
Then their relations, who made matters worse;
(*'T*were hard to tell upon a like occasion
To whom it may be best to have recourse—
I can't say much for friend or yet relation):
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
But scarce a fee was paid on either side,
Before, unluckily, Don Jose died.

XXXIII.

He died; and most unluckily, because
According to all hints I could collect
From counsel learned in those kinds of laws
(Although their talk's obscure and circumspect),
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause:
A thousand pities also with respect
To public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.

But ah! he died; and buried with him lay
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A priest the other—at least so they say:
I asked the doctors after his decease—
He died of the slow fever call'd the tertian,
And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet Jose was an honourable man;
That I must say, who knew him very well:
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,
Indeed, there were not many more to tell;
And if his passions now and then outran
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.

XXXVI.

Whether might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him,
Let's own, since it can do no good on earth;
It was a trying moment that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round
him:
No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save death, or Doctors' Commons—so he died.

XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
To a Chancery suit, and messuages, and lands,
Which, with a long minority and care,
Promised to turn out well in proper hands:
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,
And answer'd but to nature's just demands;

An only son left with an only mother,
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigree
(His sire was of Castile, his dam from Arragon):
Then for accomplishments of chivalry,
In case our Lord the King should go to war again,
He learned the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
And saw into herself, each day, before all
The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral.
Much into all his studies she inquired,
And so they were submitted first to her, all
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.

The languages, especially the dead;
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse;
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use;
In all these he was much and deeply read;
But not a page of anything that's loose,
Or hints continuation of the species,
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow vicious.

XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or bodices.
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their *Aeneids*, *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the mythology.

XLII.

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely had a decent poem,
I don't think Sappho's *Ode* a good example,
Although Longinus* tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with * *Formosa est Proserpina*.

XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong;
For early stomachs to prove wholesome food;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,
So much, indeed, as to be downright rude;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
Expurgated by learned men, who place,

Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,
The grosser parts; but fearful to deface
Too much their modest bard by this omission,
And pitying sore his mutilated case,
They only add them all in an appendix,*
Which saves in fact the trouble of an index:

XLV.

For there we have them all 'at one fell swoop,'
Instead of being scatter'd through the pages
They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
To call them back into their separate cages,
Instead of standing staring all together,
Like garden-gods—and not so decent either.

XLVI.

The *Missal*, too (it was the family *Missal*),
Was ornamented in a sort of way
Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all
Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,
Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
Could turn their optics to the text and pray,
Is more than I know—but Don Juan's moth,
Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the saint;
To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
He did not take such studies for restraint;
But how faith is acquired, and then ensure,
So well not one of the afore-said points
As Saint Augustine in his fine confessions,
Which make the reader covy his transgressions.

XLVIII.

This, too, was seal'd book to little Juan—
I can't but say that his mamma was right,
If such an education was the true one.
She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;
Her maids were old; and if she took a new one,
You might be sure she was a perfect fright
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife.

XLIX.

Young Juan wax'd in goodness and grace,
At six a charming child, and at eleven
With all the promise of as fine a face
As e'er to man's mature growth was given;
He studi'd steadily, and grew apace.
And seem'd at last in the road to heaven,
For half his days were pass'd at church, the other
Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,
At twelve he was a fine but quiet boy;
Although in infancy a little wild,
They tamed him down amongst them: to destroy
His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd;
At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy

* Fact. There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

* See Longinus, sec. 10.

Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
Her young philosopher was grown already.

LJ

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
But what I say is neither here nor there;
I knew his father well, and have some skill
In character—but it would not be fair
From sire to son to augur good or ill:
He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
But Scandal's my aversion—I protest
Against all evil-speaking, even in jest.

LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but
This I will say—my reasons are my own—
That if I had an only son to put
To school (as God be praised that I have none),
'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut
Him up to learn his catechism alone:
No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,
For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

LIII.

For there one learns—'tis not for me to boast,
Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:
I say that there's the place—but '*Verbum sat*.'
I think I pick'd up too, as well as most,
Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*:
I never married—but I think, I know
That sons should not be educated so.

LIV

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he seem'd
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
And everybody but his mother deem'd
Him almost man; but she flew in a rage
And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd)
If any said so, for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing most atrocious.

LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms, in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean,
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid
(But this last simile is trite and stupid).

LVI.

The darkness of her Oriental eye
Accorded with her Moorish origin;
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin).
When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
Borboli wept; of Donna Julia's kin
Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain,
Her great-great-grandamma chose to remain.

LVII

She married (I forget the pedigree)
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be;
At such alliances his sires would frown,

In that point so precise in each degree
That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and
nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh;
For from a root the noblest in old Spain
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh:
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain
But there's a rumour, which I fain would hush,
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on
Improving still through every generation,
Until it centred in an only son,
Who left an only daughter: my narration
May have suggested that this single one
Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
I shall have much to speak about), and she
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

LX.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love th in either; and there would arise,
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the
whole.

LXI.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting at times to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common;
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpty woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE,
'Twere better to have TWO of five-and-twenty,
Especially in countries near the sun,
And now I think on't, '*mi vien in mente*,
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

LXIII.

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
And all the fault of that indecent sun,
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,
That howsoever people fast and pray,
The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:
What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
Is much more common where the climate's sultry.

LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral North!
Where all is virtue, and the winter season

Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth
 ('Twas snow that brought St. Anthony to reason);
 Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,
 By laying whate'er suns, in mulct, they please on
 The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
 Because it is a marketable vice.

LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,
 A man well looking for his years, and who
 Was neither much beloved, nor yet abhorr'd:
 They lived together as most people do,
 Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
 And not exactly either *one* or *two*;
 Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
 For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—
 With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;
 Between their tastes there was small sympathy,
 For not a line had Julia ever penn'd;
 Some people whisper (but no doubt they lie,
 For malice still imputes some private end)
 That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
 Forgotten with him her very prudent carriage;

LXVII.

And I that, still keeping up the old connection,
 Which time had lately rendered much more
 She took his lady also in affection, [chaste,
 And certainly this course was much the best.
 She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,
 And complimented Don Alfonso's taste;
 And if she could not (who could) silence scandal,
 At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
 With other people's eyes, or if her own
 Discoveries made, but none could be aware
 Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown.
 Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,
 Indifferent from the fact, or callous grown;
 I'm really puzzled what to think or say,
 She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
 Cross'd him often—on a thing might be
 Quite well, or ill, but in a quarrel
 When she had fifty years, and I that he;
 But I am not so sure I should have smiled
 When he was sixteen, I bet a centavero;
 These few short years make wondrous alterations,
 Particularly amongst young gentlemen.

LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become
 Changed; for the dame grew distant, the youth
 shy,
 Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,
 And much embarrassment in either eye;
 There surely will be little doubt with some
 That Donna Julia knew the reason why;
 But as for Juan, he had no more notion
 Than he who never saw the sea or ocean.

LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,
 And tremulously gentle her small hand
 Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
 A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland,
 And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
 'Twas but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand
 Wrought change with all Armida's fairy art
 Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
 She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
 As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
 She must not own, but cherish'd more the while
 For that compression, in its burning core:
 Even innocence itself has many a wile,
 And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
 And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

LXXIII.

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays
 Even by its darkness: as the blackest sky
 Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
 Its workings through the vainly guarded eye;
 And in whatever aspect it arrays
 Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy.
 Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
 Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
 And stolen glances sweeter for the theft;
 And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
 Tremblings when met, and restlessness when
 left:

All these are little preludes to possession,
 Of which young passion cannot be bereft,
 And merely tend to show how greatly love is
 Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;
 She felt it going, and resolved to make
 The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
 For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake:
 Her resolutions were most truly great,
 And almost might have made a Tarquin quake;
 She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,
 As being the best judge of a lady's case.

LXXVI.

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,
 And next day paid a visit to his mother,
 An I look'd extremely at the opening door,
 Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;
 Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
 Again it opens, it can be no other:
 'Tis surely Juan now—No! I'm afraid
 That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

LXXVII.

She now determin'd that a virtuous woman
 Should rather face and overcome temptation,
 That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
 Should ever give her heart the least sensation;
 That is to say, a thought beyond the common
 Preference, that we must feel upon occasion,

For people who are pleasanter than others,
But then they only seem so many brothers.

LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?
The devil's so very sly—she should discover
That all within was not so very well,
And, if still free, that such or such a lover
Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell
Such thoughts, and be the better when they're
over;
And if the man should ask, 'tis but denial:
I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.

And then there are such things as love divine,
Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
Such as the angels think so very fine,
And matrons, who would be no less secure,
Platonic, perfect, 'just such love as mine.'
Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure,
And so I'd have her think, were I the man
On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
Between young persons without any danger:
A hand may first, and then a lip, be kiss'd;
For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,
But *here* these freedoms form the utmost list
Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger:
If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,
But not my fault—I'll tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but love within its proper limits,
Was Julia's innocent determination
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
Exertion might be useful on occasion,
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion
He might be taught, by love and her together—
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
In mail of proof—her purity of soul—
She for the future, of her strength convinced,
And that her honour was a rock or mole,
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
With any kind of troublesome control;
But whether Julia to the task was equal
Is that which must be mentioned in the sequel.

LXXXIII.

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible;
And surely, with a stripling of sixteen,
Not scandal's fangs could fix on much that's
seizable,
Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peace-
able—
A quiet conscience makes one so serene,
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That ad the apostles would have done as they
did.

LXXXIV.

And if in the meantime her husband died;
But Heaven forbid that such a thought should
cross [sigh'd.]
Her brain, though in a dream! (and then she
Never could she survive that common loss;
But just suppose that moment should betide,
I only say suppose it—*inter nos*.
(This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
In French, but then the rhyme would go for
nought.)

LXXXV.

I only say, suppose this supposition:
Juan being then grown up to man's estate
Would fully suit a widow of condition,
Even seven years hence it would not be too late;
And in the interim (to pursue this vision),
The mischief, after all could not be great,
For he would learn the rudiments of love,
I mean the seraph way of those above.

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan,
Poor little fellow! he had no idea
Of his own case, and never hit the true one:
In feelings quick, as Ovid's Miss Melba,*
He puzzled over what he found a new one,
But not as yet imagined it could be a
Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
Which, with a little patience, might grow charac-
ing.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
His home deserted for the lonely wood,
Tormented with a wound he could not know,
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude:
I'm fond myself of solitude or so,
But then I beg it may be understood,
By solitude I mean a sultan's, not
A hermit's, with a harem for a grot.

LXXXVIII.

'Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.'
The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,
With the exception of the second line,
For that same twining 'transport and security
Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.

The poet meant, no doubt—and thus appeals
To the good sense and senses of mankind—
The very thing which everybody feels,
As all have found on trial, or may find,
That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals
Or love.—I won't say more about 'entwined'
Or 'transport,' as we knew all that before,
But beg 'security' will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks,
Thinking unutterable things: he threw

* Ovid, *de Art. Amand.* 1—11.

+ Can. phell's *Gertrude of Byronius*. I think the opening of Canto II., but quote from memory.

Himself at length within the leafy nooks
Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew ;
There poets find materials for their books,
And every now and then we read them through.
So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible.

XCI.

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth) so pursued
His self-communion with his own high soul
Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
Had mitigated part, though not the whole
Of its disease: he did the best he could
With things not very subject to control.
And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,
Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth ;
And then he thought of earthquakes and of wars,
How many miles the moon might have in girth,
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies ;—
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

XCIII.

In thoughts like these trace was I near discern
Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
Which some are born with, but the most part learn
To plague themselves withal, they know not
why ;
'Twas strange that one so young should thus
His brain about the aether of the sky ;
If you think 'twas philosophy that thus led,
I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
And heard a voice in all the world, and then
He thought of wood-buying huns and mineral waters,
And how the goddesses came down to him,
He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the hour,
And when he look'd up he was with a pain,
He found how much he'd lost, then a winner ;
He also found that he had sold his crown.

XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to regard a portrait-book,
Boson, or Garrick, or by the wind
Even as the page is mistle I shall look,
So by the poetry of his own mind
Over the mystic leaf his soul was lock'd,
As if 'twere one, where on he gazed, and find
Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,
According to some good-fellows in a tale.

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hour away,
Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted ;
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
Could yield his spirit that for which he panted,
A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
And hear the heart beat it with the love it granted ;
With—several other things which I forget,
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

Those lonely walks and lengthening reveries
Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes ;
She saw that Juan was not at his ease ;
But that which chiefly may, and must, surprise,
Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease
Her only son with question or surmise ;
Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very common,
For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of woman,
And break the—Which commandment is't they
break ?

(I have forgot the number, and think no man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake.)
I say when these same gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us

XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place ;
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or panting blindly to his own disgrace,
By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious ;
The last indeed's intolably the case !
And when the spouse and friend are gone off
wholly,

He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted ;
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,
The while the wicked world beholds, delighted,
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,
Till some confounded escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over ;
And then the mother cries, the father swears,
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion
She had some other motive much more near,
For leaving Juan to the next temptation ;
But what that motive was, I shan't say here—
Perhaps to imitate Julia's devotion,
Perhaps to open Don Alonzo's eyes,
Because he thought his wife too great a prize.

CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day ;—
Summer's miles of a very dangerous season,
And so is spring, about the end of May ;
The sun no doubt is the prevailing reason ;
But what so'er the cause is, one may say,
And stand convicted of more truth than treason,
That there are months which nature grows more
merry in,
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine

CIII.

'Twas on a summer's day—the 6th of June ;
I like to be particular in dates,

Not only of the age and year, but moon :

They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses, making history change its tune,
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-oblits of theology.

CIV.

'Twas on the sixth of June, about the hour
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven—
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,
To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

CV.

She sate, but not alone; I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell—
People should hold their tongues in any case :
No matter how or why the thing befell,
But there were she and Juan, face to face ;
When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI.

How beautiful she look'd ! her conscious heart
Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong :
O Love ! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the
strong :

How self-deceitful is the sagest part
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along !
The precipice she stood on was immense,
So was her creed in her own innocence.

CVII.

She thought of her own strength and Juan's youth,
And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years :
I wish these last had not occur'd, in sooth,
Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

CVIII.

When people say, 'I've told you *fifty* times,'
They mean to scold, and very often do ;
When poets say, 'I've written *fifty* rhymes,'
They make you dread that they'll recite them
too ;

In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes ;
At *fifty*, love for love is rare, 'tis true :
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for *fifty* louis

CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love
For Don Alfonso ; and she inly swore,
By all the vows below to powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove ;
And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own.

CX.

Unconsciously, she lean'd upon the other,
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair ;
And to contend with thoughts she could not
smother,

She seem'd, by the distraction of her air,
'Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother
To leave together this imprudent pair :
She who for many years had watched her son so ;
I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably, confirm'd its grasp,
As if it said, 'Detain me, if you please :'
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze ;
She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
Had she imagin'd such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did is much what you would do ;
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss—
Love is so very timid when 'tis new :
She blush'd and frown'd not, but she strove to
speak [weak.
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so

CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon :
The devil's in the moon for mischief ; they
Who call'd her *chaste*, methinks began too soon
Their nomenclature ; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while.

CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self control ;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.

CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced,
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 'twas
placed : [harm,
Yet still she must have thought there was no
Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist ;
But then the situation had its charm,
And then—God knows what next—I can't go on—
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun

CXVI.

O Plato ! Plato ! you have paved the way,
With your confound'd fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct, by the fancied sway
Your system feigns o'er the controlless core

Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers:—You're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between.

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion:
But who, alas, can love, and then be wise?
Not that remorse did not oppose temptation:
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering 'I will ne'er consent'—consented.

CXVIII.

'Tis said that Xerxes offer'd a reward
To those who could invent him a new pleasure;
Methinks the requisition's rather hard,
And must have cost his majesty a treasure:
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure):
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXIX.

O pleasure! you're indeed a pleasant thing,
Although one must be damn'd for you, no doubt:
I make a resolution every spring,
Of reformation ere the year run out:
But somehow this my vernal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And I mean next winter to be quite reclaim'd.

CXX.

Here my chaste muse a liberty must take— [hence
Start not, still chaster reader—she'll be nice
Forward, and there is no great cause to quake:
This liberty is a poetic licence,
Which some irreverent may make
In the design, in the *Chorus*, *Act*, *Scene*,
Of Aristotle and the *Rub*, is fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,
Without whose epoch my poetic skill,
For want of facts, would all be thrown away),
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have pass'd; we'll
'Twas in November—but I'm not so sure—say
About the day—the end, more obscure.

CXXII.

We'll talk of that anon. 'Tis sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

CXXIII.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near
home,

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lip of children, and their earliest words.

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth:
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth;
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made 'us youth' wait too—too long
already
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

CXXVI.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend:
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dead is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like A Linn's recollection of his fall:
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd, all's
known—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

CXXVIII.

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature, and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts
This is the age of oddities let loose,
Where different talents had their different marts:
You'd best begin with truth; and when you've lost
your
Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen!
(Signs of true genius and of empty pockets:)
One makes new noses, one a guillotine,
One breaks your bones, one sets them in their
sockets;
But vaccination certainly has been
A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets

With which the doctor paid off an old pox,
By borrowing a new one from an ox.

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes,
And galvanism has set some corpses grinning,
But has not answer'd like the apparatus
Of the Humane Society's beginning,
By which men are unsuffocated gratis:
What wondrous new machines have late been
spinning!

I said the small-pox has gone out of late,
Perhaps it may be followed by the great.

CXXXI.

'Tis said the great came from America:
Perhaps it may set out on its return:
The population there so spreads, they say,
'Tis grown high time to thin it in its turn,
With war, or plague, or famine, any way,
So that civilization they may learn;

.

CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions
For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
All propagated with the best intentions.
Sir Humphry Davy's lantern, by which coals
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
Timbuctoo travels, voyages to the Poles,
Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXIII.

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
'Tis pity though, in this sublime world, that
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure;
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
The path is through perplexing ways; and when
The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and then—

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—
And so good night. Return we to our story:
'Twas in November, when fine days are few,
And the far mountains wax a little hoary,
And clap a white cape on their mantles blue;
And the sea dashes round the promontory,
And the loud breaker boils against the rock,
And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night:
No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright
With the piled wood, round which the family
crowd.

There's something cheerful in that sort of light,
Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:
I'm fond of fire, and crackets, and all that,
A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.

'Twas midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,
Sleeping, most probably, when at her door

Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
If they had never been awake before,
And that they have been so, we all have read,
And are to be so, at the least, once more:
The door was fasten'd, but with voice and fist
First knocks were heard, then 'Madam—madam—
hist!

CXXXVII.

'For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's my
master,
With more than half the city at his back—
Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!
'Tis not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack!
Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—
They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
Surely the window's not so very high!

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
With torches, friends, and servants in great
number;
The major part of them had long been wived,
And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber
Of any wicked woman, who contrived
By stealth her husband's temples to encumber:
Examples of this kind are so contagious,
Were *one* not punish'd, *all* would be outrageous

CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;
But for a cavalier of his condition
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
Without a word of previous admonition,
To hold a levée round his lady's bed,
And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and sword,
To prove himself the thing he most abhor'd.

CXL.

Poor Donna Julia, starting as from sleep
(Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept),
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;
Her maid Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
As if she had just now from out them crept;
I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who
Of goldins, but still more of men, afraid,
Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,
And therefore side by side were gently laid,
Until the hours of absence should run through,
And truant husband should return, and say,
'My dear, I was the first who came away.'

CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
'In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d'ye
mean?
Has madness seized you? Would that I had died
Ere such a monster's victim I had been!
What may this midnight violence betide?
A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?

Dare you suspect me, when the thought would kill?
Search, then, the room I—Alfonso said, 'I will.'

CXLIII.

He search'd, they search'd, and rummag'd every-
where,

Closet and clothes-press, chest, and window-seat,
And found much linen, lace, and several pair

Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
With other articles of ladies fair,

To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat;
Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords,
And wounded several shutters and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—
No matter what—it was not that they sought,

They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said
nought;

And then they stared each other's faces round:
'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,

And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition, Julia's tongue (cut off)
Was not asleep—'Yes, search and search,' she

'Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
It was for this that I became a bride!

For this in silence, I have suffer'd long
A husband like Alfonso at my side;

But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
If there be law or lawyers in all Spain.

CXLVI.

'Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,
If ever you indeed deserved the name,

Is't worthy of your years—you have three-score—
Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same—

Is't wise or fitting, careless to explore
For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?

Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
How dare you think your lady would go on so?

CXLVII.

'Is it for this I have disclaim'd to hold
The common privileges of my sex,

That I have chosen a confessor so old,
And deaf, that any other it would vex?

And never once he has had cause to scold,
But found my very innocence perplex

So much, he always doubted I was married—
How sorry you will be when I've miscarried!

CXLVIII.

'Was it for this that no Count you'er
I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?

Is it for this I scarce went anywhere,
Except to bull-fights, balls, play, rout, and revel?

Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
I favour'd none—nay, was almost unwell?

Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?*

* Donna Julia has made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers, but Algiers very nearly took him: he and his army and fleet retorted with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 17—.

CXLIX.

'Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?

Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?

Were there not also Russians, English, many?
The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,

And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

CL.

'Have I not had two bishops at my feet,—
The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez?

And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:

I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
Me also, since the time so opportune is—

Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd
trigger,

Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

'Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
Under pretence of business indispensable,

With that sublime of rascals, your attorney,
Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible

Of having play'd the fool? Though both I spurn,
he

Deserves the worst: his conduct's less defensible
Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,

And not from any love to you nor me.

CLII.

'If he comes here to take a deposition,
By all means let the gentleman proceed;

You've made the apartment in a fit condition—
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—

Let everything be noted with precision,
I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—

But, as my maid's unrest, pray turn your spies out.'
'Oh!' sobb'd Antonia, 'I could tear their eyes out.'

CLIII.

'There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The antechamber—search them under, over;

Here's the sofa, there the great arm chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a lover.

I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
And make no further noise, till you discover

The secret cavern of this lurking treasure;
And when tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

CLIV.

'And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,

Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for? how d'ye call him?

What's his lineage? let him but be shown;
I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall?

Tell me; and be assured that, since you stain
My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

CLV.

'At least, perhaps, he is not sixty years,
At that age he would be too old for slaughter,

Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
(Antonia! let me have a glass of water)

I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
They are unworthy of my father's daughter;

My mother dream'd not, in my natal hour,
That I should fall into a monster's power.

CLVI.

'Perhaps 'tis of Antonia you are jealous;
You saw that she was sleeping by my side,
When you broke in upon us with your fellows:
Look where you please—we've nothing, sir, to
Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us, [hide;
Or for the sake of decency abide
A moment at the door, that we may be
Drest to receive so much good company.

CLVII.

'And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
The little I have said may serve to show
The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er
The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow.
I leave you to your conscience as before,
'Twill one day ask you *why* you used me so.
God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!
Antonia! where's my pocket handkerchief?

CLVIII.

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten: as a veil,
Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek, appears
Her streaming hair: the black curls strive, but fail,
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through all; her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;
Antonia bustled round the ransack'd room,
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
Her master and his myrmidons, of whom
Not one, except the attorney, was amused:
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

CLX.

With prying snub-nose and small eyes, he stood,
Following Antonia's motions here and there,
With much suspicion in his attitude,
For reputation he had little care;
So that a suit or action were made good,
Small pity had he for the young and fair,
And ne'er believ'd in negatives, till these
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood, with downcast looks,
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
And treating a young wife with so much rigour,
He gain'd no point, except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had pour'd upon him for the last half-hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
To which the sole reply was tears an' lobs,
And indications of hysterics, whose
Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,

Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose:—
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
With, 'Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,
Or madam dies.'—Alfonso mutter'd, 'D—n her,'
But nothing else—the time of words was o'er;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

CLXIV.

With him retired his '*posse comitatus*,'
The attorney last, who linger'd near the door
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
Antonia let him—not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplain'd '*hiatus*'
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look. As he revolved the case,
The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted than—Oh shame!
Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
Unless this world, and t'other too, be blind?
Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name;
But to proceed—for there is more behind;
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed.

CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,
No doubt, in little compass, round or square,
But pity him! neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair:
'Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.

CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because
He had no business to commit a sin,
Fouled by heavenly, fined by human, laws—
At least 'twas rather early to begin;
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the acco'mpts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion:
'Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
And that the medicine answer'd well;
Perhaps 'twas in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

CLXIX.

What's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his fools away.

Antonia's skil was put upon the rack,

But no device could be brought into play.

And how to parry the renew'd attack?

Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:

Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,

But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand

Call'd back the tangles of her wandering hair;

Even then their love they could not all command,

And half forgot their danger and despair.

Antonia's patience now was at a stand—

'Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling there,'

She whisper'd, in great wrath; 'I must deposit

This pretty gentleman within the closet.

CLXXI.

'Pray keep your nonsense for some luckier night—

Who can have put my master in this mood?

What will become on't?—I'm in such a fright!

The devil's in the urchin, and no good—

Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?

Why, don't you know that it may enl'm in blood?

You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,

My mistress, all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.

'Had it but been for a stout cavalier

Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make haste)—

But for a child, what piece of work is here!

I really, madam, wonder at your taste—

(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:

There for the present, at the least, lie's fast,

And if we can but till the morning keep

Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep).'

CLXXIII.

Now Don Alfonso, entering, but alone,

Closed the oration of the trusty maid:

She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone—

An order somewhat sullenly obey'd;

However, present remedy was none;

And no great good seem'd answer'd if she stay'd;

Regarding both with slow and sabelong view,

She snuff'd the candle, cartied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute, then began

Some strange excuses for his late proceeding:

He would not justify what he had done;

To say the best, it was extreme ill-tonguing;

But there were ample reasons for it, none

Of which he specified in this his pleading:

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,

Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call 'rhetorique.'

CLXXV.

Julia said nought, though all the while there rose

A ready answer, which at once enables

A matron, who her husband's folly knows,

By a few timely words to turn the tables,

Which, if it does not silence, still must pose—

Even if it should comprise a pack of fables:

'Tis to retort with firmness, and when he

Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds—

Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known;

But whether 'twas that one's own guilt confounds—

But that can't be, as has been often shown,

A lady with apologies abounds;

It might be that her silence sprang alone

From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,

To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two,

Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded:

Mention'd his jealousy, but never who

Had been the happy lover, he concluded,

Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true,

His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded:

To speak of Inez now were, one may say,

Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;

Silence is best; besides, there is a *fact*—

(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,

But it will serve to keep my verse compact)—

Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather

rough,

A lady always distant from the fact:

The charming creatures he with such a grace,

There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I

Have always done so. 'Tis of no great use,

In any case attempting a reply.

For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;

And when at length they're out of breath, they sigh

And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose

A tear or two, and then we make it up;

And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her pardon,

Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,

And in conditions he thought very hard on,

Denying several little things he want'd:

He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,

With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,

Beseeching she no further would refuse,

When, lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes!—what then? not much, if they

Are such as fit with ladies' feet; but these

(N^o one can tell how much I grieve to say)

Were masculine: to see them, and to seize,

Was but a moment's act. Ah! well-a-day!

My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—

Alfonso first examined well their fashion,

And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,

And Julia instant to the closet flew.

'Fly, Juan, fly! for heaven's sake—not a word—

The door is open—y^{ou} may yet slip through

The passage you so often have explored—

Here is the garden-key. Flo—fly—Adieu!

Haste—haste! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
Day has not broke—there's no one in the street.'

CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice ;
The only mischief was, it came too late :
Of all experience 'tis the usual price,
A sort of income-tax laid on by fate :
Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,
And might have done so by the garden-gate,
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light ;
Antonia cried out ' Rape ! ' and Julia ' Fire ! '
But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.
Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,
Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night :
And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher ;
His blood was up ; though young, he was a Tartar,
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,
And they continued battling hand to hand,
For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it ;
His temper not being under great command,
If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
Alfonso's days had not been in the land
Much longer. Think of husbands', lovers' lives !
And how ye may be doubly widows—wives !

CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
And Juan throttled him to get away,
And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow ;
At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,
Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
And then his only garment quite gave way :
He fled, like Joseph, leaving it ; but there,
I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at-length, and men, and maids, who
found
An awkward spectacle their eyes before ;
Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,
Alfonso leaning breathless by the door ;
Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,
Some blood and several footsteps, but no more :
Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,
And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto. Need I sing, or say,
How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,
Who favours what she should not, found his way,
And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight ?
The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
The nine days' wonder which was brought to
And how Alfonso sued for a divorce, flight,
Were in the English newspapers, of course.

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
The depositions and the cause at full,
The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,

There's more than one edition, and the readings
Are various, but they none of them are dull :
The best is that in shorthand, ta'en by Gurney,
Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
Of one of the most circulating scandals
That had for centuries been known in Spain,
At least since the retirement of the Vandals,
First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)
To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles ;
And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through
All European climes, by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
Especially in France and Italy,
(At least this is the thing most people do.)
Julia was sent into a convent : she
Grieved, but perhaps her feelings may be better
Shown in the following copy of her letter :—

CXCI

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

CXCHH

' I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own
esteem ;
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream ;
Yet if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast—
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem :
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

CXCIV

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

CXCIV

' You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many ; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core.
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before :
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No ;
That word is idle now—but let it go.

CXCIV

' My breast has been all weakness, is so yet .
But still I think I can collect my mind ;

My blood still rushes where my spirits set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind.
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind:
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

CXCIV.

'I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet;
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete:
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would
meet;
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life, to love and pray for you.'

CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new;
Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
It trembled as magnetic needles do,
And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
The seal a sunflower: '*Elle venis sur paroit,*'
The motto cut upon a white cornelian;
The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.

CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventures is
Dependent on the public altogether:
We'll see, however, what they say to this,
Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,
And no great mischief's done by their caprice;
And if their approbation we experience,
Perhaps they'll have some more about a year
hence.

CC.

My poem's epic, and is meant to be
Divided in twelve books; each book containing,
With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
New characters; the episodes are three:
A panoramic view of hell's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of epic's no misnomer.

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
The *Tragic Medium* of the true sublime,
Which makes so many poets and some fools;
Prose poets like blank verse, I'm fond of rhyme,
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;
I've got new mythological machinery,
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

CCII.

There's only one slight difference between
Me and my epic brethren gone before;
And here the advantage is my own, I ween
(Not that I have not several merits more,
But this will more peculiarly be seen):
They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three, acts,
All these confirm my statement a good deal;
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
I'll write poetical commentaries, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that no one knows,
And carry precept to the highest pitch.
I'll call the work '*Longinus o'er a Bottle;*
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle.'

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge,
Southey,
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and
mouthy;
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat
draughty
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commit flirtation with the muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Southey's muse,
His *Blasons*, nor anything that's his;
Thou shalt not bear false witness like 'the Blues'
(There's one, at least, as very fond of this);
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose;
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
I exactly as you please, or not—the fool;
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray
That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
That if that they'll read it o'er again, and say
(But doubtless nobody will be so pett)
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;
Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go.

CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
To their own good, this warning to despise,
Led by some tortoisosity of mind
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they 'the moral cannot find
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;
Should I, captains the remark, or critics, make
They also lie, too—under a mistake.

CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral)

Meantime they'll doubtless please to collect
My epical pretensions to the laurel;
For fear some prudish readers should grow
skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the *British*

CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.

CCXI.

I think that, with this holy new alliance,
I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three-monthly; I
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,
And that the *Edinburgh Review* and *Quarterly*
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

CCXII.

'*Non ego hoc ferrom talida juventa*
Consule Plinco,' Horace said, and so
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a
Hint that, some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta),
I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot youth—when George the Third was
king.

CCXIII.

But now, at thirty years, my hair is grey—
(I wonder what it will be like at forty!)
I thought of a peruke the other day—
My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas
May,
And feel no more the spirit to retort: I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
And deem not, what I deem'd it, my soul invincible.

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
Think st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe;
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse;
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though Heaven knows how it ever found a lodg-
ment.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over; my no more
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of
widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before: *
In short, I must not lead the life I did do;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid, too:
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure,
And the two last have left me many a token,
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure.
Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
'Time is, Time was, Time's past;—a chymic
treasure
Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

CCXVIII.

What is the end of fame? tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour:
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And hard! burn what they call their 'midnight
To have, when the original is dust, [taper,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's king
Cheops erected the first pyramid,
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his mummy whole, and mummy hid;
But somebody or other, rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

CCXX.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself, 'Alas!
All things that have been born were born to die,
And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is
grass:
You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,
And if you had it o'er again—'twould pass—
So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse.'

CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader I and
Still gentler purchaser! the bard—that's I—
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
And so your humble servant, and good bye!
We meet again if we should understand
Each other; and if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short sample—
'Twere well if others follow'd my example.

* Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero?
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

CCXXII.

'Go, little book, from this my solitude!
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days.'

When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,
I can't help putting in my claim to praise—
The four first rhymes are Southey's, every line;
For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine.

CANTO THE SECOND.

1819.

I.

O YE! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals; never mind the pain.
The best of mothers and of educations,
In Juan's case, were but employ'd in vain,
Since, in a way that's rath'ler of the oddest, he
Became divested of his native modesty

II.

Had he been but placed at a public school,
In the third form, or even in the fourth,
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
At least had he been nurtured in the north,
Spain may prove an exception to this rule,
But then exceptions always prove its worth—
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce,
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
If all things be consider'd. First there was
His holy-mother, mathematical,
A—never mind, his tutor, an old ass;
A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass);
A husband rather old, not much in unity
With his young wife—a time and opportunity.

IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live, and die, make love, and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our souls,
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales;
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust—perhaps a name.

V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadix—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
'Tis there the mart of the world's wares lies:
For wine, beef, and Peruvian gold and silver,
And such sweet girls—I mean, my boys, my lasses,
Their very winks would buy a year's provision well—
I can't describe it, though it's much in the air,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like.

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a warthog,
New broke, a camelopard, a gazelle,
None—none of these will do; and then their garb!
Their veil and petticoat—alas! to dwell
Upon such things would very near absorb
A canto: then their feet and ankles—well
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready
(And so, my sober Muse—come let's be steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you must)—the
veil

Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the overpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart:—All sunny land
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail

To—say my prayers—but never was there
plann'd

A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,
Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.

VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
Her son to Cadiz only to embark;
To stay there had not answer'd her intent:
But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—
'Twas for a voyage the young man was meant,
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

IX.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
He was to travel; and, though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed:
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it),
Of good advice, and two or three of credit.

X.

In the meantime, to pass her hours away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school
For naughty children, who would rather play
(Like truant rogues, the devil, or the fool;
Intents of three years old were taught that day,
Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool:
The great success of Juan's education
Spurred her to teach another generation.

XI.

Juan embark'd, the ship got under way,
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil or a sea rolls in that bay,
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough
And standing upon deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first, perhaps, his last, farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say 't is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unnans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new.
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
But almost every other country's blue,

When, gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood, bewilder'd, on the deck : [swore,
The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.
The best of remedies is a beefsteak
Against sea-sickness : try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

XIV.

Don Juan stood, and gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native *Sion* receding far ;
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war ;
There is a sort of unexpressed concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar :
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve
Than many persons more advanced in life ;
And if we now and then a sigh must heave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By *Babel's* waters, still remembering *Sion* :
I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on :
Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves ; and the next time their servants
tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd, and thought,
While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt sea,
'Sweets to the sweet ;' (I like so much to quote ;
You must excuse this extract—'tis where she,
The queen of Denmark, for *Ophelia* brought
Flowers to the grave), and, sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII.

'Farewell, my Spain ! a long farewell !' he cried ;
'Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore :
Farewell, where *Guadalquivir's* waters glide !
Farewell, my mother ! and since all is o'er,
Farewell, too, dearest *Julia* ! (here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX.

And oh ! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that's impossible, and cannot be ;
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,

Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair !
Or think of anything excepting thee ;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew seasick.)

XX.

'Sooner shall heaven kiss earth (here he fell sicker)—
Oh, *Julia* ! what is every other woe ?
(For God's sake, let me have a glass of liquor ;
Pedro, *Battista*, help me down below)—
Julia, my love ! (you rascal, *Pedro*, quicker)—
Oh, *Julia* !—(this curst vessel pitches so)—
Beloved *Julia*, hear me still beseeching !
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas ! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
Of us dies with them, as each fond hope ends :
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII.

Love's a capricious power : I've known it hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat :
Against all notable maladies he's bold,
But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
Nor inflammations reddens his blind eye.

XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
About the lower regions of the bowels,
Love, who heretically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea-sickness, death : his love was perfect, how
else
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before ?

XXIV.

The ship, call'd the most holy ' *Trinidad*,'
Was steering duly for the port *Leghorn* ;
For there the Spanish family *Moncada*
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born :
They were relations, and for them he had a
Letter of introduction, which the morn
Of his departure had been sent him by
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and
A tutor, the licentiate *Pedrillo*,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow
And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land.
His headache being increased by every billow :
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

XXVI.

'Twas not without some reason, for the wind
Increased at night, until it blew a gale ;

And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,
Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
At sunset they began to take in sail,
For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII.

At one o'clock, the wind with sudden shift
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, and also shatter'd the
Whole of her stern frame, and ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy,
The rudder bore away: 'twas time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remaining set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not;
But they could not do so, at the leak as yet.
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet:
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, lakes of
mashin,

XXIX.

Into the opening; but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, and they must have gone
down,

Despite of all their efforts and exploits,
But for the pumps: I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother tars who may hereafter come
hence, For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they shall be in un-
line, But for the maker, Mr. Mann of London.

XXX.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,
And then the leak they reckon'd to be a gale,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hundred and one chain pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh agin; as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke
loose,

A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset;
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret. (noaks;
Or breaks their hopes, or hurts, or breaks, or
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,
And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen: first the mizen went,
The main-mast follow'd; but the ship still lay
Like a mere log and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted.

XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives as well as spoil their diet
That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

XXXIV.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion: thus it was, [psalm;
Some plundered, some drank spirits, some sung
The high wind made the trelle, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured
the qualms

Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before

It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to the drunk.

XXXVI.

'Give us more grog,' they cry'd, 'for it will be
All one an hour hence.' Juan answer'd, 'No!
'Tis true that I'll await both you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below
Like limes;—and thus his dangerous post kept he,
An' he no like to anticipate the blow;
And even Pehillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some time a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repent'd all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation:
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To put his usual mis-occupation,
In characters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind hush'd: the masts were
gone,
The leak increas'd; sheals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
A glim' of sunshine set some hands to hale—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrum'd a sail.

XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,
'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd!

And though 'tis true that man can only die once,
'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

XL.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from
thence,
Without their will, they carried them away:
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps was rather less,
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer, the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appeared in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea and coming night.

XLII.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps;—a wreck complete she roll'd
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy
sea:

And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewild'ring.

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

XLV.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some curs'd the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their
hair;
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'Twas difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition,
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress:
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII.

But in the long boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so,
Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a punchoon.

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove, in the beginning of the gale,
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one half the people there on board.

XLIX.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale.
And the dim desolate deep; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea—
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could I be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee.
Half epileptical and half hysterical:
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep aloft the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off, o'er-crowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawl'd around her like a bell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And tries to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd
Loudler than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been; for so strong it blew,
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd: near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies; and what's worse, alas!
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money in the deal—
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long boat, and there
Contrived to bid, Pedrillo, to appear;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's ease;
Battista, though for name call'd shortly Tito,
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same cause, conclusive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave,
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a wine-and-water grave:
They could not rescue him, altho'gh so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it

LVIII.

A small old spaniel—which had been Don Jose's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,
Knowing (dogs have such intellectual noses!)
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he step'd
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

LIX.

He also tuff'd his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
Who let him do, in fact, what'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say or do,

As every rising wave his dread renew'd;

But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze:
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd

LXI.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast;
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea, until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done:
A few teaspoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion:
They did their best to modify their case—
One half sat up, though numb'd with the im-
mersion,
While t'other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch: thus shivering like the
tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

LXIV.

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it; this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagu'd with friends
Or wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shun the knif
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'Tis said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors; yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, do never die:
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXVI.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear :
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there ;
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the *Argo*

LXVII

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day ;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey :
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your labouring people think, beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew ;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And, lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine ?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men !
And carry them to shore ; these hopes were fine,
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child ;
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do? and hunger's rage grew
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating, [wild :
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the virtue in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied),
As a great favour, one of the forepaws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too,

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcases ; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not : savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food ; and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound ;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found :
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellows' food.

LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes ;
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose :
At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
But of materials that must shock the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan, Julia's letter.

LXXV.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and
handed
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution ;
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death :
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
He died, as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most, in the belief in which they're bred ;
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;
But being thirstiest at the moment he
Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins :
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the brains
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food ;
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increase much more ;
'Twas not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his naster.

LXXIX.

'Twas better that he did not ; for in fact,
The consequence was awful in the extreme ;
For they who were most ravenous in the act,
Went raging mad—Lord ! how they did blaspheme,
And foam, and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt-water, like a mountain-stream :

Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knows;
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
Who had already perish'd, suffering molly,
For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
As fattest; but he saved himself, because,
Besides being much averse from such a fate,
There were some other reasons: the first was,
He had been rather indispos'd of late;
And that which chiefly prov'd his saving clause,
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
But was used sparingly: some were afraid,
And others still their appetites restrain'd,
Or but at times a little supper made;
All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:
At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino's complements
To eat the head of his arch-enemy,
The moment after he politely ends
His tale: if foes be food in hell, at sea
'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When shipwreck's short allowance grows so scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of
earth
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a fam'd hot boat's crew whel'd your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camels' bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

LXXXV.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer,
Till they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which serv'd them as a sort of gingham cover,
And when they decid'd its use they were complete,
They wrung it out, and through a tiny choker
Might not have thought the wanty draught so
sweet

As a full pot of porter, to their thinking,
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a hoarse crack,
Seek'd in the salivæ, which like nectar
stream'd:

Their throats were ovens, their swoll'n tongues
were black,

As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven: if this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, 'Heaven's will be
done:
I can do nothing;' and he saw him thrown
Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaker child,
Of a soft cheek and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart, [part.
With the deep deadly thought that they must

LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never rais'd
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gaz'd;
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was
come,
And the boy's eyes which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

XC.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Still on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas
cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shiver,
And gave no signs of life, save his limbs quivering.

XCI.

No weather'd rainbow, bursting through
The storming clouds, shone, spanning the dark
Keen rays I might base on the quivering blue,
An I'll within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

XCII.

It chang'd, of course; a heavenly chameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptiz'd in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,

Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle,
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle.)

XCIII.

Our shipwreck'd seaman thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so now and then :
'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged ; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again,
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
Quite a celestial kalidoscope

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Web-footed, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell : this seem'd a better omen still.

XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,
'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church ;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence ; the stars shone out,
The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about ;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said 'No !'
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to
doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns
And all mistook about the latter once.

XCVII.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out, and
swore,
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more ;
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course
for shore ;

For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care ;
While a few pray'd (the first time for some years),
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to waken them, but found them dead.

XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle on the hawk's-bill kind,

And by good fortune, gliding softly caught her,
Which yielded a gay's me, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind :
They thought that in such perils, more than chance,
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it : they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew :
Some thought it was Mount *Ætna*, some the high-
lands
Of *Candia*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, or other islands,

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onward to the welcome shore,
Like *Charon's* bark of spectres, dull and pale :
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their strength could not
avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and
dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

CII.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thin'd them to
Such things, a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew :
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down *Pedrillo* with salt water.

CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest tops, and smooth'd the air
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and
bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

CIV.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man
And girt by formidable waves ; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray ;
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore—and over set her.

CV.

But in his native stream, the *Guadalquivir*,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont ;
And, having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account :
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the *Hellespont*,

As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas
dash'd

Within his grasp: he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half-senseless, from the sea.

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain.

CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand: and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse, from out the furnish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the ear (their jurnmast)
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame an I pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

CXI.

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood and senses dim:
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse on limb,
And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd still retired with
strife.

CXII.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclose'd,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but close'd,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,

And wish'd it death in which he had reposed;
And then once more his feelings back were
brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And, chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till, beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead: then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers too.

CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl and her attendant—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure—then begun
To kindle fire; and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the
Had never seen, the maid, or whatso'er [sun
She was, appear'd, distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

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

CXVII.

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

CXVIII.

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

CXIX.

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
One should not rail without a decent cause:

There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

CXX.

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

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case;
Her dress was many-coloured, finely spun;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely shone;
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand; but what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials: she
Had not so many ornaments to strike;
Her hair had silver only, bound to be
Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions
Which are (as I must own) of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions:
They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

CXXIV.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap which your recent poets prize;
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid: the first was only daughter
Of an old man who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connexion with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him at last the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he—though of men,
Like Peter the apostle—and he fish'd
For wandering merchant vessels now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave-market too, and dish'd
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please,
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

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

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,
Insenible—not dead, but nearly so—
Don Juan, almost famish'd and half drown'd;
But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,
Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, 'to take him in,
A stranger' dying, with so white a skin.

CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house
Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
Or people in a trance into their grave;
Because the good old man had so much *vous*:
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
(A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest,
And when at last he open'd his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest:
And their compassion grew to such a size,
It open'd half the turnpike-gates to heaven—
(St. Paul says, 'tis the toll which must be given.)

CXXXII.

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they
Upon the moment could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,—
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay,
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch:

But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,

That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,

For Haidée stripp'd her sables off to make
His couch; and that he might lie more at ease,

And warm, in case by chance he should awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece.

She and her maid, and promised by daybreak
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish

For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose:

Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows.)

Just for the present; and in his bill'd head
Not even a vision of his former woes

Throbbed in accents; but dreams, which sometimes
Unwelcome visions of our former years, [spread
Till the eye, cheated, o'per's thick with tears.

CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless; but the maid,

Who smooth'd his pillow, as he left the den
Look'd back upon him, and a moment stay'd,

And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.

He slumber'd; yet she thought, at least she said

(The heart will slip even as the tongue will slip)

He had pronounced her name—and at the start

That at this moment, Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's loss, she went,

Engrossing silence straight to Zow's cave,

Better than her knew what, at first, she meant,

She being wiser by a year or two;

A year or twoes an age, when rightly soom,

At Zow spent hers as most we do our own.

In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge

Which is acquire'd in Nature's great Free College.

CXXXVII.

The room broke, and found Juan, but being still

Fast in his cave, and nothing to be seen

His rest; the rooming, they sought for long till,

And the young Icarus of the cave, I fear,

Troubled him not, and he might sleep as usual;

And need he had of him, to give or take,

Had suffer'd no more; his hair, his eyes, and countenance

To those related in my grand old Narrative.

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidée; she sat by his bed, and did,

And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,

Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, over which she
stumbled,

And handsome corpses strew'd on the shore;

And woke her maid so early that she might be led,

And call'd her father's old thrice-woo'd, who swore

In several outlets—Armenians, Turks, and Greeks—

They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,

With some pretence about the sun, that makes

Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set:

And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see, when breaks

Bright Phoebus, while the mountains still are wet

With mist, and every bird with him awakes,

And night is flung off like a mourning suit

Worn for a husband, or some other bruit.

CXL.

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight;

I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late

I have sat up on purpose all the night,

While he hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;

And so all ye who would be in the right

In health and purse, begin your day to date

From the break, and when coffin'd at fourscore,

Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

CXXLI.

And I had like met the morning face to face;

Her skin was freshest, though a feverish flush

Had dy'd it with the healing blood, whose race

From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,

Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,

That overpowers some Aigine river's rush,

Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread,

Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

CXXLII.

And I do own the cliff the island virgin came,

And I do own the cave her quick light footsteps drew

While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,

And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,

Taking her for a sister; just the same

Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,

Altho' in the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,

Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.

CXXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd,

All sofly, yet rapidly, she saw

That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;

And then she stepp'd, and stood as if in awe

(But she is awfully an Ionian-type crept,

And straight him'd her, lest the air, too raw,

Should reach his bed, then o'er him, still as death,

Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn

breath.

CXXLIV.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying,

Who'ds in rights, senses, she lean'd; and there

Altho' by the shipwreck'd boy was lying,

As o'er him lay the dim and stiffler air,

But o'er the machine some eggs was trying,

Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair

Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask

she drew out her provision from the basket [it,

CXXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,

And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be,

Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,

And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea;

And so she cook'd them breakfast to a tittle;

I can't say that she gave them any tea;

But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,

With some wine—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan;
But Haidée stopp'd her with her quick small hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand;
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic play'd, like dying day
On the snow-tops of distant hills: the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay. [weak
Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.

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

CXLIX.

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

CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
As with an effort she began to speak:
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
Although she told him in good modern Greek,
With an Ionian accent low and sweet,
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

CLI.

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

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awake
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality;
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;
At least it is a heavy sound to me,
Who like a morning slumber—for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his dream,
Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling
A most prodigious appetite: the steam
Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,
To stir her viands, made him quite awake,
And long for food, but chiefly a beefsteak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles;
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and
And when a holiday upon them smiles, [mutton;
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on:
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on;
Others are fair and fertile, among which,
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—
From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
The allegory) a mere type, no more,
That Paspheæ promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon beef—I wont say much of beef
Because 'tis liquor only, and being far
From this my subject, has no business here:
We know, too, they are very fond of war,
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;
So were the Cretans—from which I infer,
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume: The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw
A sight on which he had not lately gaw,
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,
Three or four things, for which the Lord he
praise I;
And, feeling still the famish'd culture gnaw,
He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied; and she
Who watch'd him like a mother, would have fed
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
Such appetite in one she had deem'd dead;
But Zoe, being older than Haidée,
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
That famish'd people must be slowly nurs'd,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,
Rather by deeds than words, because the case
Was urgent, that the gentleman whose fate
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace
The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—

She snatch'd it, and refused another morsel,
Saying he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd
Pair of scarce decent trousers—went to work,
And in the fire his recent rags they scatter'd,
And dress'd him, for the present, like a Turk,
Or Greek—that is, although it not much matter'd,
Omitting turban, slippers, pistols, dirk:
They furnish'd him, entire, except some stitches,
With a clean shirt and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;
And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her *protégé* and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romain.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines,
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw express
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look;
As he who studies fervently the skies
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book:
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidée's glance than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case at least where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's
wrong

They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—
I learn'd the little that I know by this.

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,
Italian not at all, having no teachers:
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
Learning that language chiefly from its
preachers—

Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
I study, also Blair, the highest teachers
Of eloquence in piety and prose;
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say:
A wanderer from the British world of fashion,
Where I, like other 'dogs, have had my day,
Like other men, too, may have had my passion;

But that, like other things, has pass'd away.

And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on:
Foes, friends, men, women, now are naught to me,
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun
To hear new words, and to repeat them; but
Some feelings, universal as the sun,
Were such as could not in his breast be shut,
More than within the bosom of a nun.
He was in love—as you would be, no doubt,
With a young benefactress; so was she,
Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by day-break—rather early
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
She came into the cave, but it was merely
To see her bird reposing in his nest;
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour fresher came,
And every day help'd on his convalescence:
'Twas well, because health in the human frame
Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence;
For health and idleness to passion's flame
Are oil and gunpowder; and some good lessons
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart (without heart, really,
Love, though good always, is not quite so good),
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli—
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood—
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly:
Eggs, oysters, too, are anatomy food;
But who is their purveyor from above,
Heaven knows—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke, he found some good things
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes [ready—
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size.
But I have spoken of all this already,
And repetition's tiresome and unwise,—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
That bathing pass'd for nothing; Juan seem'd
To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,
Of whom these two years she had nightly
dream'd.

A something to be loved, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd
To render happy: all who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin.

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake

Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch ;
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake :
To live with him for ever were too much ;
But then the thought of parting made her quake
He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

CLXXXIV.

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair Haidée
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remain'd unknown within his craggy nook.
At last her father's prows put out to sea,
For certain merchantmen upon the look,
Not as of yore to carry off an Is,
But three Ragusan vessels bound for Scio.

CLXXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,
So that, her father being at sea, she was
Free as a married woman, or such other
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
Without even the encumbrance of a brother,
The freest she that ever gazed on glass ;
I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
Where wives at least are seldom kept in garrison.

CLXXXVI.

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say
So much as to propose to take a walk ;
For little had he wander'd since the day
On which, like a young flower snapp'd from the
stalk,

Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay ;
And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,
And saw the sun set opposite the rocks.

CLXXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by a host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost ;
And rarely ceased the haughty billows' roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

CLXXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach
Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your cham-
pagne,

When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
That spring-dew of the spirit ! the heart's rain !
Few things surpass old wine ; and they may preach
Who please—the more because they preach in
vain—

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk ;
The best of life is but intoxication ;
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation ;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion ;
But to return : Get very drunk ; and when
You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king ;
For not the blest sherbet sublimed with snow
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water

CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untost,
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crest
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition,
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zee, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought duty service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And a-sking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, land, hill, and dale, and still,
With the fair mountains, recent half sunnied
On the west, and the deep-sea calm and hill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest ; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright ;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose encircling into sight ;
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss.

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, knitted from above :
Such kisses as belong to early days
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration: theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never
reckon'd;

And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second;
They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
Which, being joined, like swarming bees they
clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey
sprung.

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chandlers think it loneliness,
The silent ocean, and the star-light bay,
The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,
The voiceless sands, and the ringing caves, that lay
Around them, make them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life should never die.

CLXXXIX.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night; they were
All in all to each other; though their speech
Was broken words, they felt a language
there;

And all the burning tongues that passions teach
Found in one sight the best interpreter
Of nature's oracles—most love,—that all
Which love has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.

Haidée spoke not of sorrows, ask'd no woes,
Nor offer'd any; she had never to, and
Of plight and promise, and of fears, and
Or perils by a long, and a short day;
She was all which pain might give or take,
An I flew to her eyes, and I flew to her hair;
And, never having a moment to be still, she
Had not one word to say of our frailty.

CXCI.

She loved, and I was loving—she adore'd,
And she was as my life, and I as hers;
Their intense souls met in their passion,
If souls could be, but they were not, and were not,
But by degrees their souls were made to meet,
Again to be, and to be one;
And, floating against the waves of our heart,
Felt as if never in a boat of our own.

CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having over itself no charter'd portion,
Prompts deep love or deep hate to unfold,
But pays off moment in an act of pleasure
Of hell-fire—all pain, all joy, all pleasure,
Pleasure or pain to one another's good.

CXCIII.

Alas for Juan and Haidée! they were;
So loving and so lovely, and their love,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever;

And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
Had doubtless heard about the Stygian river,
And hell, and purgatory—but forgot,
Just in the very crisis she should not.

CXCIV.

They look upon each other and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm
clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies
Half bur'd in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee and drinks his sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXC.V.

And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,
And Juan sank to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms;
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
And then on the pale cheek her breast now
warms,
Pillow'd on her overflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants.

CXC.VI.

An infant when it gazes on the light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when sees the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A man of war his vast hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping,
As they who watch over what they love while
sleeping.

CXC.VII.

For there it lies, so tranquil, so beloved;
All that it hath of life with us is living;
So gently, so stainless, helpless, and unmoved,
As all consciousness of the joy 'tis giving;
As if in light, in fact, pass'd, and proved,
Hidly from the paths beyond the watcher's diving;
The vessel of our being, with all its errors,
An infant's charms, awake death without its terrors.

CXC.VIII.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour
Of love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
Ork with the world with their united power;
And all the elements and rocks so rude,
She and her wave worn love'd, and made their bower
Where no night upon the passion could intrude;
An all the stars that crowded the blue space,
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXC.IX.

Alas, the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs up on that she is thrown,
And in the lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but the rockiness of the past alone,
And their reviving, as it were, the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

CC.

They are right : for man to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women : one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust :
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond ?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation ;
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station ;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel ;
Some play the devil, and I then write a novel.

CCII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this :
Haidée was passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters ; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen : what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond—her heart beat to me.

CCIII.

And oh ! that quickening of the heart, that beat !
How much it costs us ! yet each rising throb
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob
Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat
Fine truths ; even Conscience, too, has a tough
job

To make us understand each good old maxim,
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

CCIV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were
plighted [shed
Their hearts ; the stars, their nuptial torches,
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted ;
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed :
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

CCV.

Oh, Love ! of whom great Caesar was the suitor,
Titus the master, Antony the slave ;
Horace, Catullus, scholars ; Ovid tutor,
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave
All those may leap who rather would be neuter
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)—
Oh, Love ! thou art the very god of evil ;
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,
And jestest with the brows of mightiest men ;
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Ebevirius,
Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen ;
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,
Such worthies Time will never see again ;

Yet to these four in three things the same luck
holds,

They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers ; there's Epicurus
And Aristippus, a material crew !
Who to immoral courses would allure us
By their ries quite practicable too ;
If only from the devil they would ensure us,
How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),
'Eat, drink, and love ; what can the rest avail us ?'
So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

CCVIII.

But Juan ! had he quite forgotten Julia ?
And should he have forgotten her so soon ?
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
Perjuring question ; but, no doubt, the moon
Does these things for us, and whenever newly a
Strong palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,
Else how the devil is it that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures ?

CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, al jure, the mortal made
Of such quicksilver-clay, that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid ;
Love, constant love, has been my constant guest ;
And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
And whisper'd, 'Think of every sacred tie !'
'I will, my dear Philos-phy ! I said,
'But then her teeth, and then, O Heaven, her
I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid, [eye !
'Or neither—out of curiosity.'
'Stop !' cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian
(Though she was masqued then as a fair Venetian).

CCXI.

'Stop !' So I stopp'd. But to return : that which
Men call inconstancy is nothing more
Than admiration, due where Nature's rich
Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
Some favour'd object ; and as in the niche
A lovely statue we almost adore,
This sort of admiration of the real
Is but a heightening of the *beau idéal*.

CCXII.

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,
A fine extension of the faculties,
Platonic, universal, wonderful, [skies,
Drawn from the stars, and filter'd through the
Without which life would be extremely dull ;
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
With one or two small senses added, just
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same object graces quite as killing
As when she rose upon us like an Eve,

'Twould save us many a heartache, many a shil-
(For we must get them anyhow, or grieve); (ling
Whereas, if one sole lady pleased for ever,
How pleasant for the heart as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day, too, like the sky:
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as on high.
But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierced, and
riven,

Its storms expire in water-drops, the eye
Pours forth at last the heart's blood turn'd to tears,
Which make the English climate of our years.

CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
But very rarely executes its function;

For the first passion stays there such a while,
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,
Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunc-
tion,
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd
'central.'

CCXVI.

In the meantime, without proceeding more
In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
That being about the number I'll allow
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
And laying down my pen, I make my bow,
Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead
For them and theirs with all who deign to read.

CANTO THE THIRD.

1821.

I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*.—We left Juan sleep'ing,
Pillow'd upon a fair and floppy breast,
And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew weeping,
And loved by a young heart, too d'ely best
To feel the poison through sighs but spirit-craving,
Or know who rested there: a few to rest
Had sofd the current of her shilless years,
And I turn'd her pure heart's purcat to tears.

II.

Oh, Love! what is it, in this world of ours,
Which makes it fatal to the lovely? And why
With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd thy
lowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish,
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

III.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover;
In all the others all she loves is love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an ass-glove,
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her.
One man alone at first her heart can move;
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the addition much to number.

IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or thine;
But one thing's pretty sure: a woman planted
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—
After a decent time must be gallant;
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;
Yet there are some, they say, who have had none,
But those who have ne'er end with only one.

V.

'Tis melancholy and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,

That love and marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same clime.
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour,
Down to a very homely household savour.

VI.

There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,
Between their present and their future state;
A sort of duality that's hardly fair
Is found the truth arrives to late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at such a
rate;
For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond;
The same things cannot always be admired,
Yet 'tis so nominated in the bond,
That both are tied till one shall have expired.
So I thought I to lose the spouse that was adorning
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

VIII.

There's doubtless something in domestic doings,
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial coolings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss.
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

IX.

All tragedies are finish'd by a death;
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage

The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their mis-
carriage ;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

X.

The only two that in my recollection
Have sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are
Dante* and Milton,† and of both the affection
Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
Of fault or temper ruin'd the connexion
(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar) ;
But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant theology
By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,
Although my opinion may require apology,
Deem this a commentator's phantasy ;
Unless, indeed, it was from his own knowledge he
Decided thus, and show'd good reason why :
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstasies
Meant to personify the mathematics.

XII.

Haidée and Juan were not married ; but
The fault was theirs, not mine : it is not fair,
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
The blame on me, unless you wish they were.
Then if you'd have them wedded, please to shut
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful ;
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

XIII.

Yet they were happy—happy in the illicit
Indulgence of their innocent desires ;
But more imprudent grown with every visit,
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's.
When we have what we like, 'tis hard to miss it,
At least in the beginning, ere one tires :
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation ;
For to a prime minister but change
His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation.
But he, more modest, took a humbler range
Of life, and in an honest vocation
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

XV.

The good old gentleman had been detain'd
By winds and waves, and some important captures,
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd,
Although a squall or two had damp'd his raptures,
By swamping one of the prizes. He had chain'd
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters,
In number'd lots : they all had cuffs and collars ;
And averaged each from ten to a hundred dollars.

XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
Among his friends the Mainots : some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
Toss'd overboard, unsaleable (being old) ;
The rest—save here and there some richer one,
Reserved for future ransom—in the hold,
Were link'd alike ; as for the common people, he
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way,
Pieced out for different parts in the Levant,
Except some certain portions of the prey,
Light classic articles of female want,
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, teapot,
Guitars and castanets from Alicante, [tray.
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
He chose from several animals he saw—
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance ;
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
He caged in one huge hamper all together.

XIX.

Then having settled his marine affairs,
Despatching single cruisers here and there,
His vessel having need of some repairs,
He shaped his course to where his daughter fair
Continued still her hospitable cares ;
But that part of the coast being shoal and bare,
And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile,
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,
Having no custom-house nor quarantine
To ask him awkward questions on the way,
About the time and place where he had been.
He left his ship to be hove down next day,
With orders to the people to careen ;
So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,
He stopp'd—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam !
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some ;
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
A female family's a serious matter ;
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires—
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter ;)
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

* Dante calls his wife, in the *Inferno*, 'La fiera moglie.'

† Milton's first wife ran away from him,

XXIII.

An honest gentleman, at his return,
 May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
 Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
 Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses.
 The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
 To his memory—and two or three young misses
 Born to some friend, who holds his wife an Irches—
 And that *his* Argus likes him by—the breeches.

XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted fair
 Has in his absence well belov'd some rich miser;
 But all the better, for the happy pair
 May quarrel; and, the lady growing wiser,
 He may resume his amatory care
 As cavalier servente, or despise her;
 And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
 Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

XXV.

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already
 Some christen'd name of the kind—I mean
 An honest friendship with a married lady—
 The only thing of this sort ever seen
 To last—of all connections the most steady,
 And the true Hymen (the first's but a screen)—
 Yet, for all that, keep not too long away;
 I've known the absent wrong'd four times a day.

XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had
 Much less experience of dry land than ocean,
 On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad;
 But not knowing rattle, rattle, had no notion
 Of the true reason of his not being sad,
 Or that of any other, and then—
 He loved his little bird, and had a pet
 But knew the cause of his not being pet.

XXVII.

He saw his white wall shining in the sun,
 His garden trees all shadowy and green;
 He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
 The distant dog bark; and perceived, half between
 The umbrage of the wall, so close and close,
 The moving figures, and the sparkle of the
 Of arms (in the last, all arms)—an eye, red eyes
 Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterfly's.

XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he saw,
 Surprised at these unoriental stages and
 He hears—alas! no mark of the place;
 But an unhallow'd card by some one falling
 A melody which made him doubt his ears,
 The cause being part of the song or riddle;
 A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,
 A most unoriental roar of bugles.

XXIX.

And still to be nearly to the place he came,
 Descending rather quickly the declivity,
 Through the waved brain, less over the green sward
 'Midst other indications of the
 Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
 Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he
 Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so martial,
 To which the Levantines are very partial.

XXX.

And I, farther on, a troop of Grecian girls,
 The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
 Were strung together like a row of pearls,
 Link'd hand in hand, and dancing: each too
 having
 Down her white neck long floating auburn curls
 (The least of which would set ten poets raving):
 Their leader sang; and bounded to her song,
 With choral step and voice, the virgin throng.

XXXI.

And I there, assembled cross-legg'd round their trays,
 Small social parties just began to dine;
 Pillars and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
 And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
 An I sherbet cooling in the porous vase:
 Above them their dessert grew on its vine;
 The orange and pomegranate, nodding o'er,
 Drog'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow
 state.

XXXII.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
 There wreath'd his venerable horns with flowers;
 While, peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
 The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
 His shaggy head, majestically tame,
 Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
 His brow, as if in act to butt, and then,
 Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

XXXIII.

Their classical profiles and glittering dresses,
 Their large black eyes and soft seraphic cheeks,
 Curious as chit-chatting mates, their long tresses,
 The nature which enlightens the eye that speaks,
 The language which happy childhood blesses,
 Made quite a picture of these little Greeks:
 So that the philosophical beholder
 Sigh'd for their sakes, that they should e'er grow
 older.

XXXIV.

And, admiring, I soon stood telling tales
 To a large, grey circle of old smokers,
 Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
 Of wonderful replies from Arab-jokers,
 Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
 Of corks bewitch'd that open to the knockers;
 Of magic pills, which by one sole act,
 Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a fact).

XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion
 For the imagination or the senses;
 Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,
 All pretty pastimes in which no offence is:
 But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
 Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
 Dreading that climax of all human ills,
 The inflammation of his weekly bills.

XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ
 The happiest mortals, even after dinner!
 A day of gold, from out an age of iron,
 Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner!

Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least) 's a siren
That lures to flay alive the young beginner;
Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word
Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
(In general, he surpris'd men with the sword)
His daughter—had not sent before to advise
Of his arrival, so that no one stir'd;
And long he pause'd to re-assure his eyes;
In fact, much more astonish'd than delighted,
To find so much good company invited.

XXXVIII.

He did not know (didst! how men will lie)
That a report (especially the Greeks)
Avouch'd his death (such people never die),
And put his house in mourning several weeks—
But now their eyes and also lips were dry:
The Bloom, too, had return'd to Haidée's cheeks.
Her tears, too, being return'd into their fount,
She now kept house upon her own account.

XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine and fiddling,
Which turn'd the idle into a place of pleasure;
The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
A life which made them happy beyond measure.
Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,
Compared with what Haidée did with his treasure:

'Twas wonderful how things went on improving,
While she had not one hour to spare from loving.

XL.

Perhaps you think, in stumbling on this feast,
He flew into a passion, and in fact
There was no mighty reason to be pleas'd;
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
To teach his people to be more exact;
And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
He show'd the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

XLI.

You're wrong: he was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought;
No courter could, and scarcely woman can
Girl more deceit within a petti-coat:
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.

XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner-tray,
Tapping the shoulder of the highest guest,
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,
He ask'd the meaning of this holiday.

The vicious Greek, to whom he had address'd
His question, much too merry to divine
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

XLIII.

And, without turning his facetious head,
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,

Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
'Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare.
A second hiccup'd, 'Our old master's dead:
You'd better ask our mistress who's his heir.'
'Our mistress!' quoth a third, 'Our mistress!—
pooh!—
You mean our master—not the old, but new.'

XLIV.

These rascals, being new owners, new not whom
They thus address'd; and Lambro's visage tell;
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
Pass'd; but he strove quite courteously to quell
The expression, and, unheav'ring to resume
His smile, requested one of them to tell
The name and quality of his new patron,
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into a matron.

XLV.

'I know not,' quoth the fellow, 'who or what
He is, nor whence he came—and little care;
But this I know, that this roast carpen's fat,
And that good wine ne'er wash'd down better
fare:
And if you are not satisfied with that,
Direct your petition to my neighbour there;
He'll answer all for better or for worse,
For none likes more to hear himself converse.'

XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
And certainly he show'd the best of breeding,
Which scarce even France, the paragon of nations
E'er saw her most polite of sons exceed;
He bore these sneers against his near relations;
His own anxiety—his heart, too, bleeding;
The insults, too, of every servile glutton,
Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—
To bid men come, and go, and come again—
To see his orders done, too, out of hand—
Whether the word was death, or but the chain—
It may seem strange to find his manners bland;
Yet such things are, which I can not explain,
Though doubtless he who can command himself
Is good to govern—almost as a Gaucif.

XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
But never in his real and serious mood;
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood;
With him it never was a word and blow,
His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood;
But in his silence there was much to rue,
And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

* 'Risponde aller' Margatte, a dir tel tosto
Io non credo piu al nero chi' all' azzurro:
Ma nel cappono, o lesso, o vugh' arrostu,
E credo alcuna volta anco nel burro;
Nella cervigia, e quando io n' ho nel mosto,
E molto piu nell' espro che il managurro;
Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino ho fede,
E credo che sia salvo chi gli crede.'

XLIX.

He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded
On to the house, but by a private way,
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
So little they expected him that day.
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say ;
But certainly to one deem'd dead, returning,
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

L.

If all the dead could now return to life
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many;
For instance, if a husband or his wife
(Nuptial examples are as good as any.)
No doubt, what'e'r might be their former strife,
The present weather would be much more rainy;
Tears shed into the grave of the connection
Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.

He enter'd in the house no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying;
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,
And round its once warm precincts palely lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

LII.

He entered in the house—his home no more ;
For without hearts there is no home,—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome : *There* he long had dwelt ;
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er ;
There his warm bosom and keen eye would meet
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour, though of savage mood ;
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure, as in food ;
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good ;
His country's wrongs, and his despair to save her,
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness by long habitude produced,
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accusom'd to behold,
The wild seas, and wild men with whom he
cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance, (tance,
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaint-

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days.
Tis true he had no ardent love for peace—
Alas! his country show'd no path to praise :

Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd
Its power unconsciously full many a time :
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII.

But whatsoe'er he had of love, reposed
On that beloved daughter. She had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen ;
A lonely, pure affection unopposed :
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him, like the Cyclops, mad with blind-
ness.

LVIII.

The cubless tigress, in her jungle raging,
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock ;
The ocean, when its yeasty war is waging,
Is awful to the vessel near the rock ;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by its own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

LIX.

It is a hard, although a common case,
To find our children running restive—they
In woe on our brightest days we would retrace,
Our littleselves reform'd in finer clay,
Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company—the gout and stone.

LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
(Provided they don't come in after dinner):
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her)
Like cherubs round an altar-piece, they cling
To the fireside (a sight to touch a sinner).
A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide ;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride ;
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side ;
Gems, gold, and silver form'd the service mostly,
Mother-of-pearl and coral the less costly.

LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes ;
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads ; and the
fishes

Were of the finest that e'er founç'd in nets,
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes:
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best
for use.

LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits and date-bread loaves closed the re-
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure, [past;
In small fine China cups, came in at last;
Gold cups of filigree, made to secure
The hand from burning underneath them placed,
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boil'd
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoil'd.

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made
Of velvet panels, each of different hue,
And th ck with damask flowers of silk inlaid;
And round them ran a yellow border too.
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
From poets, or the moralists, their betters.

LXV.

These Oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a kind
Of monitors adapted to recall,
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the mind
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
And took his kingdom from him: you will find,
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's trea-
sure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

LXVI.

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
A genius who has drunk himself to death,
A rake turn'd methodic, or eclectic—
(For that's the name they like to pray beneath)—
But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,
Are things that really take away the breath,
And show that late hours, wine, and love, are able
To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment, and appear'd quite new;
The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
Over the floors were st read; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that
gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites (that's
To say, by degradation) mingled there
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors; and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother-of-pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver. By command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:
She wore two jellicks—one was of pale yellow
Of azure, pink, and white, was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little
billow;
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jellick's fellow;
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound
her, [her.
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd,†
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her
hand; [fold
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be
told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers fur'd
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flow'd like an alpine torrent, which the sun
Dyes with his morning light, and would conceal
Her person if allow'd at large to run;‡
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curls, and sought to shun
Their bonds, when e'er some Zephyr, caught, began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

* This dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country.

† The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the Deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives.

‡ This is no exaggeration: there were four women, whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. The hair was of that length and quantity, that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair: the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

The henna should be drossily dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this; day ne'er will break
On mountain-tops more heavenly white than her;
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly,
'To gild refined gold, or paint the lily.'

LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baratan, and so transparent,
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the milky-way ap-
parent;
His turban, fur'd in many a curl of gold,
An emerald aigrette, with Hassan's hair in't,
Surmounted; as its clasp, a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it.
His verses rarely wanted their due feet;
And for his theme, he seldom sang below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the psalm says, 'singing a good matter.'

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abus'd the past,
Reversing the good custom of old days;
An eastern anti-farouk in that last
He turn'd, preferring pudding to *expatriate*—
For some few years he let his *l'esprit* be out
By his seeming indolence and his *l'esprit*;
But now he sang the Sultan and the *Princes*,
With truth like Southey, and with verse like
Crashaw.

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any man;
His polar star being one which rather ranges,
And not the fixed—he knew the way to whiccole;
So vile he soaped the doom which he avenges;
And being thence (save indeed when forc'd ill)

He lied with such a fervour of intention,
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.

LXXXI.

But he had genius,—when a turn-coat has it,
The '*Vates irritabilis*' takes care
That without notice few full moons shall pass it;
Even good men like to make the public stare,
But to my subject—let me see—what was it?—
Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress,
Of living in their insular abode. [and mode

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been the favourite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half
mellow;
And though his meaning they could rarely guess,
Yet still they dign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second's cause.

LXXXIII.

But now, being lifted into high society,
And having pick'd up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels, for variety,
He deem'd, being in a lone isle among friends,
That without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And singing as he sang in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

LXXXIV.

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and
Franks,
And knew the self-loves of the different nations;
And having lived with people of all ranks,
Had something ready upon most occasions—
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.
He vari'd with some skill his adulations;
To 'do at Rome as Romans do,' a piece
Of court but was which he observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus usually when he was ask'd to sing,
He gave the different nations something national;
'Twas all the same to him—'God save the king,'
Or '*Cæsar*,' according to the fashion all;
His muse made increment of anything,
From the high lyric down to the low rational;
If Pindar sang horseraces, what should hinder
Himself from being as phibic as Pindar?

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England, a six-canto quarto tale;
In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
The lost war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's (see what says De Staël);
In Italy he'd ape the '*Filippentisti*;
In Greece he'd sing some sort of hymn like this'tye;

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 Phoebus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
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."
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 Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat 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?
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?
'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

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!

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,
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?
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?
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.
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.
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 Heracleïan blood might own.
Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.
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.
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 your cup of Samian wine!

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain display'd some feeling—right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling. But they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.

But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think:

'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this—
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his!

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,

* Supposed to be the Cape de Verde islands, or the Canaries.

† Deep were the groans of Xerxes, when he saw
This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound
Commanding the wide sea, o'erlook'd the hosts.
With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,
And through his troops embattled on the shore
Gave signal of retreat; then started wild
And fled disorder'd.—ÆSCHYLUS.

Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
 In chronological commemoration,
 Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
 Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
 In digging the foundation of a closet,
 May turn his name up as a rare deposit.

XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile
 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
 Depending more upon the historian's style,
 Than on the name a person leaves behind,
 Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle:
 The present century was growing blind
 To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
 Until his late Life by Archdeacon Cox.

XCI.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
 A little heavy, but no less divine:
 An independent being in his day—
 Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;
 But his life falling into Johnson's way,
 We're told this great high priest of all the Nine
 Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse,
 For the first Mrs. Milton left his house

XCII.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,
 Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's
 bribes;
 Like Titus' youth, and Cesar's earliest acts;
 Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);
 Like Cromwell's pranks; but although truth exacts
 These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
 As most essential to their hero's story,
 They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
 He prated to the world of 'Pantisocracy';
 Or Wordsworth, unexcised, unhired, who then
 Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;
 Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
 Let to the *Morning Post* its aristocracy;
 When he and Southey, following the same path,
 Espoused two partners (mulliners, of Bath).

XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
 The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
 Their loyal treason, renegade vigour,
 Are good manure for their more bare biography.
 Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
 Than any since the birth-day of typography;
 A drowsy, frowzy poem call'd *The Excursion*
 Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
 Between his own and others' intellect;
 But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like
 Johanna Southcott's Shubb, and her sect,
 Are things which in this century don't strike
 The public mind—so few are the closet;
 And the new births of both their stale virginities
 Have proved but dr. opsics, taken for hymanities

XCVI.

But let me to my story: I must own
 If I have any fault, it is digression—
 Leaving my people to proceed alone,
 While I soliloquize beyond expression;
 But these are my addresses from the throne,
 Which put off business to the ensuing session;
 Forgetting each omission is a loss to
 The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call '*longueurs*'
 (We've not so good a word, but have the *thing*),
 In that complete perfection which ensures
 An epic from Bob Southey every spring)
 Form not the true temptation which allures
 The reader; but 't would not be hard to bring
 Some fine examples of the *épopée*
 To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, 'Homer sometimes sleeps';
 We feel without him; Wordsworth sometimes
 wakes,
 To show with what complacency he creeps,
 With his dear '*Waggons*,' around his lakes,
 He wishes for 'a boat' to sail the deeps—
 Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
 Another outcry for 'a little boat,'
 And drivels seas to set it well aloft.

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
 And Pegasus runs restive in his '*Waggon*,'
 Could he not beg the loan of Charles' Wain,
 Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
 Or if too classic for his vulgar brain,
 He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,
 And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
 Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

C.

'Pedlars, and 'Boats,' and 'Waggons' O, ye shades
 Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this!
 That trash of such sort not alone evades
 Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
 Floats scumlike uppermost; and these Jack Cades
 Of sense and song, above your graves may hiss—
 The 'little boatman' and his 'Peter Bell'
 Can sneer at him who drew '*Achtophél*'

CI.

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

CII.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
 Or the faint flying day hymn stole aloft.

And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd sturr'd with
prayer.

CIII.

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

CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way:
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great
Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

CV.

Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er
To where the last Casarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest; which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

CVI.

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along:
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs and their chase, and the fair
throng,
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover—shadow'd my mind's eye.

CVII.

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer.
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,

Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

CVIII.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the
heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay:
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.*

CIX.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom,
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his
tomb;†
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

CX.

But I'm digressing: what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow-man—the
moon's?
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many 'wooden spoons'
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees.)

CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—
'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two:
They'll never find it out, unless I own
The fact, excepting some experienced few:
And then as an improvement 'twill be shown:
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is,
From Aristotle *Πιστον*.—See *Ποιητικης*.

* 'Era già l'ora che volge l'disio,
A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce il cuore,
Lo ch'el' han detto a' dolci amici a' dio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,
Che pata l'giorno pianger che si muore.'
DANTE'S *Purgatory*, canto viii.
† See 'Suetonius' for this fact.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

1821.

I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes, when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer, when hurl'd from heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

II.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man, and—as we would hope—perhaps the devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast:
While youth's hot wishes in our real veins revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast:
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
We powder deeply on each past emotion.

III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
 And wish'd that others held the same opinion :
 They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
 And other minds acknowledged my dominion.
 Now my serene fancy 'falls into the yellow
 Leaf,' and Imagination droops her pinion,
 And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
 Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
 'Tis that I may not weep ; and if I weep,
 'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
 Itself to apathy, for we must steep
 Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,
 Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep ;
 Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx ;
 A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

V.

Some have accused me of a strange design
 Against the error and morality of the land,
 And trace it in this poem every line :
 I don't pretend that I can understand
 My own meaning, when I would like to say fine ;
 But the fact is, that I have nothing quaint'd,
 Unless it were to be a moment merry,
 A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime,
 This way of writing will appear exotic ;
 Dulci was sire of the half- or our rhyme,
 Who sang when children were more quixotic,
 And revel'd in the fancies of the time. — I do not fix ;
 True knights, chaste dames, long givets, kings
 But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
 I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know ;
 Perhaps no better than they have treated me,
 Who have imputed such designs as show
 Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see,
 But if it gives them pleasure, be it so ;
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free ;
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
 And tells me to resume my story here.

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
 To their own hearts' most sweet society ;
 Even Time the pithless in-sensate left
 With his rude sex the sun-heap's idle arms ; he
 Sigh'd to behold them of the robes of life,
 Though fore to love ; and yet they would not be
 Meant to grow old, but die in hay ; yet time,
 Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
 Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail ;
 The blank grey was not made to blast their hair ;
 But like the climes that know no snow nor hail,
 They were all summer ; lightning might assail
 And shiver them to ashes, but to feel
 A long and snake-like life of dull decay
 Was not for them—they had too little clay.

X.

They were alone once more ; for them to be
 Thus was another Eden : they were never
 Weary, unless when separate : the tree
 Cut from its forest root of years—the river
 Damnd from its fountain—the child from the knee
 And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,—
 Would wither less than these two torn apart ;
 Alas ! there is no instinct like the heart—

XI.

The heart—which may be broken ; happy they !
 Three fortunate ! who of that fragile mould,
 The precious porcelain of human clay,
 Break with the first fall : they can ne'er behold
 The long year link'd with heavy day on day .
 And all which must be borne, and never told ;
 While life's strange principle will often lie
 Deepest in those who long the most to die.

XII.

'When the gods love, die young,' was said of yore,
 And many deaths do they escape by this :
 The death of friends, and that which slays even
 more—
 The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
 Except more breath ; and since the silent shore
 Awaits at last even those who longest miss
 The old anchor's shafts, perhaps the early grave
 Which men weep over, may be meant to save.

XIII.

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

XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
 The last glance better understood than words,
 Who still said all, and ne'er could say too much ;
 A language, too, but like to that of birds,
 Known but to them, at least appearing such
 As but to lovers a true sense affords :
 Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
 To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er
 heard.

XV.

All these were thine, for they were children still,
 And children still they should have ever been :
 They were not made in the real world to fill
 A busy character in the dull scene ;
 But like two beings born from out a rill,
 A nymph and her beloved, all unseen
 To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
 And never know the weight of human hours.

XVI.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless
 found
 Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys

As rarely they beheld throughout their round ;
 And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,
 For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
 By the mere senses ; and that which destroys
 Most love, possession, unto them appear'd
 A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

XVII.

Oh beautiful ! and rare as beautiful !
 But theirs was love in which the mind delights
 To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,
 And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,
 Intrigues, adventures of the common school,
 Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
 Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet
 more,
 Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

XVIII.

Hard words ; harsh truth ; a truth which many
 know.
 Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
 Who never found a single hour too slow,
 What was it made them thus exempt from care ?
 Young innate feelings all have felt below,
 Which perish in the rest, but in them were
 inherent ; what we mortals call romantic,
 And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,
 An opium-dream of too much youth and reading,
 But was in them their nature or their fate :
 No novels e'er had set their young hearts
 bleeding ;
 For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great,
 And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding ;
 So that there was no reason for their loves
 More than for those of nightingales or doves.

XX.

They gazed upon the sunset : 'tis an hour
 Dear unto all, but dearest to *their eyes*,
 For it had made them what they were : the power
 Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from such
 skies,
 When happiness had been their only dower,
 And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties ;
 Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that
 brought
 The past still welcome as the present thought.

XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
 Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
 And swept, as 'twere, across their hearts' delight,
 Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
 When one is shock'd in sound, and one in sight ;
 And thus some bod'ing flash'd through either
 frame,
 And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
 While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

XXII.

That large black prophet-eye seem'd to dilate,
 And follow far the disappearing sun,
 As if their last day of a happy date
 With his broad, bright, and drooping orb were
 gone.

Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate :
 He felt a grief ; but knowing cause for none,
 His glance inquired of hers for some excuse
 For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

XXIII.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort
 Which makes not others smile ; then turn'd
 a-side :
 Whatever feelings shook her, it seem'd short,
 And master'd by her wisdom or her pride ;
 When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
 Of this their mutual feeling, she replied,
 'If it should be so—but—it cannot be—
 Or I at least shall not survive to see.'

XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she press'd
 His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
 And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
 Defying augury with that fond kiss :
 And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best.
 Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss ;
 I have tried both : so those who would a part take
 May choose between the headache and the heart-
 ache.

XXV.

One of the two according to your choice,
 Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo :
 Both maladies are taxes on our joys,
 But which to choose I really hardly know ;
 And if I had to give a casting voice,
 For both sides I could many reasons show,
 And then decide, without great wrong to either,
 It were much better to have both than neither.

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
 Why did they not then die?—they had lived too
 long
 Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart ;
 Years could but bring them cruel things or
 wrong :
 The world was not for them, nor the world's art
 For beings passionate as Sappho's song :
 Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,
 It was their very spirit—not a sense.

XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
 Unseen as sings the nightingale ; they were
 unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
 Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care :
 How lonely every freeborn creature broods !
 The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair ;
 The eagle soars alone ; the gull and crow
 Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

XXIX.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
 Haïdée and Juan their siesta took,
 A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
 For ever and anon a something shook
 Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
 And Haïdée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook,
 A wordless music, and her face so fair
 Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air;

XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
 Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
 Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
 The mystical usurper of the mind—
 O'erpowering us to be what'er may seem
 Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
 Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
 Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see

XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
 Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
 She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening
 her;

And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
 Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

XXXII.

Anon she was released, and then she stray'd
 O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
 And stumbled almost every step she made;
 And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
 Which she must still pursue, how'er afraid;
 'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
 Her glance or grasp, for still she gazed, and grasp'd,
 And ran, but it escap'd her as she clasp'd.

XXXIII.

The dream chang'd: in a cave she stood, its walls
 Were hung with marble icicles, the work
 Of ages on its water-frosted halls,
 Where waves might wash, and seals might breed
 and lurk;

Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
 Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and
 mark

The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they
 caught,

Which froze to marble as it fell—she thought.

XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless, at her feet,
 Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
 Which she ess'y'd in vain to clear (how sweet
 Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now!)
 Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the bog
 Of his quench'd heart; and the sea-bergs low
 Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
 And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
 Faded, or alter'd into something new—
 Like to her father's features, till each trace
 More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—

With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;
 And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
 O powers of heaven! what dark eye meets she
 there?

'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!

XXXVI.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
 With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see,
 Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
 The ocean buried, risen from death, to be
 Perchance the death of one she loved too well;
 Dear as her father had been to Haïdée,
 It was a moment of that awful kind—
 I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

XXXVII.

Up Juan sprang to Haïdée's bitter shriek,
 And caught her falling, and from off the wall
 Snatch'd down his sal-re, in hot haste to wreak
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of all.
 Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
 Smiled scornfully, and said, 'Within my call,
 A thousand scimitars await the word;
 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword.'

XXXVIII.

And Haïdée clung around him: 'Juan, 'tis—
 'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—
 He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
 Oh, dearest father, in this agony
 Of pleasure and of pain, even while I kiss
 Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
 That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
 Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy.'

XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
 Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
 He look'd upon her, but gave no reply:
 Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
 Off came and went, as there resolved to die;
 In arms, at least, he stood in act to spring
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

XL.

'Young man, your sword!' So Lambro once more
 said;

Juan replied, 'Not while this arm is free'
 The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
 But drawing from his belt a pistol, he

Replied, 'Your blood be thine on your own head.'

Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see
 'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
 And next proceeded quietly to cock.

XLI.

It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
 That cocking of a pistol, when you know
 A moment more will bring the sight to bear
 Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;

A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
 If you have got a former friend for foe;

But after being fired at once or twice,
 The ear becomes more numb, and less nice.

XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
 Had stopp'd his canto, and Don Juan's breath.

When Haïdée threw herself her boy before,
 Stern as her sire: 'On me,' she cried, 'let death
 Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
 He found—but sought not. I have pledged my
 faith;
 I love him—I will die with him; I knew
 Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too.'

XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
 And tenderness, and infancy; but now
 She stood as one who champion'd human fears—
 Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow;
 And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
 She drew up to her height, as if to show
 A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye, scann'd
 Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange
 How like they look'd!—the expression was the
 same;
 Serenely savage, with a little change
 In the large dark eye's mutual darted flame;
 For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
 If cause should be—a lioness, though tame;
 Her father's blood, before her father's face
 Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and
 Their stature differing but in sex and years;
 Even to the delicacy of their hand
 There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
 And now to see them, thus divid'd, stand
 In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears
 And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
 Show what the passions are in their full growth.

XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
 His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
 And looking on her, as to look her through,
 'Not I,' he said, 'have sought this stranger's ill;
 Not I have made this desolation: few
 Would bear such outrage, and I forbear to kill;
 But I must do my duty—how thou hast
 Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

XLVII.

'Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
 His own shall roll before you, like a ball!'
 He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
 And blew; another answer'd to the call,
 And, rushing in disorderly, though led,
 And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
 Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
 He gave the word,—'Arrest or slay the Frank!'

XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
 His daughter; while compress'd within his clasp,
 'Twixt her and Juan interpos'd the crew;
 In vain she struggled in her father's grasp—
 His arms were like a serpent's coil; then flew
 Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
 The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
 Had fallen, with his right shoulder halt cut through.

XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
 The third, a wary, cool old swordsman, took
 The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
 His own well in: so well, ere you could look,
 His man was floor'd, and helpless at his foot,
 With the blood running, like a little brook,
 From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
 One on the arm, the other on the head.

L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
 Juan from the apartment: with a sign,
 Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
 Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.
 They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
 Until they reach'd some galleons, placed in line;
 On board of one of these, and under hatches,
 They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watches.

LI.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
 And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
 A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
 Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
 Just at the very time when he least broods
 On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
 Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot move,
 And all because a lady fell in love.

LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
 Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea;
 Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;
 For if my pure libations exceed three,
 I feel my heart become so sympathetic,
 That I must have recourse to black Bohea:
 'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
 For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac I
 Sweet Naad of the Phlegthontic rill!
 Ah, why the liver wilt thou thus attack,
 And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?
 I would take refuge in weak punch, but *racé*
 (In each sense of the word), when'er I fill
 My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
 Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

LIV.

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

LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store
 In marble fountains; there grain, and flower, and
 Gush from the earth, until the land runs o'er:
 But there, too, many a poison tree has root,
 And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
 And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
 Or heaving, whelm the helpless caravan:
 And as the soil is, so the heart of me:—

LVII.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human evil is kindled: full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth.
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath, it will bring forth.
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

LVIII.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth and fair
Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
Terror to earth, an I tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoon sweeps the blasted plains.

LVIII.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermaster'd, and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor,
Where late he tri'd, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she view'd in a tant, and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sister's arm, which, until now, scarce held
Her, writhing, fell she, like a cedar felled.

LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dye—
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran
o'er;
And her head droop'd, as when the lily her
O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids
bore
Their lady to her couch, with gasping eyes,
Of her's and her maid's they pressed their store;
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

LX.

Days lay she in that state, unchanged, though, chill;
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No luteous sign proo'd and her surely dead,
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope; to look upon her sweet face, I led
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd half-dead—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

LXI.

The ruling passion, such as nature shew'd,
When exquisitely dissolved, still lay there.

But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocœon's all eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
Their energy, like life, forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

Her handmaid-toned, but she heeded not;
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away;
She recognis'd no tongue, and no spot,
Her words, or cheris'd in their day,
They change'd from room to room, but all forgot;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay; [sing
At length, these eyes, who they would fain be wear-
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning.

LXV.

As if then a slave behought her of a harp;
The harper came, and tun'd his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On his harp flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turn'd, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow, through her heart re-
sent;
And he began a long low island-song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

LXVI.

As on her thin wan fingers beat the wall,
In time to his old tune: he changed the theme,
And sang of love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists, at length dissolved in rain.

LXVII.

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

* This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and dissimilar passions. The Duke Francis I. of Carri, on his deposition, having, during the bell of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, "mourut subitement d'une fièvre ardeuse, causée par une veine qui s'éclata dans ses reins," (see Stramondi and Dara, vols. I. and II.), at the age of eighty years, when "If he would have thought the old man had so much blood in him!" Before I was sixteen years of age, I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions on a young person; who, however, did not die in consequence at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

She died, but not alone : she held within
 A second principle of life, which might
 Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin ;
 But closed its little being without light,
 And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
 Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one blight :
 In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
 The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on her
 Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
 Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
 By age in earth : her days and pleasures were
 Brief but delightful—such as had not stay'd
 Long with her destiny, but she sleeps well
 By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
 Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away ;
 None but her own and father's grave is there,
 And nothing outward tells of human clay :
 Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
 No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
 What was ; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
 Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
 Sighs o'er her name, and many an islander
 With her sire's story makes the night less long.
 Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her ;
 If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
 A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
 In some shape ; let none think to fly the danger,
 For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,
 And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf ;
 I don't much like describing people mad,
 For fear of seeming rather touch'd myself.
 Besides, I've no more on this head to add ;
 And as my Muse is a capricious elf,

We'll put about, and try another tack
 With Juan, left half-killed some stanzas back.

LXXV.

Wounded and fetter'd, 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,*
 Some days and nights elapsed before that he
 Could altogether call the past to mind ;
 And when he did, he found himself at sea,
 Sailing six knots an hour before the wind ;
 The shores of Iliou lay beneath their lee—
 Another time he might have liked to see 'em,
 But now was not much pleased with Cape Sigzeum.

LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is
 (Flank'd by the Helles-point and by the sea)
 Entomb'd the bravest of the brave, Achilles ;
 They say so—(Bryant says the contrary) ;
 And farther downward, tall and towering still, is
 The tumulus—of whom ? Heaven knows ; 't may
 Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus ; [be
 All heroes, who, if living still, would slay us.

LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble or a name,
 A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted plain,
 And Ida in the distance, still the same,
 And old Scamander (if 'tis he), remain :
 The situation seems still form'd for fame—
 A hundred thousand men might fight again
 With ease : but where I sought for Iliou's walls,
 The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls.

LXXVIII.

Troops of untended horses ; here and there
 Some little hamlets, with new names uncouth ;
 Some shepherds (unlike Paris), led to stare
 A moment at the European youth,
 Whom to the spot their schoolboy feelings bear ;
 A Turk, with beads in hand and pipe in mouth,
 Extremely taken with his own religion,
 Are what I found there—but the devil a Phrygian

LXXIX.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge
 From his dull cabin, found himself a slave ;
 Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,
 O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's grave.
 Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could urge
 A few brief questions ; and the answers gave
 No very satisfactory information
 About his past or present situation

LXXX.

He saw some fellow-captives, who appear'd
 To be Italians, as they were in fact.
 From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,
 Which was an odd one : a troop going to act
 In Sicily—all singers, duly rear'd
 In their vocation, had not been attack'd,
 In sailing from Livorno, by the pirate,
 But sold by the impresario, at no high rate.*

* This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre, embarked them at an Italian port, and, carrying them to Algeria, sold them all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of 'L'Italiana in Algeria,' at Venice in the beginning of 1817.

LXXXI.

By one of these, the buffo of the party,
 Juan was told about their curious case;
 For although destined to the Turkish mart, he
 Still kept his spirits up—at least his face.
 The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,
 And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
 Showing a much more reconciled demeanour,
 Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

LXXXII.

In a few words he told their hapless story,
 Saying, 'Our Machiavellian impresario,
 Making a signal off some promontory,
 Hail'd a strange brig—Corpo di Dio Mario!
 We were transferr'd on board her in a hurry,
 Without a single scudo of salary;
 But if the Sultan has a taste for song,
 We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.

'The prima donna, though a little old,
 And haggard with a dissipated life,
 And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
 Has some good notes: and then the tenor's wife,
 With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;
 Last carnival she made a deal of strife,
 By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna
 From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

LXXXIV.

'And then there are the dancers: there's the Nini,
 With more than one profession—gains by all;
 Then there's that laughing slut the Pelegrini,
 She, too, was fortunate last carnival,
 And made at least five hundred good zecchini,
 But spends so fast she has not now a paul;
 And then there's the Grottesca—such a dancer!
 Where men have souls or bodies, she must answer.

LXXXV.

'As for the figuranti, they are like
 The rest of all that tribe; with here and there
 A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,
 The rest are hardly fitted for a fair
 There's one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,
 Yet has a sentimental kind of air [vigour;
 Which might go far, but she don't dance with
 The more's the pity, with her face and figure.

LXXXVI.

'As for the men, they are a middling set;
 The musico is but a crack'd old basin;
 But being qualified in one way yet,
 May the seraglio do to set his face in,
 And as a servant some preferment get:
 His singing I no further trust can place in.
 From all the Pope makes yearly, 'would perplex
 To find three perfect pipes of the third sex.*

LXXXVII.

The tenor's voice is spoil'd by affectation;
 And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;

* It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade—women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trustworthy as guardians of the harem.

In fact, he had no singing education,
 An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow;
 But being the prima donna's near relation,
 Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
 They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
 An ass was practising recitative.

LXXXVIII.

'T'would not become myself to dwell upon
 My own merits, and though young,—I see, sir—
 you
 Have got a travell'd air, which speaks you one
 To whom the opera is by no means new:
 You've heard of Raucocanti?—I'm the man;
 The time may come when you may hear me too:
 You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
 But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—do go.

LXXXIX.

'Our baritone I almost had forgot,
 A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit:
 With graceful action, science not a jot,
 A voice of no great compass, and not sweet,
 He always is complaining of his lot,
 Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;
 In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,
 Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth.'

XC.

Here Raucocanti's eloquent recital
 Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
 Who came at stated moments to invite all
 The captives back to their sad berths; each threw
 A rueful glance upon the waves (which bright all
 From the blue skies derived a double blue,
 Dancing all free and happy in the sun,)
 And then went down the hatchway one by one.

XCI.

They heard next day, that in the Dardanelles,
 Waiting for his Sublimity's firman,
 The most imperative of sovereign spells,
 Which everybody does without who can,
 More to secure them in their naval cells,
 Lady to lady, well as man to man,
 Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple,
 For the slave market of Constantinople.

XCII.

It seems, when this allotment was made out,
 There chanced to be an odd male and odd female.
 Who (after some discussion and some doubt,
 If the soprano might be deem'd to be male,
 They plac'd him o'er the woman as a scout)
 Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male
 Was Juan, who—an awkward thing at his age—
 Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chain'd
 The tenor; these two hated with a hate,
 Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd
 With this his hateful neighbour than his fate;
 Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,
 Instead of bearing up without debate,
 They each pull'd different ways with many an oath,
 'Arcades ambo'—*id est*, blackguards: *Et cetera*

XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,
 But bred within the March of old Ancona,
 With eyes that look'd into the very soul
 (And other chief points of a 'bella donna'),
 Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;
 And through her clear brunette complexion
 shone a
 Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,
 Especially when added to the power.

XCV

But all that power was wasted upon him,
 For sorrow o'er each sense held stern command:
 Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim;
 And though thus chain'd, as natural her hand
 Touch'd his, nor that nor any handsome limb
 (And she had some not easy to withstand)
 Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle;
 Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

XCVI.

No matter—we should ne'er too much inquire,
 But facts are facts; no knight could be more true,
 And firmer faith no lady-love desire:
 We will omit the proofs, save one or two.
 'Tis said no one in hand 'can hold a fire
 By thought of frosty Caucasus'; but few,
 I really think: yet Juan's then ordeal
 Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
 Having withstood temptation in my youth,
 But hear that several people take exception
 At the first two books having too much truth.
 Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
 Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
 Through needles' eyes it easier for a camel is
 To pass, than those two cantos into families.

XCVIII.

'Tis all the same to me: I'm fond of yielding,
 And therefore leave them to the purer page
 Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
 Who say strange things, for so correct an age.
 I once had great alacrity in wielding
 My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
 And recollect the time when all this cant
 Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.

XCIX.

As boys lov' rows, my boyhood liked a squabble;
 But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
 Leaving such to the literary rabble,
 Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease,
 While the right hand which wrote it still is able,
 Or of some centuries to take a lease:
 The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
 And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

C.

Of poets who come down to us through distance
 Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
 Life seems the smallest portion of existence:
 Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
 'Tis as a snowball, which derives assistance
 From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,

Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;
 But, after all, tis nothing but cold snow.

CI.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
 And love of glory's but an airy lust,
 Too often in its fury overcoming all
 Who would as 'twere identify their dust
 From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all
 Leaves nothing till 'the coming of the just'—
 Save change: I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
 And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome.

CII.

The very generations of the dead
 Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
 Until the memory of an age is fled,
 And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom
 Where are the epitaphs our fathers read,
 Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
 Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,
 And lose their own in universal death?

CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon,
 Where perished, in his fame, the hero-boy,
 Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
 For human vanity—the young De Foix:
 A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
 But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
 Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
 While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.

CIV.

I pass, each day, where Dante's bones are laid:
 A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
 Protects his dust; but reverence here is paid
 To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column.
 The time must come when both, alike decay'd,
 The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,
 Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
 Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,
 With human filth that column is defiled;
 As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented
 To show his loathing of the spot he soil'd:
 Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented
 Should ever be those bloodhounds, from whose wild
 Instinct of gore and glory earth has known
 Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.

CVI.

Yet there will still be bards; though fame is smoke,
 Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;
 And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
 Song in the world, will seek what then they sought;
 As on the beach the waves at last are broke.
 Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
 Dash into poetry, which is but passion,
 Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion

CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was
 At once adventurous and contemplative,
 Men who partake all passions as they pass,
 Acquire the deep and bitter power to give

Their images again, as in a glass,
And in such colours that they seem to live;
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

CVIII.

O ye who make the fortunes of all books
Benign Ceruleans of the second sex!
Who advertise new poems by your looks,
Your 'imprimatur' will ye not annex?
What! must I go to the oblivious cooks—
Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks?
Ah! I must I then the only minstrel be,
Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea?

CIX.

What! can I prove 'a lion' then no more?
A ball-room barrel, a foolscap, h-t-press darling?
To bear the compliments of many a bore,
And sigh, 'I can't get out,' like Yorick's starling?
Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore, (ing.)
(Because the world won't read him, always snarl-
That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,
Drawn by the blue-coat noses of a coterie.

CX.

O 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,'
As some one somewhere sings about the sky,
And I, ye learned ladies, say of you:
They say your stockings are so (Heaven knows
I have examined few pair of that hue): [why,
Blue as the garters which serenely lie
Round the patrician left-legs, which adorn
The festal mid light and the levée morn.

CXI.

Yet some of you are most scrup'le creatures—
But times are altered since, a rhyming doctor,
You read my stanzas, and I read your features;
And—but no matter, all those things are over.
Still, I have no dislike to learned natures,
For sometimes such a world of virtues cover;
I knew one woman of that purple school,
The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool!

CXII.

Humboldt, 'the first of travellers,' but not
The last, if late accounts be accurate,
Ivented, by some name I have forgot,
As well as the sublime discovery's late,
An airy instrument, with which he sought
To ascertain the atmospheric state,
By measuring 'the intensity of heat.'
O, Lady Daphne, let me measure you!

CXIII.

But to the narrative. The vessel, bound
With slaves to sell off in the capital,
After the usual process, might be found
At anchor under the seraglio wall.
Her cargo, from the plague being safe and sound,
Were landed in the market, one and all,
And there, with Georgians, Russians, and Cir-
cassians,
Bought up for different purposes and passions.

CXIV.

Some went off dearly; fifteen hundred dollars
For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,
Warranted virgin; beauty's brightest colours
Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven.
Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,
Who bade on till the hundreds reach'd eleven;
But when the offer went beyond, they knew
'Twas for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

CXV.

Twelve negroes from Nubia brought a price
Which the West Indian market scarce would
bring;
Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it twice
What 'twas ere Abolition; and the thing
Need not seem very wonderful, for vice
Is always much more splendid than a king:
The virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,
Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
How some were bought by pashas, some by
Jews,
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,
And others rose to the command of crews
As rascaldoes; while, in hapless group,
Hoping no very old vizier might choose,
The females stood, as one by one, they pick'd 'em,
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim;

CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song;
Alas! our hero's lot, how'er unpleasant
(Because this canto has become too long.)
Must be postponed I discreetly for the present.
I'm sensibly redundant; is wrong,
But could not for the muse of me put less in 't;
And now delay the progress of Don Juan,
Till what is call'd, in Ossian, the fifth Duan.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

1821.

I.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And pour their rhymes as Venus's doves,
They little think what mischief is in hand.
The greater their success, the worse it proves,
As Ovid's verse may give to understand;
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,
Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
Except in such a way as not to attract;
Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting
But with a moral to each error tack'd,
Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,
And with all passions in their turn attack'd;
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a moral model.

III.

The European with the Asian shore
 Sprinkled with palaces;* the ocean stream
 Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
 Sophia's Cupola, with golden gleam;
 The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;
 The twelve isles, and the more than I could
 dream.
 Far less describe, present the very view
 Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu.

IV.

I have a passion for the name of 'Mary,'
 For once it was a magic sound to me;
 And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
 Where I beheld what never was to be:
 All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
 A spell from which even yet I'm not quite free;
 But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
 Which must not be pathetically told.

V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
 Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;
 'Tis a grand sight, from off 'the Giant's Grave,'†
 To watch the progress of those rolling seas
 Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
 Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease:
 There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
 Turns up more dangerous breakers than the
 Euxine.

VI.

'Twas a raw day of autumn's bleak beginning,
 When nights are equal, but not so the days;
 The Parcae then cut short the further spinning
 Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise
 The waters, and repentance for past sinning
 In all who o'er the great deep take their ways.
 They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't;
 Because, if drowned, they can't—if spared, they
 won't.

VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves, of every nation,
 And age, and sex, were in the market ranged;
 Each levy with the merchant in his station:
 Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly
 changed;
 All, save the Hacks, seem'd jaded with vexation,
 From friends, and home, and freedom, far
 estranged;
 The negroes more philosophy display'd,—
 Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,
 As most at his age are, of hope and health;
 Yet I must own he look'd a little dull,
 And now and then a tear stole down by stealth.
 Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull
 His spirit down; and then the loss of wealth,

A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,
 To be put up for auction amongst Tartars,

IX.

Were things to shake a stoic; ne'ertheless,
 Upon the whole his carriage was serene:
 His figure and the splendour of his dress,
 Of which some gilded remnants still were seen,
 Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess
 He was above the vulgar by his mien;
 And then, though pale, he was so very handsome:
 And then—they calculated on his ransom.

X.

Like a backgammon-board, the place was dotted
 With whites and blacks, in groups, on show for
 Though rather more irregularly spotted: [sale,
 Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale;
 It chanced, among the other people lotted,
 A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,
 With resolution in his dark grey eye,
 Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

XI.

He had an English look; that is, was square
 In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
 Good teeth, with curling, rather dark brown hair;
 And it might be from thought, or toil, or study,
 An open brow a little mark'd with care:
 One arm had on a bandage rather bloody;
 And there he stood with such *sans peur*, that
 greater
 Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
 Of a high spirit evidently, though
 At present weigh'd down by a doom which had
 O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show
 A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
 Lot of so young a partner in the woe,
 Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse
 Than any other scrape—a thing of course.

XIII.

'My boy,' said he, 'amidst this motley crew
 Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not,
 All rigid affairs differing but in hue,
 With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
 The only gentlemen seem I and you;
 So let us be acquainted, as we ought:
 If I could yield you any consolation, [nation'
 'Twould give me pleasure.—Pray, what is your

XIV.

When Juan answer'd, 'Spanish,' he replied,
 'I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek;
 Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed:
 Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak.
 But that's her way with all men, till they're tried;
 But never mind—she'll turn, perhaps, next week:
 She has served me also much the same as you,
 Except that I have found it nothing new.'

XV.

'Pray, sir,' said Juan, 'if I may presume,
 What brought you here?'—'Oh, nothing very
 rare— [doom,
 Six Tartars and a drag-chain—'—'To this
 But what conducted, if the question's fair,

* This expression of Homer has been much criticised. It hardly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont and the Bosphorus, with the Ægean intersected with islands.

† 'The Giant's Grave' is a height on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties, like Harrow and Highgate.

Is that which I would learn.'—'I served for some
Months with the Russian army here and there;
And, taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
A town, was ta'en myself, instead of Widdin.'

XXV.

'Have you no friends?—'I had; but, by God's
blessing,
Have not been troubled with them lately. Now
I have answer'd all your questions, without
pressing.

As I you an equal courtesy should show,
'Alas!' said Juan, 'twere a tale distressing,
And long, besides.'—'Oh, if 'tis really so,
You're right, on both accounts, to hold your tongue;
A sad tale saddens doubly, when 'tis long.

XXVI.

'But droop not: Fortune, at your time of life,
Although a female moderately fickle,
Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)
For any length of days in such a pickle:
To strive, too, with our fate, were such a strife
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle:
Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.'

XXVII.

'Tis not,' said Juan, 'for my present doom
I mourn, but for the past. I love a maid;
He pined, and his dark eye grew full of gloom;
A single tear upon his eyelid stay'd
A moment, and I then dropp'd, 'twere to resume,
'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
Which I deplore so much; for I have borne
Hardships which have the har best overborn,

XXVIII.

'On the rough deep. But this last blow—and
here
He stoop'd again, and turn'd away his face.
'Ah!' quoth his maid, 'I thought it would
That there had been a deadly blow;—but
And these are things which I can't bear,
Such as I too would feel, if I were of place,
I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
And also when my second ran away:

XXIX.

'My third!—' 'Your third?' quoth Juan, turning
round,
'You scarcely can be thirty; have you three?
'No—only two at present at my command;
Surely 'tis nothing wonderful to see
One person twice in holy wedlock bound;
'Well, then, your third?—' I said, 'what did
She did not run away from me, sir?—' 'Is she?
'No, faith!—' 'What then?'—'I ran away to a better.'

XXX.

'You take things coolly, sir,' said Juan. 'Why?
Reply'd the other, 'what can am I do?
There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But none have vanish'd. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm as the sun's light;
But time strips our illusions of their hue,
And one by one in turn some of us take
Casts off its bright, early, and we see the snake.

XXXI.

'Tis true, it gets another bright and fresh,
Or fresher, brighter; but, the year gone through,
This skin must go the way too of all flesh,
Or sometimes only wear a week or two;
Love's the first net which spreads its deadly mesh:
Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue
The glittering lime-twig of our latter days,
Where still we flutter on for pence or praise.'

XXXII.

'All this is very fine, and may be true,'
Said Juan; 'but I really don't see how
It betters present times with me or you.'
'No?' quoth the other, 'yet you will allow,
By setting things in their right point of view,
Knowledge at least is gain'd: for instance, now
We know what slavery is; and our disasters
May teach us better to behave, when masters.'

XXXIII.

'Would we were masters now, if but to try
Their present lessons on our Pagan friends here,'
Said Juan, swallowing a heart-burning sigh;
'Heaven help the scholar whom his fortune sends
'Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by.' [here,
Kejoind the other, 'when our bad luck mends
here;
Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to eye us)
I wish to God that somebody would buy us.

XXXIV.

'But, after all, what is our present state?
'Tis bad, and may be better—all men's lot:
Most men are slaves, none more so than the great,
To their own whims, and passions, and what not,
Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart.'

XXXV.

Just now a black old nerved personage
On the third sex step'd up, and peering over
The cage-tives, seem'd to mark their looks, and age,
And a pal' little, as to discover
If they were fitted for the purposed cage:
No, he e'er is ogled by a lover,
Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a tailor,
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

XXXVI.

As a slave by his intemperate bidder.
'Tis pie-eating, purchasing our fellow-creatures;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dextrous: some by
features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader;
Some by a plot—as tend their years or natures,
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
I from crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

XXXVII.

The eunuch, having eyed them o'er with care,
Turn'd to the merchant, and began to bid
First but for one, and after for the pair.
They haggled, wrangled, swore too—so they did!
At though they were in a mere Christian fair,
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;

So that their bargain sounded like a battle
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
And pulling out reluctant purses, and
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling
Some down, and weighing others in their hand,
And by mistake sequins with paras jumbling,
Until the sum was accurately scann'd;
And then the merchant, giving change, and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good?
Or, if it were, if also his digestion.
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude,
And conscience ask a curious sort of question
About the right divine, how far we should
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has oppress'd
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour {one,
Which turns up out of the sod twenty-four.

XXXI.

Voltaire says 'No'; he tells you that Candide
Found life most tolerable after meals;
He's wrong—unless man were a pig, indeed;
Repletion rather adds to what he feels,
Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's freed
From his own brain's oppression, while he reels.
Of food I think with Phillip's son,* or rather
Annon's (ill pleas'd with one world and one
father);

XXXII.

I think, with Alexander, that the act
Of eating, with another act or two,
Makes us feel our mortality in fact
Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout,
And fish, and soup, by some side-dishes back'd,
Can give us either pain or pleasure, who
Would pique himself on intellects, whose use
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

XXXIII.

The other evening (twas on Friday last)—
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—
Just as my greatcoat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,
I heard a shot—twas eight o'clock scarce past—
And, running out as fast as I was able,
I found the military commandant
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant.†

XXXIV.

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slugs, and left him
To perish on the pavement; so I had {there
Him borne into the house, and up the stair,
And stripp'd, and lock'd to. But why should I add
More circumstances? Vain was every care;
The man was gone. In some Italian quarrel,
Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.‡

* See *Plutarch*, in *Alex.*; *Q. Curtius*, *Hist. Alex.* &c. &c.

† The assassination alluded to took place on the 8th of December, 1820, in the streets of R—, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described.

‡ There was found close by him an old gun-barrel,

XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;
And though I have seen many corpses, never
Saw one, whom such an accident be-fell,
So calm; though such pierc'd through stomach, heart,
and liver.
He seem'd to sleep—for you could scarcely tell
(As he led inwardly, no hideous river
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead—
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said:

XXXVI.

'Can this be death? Then what is life or death?
'Speak!' but he spoke not. 'Wake!' but still he
slept.
'But yesterday, and who had mightier breath?
A thousand warriors by his word were kept
In awe; he said, as the centurion saith,
"Go," and he goeth; "come," and forth he
stepp'd.
The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—
And now nought left him but the muffled drum.'

XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipp'd—they
With their rough faces thro'g'd about the bed,
To gaze once more on the commanding clay,
Which for the last, though not the first, time
lied.
And such an end! that he who many a day
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled,
The foremost in the charge or in the sally,
Should now be butcher'd in a civic alley.

XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his new,
Those honourable scars which brought him
fame;
And horrid was the contrast to the view—
But let me quit the theme; as such things claim
Perhaps even more attention than is due
From me. I gazed—as oft I've gazed the same,)
To try if I could wrench aught out of death,
Which should confirm, or shake, or make, a faith.

XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
And there we go—but where? Five bits of lead,
Or three, or two, or one, send I very far!
And is this blood, then, form'd but to be shed?
Can every element our elements mar?
And air—earth—water—fire live—and we dead?
H's; whose minds comprehend all things? No
more;
But let us to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance
Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,
Embark'd himself and them, and off they went
thence
As fast as oars could pull and water float.
They look'd like persons being led to sentence,
Wondering what next, till the caique* was
brought

sawn half off; it had just been discharged, and was still warm.

* Light boat.

Up in a little creek below a wall
O'ertopp'd with cypresses, dark-green and tall.

XLI.

Here their conductor, tapping at the wicket
Of a small iron door, 'twas open'd, and
He led them onward, first through a low thicket,
Flank'd by large groves, which tower'd on
either hand:

They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—
For night was closing ere they came to land.
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,
Who row'd off, leaving them, without a word.

XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way,
Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and so
forth:

(Of which I might have a good deal to say,
There being no such profusion in the North,
Of oriental plants, *et cetera*,

But that of late your scribblers think it worth
Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their* works,
Because our poet travell'd 'mongst the Turks:)

XLIII.

As they were threaddling on their way, there came
Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he
Whisper'd to his companion: 'twas the same
Which might have then occur'd to you or me.
'Methinks,' said he, 'it would be no great shame
If we should strike a stroke to set us free;
Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,
And march away—'twere easier done than said.'

XLIV.

'Yes,' said the other, 'and when done, what then?
Howe got out? How the devil got we in?
And when we once were fairly out, and when
From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our
skin,*

To-morrow 'd see us in some other den,
And worse off than we hitherto have been.
Besides, I'm hungry, and I just now would take,
Like Esau, for my birthright a beefsteak.

XLV.

'We must be near some place of man's abode;
For the old Negro's confidence in creeping,
With his two captives, by no means a road,
Shows that he thinks his friends have not been
sleeping;

A single cry would bring them all a road;
'Tis therefore better looking before leaping—
And there, you see, this turn has brought us
through;
By love, a noble palace—lighted, too.'

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide, extensive building
Which open'd on their view, and o'er the front
There seem'd to be besprent a deal of gilding
And various hues, as is the Turk's harem—
A gaudy taste; for they are little skill'd in
The arts of which these lands were once the
fount:

* St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.

Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen
New painted, or a pretty opera scene.

XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour
Of certain stews, and roast meats, and pilaws,
Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find favour,
Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,
And put him-self upon his good behaviour:
His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,
Said, 'In heaven's name let's get some supper now,
And then I'm with you, if you're for a row.'

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;
The last of these was never much the fashion,
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,
But more or less continue still to tease on,
With arguments according to their 'forte';
But no one ever dreams of being short.

XLIX.

But I digress: Of all appeals—although
I grant the power of pathos and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling—no
Metho's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

L.

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine;
And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard
No Christian knoll to table, saw no line
Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,
Yet smelt roast meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
And cooks in motion with their clean-arms bared;
And gazed around them to the left and right,
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,
They follow'd close behind their sable guide,
Who little thought that his own crack'd existence
Was on the point of being set aside.
He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,
And knocking at the gate, 'twas open'd wide,
And a magnificent large hall display'd
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

LII.

I won't describe—description is my forte;
But every fool describes, in these bright days,
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—
Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport;
While Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself, with exemplary patience,
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustra-
tions.

LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess;
Others in monosyllable talk chatted, [dress,
And some seem'd much in love with their own

And divers smoked superb pipes decorated
With amber mouths, of greater price or less;
And several strutted, others slept, and some
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.*

LIV.

As the black eunuch enter'd with his brace
Of purchased Infidels, some rais'd their eyes
A moment, without slackening from their pace;
But those who sate ne'er stirr'd in any wise:
One or two stared the captives in the face.
Just as one views a horse to guess his price;
Some nodded to the negro from his station,
But no one troubled him with conversation.

LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without stop-
ping,
On through a further range of goodly rooms,
Splendid, but silent, save in *one*, where, dropping,
A marble fountain echoes through the glooms
Of a night, which robe the chamber, or where popping
Some female head most curiously presumes
To thrust its black eyes through the door or lattice.
As wondering what the devil noise that is

LVI.

Some faint lamps, gleaming from the lofty walls,
Gave light enough to hint their further way,
But not enough to show the imperial halls
In all the flashing of their full array:
Perhaps there's nothing—I'll not say appears,
But saddens more by night, as well as day,
Than an enormous room, without a soul
To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

LVII.

Two or three seem so little, one seems nothing,
In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore:
There solitude, we know, has her full growth in
The spots which were her realms for evermore;
But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in
More modern buildings and those built of yore,
A kind of death comes o'er us all alone,
Seeing what's meant for many with but one.

LVIII.

A neat, snug study, on a winter's night,
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
Are things which make an English evening pass:
Though, *certes*, by no means so grand a sight
As is a theatre lit up by gas.
I pass my evenings in long galleries solely;
And that's the reason I'm so melancholy.

LIX.

Alas! man makes that great which makes him little:
I grant you in a church 'tis very well;

* In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it. I tried the experiment, but was like the Scotchman, who, having heard that birds called kittiwakes were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that *he was no hungrier than when he began.*

† A common furniture. I recollect being received by Ali Pacha in a room containing a marble basin and fountain.

What speaks of Heaven should by no means be
brittle,

But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell
Their names who reared it; but huge houses fit ill—
And huge towns worse—mankind, since Adam
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel [fell];
Might teach them this much better than I'm able.

LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box, and then
A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,
Where Nebuchadonosor, king of men,
Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to grazing,
And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
The people's awe and admiration raising:
'Twas fables, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus,
And the calumniated queen Semiramis.

LXI.

That injured queen, by chroniclers so coarse
Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy)
Of an improper friendship for her horse
(Love, like religion, sometimes runs to lewdness).
This monstrous tale had probably its source
(For such exaggerations here and there I see)
In writing 'Courser' by mistake for 'Carrier':
I wish the case would come before a jury here.

LXII.

But to resume. Should there be (what may not
Be in these days) some infidels, who don't,
Because they can't find out the very spot
Of that same Babel, or because they won't
(Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks has
got,

And written lately two memoirs upon't),
Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
Must be believed, though they believe not you.

LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has exprest
Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly
Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
Who give themselves to architecture wholly.
We know where things and men must end at best:
A moral (like all morals) melancholy,
And *Et sepulchri immemor atrius domus*,
Shows that we build when we should but entomb us.

LXIV.

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,
Where echo woke as if from a long slumber;
Though full of all things which could be desired,
One wonder'd what to do with such a number
Of articles which nobody required:
Here wealth had done its utmost to encumber
With furniture an exquisite apartment,
Which puzzled Nature much to know what art meant.

LXV.

It seem'd, however, but to open on
A range or suite of further chambers, which
Might lead to Heaven knows where; but in this one
The moveables were prodigally rich:
Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning
A glance at that which wrapt the slaves in wonder,
Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of staining,
As if the milky way their feet was under
With all its stars, and with a stretch attaining
A certain press or cupboard nich'd in yonder—
In that remote recess which you may see—
Or if you don't, the fault is not in me.

LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous: and the black,
I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth
A quantity of clothes fit for the back
Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth;
And of variety there was no lack.
And yet, though I have said there was no dearth,
He chose himself to point out what he thought
Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each
Was, for the elder and the stouter, first
A Camliote cloak, which to the knee might reach,
And trousers not so tight that they would burst,
But such as fit an Asiatic breech;
A shawl, whose folds in Cashmere had been nurs'd,
Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy;
In short, all things which form a Turkish Dandy.

LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,
Hinted the vast advantages which they
Might probably obtain both in the end,
If they would but pursue the proper way
Which fortune plainly seem'd to recommend;
And then he added that he needs must say,
'Twould greatly tend to better their condition,
If they would condescend to circumcision.

LXX.

'For his own part, he really should rejoice
To see them true believers, but no less
Would leave his proposition to their choice.'
The other, thanking him for this excess
Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice
In such a trifle, scarcely could express
'Sufficiently' (he said) 'his approbation
Of all the customs of this polish'd nation.

LXXI.

'For his own share, he saw but small objection
To so respectable an ancient rite;
And after swallowing down a slight refection,
For which he own'd a present appetite,
He doubted not a few hours of reflection
Would reconcile him to the business quite.'
'Will it,' said Juan, sharply; 'Strike me dead,
But they as soon shall circumcise my head!

LXXII.

'Cut off a thousand heads before—' 'Now pray,
Replied the other, 'do not interrupt;
You put me out in what I had to say.
Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have sapt,
I shall perpend if your proposal may
Be so h as I can properly accept;

Provided always your great goodness st!
Remits the matter to our own free-will.'

LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said, 'Be so good
As dress yourself,' and pointed out a suit
In which a princess with great pleasure would
Array her limbs; but Juan, standing mute,
As not being in a masquerading mood,
Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot;
And when the old negro told him to 'get ready,'
Replied, 'Old gentleman, I'm not a lady.'

LXXIV.

'What you may be I neither know nor care,'
Said Baba; 'but pray do as I desire:
I have no more time nor many words to spare.'
'At least,' said Juan, 'sure I may inquire
The cause of this odd travesty.' 'Forbear,'
Said Baba, 'to be curious; 'twill transpire,
No doubt in proper place, and time, and season:
I have no authority to tell the reason.'

LXXV.

'Then if I do,' said Juan, 'I'll be—' 'Hold!'
Rejoin'd the negro, 'pray be not provoking;
This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,
And you will find us not too fond of joking.'
'What, sir,' said Juan, 'shall it e'er be told
That I unsex'd my dress?' But Baba stroking
The things down, said, 'Incessant me, and I call
Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

LXXVI.

'I offer you a handsome suit of clothes;
A woman's, true; but then there is a cause
Why you should wear them.' 'What, though my
soul loathes
The effeminate garb?—thus, after a short pause,
Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,
'What the devil shall I do with all this gauze?
Thus he profanely term'd the finest lace
Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

LXXVII.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he slipp'd
A pair of trousers of flesh-colour'd silk;
Next with a virgin zone he was equip'd,
Which girt a light chemise as white as milk;
But tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,
Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say, *whilk*
(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes)—

LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was owing to
His garment's novelty, and his being awkward;
And yet at last he managed to get through
His toilet, though no doubt a little backward;
The negro Baba help'd a little too,
When some untoward part of raiment stuck hard;
And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
He paused, and took a survey up and down.

LXXIX.

One difficulty still remain'd—his hair
Was hardly long enough; but Baba found
So many false long tresses all to spare,
That soon his head was most completely crown'd

After the manner then in fashion there ;
And this addition with such gems was bound
As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,
While Baba made him comb his hair, and oil it.

LXXX.

And now, being femininely all array'd,
With some small ail from scissors, paint, and
He look'd in almost all respects a maid, [tweezers,
And Paba smilingly exclaim'd, 'You see, sirs,
A perfect transformation here display'd : {sirs,
And now, then, you must come along with me,
That is—the Lady.' Clipping his hands twice,
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

LXXXI.

'You, sir,' said Baba, nodding to the one,
'Will please to accompany those gentlemen
To supper ; but you, worthy Christian nun,
Will follow me. No tripping, sir ! for when
I say a thing, it must at once be done.
What fear you ? Think you this a lion's den ?
Why, 'tis a palace, where the truly wise
Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.

'You fool ! I tell you no one means you harm.'
'So much the better,' Juan said, 'for them ;
Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
Which is not quite so light as you may deem.
I yield thus far ; but soon will break the charm,
If any take me for that which I seem ;
So that I trust, for everybody's sake,
That this disguise may lead to no mistake.'

LXXXIII.

'Blockhead ! come on, and see,' quoth Baba ; while
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who,
Though somewhat grieved, could scarce forbear a
Upon the metamorphosis in view ; [smile
'Farewell !' they mutually exclaim'd ; 'this soil
Seems fertile in adventures strange and new ;
One's turn'd half Mussulman, and one a maid,
By this old black enchanter's unsought aid.'

LXXXIV.

'Farewell ! said Juan : 'should we meet no more,
I wish you a good appetite.'—'Farewell !'
Replied the other ; 'though it grieves me sore :
When we next meet, we'll have a tale to tell ;
We needs must follow when Fate puts from shore.
Keep your good name ; though Eve herself once
fell.' [carry me,
'Nay,' quoth the maid, 'the Sultan's self shan't
Unless his Highness promises to marry me.'

LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors :
Baba led Juan onward, room by room,
Through glittering galleries and o'er marble floors,
Till a gigantic portal, through the gloom,
Haughty and huge, along the distance lowers :
And wafted far arose a rich perfume ;
It seem'd as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise ;

Warriors thereon were battling furiously ;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish'd lies ;
There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
And in perspective many a squalron flies :
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
O'er them in almost pyramidal pride ;
The gate so splendid was in all its features,
You never thought about those little creatures

LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor grey,
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may :
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sun.

LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They look'd so little, did strong things at times—
To open this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes ;
And now and then, with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those Eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat ;
For mutes are generally used for that.

XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, spoke not at all ;
And, looking like two incubi, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds : it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small,
With shrinking serpent optics on him stared ;
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whom'er they fix'd their eyes on.

XCI.

Before they entered, Baba paused to hint
To Juan some slight lessons as his guide :
'If you could just contrive,' he said, 'to stint
That somewhat manly majesty of stride,
'Twould be as well, and (though there's not much
To swing a little less from side to side, [in't]
Which has at times an aspect of the oddest ;—
And also could you look a little modest.

XCII.

'Twould be convenient, for these mutes have eyes
Like needles, which may pierce those petticoats ;
And if they should discover your disguise,
You know how near as the deep Bosphorus floats ;
And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
To find our way to Marmora without boats,
Stitch'd up in sacks—a mode of navigation
A good deal practised here upon occasion.'

XCIII.

With this encouragement he led the way
Into a room still nobler than the last :

A rich confusion form'd a disarray

In such sort, that the eye along it cast
Could hardly carry anything afloat.

Object on object flash'd so bright and fast:
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
Magnificently mingled in a litter.

XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much; such
Occur in Orient palaces, and even [things]

In the more chastened domes of Western Kings
(Of which I have also seen some six or seven),

Where I can't say of gold or diamond things,
Great lustre, there is much to be forgiven;
Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pictures,
On which I cannot pause to make my structures.

XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay,

Under a canopy, and there recline I
Quite in a confidential sprightly way.

A lady, Babal's step-mother, and kneeling sign'd
To Juan, who, though not in his usual array,
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind
What all this meant; while Babal, wild and stark
His head, until the ceremony was o'er.

XCVI.

The lady, rising up with such an air

As Venus rose with frigate waves on them
Bent, like an Antelope, a Rajah's pair
Of eyes, which put out circles surrounding gait;
And, raising up an arm as moonlight fair,

She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem
Of her deep purple robe, and, speaking low,
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;

Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abate;
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I could relate
Of forms and features; it would strike you'd in I,
Could I do justice to the full details;
So, luckily for both, my phrases talk.

XCVIII.

Thus much, however, I may add; her years
Were ripe—they might make us at least my
springs;

But there are forms which Time do touch and scars,
And turns aside his sceptre to civil or military

Such as was Mary's, Queen of Scots, 'Twas, 'twas
An I love destroy, and sapping sorrow wing
Charms from the charmer; yet some never grow
Ugly; for instance, Ninon de L'Enfer.

XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who

Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
And were all clad alike; like Juan, too,
Who wore their uniform, by Babal's consent;
They formed a very nymph-like looking crew,
Which might have called Diana's charms 'cousin',
As far as outward show may correspond;
I won't be bail for anything beyond.

C.

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew, retiring,
But not by the same door through which came in
Baba and I Juan, which last stood admiring,
At some small distance, all he saw within
This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring
Marvel and praise; for both or none things win;
And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
Great happiness of the 'Nd Ahmirari.'

CI.

'Not to a laire is all the art I know [speech]
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few flowers of
To make men happy, or to keep them so'
(So take it in the very words of Creech);

Thus Horace wrote, we all know, long ago;
And thus Pope quotes the precept to re-teach
From his translation; but had *one admired*,
Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired!

CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then
A second time desir'd him to kneel down,
And kiss the lady's feet; which maxim, when
He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
Drew where—'If up to his fall height again,
And sabb, 'Tis grave I hum, but he could not stoop
To any shoe, unless it sho'd the Pope.'

CIII.

Bab, indignant at this ill-timed pride,
Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat
He utter'd (but the last was given aside)
About a bow-string—quite in vain; not yet
Would Juan bend, though 'twere to Mahomet's
triple;

There's nothing in the world like *etiquette*
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
As also at the race and county balls.

CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words
About his ears, and nothing would not bend;
The King to fall his fine's Castilian lords
Bent in his veins, and rather than descend
To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords
A thousand traces of him had made an end;
At length, perceiving the *tyranny* could not stand,
Bab proposed that he should kiss the hand.

CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,
A halfway house of diplomatic rest, [guise;
Where they might meet in much more peaceful
And Juan in with his willingness express
To use all fit and proper courtesies,
Adding that this was commonest and best;
For through the South, the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands

CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,
Though on more *through-bred** or fairer fingers

* There is perhaps nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand; it is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate.

No lips e'er left their transitory trace :
 On such as these the lip too fondly lingers,
 And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,
 As you will see, if she you love shall bring hers
 In contact ; and sometimes even a fair stranger's
 An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade
 Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,
 As if well used to the retreating trade ;
 And taking hints in good part all the while,
 He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid :
 And, looking on him with a sort of smile,
 Took leave with such a face of satisfaction,
 As good men wear who have done a virtuous action.

CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden change ;
 I know not what might be the lady's thought,
 But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,
 And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
 Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range
 The verge of heaven ; and in her large eyes
 wrought
 A mixture of sensations might be scann'd,
 Of half voluptuousness and half command.

CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
 Her features all the sweetness of the devil,
 When he put on the cherub to perplex
 Eye, and paved (God knows how) the road to
 evil :
 The sun himself was scarce more free from specks,
 Than she from aught at which the eye could
 cavil ; [wanting,
 Yet somehow there was something somewhere
 As if she rather *order'd* than was *granting*.

CX.

Something imperial or imperious threw
 A chain o'er all she did ; that is, a chain
 Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of you—
 And rapture's self will seem almost a pain
 With aught which looks like despotism in view
 Our souls at least are free ; and 'tis in vain
 We would against them make the flesh obey—
 The spirit in the end will have its way.

CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet ;
 Her very nod was not an inclination ;
 There was a self-will even in her small feet,
 As though they were quite conscious of her
 station—

They trod as upon necks ; and to complete
 Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
 A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign
 She was a sultan's bride (thank Heaven, not mine !)

CXII.

'To hear and to obey' had been from birth
 The law of all around her : to fulfil
 All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
 Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her will.
 Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth ;
 Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still :

Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion
 We should have found out the 'perpetual motion.'

CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted, was brought ;
 Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed
 It might be seen, with diligence was sought,
 And, when 'twas found, straightway the bargain
 closed :

There was no end unto the things she bought,
 Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused ;
 Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
 The women pardon'd all, except her face.

CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught
 Her eye in passing on his way to sale :
 She order'd him directly to be bought ;
 And Baba, who had ne'er been known to fail
 In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
 At all such auctions knew how to prevail ;
 She had no prudence, but he had, and this
 Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

CXV.

His youth and features favour'd the disguise ;
 And should you ask how she, a sultan's bride,
 Could risk, or compass, such strange phantasies,
 This I must leave sultanas to decide.
 Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,
 And kings and consorts oft are mystified,
 As we may ascertain with due precision,
 Some by experience, others by tradition.

CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been tending :
 She now conceived all difficulties past,
 And deem'd herself extremely condescending,
 When, being made her property at last,
 Without more preface in her blue eyes blending
 Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
 And merely saying, 'Christian, canst thou love ?'
 Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place :
 But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
 With Haidée's iste and soft Ionian face,
 Felt the warm blood, which in his face was
 glowing,
 Rush back upon his heart, which fill'd apace,
 And left his cheeks as pale as snow-drops blowing ;
 These words went through his soul like Arab-
 spears,
 So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shock'd ; not shock'd at tears,
 For women she! and use them at their liking ;
 But there is something when man's eye appears
 Wet, still more disagreeable and striking.
 A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
 Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
 His heart to force it out ; for (to be shorter)
 To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not how :
 Having no equals, nothing which had e'er

Infected her with sympathy till now,
And never having dreamt what 'twas to bear
Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind, although
There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wonder'd how, so near
Her eyes, another's eye could shed a tear.

CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil;
And when a *strong*, although a strange, sensation
Moves, female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, whatsoever their nation,
They naturally pour the 'wine and oil,'
Samaritans in every situation;
And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why,
Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop, like all things else; and soon
Juan, who for an instant had been moved
To such a sorrow, by the intrusive tone
Of one who dared to ask if 'he *had* loved,'
Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which shone
Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
And, although sensitive to beauty, he
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,
Was much embarrass'd, never having met,
In all her life, with aught save prayers and praise;
And as she also risk'd her life to get
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways
Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,
To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr;
And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time,
To gentlemen in any such like case,
That is to say, in a meridian time;
With us there is more law given to the chase,
But here a small delay forms a great crime:
So recollect that the extremest grace
Is just two minutes for your declaration—
A moment more will hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good, and might have been still better,
But he had got Hadjee into his head;
However strange, he could not yet forget her,
Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.
Gulbeyaz, who looked on him as her debtor
For having had him to her palace bed,
Began to blush up to the eyes, and then
Grow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length in an imperial way, she laid
Her hand on his, and, bending on him eyes
Which needed not an empire to persuade,
Look'd into his for love, where none replies;
Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid,
That being the last thing a proud woman tries,
She rose, and, pausing one chaste moment, threw
Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath, and pride:
With gentle force her white arms he unwound,
And seated her all drooping by his side;
Then, rising haughtily, he glanced around,
And looking coldly in her face, he cried,
'The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I
Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy.

CXXVII.

'Thou ask'st if I can love: be this the proof.
How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee*!
In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and woof
Were fitter for me: Love is for the free!
I am not dazzled by this splendid roof:
Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,
Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a
throne,
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own.'

CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite:
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things;
She deem'd her least command must yield delight,
Earth being only made for queens and kings.
If hearts lay on the left side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair,
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A keener glow or confusion anywhere;
And I also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress on charms which seldom are, if e'er,
By their possessors thrown into the shade:
She thought hers gave a double 'right divine';
And half of that opinion's also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you cannot) imagine,
Ye, who have kept your chastity when young,
While some more desperate dowager has been
waging
Love with you, and been in the dog-days stung
By your refusal, recollect her raging!
Or recollect all that was said or sung
On such a subject; then suppose the face
Of a young downright beauty in this case.

CXXXI.

Suppose—but you already have supposed—
The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady Booby,
Phœdra, and all which story has disclosed
Of good examples; pity that so few by
Poets and private tutors are exposed,
To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by!
But when you have supposed the few we know,
You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

CXXXII.

A tress bold of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are smil'd at hand for the distress
Of ladies who cannot have their own way;
But though my turn will not be served with less,
These don't express one half what I should say.

For what is stealing young ones, few or many,
To cutting short their hopes of having any?

CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's nature's general law,
From tigresses and cubs to ducks and ducklings;
There's nothing whets the beak, or arms the claw,
Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings;
And all who have seen a human nursery, saw
How mothers love their children's squalls and
chucklings:

This strong extreme effect (to fire no longer
Your patience) shows the cause must still be stronger.

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Gulbeyaz's eyes,
'Twere nothing, for her eyes flash'd always fire;
Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,
I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
So supernatural was her passion's rise;
For ne'er till now she knew a check'd desire:
Even ye who know what a check'd woman is,
(Enough, God knows!) would much fall short of this.

CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas well—
A moment's more had slain her; but the while
It lasted, 'twas like a short glimpse of hell:
Nought's more sublime than energetic bile,
Though horrible to see, yet grand to tell,
Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle:
And the deep passions, flashing through her form,
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 'twere to a typhoon,
To match a common fury with her rage;
And yet she did not want to reach the moon,
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page:
Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
Her wish was but to 'kill, kill, kill,' like Lear's,
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without words—in fact, she could not speak;
And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak;
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak,
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
Though not all born of the same sires and mothers:
It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance;
Her third to ask him where he had been bred;
Her fourth to rally him into repentance;

Her fifth, to call her maids, and go to 'bed;
Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to sentence
The lash to Baba;—but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry, of course.

CNL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had
The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward;
For eastern stays are little made to pad,
So that a poniard pierces, if 'tis stuck hard:
She thought of killing Juan; but, poor lad,
Though he deserved it well for being so backward,
The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

CNLI.

Juan was moved: he had made up his mind
To be impaled, or quarter'd as a dish
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish;
And thus heroically stood resign'd,
Rather than sin—except to his own wish:
But all his great preparatives for dying,
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CNLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed,
So Juan's virtue ebb'd, I know not how;
And first he wonder'd why he had refused:
And then, if matters could be made up now:
And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

CNLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses:
But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrow'd all that e'er the muses
Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest chatter,
Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses:
Just as a languid smile began to flatter,
His peace was making, but before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly enter'd.

CNLIV.

'Bride of the Sun! and sister of the Moon!
('Twas thus he spake), 'and Empress of the Earth!
Whose frown would put the spheres all out of tune,
Whose smile makes all the planets dance with mirth,
Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too soon—
Which your sublime attention may be worth:
The Sun himself, has sent me, like a ray,
To hint that he is coming up this way.'

CNLV.

'Is it,' exclaim'd Gulbeyaz, 'as you say?
I wish to heaven he would not shine till morning!
But bid my women form the milky way.
Hence, my old comet! give the stars due warning—
And, Christian, mingle with them as you may,
And as you'd have me pardon your past scorn-
ing—'

Here they were interrupted by a humming
Sound, and then by a cry, 'The Sultan's coming!

CNLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,
And then his Highness' eunuchs, black and white

The train might reach a quarter of a mile:

His Majesty was always so polite
As to announce his visits a long while
Before he came, especially at night;
For being the last wife of the Emperor.
She was, of course, the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,
Shaw'd to the nose, and bearded to the eyes;
Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise;
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mention'd in the histories
Of Cantemir or Knolles, where few shine,
Save Solyman, the glory of their line.*

* It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay *On Empire*, hints that *Solyman* was the *last* of his line: on what authority I know not. These are his words: 'The destruction of *Mustapha* was so fatal to *Solyman's* line, as the succession of the Turks from *Solyman*, until this day, is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood, for that *Solyman II.* was thought to be supposititious.' But Bacon, in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half-a-dozen instances from his *apophthegms* only.

BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

OBSERVATIONS.

61. Michael Angelo, the famous painter, painting in the Pope's chapel the portraiture of hell and damned souls, made one of the damned souls so like a cardinal that was his enemy, as everybody at first sight knew it; whereupon the cardinal complained to Pope Clement, humbly praying it might be defaced. The Pope said to him, 'Why, you know very well I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.'

67. There was a king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner; whereupon the Pope writ a monastery to him, for that he had forsaken the privilege of holy church, and taken his son; the king sent him a message to him, and sent a child the name of whom the bishop was taken, and this only in writings: *Te querimus, ut restitueris illi tibi.* Know now whether this be thy son or not?

155. Alexander, after the battle of Granicum, had forty great officers made him his domestics. Consulting with his captains concerning them, Parmenio said, Sir, I would accept of these officers, if I were as Alexander. Alexander answered, So would I, if I were as Parmenio.

157. Antigonus, when it was told him that the enemy had such volleys of arrows, that they did mangle the sun, said, This falls out ill, for it is hot weather, and so we shall fight in the shade.

165. There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the Emperor, and did it but weakly.

This was *not* the portrait of a cardinal, but of the Pope's master of the ceremonies.

This reply was *not* made by a king of Hungary, but sent by Richard the First, Comrade of King of England, to the Pope's legate, a legate of the bishop of Beauvais.

It was after the battle of Issus, and during the siege of Tyre, and *not* immediately after the passage of the Granicus, that this is said to have occurred.

This was *not* said by Antigonus, but by a Spartan privately to the battle of Thermopylae.

This happened under Augustus Caesar, and *not* du-

CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
With more than 'Oriental scrupulosity';
He left to his vizier all state affairs,
And show'd but little royal curiosity:
I know not if he had domestic cares—
No process prov'd connubial animosity;
Four wives and twice five hundred maids, unseen,
Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.

CXLIX.

If now and then there happen'd a slight slip,
Little was heard of criminal or crime;
The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—
The sack and sea had settled all in time,

One of his friends that stood by afterwards said unto him, Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the Emperor: I could have answer'd better myself. Why, said the philosopher, would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?

164. There was one that found a great mass of money, digging underground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case signified it to the emperor that he had found such treasure. The emperor made a rescript thus: Use it. He writ back again, that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The emperor writ a new rescript thus: Abuse it.

169. One of the seven was wont to say, that laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

209. An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, The Athenians will kill you if they was mad. Demosthenes replied, And they will kill you if they be in good sense.

221. There was a philosopher about Tiberius that, looking into the face of Caius, said of him, that he was mix'd with blood.

227. Demetrius, king of Macedon, had a petition offered him divers times by an old woman, and answer'd he had no leisure; whereupon the woman said aloud, Why then give over to be king.

VOLTAIRE.

Having stated that Bacon was frequently incorrect in his citations from history, I have thought it necessary in what regards so great a name (however trifling), to support the assertion by such facts as more immediately occur to me. They are but trifles, and yet for such trifles a school-boy would be whipped (if still in the fourth form); and Voltaire for half-a-dozen similar errors has been treated as a superficial writer, notwithstanding the testimony of the learned Warton:—'Voltaire, a writer of *much deeper* research than is imagined, and the *first* who has displayed the litera-

ring the reign of Adrian.

This happened to the father of Herodes Atticus, and the answer was made by the Emperor *Nerva*, who deserved that his name should have been stated by the 'greatest—wisest—meanest of mankind.'

This was said by Anacharsis the Scythian, and *not* by a Greek.

This was *not* said by Demosthenes, but to Demosthenes by *Phocion*.

This was not said of Caius (Caligula, I presume, is intended by Caius), but of *Tiberius* himself.

This did not happen to Demetrius, but to *Philip*, king of Macedon.

From which the secret nobody could rip :
The public knew no more than does this rhyme ;
No scandals made the daily press a curse—
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

CL.

He saw, with his own eyes, the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found
No sign that it was circular anywhere :
His empire also was without a bound ;
'Tis true, a little troubled, here and there,
By rebel pachas and encroaching gjaours,
But then they never came to the 'Seven Towers.'

CLII.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
To lodge there when a war broke out according
To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant,
Those scoundrels who have never had a sword in
Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording
Their lies, yclept despatches, without risk or
The singing of a single inky whisker.

CLIII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
Of whom all such as came of age were stow'd,
The former in a palace, where like nuns
They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, was wed at once,
Sometimes at six years old—though this seems
'Tis true ; the reason is, that the Bashaw [odd,
Must make a present to his sire-in-law.

ture and customs of the dark ages with any degree of penetration and comprehension.' For another distinguished testimony to Voltaire's merits in literary research, see also Lord Holland's excellent Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega, vol. i. p. 215, edition of 1817.

Voltaire has even been termed a 'shallow fellow,' by some of the same school who called Dryden's Ode 'a drunken song;—a school (as it is called, I presume, from their education being still incomplete) the whole of whose filthy trash of Epics, Excursions, &c., &c., is not worth the two words in Zaire, 'Tous pleurez,' or a single speech of Tancred;—a school, the apostate lives of whose renegades, with their tea-drinking neutrality of morals, and their convenient treachery in politics—in the record of their accumulated pretences to virtue can produce no actions (were all their good deeds drawn up in array) to equal or approach the sole defence of the family of Calas, by that great and unequalled genius—the universal Voltaire.

I have ventured to remark on these little inaccuracies of 'the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced,' merely to show our national injustice in condemning generally the greatest genius of France for such inadvertencies as these, of which the highest of England has been no less guilty. Query, was Bacon a greater intellect than Newton?

Being in the humour of criticism, I shall proceed, after having ventured upon the slips of Bacon, to touch on one or two as trilling in the edition of the British Poets by the justly celebrated Campbell. But I do this in good-will, and trust it will be so taken. If anything could add to my opinion of the talents and true feeling of that gentleman, it would be his classical, honest, and triumphant defence of Pope against the vulgar cant of the day, and its existing Grub-Street.

The inadvertencies to which I allude are,—

Firstly, in speaking of *Anstey*, whom he accuses of having taken 'his leading characters from *Smollett*.

CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two
Could yet be known unto the Fates alone ;
Meantime the education they went through
Was princely, as the proofs have always shown ;
So that the heir-apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

CLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank, [brows,
Who clear'd her sparkling eyes, and smooth'd her
As suits a matron who has play'd a prank,
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,
To save the credit of their breaking bank ;
To no men are such cordial greetings given,
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.

CLV.

His Highness cast around his great black eyes,
And looking, as he always look'd, perceived
Juan amongst the damsels, in disguise,
At which he seem'd no whit surprised nor griev'd ;
But just remark'd, with air sedate and wise,
While still a fluttering sigh Gulbeyaz heaved,
'I see you've bought another girl ; 'tis pity
That a mere Christian should be half so pretty.'

CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon
The new-bought virgin, made her blush and
shake ;

Anstey's Bath Guide was published in 1766. *Smollett's Humphrey Clinker* (the only work of *Smollett's* from which *Tubthoa*, etc., could have been taken) was written during *Smollett's last residence* at Leghorn, in 1770.—'Argal,' if there has been any borrowing, *Anstey* must be the creditor, and not the debtor. I refer Mr. Campbell to his own data in his *Lives of Smollett and Anstey*.

Secondly, Mr. Campbell says, in the *Life of Cowper* (note to page 358, vol. vii.), that he knows not to whom Cowper alludes in these lines :

'Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn.'
The Calvinist meant Voltaire, and the church of Ferney, with its inscription—'Deo erexit Voltaire.'
Thirdly, in the *Life of Burns*, Mr. C. quotes Shakespeare thus :

'To gild refined gold, to paint the rose,
Or add fresh perfume to the violet.'

This version by no means improves the original, which is as follows :

'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,' etc.—
King John.

A great poet, quoting another, should be correct ; he should also be accurate, when he accuses a Parsnassian brother of that dangerous charge 'borrowing.' A poet had better borrow anything (excepting money) than the thoughts of another—they are always sure to be reclaimed ; but it is very hard, having been a lender, to be denounced as the debtor, as is the case of *Anstey versus Smollett*.

As there is 'honour amongst thieves,' let there be some amongst poets, and give each his due ; none can afford to give it more than Mr. Campbell himself, who, with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the times (except Rogers) who can be reproach'd (and in him it is indeed a reproach) with having written too little.

Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone :
 O Mahomet ! that his Majesty should take
 Such notice of a gjaour, while scarce to one
 Of them his lips imperial ever spake !
 There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle ;
 But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least sometimes—
 The women up ; because, in sad reality,
 Their chastity in these unhappy climes
 Is not a thing of that astringent quality,
 Which, in the North, prevents precocious
 Crimes,
 And makes our snow less pure than our mor-
 rality ;
 The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
 Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

CLVIII.

Thus in the East they are extremely strict,
 And wedlock and a padlock mean the same ;
 Excepting only when the former's pick'd,
 It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame :
 Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when prick'd :
 But then their own polygamy's to blame ;
 Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life,
 Into that moral centaur, man and wife ?

CLIX.

Thus far our chronicle ; and now we pause,
 Though not for want of matter ; but 'tis time,
 According to the ancient epic laws,
 To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.
 Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,
 The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime ;
 Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, perhaps
 You'll pardon to my muse a few short naps.

PREFACE TO CANTOS VI., VII., AND VIII.

1823.

THE details of the siege of Ismail, in two of the following cantos (*i.e.* the seventh and eighth,) were taken from the French work entitled *Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie*. Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterwards the founder and benefactor of Odessa, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence.

In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person's oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed : as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true ; but with this the public have nothing to do ; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as one of the most despotic in intention, and the weakest in intellect, that ever tyrannized over a country. It is the first time indeed, since the Normans, that England has been insulted by a *minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that, if a poor Radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant fanatic—a sentimental suicide ; he merely cut the ' carotid artery ' (blessings on their learning !), and lo ! the pageant, and the Abbey, and 'the syllables of dolour yelled forth' by the newspapers, and the harangue of the coroner in an eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased (an Antony worthy of such a Caesar), and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere and honorable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the *law*—a felon or a madman ; and in either case no great subject for panegyric. In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a 'moral lesson' to the surviving Sejanus of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the nations that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions, as to anticipate the sentence of mankind. Let us hear no more of this man ; and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grattan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the patriot of humanity repose by the Werther of politics ?

With regard to the objections which have been made, on another score, to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire : 'La douleur s'est enfuite des coeurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les lèvres.' . . . 'Plus les maux sont dépravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées ; on croit raisonner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu.'

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of *Blasphemer*—which, with Radical, Liberal, Jacobin, Reformer, &c., are the changes which the hrelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on *whom* it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as *blasphemers*, and so have been, and may be, many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But

persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: the 'wretched infidel,' as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong; but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience sake will make more proselytes to deism than the example of heterodox prelates to Christianity, suicide statesmen to oppression, or over-tensioned homicides to the invidious alliance which insults the world with the name of 'Holy!' I have no wish to trample on the dishonour'd or the dead; but it would be well if the adherents to the classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *amour propre* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers, and—but enough for the present.

PISA, July, 1822.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

I.

'THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood,*—you know the rest,
And most of us have found it, now and then;
At least we think so, though but few have guess'd
The moment, till too late to come again;
But no doubt every thing is for the best—
Of which the surest sign is in the end: [mend.
When things are at the worst, they sometimes

II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows
Those navigators must be able seamen, [where:
Whose charts lay down its currents to a hair;
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen,
With its strange whirls and eddies, can compare:
Men with their heads reflect on this and that—
But women with their hearts on Heaven knows
what.

III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk
A throne, the world, the universe, to lie
Belov'd in her own way, and rather whisk
The stars from out the sky, than not be free
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—
Though such a she's a devil (if there be one,)
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

IV.

Thrones, worlds, *et cetera*, are so oft upset
By commonest ambition, that when passion
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.
If Antony be well remember'd yet,
'Tis not his conquests keep his name in fashion;
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.

V.

He died at fifty, for a queen of forty.
I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty;
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds, are but a
sport—I
Remember when, though I had no great plenty
Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I
Gave what I had—a heart; as the world went, I
Gave what was worth a world; for worlds could
never
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever.

* See Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act 4, scene iii.

VI.

'Twas the boy's 'mite,' and, like the 'widow's,' may
Perhaps be weigh'd hereafter, if not now;
But whether such things do or do not weigh,
All who have loved or love will still allow
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say;
And Love's a god, or was before the brow
Of earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in
A kind of state more awkward than uncommon.
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin.
For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman:
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,
And don't agree at all with the wise Roman.
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to the friend Hortensius.

VIII.

I know Gulliyaz was extremely wrong;
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it;
But I detect all fiction even in song,
And so must tell the truth, however you may hate it.
Her reason being weak, her passions strong,
She thought that her lord's heart (even could she
claim it)
Was scarce enough; for he had fifty-nine
Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

IX.

I am not, like Cassio, 'an arithmetician,
But by 'the bookish theoretic' it appears,
If 'tis summ'd up with feminine precision,
That, adding to the account his Highness's arrears,
The fair Sultana err'd from inanition;
For were the Sultan just to all his dears,
She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth part
Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious
Upon all legal objects of possession,
And not the least so when they are religious,
Which doubles what they think of the transgression;
With suits and prosecutions they besiege us,
As the tribunals show through many a session,
When they suspect that any one goes shares
In that to which the law makes them sole heirs.

XI.

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,
The heathen also, though with less latitude,

Are apt to carry things with a high hand,
And take what kings call 'an imposing attitude';
And for their rights connivance make a stand,
When their liege husbands treat them with ingratitude;
And as four wives must have quadruple claims,
The Tigris hath its jealousies, like Thames.

XII.

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)
The favourite; but what's favour amongst four?
Polygamy may well be held in dread,
Not only as a sin, but as a bore.—
Most wise men, with one moderate woman wed,
Will scarcely find a bill supply for more,
And all (except Mohammedans) forbear
To make the nuptial couch a 'Bed of Ware.'

XIII.

His Highness, the 'Admiral of mankind,—
So styled according to the usual forms
Of every monarch, had they all been sign'd
To those—Thunberg's, I say, the worms,
Who on the very first kings have sign'd,—
His Highness gave up a Gulbeyaz's charms,
Expecting all the while one of a lower
(A 'Highland welcome' to all the wide world over).

XIV.

Now, here we should distinguish, if we how'er
Kisses, sweet words, and roses, and all that,
May look like what is—neither here nor there,
They are put on as easily as a hat,
Or rather bonnet, which the fairer sex wear,
Triumphant either heads or hearts to decorate,
Which form an ornament, but no more part
Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gently feminine delight, and I shewn
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd
Rather to look, when it pleases most unknown,
Are the best tokens of a modest mind—
Of love, when seen, for he'll valuest throne,
A sincere woman's love; for ever-true
Or ever-true annihilates the charm.

XVI.

For ever-true, if false, is worse than truth;
If true, 'tis no great loss of its own fire;
For no one, save in very early days,
Would like (I think) to trust all to a sire,
Which is but a pretence, and a lie, for sooth,
And apt to be transferred to the next lover,
At a sad discount; while you ever-hilly
Women, on 'other hand, seem to say what silly.

XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon the first of these,
For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,
Who for would have a mutual flame confess'd,
And see a sentimental passion glow,
Even were St. Francis' penance for their guest,
In his monastic contemplation of snow;
In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is
Horatian, *Modo tu tutevimecille*.

XVIII.

The 'tu's too much—but let it stand—the verse
Requires it, that's to say, the English rhyme.
And not the pink of old hexameters;
But, after all, there's neither tune nor time
In the last line, which cannot well be worse,
And was thrust in to close the octave's chime:
I own no prosody can ever rate it
As a rule, but *tristis* may if you translate it.

XIX.

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,
I know not—it succeeded, and success
Is much in most things, not less in the heart,
Than other articles of female dress;
Self-love in man, too, beats all female art;
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less;
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

XX.

We leave this royal couple to repose:
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,
Whatever their dreams be, if of joys or woes;
Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes;
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep:
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

XXI.

A scolding wife, a sullen son; a bill
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted
At a percentage; a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's mounted;
A bad old woman making a worse will,
Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted
As certainties: these are paltry things, and yet
I've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

XXII.

I'm a philosopher; her; I confound them all!
Bills, I cast, and men, and—no! not womankind!
With one good hearty curse I sent my gall,
And then my stolidism leaves nought behind
Which it can either pain or evil call,
And I can give my whole soul up to mind:
Though what 's soul or mind, their birth or growth,
Is more than I know—the dunces take them both!

XXIII.

So now all things are done, one feels at ease,
As after reading Athanasius' curse,
Which doth your true believer so much please:
I doubt if any now could make it worse
O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,
'Tis so sententious, positive, and terse,
And decorates the book of Common Prayer,
As doth a rainbow the just clearing air.

XXIV.

Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping, or
At least one of them!—Oh, the heavy night,
When wicked wives, who love some bachelor,
Lie down in dudgeon, to sigh for the light
Of the grey morning, and look vainly for
Its twinkle through the lattice dusky quiet—
To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake
Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should wake!

XXV.

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,
Also beneath the canopy of beds,
Four-posted, and silk-curtain'd, which are given
For rich men and their brides to lay their heads
Upon, in sheets white as what birds call 'driven
Snow.' Well, 'tis all haphazard when one weds!
Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been
Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's* queen.

XXVI.

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,
With all the damsels in their long array,
Had bow'd themselves before th' imperial eyes,
And at the usual signal t' en their way
Back to their chambers, those long galleries
In the seraglio, where the ladies lay
Their delicate limbs; a thousand bosoms there
Beating for love, as the caged birds for air.

XXVII.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's* wish, 'that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might
Pierce.'
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender, on the whole, than fierce:
It being (not *now*, but only while a kid)
That womankind had but one *rosy* mouth.
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

XXVIII.

O enviable Briareus! with thy hands
And heads if thou hadst all things multiplied
In such proportion! But my Muse with-stands
The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,
Or travelling in Patagonian lands;
So let us back to Laluput, and guide
Our hero through the labyrinth of love,
In which we left him several lines above.

XXIX.

He went forth with the lovely Odalisque,†
At the given signal join'd to their array;
And though he certainly ran many risks,
Yet he could not at times keep, by the way,
(Although the consequences of such frisks
Are worse than the worst damages men pay
In moral England, where the thing's a tax,
From ogling all their charms from breasts to backs.

XXX.

Still he forgot not his disguise: along
The galleries from room to room they walk'd,
A virgin-like and edifying throng,
By eunuchs flank'd; while at their head there
A dame who kept up discipline among †stalk'd
The female ranks, so that none stirr'd or talk'd,
Without her sanction, on their she-parades;
Her title was 'the Mother of the Maids.'

XXXI.

Whether she was a 'mother,' I know not,
Or whether they were 'maids' who call'd her
But this is her seraglio-title, got †mother;
I know not how, but good as any other;

So Cantemir can tell you, or De Tott:
Her office was to keep aloof or smother
All bad propensities in fifteen hundred
Young women, and correct them when they
blunder'd.

XXXII.

A goodly sinicure, no doubt! but made
More easy by the absence of all men,
Except his majesty, who, with her aid,
And guards, an I bolts, and walls, and now and
A slight example, just to cast a shade [then
Along the rest, contrived to keep this den
Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,
Where all the passions have, alas! but one vent.

XXXIII.

And what is that? Devotion, should it be—how
Could I you ask such a question?—but we will
Continue. As I said, this goodly row
Of fishes of all countries, at the will
Of our good man, with stately march and slow,
Like water-lilies floating down a mill—
Or rather lake—*of a mill*, do *not* run slowly—
Paced on most marble-like an I melancholy.

XXXIV.

But when they reach'd their own apartments, there
Like birds, or boys, or bellamies, broke loose,
Waves at spring-tide, or women any where.
When freed from bonds which are of no great
After all, or like Irish at a fair, [use
Their guards being gone, and as it were a truce
Establish'd between them, an I bondage, they
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and play.

XXXV.

Their talk, of course, ran first on the new comer:
Her shape, her air, her hair, her everything:
Some thought her dress did not so much become
Or wonder'd at her ears without a ring: [her,
Some said her years were getting nigh their
summer;
Others contended they were but in spring:
Some thought her rather masculine in height,
While others wish'd that she had been so quite.

XXXVI.

But no one doubted, on the whole, that she
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel fair,
And fresh, and 'beautiful exceedingly.' [pare:
Who with the brightest Georgians might com-
They wonder'd how Gulbeyaz, too, could be
So silly as to buy slaves who might share
(If that his Highness wear'd of his bride)
Her throne and power, and everything beside.

XXXVII.

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,
Although her beauty was enough to vex,
After the first investigating view,
They all found out as few, or fewer, specks
In the fair form of their companion new,
Than is the custom of the gentle sex,
When they survey, with Christian eyes or Heathen,
In a new face, 'the ugliest creature breathing.'

XXXVIII.

And yet they had their little jealousies,
Like all the rest: but upon this occasion.

* Caligula.—See *Suetonius*.
† The slaves of the harem.

Whether there are such things as sympathies
Without our knowledge or our approbation,
Although they could not see through his disguise,
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,
Like magnetism, or devilism, or what
You please—we will not quarrel about that.

XXXIX.

But certain 'tis they all felt for their new
Companion something newer still, as 'twere
A sentimental friendship through and through,
Extremely pure, which made them all concur
In wishing her their sister, save a few
Who wish'd they had a brother just like her,
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Circassia,
They would prefer to Padishah* or Pacha.

XL.

Of those who had most genius for this sort
Of sentimental friendship there were three,
Lolah, Katinka, and Dudu: in short
(To save description), fair as fair can be
Were they, according to the best report,
Though differing in stature and degree,
And clime and time, and country and complexion;
They all alike admired their new connection.

XLI.

Lolah was dusk as India, and as warm;
Katinka was a Georgian, white and red,
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
And feet so small they scarce seem'd made to tread.

But rather skim the earth; while Dudu's form
Look'd more adapted to be put to bed,
Being somewhat large, and long of limb, or flazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

XLII.

A kind of sleepy Venus call'd Dudu,
Yet very fit to murder sleep in those
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose;
Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true;
Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce
lose:

Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

XLIII.

She was not violently lively, but
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,
They put beholders in a tender taking;
They look'd (this smile's quite new) just cut
From marble, like a Pygmalion's statue waking,
The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timidly expanding into life.

XLIV.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—
'Juanna.' Well, a pretty name enough.
Katinka ask'd her also whence she came—
'From Spain.' 'But where is Spain?' 'Don't
ask such stuff;

Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for shame!
Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,
To poor Katinka. 'Spain's an island near
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier.'

XLV.

Dudu said nothing, but sat down beside
Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;
And, looking at her steal'fastly, she sigh'd,
As if she pitied her for being there;
A pretty stranger without friend or guide,
And all abash'd, too, at the general stare
Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,
With kind remarks upon their men and faces.

XLVI.

But here the Mother of the Maids drew near,
With, 'Ladies, it is time to go to rest.'
I'm puzzled what to do with you, my dear,'
She add'd to Juanna, their new guest.
'Your coming has been unexpected here,
And every couch is occupied; you had best
Partake of mine; but by to-morrow early
We will have all things settled for you fairly.'

XLVII.

Here Lolah interposed: 'Mamma, you know
You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear
That anybody should disturb you so;
I'll take Juanna; we're a slenderer pair
Than you would make the half of; don't say no,
And I of your young charge will take due care.'
But here Katinka interfere'd, and said
She could but compass and a bed.

XLVIII.

'Tis lies, I hate to sleep alone' quoth she.
The matron tremol'd: 'Why so?' 'For fear of
Repled Katinka; 'I am sure I see [ghosts,
A phantom upon each of the four posts;
And then I have the worst dreams that can be,
Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and Gouls, in
hosts.'

The dame replied, 'Between your dreams and you,
I fear Juanna's dreams would be but few.

XLIX.

'You, Lolah, must continue still to lie
Alone, for reasons which don't matter; you
The same, Katinka, until by and by;
And I shall place Juanna with Dudu,
Who's quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,
And will not toss and chatter the night through.
What say you, child?' Dudu said nothing, as
Her talents were of the more silent class:

L.

But she rose up, and kiss'd the matron's brow
Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,
Katinka too; and with a gentle bow
(Curtseys are neither used by Turks nor Greeks)
She took Juanna by the hand, to show
Their place of rest, and left to both their piques;
The others pouting at the matron's preference
Of Dudu, though they held their tongues, from
deference.

LI.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is
The Turkish title), and ranged round the wall

* Padisha is the Turkish title for the Sultan of Turkey.

Were couches, toilets; and much more than this
I might describe, as I have seen it all,
But it suffices—little was amiss;

'Twas on the whole a nobly furnish'd hall,
With all things ladies want, save one or two,
And even those were nearer than they knew.

LII.

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,
Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
With the most regulated charms of feature,
Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning
Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature,
Which they hit off at once in the beginning,
Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
And, pleasing or unpleasing, still are like.

LIII.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
Which some call 'the sublime;' I wish they'd
try it.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

LIV.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,
And serious more than pensive, and serene
It may be more than either: not unholy
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have
been.

The strongest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly
Unconscious: albeit turn'd of quick seventeen,
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;
She never thought about herself at all.

LV.

And therefore was she kind and gentle as
The Age of Gold (when gold was yet unknown,
By which its nomenclature came to pass;

Lucus most appropriately has been shown
'Lucus à non lucendo,' not what *was*,
But what *was not*; a sort of style that's grown
Extremely common in this age, whose metal
The devil may decompose, but never settle:

LVI.

I think it may be of 'Corinthian Brass,'
Which was a mixture of all metals, but
The brass uppermost). Kind reader, pass
This long parenthesis—I could not shut
It sooner for the soul of me—and class
My faults even with your own: which meaneth, put
A kind construction upon them and me:
But *that* you won't—then don't—I'm not less free.

LVII.

'Tis time we should return to plain narration,
And thus my narrative proceeds: Dudù,
With every kindness short of ostentation,
Show'd Juan, or Juanna, through and through
This labyrinth of females, and each station
Described—what's strange—in words extremely
few.

I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,
For wordless woman, which is *silent* thunder.

LVIII.

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because
The gender still was epicene, at least
In outward show, which is a saving clause)
An outline of the customs of the East,
With all their chaste integrity of laws,
By which the more a harem is increased,
The stricter doubtless grow the vestal duties
Of any supernumerary beauties.

LIX.

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss:
Dudù was fond of kissing, which I'm sure
That nobody can ever take amiss,
Because 'tis pleasant, so that it be pure,
And between females means no more than this—
That they have nothing better near, or newer.
'Kiss' rhymes to 'bliss' in fact as well as verse—
I wish it never led to something worse.

LX.

In perfect innocence she then unmade
Her toilet, which cost little, for she was
A child of Nature, without art or aid:
If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,
'Twas like the fawn, which, in the lake display'd,
Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,
When first she starts, and then returns to peep,
Admiring this new native of the deep.

LXI.

And one by one her articles of dress
Were laid aside, but not before she offer'd
Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess
Of modesty declined the assistance proffer'd;
Which pass'd well off—as she could do no less;
Though by this politeness she rather suffer'd,
Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,
Which surely were invented for our sins,

LXII.

Making a woman like a porcupine,
Not to be rashly touch'd. But still more dread,
O ye, whose fate it is, as once 'twas mine
In early youth, to turn a lady's maid;
I did my very boyish best to shine
In tricking her out for a masquerade:
The pins were placed sufficiently, but not
Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

LXIII.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,
And I love wisdom more than she loves me:
My tendency is to philosophize
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;
But still the spouseless virgin *Knowledge* flies.
What are we? and whence came we? what shall be
Our *ultimate* existence? what's our present?
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

LXIV.

There was deep silence in the chamber: dim
And distant from each other burn'd the lights,
And slumber hover'd o'er each lovely limb
Of the fair occupants; if there be sprites,
They should have walk'd there in their spright-
liest trim,
By way of change from their sepulchral sites,

And shown themselves as ghosts of better taste,
Than haunting some old ruin or wild waste.

LXV.

Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and root,
In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost, and care, and warmth, induced to shoot.
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft
breath,
And lips apart, which show'd the pearls beneath.

LXVI.

One with her flush'd cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gather'd in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm:
And smiling through her dream, as through a
cloud

The moon breaks, half unweild each further charm,
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
All bashfully to struggle into light.

LXVII.

This is no bull, although it sounds so, for
'Twas night, but there were lamps, as hath been
A third's all pallid aspect offer'd more [such].
The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betray'd
Through the heaved breast the dream of some far
shore,

Belov'd and deplored; while slowly stray'd
(As night-dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges
The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes
dark fringes.

LXVIII.

A fourth, as marble, statue-like and still,
Lay in a breathless, hush'd, and stony sleep;
White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
Or the snow-mountain on an Alpine steep,
Or Let's wife done in salt—r what you will;
My similes are gather'd in a heap,
So, pick and choose—perhaps you'll be content
With a carved lady on a monument.

LXIX.

And lo! a fifth appears: and what is she?
A lady of a 'certain age,' which means
Certainly age!—what her years might be
I know not, never entering post their toms;
But there she slept, not quite so far to see,
As ere that awful period intervenes,
Which lays both men and women on the shelf,
To meditate upon their sins and self.

LXX.

But all this time how slept, or dream'd I?—but
With strict inquiry I could ne'er be clear,
And seem to add a syllable untrue.

But ere the middle watch was halfly o'er,
Just when the falling lamps were dim and blue,
And phantoms hover'd, or might seem to hover,
To those who like their company, about
The apartment, on a sudden she scream'd out;

LXXI.

And that so loudly, that up started all
The Oda in a general commotion:

Matrons and maids, and those whom you may call
Neither, came crowding like the waves of ocean
One on the other, throughout the whole hall,
All trembling, wondering, without the least
notion

More than I have myself of what could make
The calm Dudù so turbulent! wake.

LXXII.

But wide awake she was; and round her bed,
With floating draperies and with flying hair,
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,
And bosoms, arms, and ankles, glancing bare,
And bright as any meteor ever bred

By the North Pole, they sought her cause of care,
For she seem'd agitated, flush'd, and frighten'd,
Her eye dilated, and her colour heighten'd.

LXXIII.

But what is strange—and a strong proof how great
A blessing is sound sleep, Juanna lay
As fast as ever husband by his mate
In holy matrimony snores away.
Not all the clamour broke her happy state
Of slumber, ere they shook her—so they say
At least—and then she, too, unclosed her eyes,
And yawn'd a good deal with discreet surprise.

LXXIV.

And now commenced a strict investigation,
Which, as all spoke at once, and more than once
Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,
Alike might puzzle either wit or dunce
To answer in a very clear oration,
Dudù had never pass'd for wanting sense,
But, being 'no orator, as Brutus is,'
Could not at first expound what was amiss.

LXXV.

At length she said that, in a slumber sound,
She dream'd a dream of walking in a wood—
A 'wood obscure,* like that where Dante found
Himself in at the age when all grow good;
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue
crow'd,

Kea much less risk of lovers turning rude;
As if that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots

LXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew—
A most prodigious pygmy—but it hung
Rather too high and distant: that she threw
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung
stones, and whatever she could pick up, to
Bring down the fruit, which still perversely cling
To its own bough and dangled yet in sight,
But always at a most provoking height;

LXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,
It fell down of its own accord, before
Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop
And pick it up, and bite it to the core;

* Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura.
Inferno, Canto I.

That just as her young lip began to open
Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,
A bee flew out, and stung her to the heart.
And so—she woke with a great scream and start.

LXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and
Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams
Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand
To expound their vain and visionary gleams.
I've known some odd ones which seem'd really
plann'd
Prophetically, or that which one deems
A 'strange coincidence,' to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days.

LXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great
Began, as is the consequence of fear, [harm,
To scold a little at the false alarm
That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.
The matron, too, was wroth to leave her warm
Bed, for the dream she had been obliged to hear,
And chafed at poor Dudú, who only sigh'd,
And said that she was sorry she had cried

LXXX.

'I've heard of stories of a cock and bull;
But visions of an apple and a bee,
To take us from our natural rest, and pull
The whole Oda from their beds at half-past
three,

Would make us think the moon is at its full.
You surely are unwell, child! we must see,
To-morrow, what his Highness's physician
Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

LXXXI.

'And poor Juanna, too, the child's first night
Within these walls, to be broke in upon
With such a clamour—I had thought it right
That the young stranger should not lie alone,
And, as the quietest of all, she might
With you, Dudú, a good night's rest have
known;
But now I must transfer her to the charge
Of Lolah—though her couch is not so large.'

LXXXII.

Lolah's eyes sparkled at the proposition;
But poor Dudú, with large drops in her own,
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,
Implored that present pardon might be shown
For this first fault, and that on no condition
(She add'd in a soft and piteous tone)
Juanna should be taken from her, and
Her future dreams should all be kept in hand.

LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,
At least to dream so loudly as just now.
She wonder'd at herself how she could scream—
'Twas foolish nervous, as she must allow;
A fond hallucination, and a theme
For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,
And begg'd they would excuse her: she'd get over
This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

LXXXIV.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,
And said she felt herself extremely well
Where she then was, as her sound sleep disclosed,
When all around rang like a tocsin bell.
She did not find herself the least disposed
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell
Apart from one who had no sin to show,
Save that of dreaming once *mal-à-propos*.

LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke. Dudú turn'd round,
And hid her face within Juanna's breast;
Her neck alone was seen, but that was found
The colour of a budding rose's crest.
I can't tell why she blush'd, nor can expound
The mystery of this rupture of their rest;
All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late.

LXXXVI.

And so good night to them—or, if you will,
Good morrow—for the cock had crown, and
light
Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,
And the mosque-crescent struggled into sight
Of the long caravan, which, in the chill
Of dewy dawn, wound slowly down each height,
That stretches to the stony belt which girls
Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.

LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey, of morn,
Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness: and pale
As passion rises, with its bosom worn,
Array'd herself with mantle, gem, and veil.
The nightingale that sings with the deep throat,
Which fable places in her breast of wail,
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
Whose headlong passions form their proper woes.

LXXXVIII.

And that's the moral of this composition,
If people would but see its real drift;
But *that* they will not do without suspicion,
Because all gentle readers have the gift
Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision;
While gentle writers also love to lit
Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,
The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

LXXXIX.

Rose the Sultana from a bed of splendour,
Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who cried
Aloud because his feelings were too tender
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side;
So beautiful, that art could little mend her,
Though pale with conflicts between love and
pride:
So agitated was she with her error,
She did not even look into the mirror.

XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,
Master of thirty kingdoms, so sublime,
And of a wife by whom he was abhorr'd;

A thing of much less import in that clime—
At least to those of incomes which afford
The filling up their whole connubial cargo—
Than where two wives are under an embargo.

XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor
Indeed on any other : as a man,
He liked to have a handsome paramour
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,
And therefore of Circassians had good store,
As an amusement after the Divan ;
Though an unusual fit of love or duty,
Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty.

XCII.

And now he rose ; and, after due ablutions
Exact'd by the customs of the East,
And prayers and other pious evolutions,
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,
And then withdrew to hear about the Russians,
Whose victories had recently increased
In Catharine's reign, whom glory still adores
As greatest of all sovereigns and w—s.

XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander,
Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend
Thine ear, if it should reach—and now rhymes
wander

Almost as far as Petersburg, and lend
A dreadful impulse to each loud meander
Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which
blend

Their roar even with the Baltic—so you be
Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim
Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,
That hater of mankind, would be a shame,
A libel, or what'er you please to rhyme on ;
But people's ancestors are history's gone,
And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on
All generations, I should like to know
What pedigree the best would have to show ?

XCV.

Had Catharine and the Sultan understood
Their own true interest, which kings rarely know
Until 'tis taught by lessons rather rude.

There was a way to end their strife, although
Perhaps precarious, had they but thought good,
Without the aid of prince or plenio :
She to dismiss her guards, and he his harem,
And for their other matters meet and share 'em.

XCVI.

But, as it was, his Highness had to hold
His daily council upon ways and means,
How to encounter with this martial soul,
This modern Amazon and queen of queans ;
And the perplexity could not be told
Of all the pillars of the state, which leans
Sometimes a little heavy on the backs
Of those who cannot lay on a new tax

XCVII.

Meantime Gullbayaz, when her king was gone,
Retired into her boudoir—a sweet place

For love or breakfast ; private, pleasing, lone,
And rich with all contrivances which grace
Those gay recesses : many a precious stone
Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase
Of porcelain held in the fetter'd flowers,
Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

XCVIII.

Mother-of-pearl, and porphyry, and marble,
Vied with each other in this costly spot ;
And singing birds without were heard to warble ;
And the stain'd glass which lighted this fair grot
Varied each ray ; but all descriptions garble
The true effect, and so we had better not
Be too minute : an outline is the best—
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

XCIX.

And here she summon'd Baba, and required
Don Juan at his hands, and information
Of what had pass'd since all the slaves retired,
And whether he had occupied their station ;
If matters had been managed as desired,
And his disguise with due consideration
Kept up ; and above all, the where and how
He had pass'd the night, was what she wish'd to know

C.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied
To this long catechism of questions ask'd
More easily than answer'd—that he had tried
His best to obey in what he had been task'd :
But there seem'd something that he wish'd to hide
Which hesitation more betray'd than mask'd :
He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource
To which embarrass'd people have recourse.

CI.

Gullbayaz was no model of true patience,
Nor much disposed to wait in word or deed :
She liked quick answers in all conversations ;
And when she saw him stumbling like a steed
In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones :
And as his speech grew still more broken-kneed,
Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,
And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and darkle

CII.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he knew
To bode him no great good, he deprecated
Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him through—
He could not help the thing which he related ;
Then on it came, at length, that to Dudú
Juan was given in charge, as hath been stated ;
But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on
The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

CIII.

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom
The discipline of the whole harem bore,
As soon as they re-enter'd their own room—
I or Baba's function stop'd short at the door—
Had settled all ; nor could he then presume
(The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,
Without exciting such suspicion as
Might make the matter still worse than it was.

CIV.

He hoped, indeed he thought, he could be sure,
Juan had not betray'd himself ; in fact,

'Twas certain that his conduct had been pure,
 Because a foolish or imprudent act
 Would not alone have made him insecure.
 But ended in his being found out and *sack'd*,
 And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke
 Of all save Dudu's dream, which was no joke.

CV.

This he discreetly kept in the background,
 And talk'd away—and might have talk'd till now,
 For any further answer that he found,
 So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow.
 Her cheeks turn'd ashes, ears rung, brain whirl'd
 As if she had received a sudden blow; [round,
 And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and chilly
 O'er her fair front, like morning's on a lily

CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,
 Baba thought she would faint; but there he err'd—
 It was but a convulsion, which, though short,
 Can never be described; we all have heard,
 And some of us have felt, thus, '*all amont*,'
 When things beyond the common have occur'd.
 Gulbeyaz proved, in that brief agony,
 What she could ne'er express—then how should I?

CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness
 Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full
 Of inspiration gather'd from distress,
 When all the heart-strings, like wild horses, pull
 The heart asunder; then, as more or less
 Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,
 She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,
 And bow'd her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.

CVIII.

Her face declined, and was unseen; her hair
 Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,
 Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,
 Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,
 A low, soft ottoman), and black despair
 Stir'd up and down her bosom like a billow,
 Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check
 Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
 Conceal'd her features better than a veil;
 And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,
 White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:
 Would that I were a painter, to be grouping
 All that a poet drags into detail!
 Oh that my words were colours I but their tints
 May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

CX.

Baba, who knew by experience when to talk
 And when to hold his tongue, now held it till
 This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk
 Gulbeyaz' taciturn or speaking will.
 At length she rose up, and began to walk
 Slowly along the room, but silent still,
 And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye:
 The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

CXI.

She stopp'd, and raised her head to speak—but
 paused.
 And then moved on again with rapid pace;
 Then slacken'd it, which is the march most caused
 By deep emotion; you may sometimes trace
 A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed
 By Sallust in his *Catiline*, who, chased
 By all the demons of all passions, show'd
 Their work even by the way in which he trode.

CXII.

Gulbeyaz stopp'd, and beckon'd Baba: 'Slave I
 Bring the two slaves!' she said in a low tone,
 But one which Baba did not like to brave,
 And yet he shudder'd, and seem'd rather prone
 To prove reluctant, and begg'd leave to crave
 (Though he well knew the meaning) to be shown
 What slaves her Highness wish'd to indicate,
 For fear of any error, like the late.

CXIII.

'The Georgian and her paramour,' replied
 The imperial bride, and added, 'Let the boat
 Be ready by the secret portal's side.
 You know the rest.' The words stuck in her throat,
 Despite her injured love and fiery pride;
 And of this Baba willingly took note,
 And begg'd, by every hair of Mahomet's beard,
 She would revoke the order he had heard.

CXIV.

'To hear is to obey,' he said; 'but still,
 Sultana, think upon the consequence:
 It is not that I shall not all fulfil
 Your orders, even in their severest sense;
 But such precipitation may end ill,
 Even at your own imperative expense:
 I do not mean destruction and exposure,
 In case of any premature disclosure;

CXV.

'But your own feeling'. Even should all the rest
 Be hidden by the rolling waves, which hide
 Already many a once love-beaten breast
 Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—
 You love this boyish, new, seraglio guest,
 And if this violent remedy be tri'd—
 Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you
 That killing him is not the way to cure you.'

CXVI.

'What dost thou know of love or feeling?—Wretch I
 Begone!' she cried, with kindling eyes, 'and do
 My bidding!' Baba vanish'd, for to stretch
 His own remonstrance farther, he well knew
 Might end in acting as his own 'Jack Ketch';
 And though he wish'd extremely to get through
 This awkward business without harm to others,
 He still prefer'd his own neck to another's.

CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,
 Growling and grumbling in good Turkish phrase,
 Against all women of whate'er condition,
 Especially sultanas and their ways;
 Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,
 Their never knowing their own mind two days,

The trouble that they gave, their immorality,
Which made him daily bless his own neutrality

CXVIII.

And then he call'd his brethren to his aid,
And sent one on a summons to the pair,
That they must instantly be well array'd,
And above all be comb'd even to a hair,
And brought before the Empress, who had made
Inquiries after them with kindest care ;
At which Dndú look'd strange, and Juan silly,
But they must go at once, and will I—nill I.

CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation
For the imperial presence, wherein whether

Gulbeyaz show'd them both commiseration,
Or got rid of the parties altogether,
Like other angry ladies of her nation,—
Are things the turning of a hair or feather
May settle : but far be't from me to anticipate
In what way feminine caprice may dissipate.

CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,
Though doubts of their well-doing, to arrange
Another part of history ; for the dishes
Of this our banquet we must sometimes change,
And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,
Although his situation now seems strange,
And scarce secure, as such digressions are fair,
The muse will take a little touch at warfare.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

1823.

I.

O LOVE ! O Glory ! what are ye who fly
Around us ever, rarely to alight ?
There's not a meteor in the polar sky
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.
Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high
Our eyes in search of ether lovely light ;
A thousand and a thousand colours they
Assume, then leave us on our fleeting way.

II.

And such as they are, such my present tale is,
A nondescript and ever-varying rhyme,
A versified Aurora Borealis,
Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.
When we know what all are, we must bewail us,
But nevertheless I hope it is no crime
To laugh at all things—for I wish to know
What, after all, are all things—but a shew ?

III.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of
The present poem—of—I know not what—
A tendency to underrate and scoff
At human power and virtue, and all that ;
And this they say in language rather rough.
Good God ! I wonder what they would be at !
I say no more than hath been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes.

IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefortault,
By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Puto ;
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Richardson,
Who knew this life was not worth a potato.
'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
Nor even Diogenes—We live and die,
But which is best, you know no more than I.

V.

Socrates said, our only knowledge was
'To know that nothing could be known ;' a
pleasant
Science enough, which levels to an ass
Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.

Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas,
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
That he himself felt only 'like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth.'

VI.

Ecclesiastes said that 'all is vanity'—
Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity ;
In short, all know, or very soon may know it ;
And in this scene of all-confess'd inanity,
By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,
From holding up the nothingness of life ?

VII.

Dogs, or men !—for I flatter you in saying
That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying
To show ye what ye are in every way.
As little as the moon stops for the baying
Of wolves, will the bright muse withdraw one ray
From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath,
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

VIII.

'Fierce loves and faithless wars'—I am not sure
If this be the right reading—'tis no matter ;
The fact's about the same, I am secure :
I sing them both, and am about to batter
A town which did a famous siege endure,
And was beleaguerr'd, both by land and water,
By Souvaroff, or Anglicé Suwarrow,
Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow.

IX.

The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed
Up on the Danube's left branch and left bank,
With mill-rings in the Oriental taste,
But still a fortress of the foremost rank,
Or was at least, unless 'tis since defaced,
Which with your conquerors is a common prank :
It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,
And measures round of toises thousands three.

X.

Within the extent of this fortification
A borough is comprised, along the height
Upon the left, which from its loftier station
Commands the city, and upon its site
A Greek had raised around this elevation
A quantity of palisades *impetible*,
So placed as to *impole* the fire of those
Who held the place, and to *assist* the foe's.

XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion
Of the high talents of this new Vauban:
But the town ditch below was deep as ocean.
The rampart higher than you'd wish to hang,
But then there was a great want of precaution
(Prithee, excuse this engineering slang),
Nor work advanced, nor covered way, was there,
To hint at least 'Here is no thoroughfare.'

XII.

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,
And walls as thick as most skulls born as yet:
Two batteries, cap-à-pie, as our St. George,
Casemated one, and t' other à barquette,
Of Danube's bank took formidable charge;
While two and twenty cannon, duly set,
Rose over the town's right side, in bristling tier,
Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.

XIII.

But from the river the town's open quite,
Because the Turks could never be persuaded
A Russian vessel e'er would heave in sight;
And such their creed was, till they were invaded,
When it grew rather late to set things right;
But as the Danube could not well be waded,
They look'd upon the Muscovite flotilla,
And only shouted 'Allah!' and 'Bis Millah!'

XIV.

The Russians now were ready to attack,
But, O ye goddesses of war and glory,
How shall I spell the name of each Cossaque,
Who were immortal, could one tell their story?
Alas! what to their memory can lack?
Achilles' self was not more grim and glory
Than thousands of this new and polish'd nation,
Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation.

XV.

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase
Our euphony: there was Strongenoff, and
Strokonoff,
Meknop, Serge Lwdw, Arseniew of modern Greece,
And Tschitshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Choke-
noff,
And others of twelve consonants apiece;
And more might be found out, if I could poke
enough
into gazettes; but Fame (capacious strumpet),
It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet,

XVI.

And cannot tune those discords of narration,
Which may be names at Moscow, into rhyme;
Yet there were several worth commemoration,
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime.

Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration
Of Londonderry, drawing against time,
Ending in 'ischskin,' 'ousckin,' 'ifiskchy,' 'ouski
Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski,

XVII.

Scherematoff, and Chrematoff, Koklopti,
Koclowski, Kourakin, and Mouskin Pouskin,
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoff'd high
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin:
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,
Unless to make their kettle-drums a new skin
Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear,
And no more handy substitute been near.

XVIII.

Then there were foreigners of much renown,
Of various nations, and all volunteers;
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day brigadiers;
Also to have the sacking of a town,
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

XIX.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson;—all the rest
Had been call'd 'Jimmy,' after the great bard;
I don't know whether they had arms or crest,
But such a godfather's as good a card.
Three of the Smiths were Peters: but the best
Amongst them all, had I blows to inflict or ward,
Was he, since so renown'd 'in country quarters
At Halifax;' but now he served the Tartars.

XX.

The rest were Jacks, and Gills, and Wills, and
Bills;
But when I've added that the elder Jack Smith
Was born in Cumberland, among the hills,
And that his father was an honest blacksmith,
I've said all I know of a name that fills
Three lines of the despatch in taking 'Schmack-
smith.'
A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein
He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

XXI.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a god I
Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*
May make up for a *bullet* in his body?
I hope this little question is no sin,
Because, though I am but a simple nobby,
I think one Shakspeare puts the same thought in
The mouth of some one in his plays so doting,
Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

XXII.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young, and
But I'm too great a patriot to record [gay;
Their Gallic names upon a glorious day.
I'd rather tell ten lies than say a word
Of truth: such truths are treason; they betray
Their country; and as traitors are abhor'd,
Who name the French in English, save to show
How peace should make John Bull the French-
man's foe.

XXIII.

The Russians, having built two batteries on
An isle near Ismail, had two ends in view:
The first was to bombard it, and knock down
The public buildings, and the private too,
No matter what poor souls might be undone.
The city's shape suggested this, 'tis true:
Form'd like an amphitheatre, each dwelling
Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.

XXIV.

The second object was to profit by
The moment of the general consternation,
To attack the Turk's flotilla, which lay nigh,
Extremely tranquil, anchor'd at its station:
But a third motive was as probably
To frighten them into capitulation;
A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,
Unless they are game as bull-dogs and fox-
terriers.

XXV.

A habit rather blamable, which is
That of despising those we combat with,
Common in many cases, was in this
The cause of killing Telichtzkooff and Smith;
One of the valorous 'Smiths' whom we shall miss
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to
'pith':
But 'tis a name so spread o'er 'Sir' and 'Ma-lam,'
That one would think the first who bore it 'Adam.

XXVI.

The Russian batteries were incomplete,
Because they were constructed in a hurry;
Thus the same cause which makes a verse want
feet, [Murray,
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and John
When the sale of new books is not so fleet
As they who print them think is necessary,
May likewise put off, for a time, what story
Sometimes calls 'murder,' and at others 'glory.'

XXVII.

Whether it was their engineers' stupidity,
Their haste or waste, I neither know nor care,
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware
Of homicide; but there was no solidity
In the new batteries erected there:
They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,
And added greatly to the missing list.

XXVIII.

A sad miscalculation about distance
Made all their naval matters incorrect;
Three fireships lost their annal'd existence
Before they reached a spot to take effect:
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance
Could remedy this lubberly defect:
They blew up in the middle of the river, [ever,
While, though 'twas down, the Turks slept fast as

XXIX.

At seven they rose, however, and surveyed
The Russ flotilla getting under way;
'Twas nine, when still advancing, undismay'd,
Within a cable's length their vessels lay

Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade,
Which was return'd, with interest, I may say,
And by a fire of musketry and grape,
And shells and shot of every size and shape.

XXX.

For six hours bore they, without intermission,
The Turkish fire; and, aided by their own
Land batteries, worked their guns with great pre-
cision:
At length they found mere cannonade alone
By no means would produce the town's submission,
And made a signal to retreat at one.
One bark blew up; a second, near the works
Running aground, was taken by the Turks.

XXXI.

The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and men;
But when they saw the enemy retire,
Their Delhis mann'd some boats, and sail'd again,
And gall'd the Russians with a heavy fire,
And tried to make a landing on the main;
But here the effect fell short of their desire:
Count Damas drove them back into the water
Pell-mell, and with a whole gazette of slaughter.

XXXII.

'If' (says the historian here) 'I could report
All that the Russians did upon this day,
I think that several volumes would fall short,
And I should still have many things to say.'
And so he says no more—but pays his court
To some distinguish'd strangers in that fray;
The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and Damas,
Names great as any that the roll of Fame has.

XXXIII.

This being the case, may show us what fame is,
For out of these three '*preux chevaliers*,' how
Many of common readers give a guess
That such existed? (and they may live now,
I or ought we know.) Renown's all hit or miss;
There's fortune even in fate, we must allow.
'Tis true, the memoirs of the Prince de Ligne
Have half withdrawn from *him* oblivion's screen.

XXXIV.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions,
As gallantly as ever heroes fought;
But buried in the heap of such transactions,
Their names are rarely found, nor often sought.
Thus even good fame may suffer sad contractions,
And is extinguish'd sooner than she ought:
Of all our modern battles, I will bet
You can't repeat nine names from each *Gazette*.

XXXV.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,
Shew'd that *somewhere, somehow*, there was a
fault;
And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian story)
Most strongly recommended an assault,
In which he was opposed by young and hoary,
Which made a long debate. But I must halt;
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,
I doubt few readers e'er would mount the breach.

XXXVI.

There was a man—if that he was a man,
Not that his manhood could be call'd in question,

For had he not been Hercules, his span
Had been as short in youth as indigestion
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

XXXVII.

This was Potemkin—a great thing in days
When homicide and harlotry made great ;
If stars and titles could entail long praise,
His glory might half equal his estate
This fellow, being six foot high, could raise
A kind of phantasy proportionate
In the then sovereign of the Russian people,
Who measured men as you would do a steepde.

XXXVIII.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent
A courier to the prince, and he succeeded
In ordering matters after his own bent ;
I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,
But shortly he had cause to be content.
In the meantime, the batteries proceeded ;
And fourscore cannon, on the Danube's border,
Were briskly fired, and answer'd in due order.

XXXIX.

But on the thirteenth, when already part
Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to raise,
A courier on the spur inspired new heart
Into all panthers for newspaper praise.
As well as dilettanti in war's art,
By his despatches, couch'd in pithy phrase,
Announcing the appointment of that lover of
Battles to the command. Field-Marshal Souwaroff.

XL.

The letter of the prince to the same marshal
Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause
Been one to which a good heart could be partial—
Defence of freedom, country, or of laws ;
But as it was mere lust of power, to o'erarch all
With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,
Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,
You will take Ismail, at whatever price.'

XLI.

'Let there be light!' said God, 'and there was
light !'
'Let there be blood!' says man, and there's a
The fiat of this spoil'd child of the Night [see !
(For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree
More evil in an hour, than thirty bright
Summers could renovate, though they should be
Lovely as those which ripen'd Eden's fruit ;
For war cuts up not only branch, but root.

XLII.

Our friends the Turks, who with loud 'Allahs' now
Began to signalize the Russ retreat,
Were damnably mistaken ; few are slow
In thinking that their enemy is beat,
(Or *beaten*, if you insist on grammar, though
I never think about it in a heat).
But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,
Who, hating hogs, yet wish'd to save their bacon

XLIII.

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew
In sight two horsemen, who were deem'd Cos-
sacques,
For some time, till they came in nearer view ;
They had but little baggage at their backs,
For there were but three shirts between the two ;
But on they rode, upon two Ukraine backs,
Till, in approaching, were at length descried,
In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide.

XLIV.

'Great joy to London now!' says some great fool,
When London had a great illumination,
Which to that bottle-conjuror, John Bull,
Is of all dreams the first hallucination ;
So that the streets of colour'd lamps are full,
That sage (*sic!* John) surrenders at discretion
His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his non-
sense,
To gratify, like a huge moth, this *one* sense.

XLV.

'Tis strange that he should further 'damn his
eyes,'
For they are damn'd ; that once all-famous oath
Is to the devil now no further prize,
Since John has lately lost the use of both
Delt he calls wealth, and taxes Paradise ;
And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,
Which stares him in the face, he won't examine,
Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

XLVI.

But to the tale. Great joy unto the camp,
To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cossacque,
Or whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,
Presaging a most luminous attack ;
Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,
Which leads beholders on a boggy walk,
He fitted to and fro, a dancing light,
Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right.

XLVII.

But, certes, matters took a different face ;
There was enthusiasm and much applause :
The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,
And all presaged good fortune to their cause.
Within a cannon-shot length of the place
They drew, constructed ladders, repair'd flaws
In former works, made new, prepared fascines,
And all kinds of benevolent machines.

XLVIII.

'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection ;
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual :
Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

XLIX.

The whole camp rung with joy : you would have
thought
That they were going to a marriage feast

(This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,
 Since there is discord after both, at least):
 There was not now a luggage-boy but sought
 Danger and spoil with ardour much increased;
 And why? because a little—odd—old man,
 Strip't to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

L.

But so it was; and every preparation
 Was made with all alacrity: the first
 Detachment of three columns took its station,
 And waited—'till the signal's voice to burst
 Upon the foe: the second's formation
 Was also in three columns, with a thirst
 For glory, gaping o'er a sea of slaughter;
 The third, in columns too, attacked by water.

LI.

New batteries were erected, and was held
 A general council, in words half-military,
 That stranger to most ears, and obscure prevail'd,
 As in the speaking parts, in quest of extremity;
 And every likelihood of success
 Gloried in, or omitted, as the chief's fancy,
 While Swarraw, detaining out of hand it,
 Was teaching his recruits on a military met.*

LII.

It is an actual fact, that he, coming in
 In-chief, in proper person, long, tall, and thin,
 The awkward squad, and a corporal's boy, a soldier
 His time, a corporal's boy, a soldier,
 Just as you'll think a soldier, long, tall, and thin,
 To swallow down, and then to take a little
 He should them how to swim, and take a little
 Was not like Jacobish or a corporal's boy.

LIII.

Also he dress'd up, for the first, his findings
 Like men, with tar'ans, scarfs, and us, in links,
 And made them change with a bayonet those machines,
 By way of lesson, against a Turk.
 And when well press'd in the middle scene,
 He judg'd them proper to assist the works;
 At which your wise men cheer'd in phrases witty;
 He made no answer, but he took the city.

LIV.

Most things were in this posture on the eve
 Of the assault, and all the company was in
 A stern repose, which by new orders was disturb'd;
 Yet men resolv'd to die, before they'd be a thing,
 Are very silent when the word is giv'n;
 That all is settled; there is little talk,
 For some were thinking of their loved ones and friends,
 And others of themselves, and their families.

LV.

Swarraw chiefly was on the alert,
 Surveying, drilling, or learning, jesting, pen learning;
 For the man was, we safely may assert,
 A thing to wonder at beyond all war learning;
 Hero, buffon, fat, thin, and fat, and thin,
 Praying, instructing, desolating, pen learning;
 Now Mars, now Minus; and when bent to storm
 A fortress, horsed up in uniform.

* Fact: Swarraw did this in person.

LVI.

The day before the assault, while upon drill—
 For this great conqueror play'd the corporal—
 Some Cossaques, hovering like hawks round a hill,
 Had met a party, towards the twilight's fall,
 One of whom spoke their tongue—or well or ill,
 'Twas much that he was understood at all;
 But whether from his voice, or speech, or manner,
 They found that he had fought beneath their
 Banner.

LVII.

When, on immediately, at his request,
 They brought him and his comrades to head-
 quarters;
 Their dress was M-sien, but you might have guess'd
 That these were met, as was parading Tartars,
 And not here the rich Turkish fashion'd vest
 Long and instantly; which sometimes barters
 Her royal disgrace for outward show, and makes
 It come, and to show some strange mistakes.

LVIII.

Swarraw, who was standing in his shirt,
 Before a company of Cossacks, drilling,
 Exclaiming, toiling, swearing at the met,
 And lecturing on the methods of killing—
 For, deeming human clay to common dirt,
 This great philosopher was thus instilling
 His maxims, which, to natural comprehension,
 Proved death in battle a good pension,—

LIX.

Swarraw, when he saw this company
 Of Cossacks and their prey, turn'd round, and
 cast
 Upon them his slow brow and piercing eye:—
 'What are ye, ye?' 'From Constantino'le last;
 Captives just now es-cap'd,' was the reply.
 'What are ye?' 'What you see us. Briefly
 pass'd
 This dialogue; for he who answer'd, knew
 To whom he spoke, and made his words but few.

LX.

'Your name?' 'Mines Johnson, and my com-
 rades Juan;
 The other two are women; and the third
 Is neither man nor woman.' The chief threw on
 His party a slight glance, and said, 'I have
 heard
 Your names before, the second is a new one;
 The third the other three here was absurd.
 But let that pass; I think I've heard your name
 In the Nikolaew regiment?' 'The same.'

LXI.

'You serve at Widdin?' 'Yes.' 'You led the
 attack?
 'I did.' 'What next?' 'I really hardly know.'—
 'You were the first of the breach?' 'I was not
 slack
 At least to follow those who might be so.'
 'What follow'd?' 'A shot hid me on my back,
 And I became a prisoner to the foe.'
 'You shall have vengeance! for the town sur-
 rounded
 Is twice as strong as that where you were wounded.

LXII.

'Where will you serve?'—'Where'er you please.'
—'I know

You like to be the hope of the forlorn,
And doubtless would be foremost on the foe,
After the hardships you've already borne;
And this young fellow—say, what can he do?
He with the beardless chin and garments torn?
'Why, general, if he hath no greater fault
In war than love, he had better lead the assault.'

LXIII.

'He shall, if that he dare.' Here Juan bow'd
Low, as the compliment deserved. Suwarrow
Continued: 'Your old regiment's allow'd,
By special providence, to lead to-morrow,
Or it may be to-night, the assault: I have vow'd
To several saints, that shortly plough or harrow
Shall pass o'er what was Ismail, and its tusk
Be unimpeded by the proudest mosque.'

LXIV.

'So now, my lads, for glory!' Here he turn'd
And drill'd away in the most classic Russian,
Until each high, heroic bosom burn'd
For cash and conquest, as if from a cushion
A preacher had held forth (who nolly spurr'd
All earthly goods save tithes), and bade them
push on
To slay the Pagans who resisted, battering
The armies of the Christian Empress Catharine.

LXV.

Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy
Himself a favourite, ventur'd to address
Suwarrow, though engaged, with accents high,
In his resumed amusement. 'I confess
My debt in being thus allow'd to die
Among the foremost; but if you'd express
Explicitly our several posts, my friend
And self would know what duty to attend.'

LXVI.

'Right: I was busy, and forgot. Why, you
Will join your former regiment, which should be
Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him to
(Here he call'd up a Polish orderly)
His post, I mean the regiment Nikolaidew.
The stranger stripling may remain with me:
He's a fine boy. The women may be sent
To the other baggage, or to the sick tent.'

LXVII.

But here a sort of scene began to ensue:
The ladies—who by no means had been bred
To be disposed of in a way so new,
Although their harem education led
Doubtless to that of doctrines the most true,
Passive obedience—now raised up the head,
With flashing eyes and starting tears, and flung
Their arms, as hens their wings about their young.

LXVIII.

O'er the promoted couple of brave men,
Who were thus honour'd by the greatest chief
That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,
Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.
O foolish mortals! always taught in vain!
O glorious laurel! since for one sole leaf

Of thine imaginary deathless tree,
Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing sea.

LXIX.

Suwarrow, who had small regard for tears,
And not much sympathy for blood, survey'd
The women with their hair about their ears,
And natural agonies, with a slight shade
Of feeling; for, however habit sears
Men's hearts against whole millions, when their
trade

Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow
Will touch even heroes—and such was Suwarrow.

LXX.

He said—and in the kindest Calmuck tone—
'Why, Johnson, what the devil do you mean
By bringing women here? They shall be shown
All the attention possible, and seen
In safety to the waggons, where alone
In fact they can be safe. You should have been
Aware this kind of baggage never thrives:
Save wed a year, I hate recruits with wives.'

LXXI.

'May it please your excellency,' thus replied
Our British friend, 'these are the wives of others,
And not our own. I am too qualified
By service with my military brothers,
To break the rules by bringing one's own bride
Into a camp: I know that ought so to others
The hearts of the heroic, on a charge,
As leaving a small family at large.'

LXXII.

'But these are but two Turkish ladies, who,
With their attendant, aided our escape,
And afterwards accompanied us through
A thousand perils, in this dubious shape:
To me this kind of life is not so new;
To them, poor things, it is an awkward scrape:
I therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,
Request that they may both be used genteelly.'

LXXIII.

Meantime these two poor girls, with swimming eyes
Look'd on as if in doubt if they could trust
Their own protectors; nor was their surprise
Less than their grief (and truly not less just)
To see an old man, rather wild than wise
In aspect, plainly clad, besmear'd with dust,
Strip'd to his waistcoat, and that not too clean,
More fear'd than all the sultans ever seen.

LXXIV.

For everything seem'd resting on his nod,
As they could read in all eyes. Now to them,
Who were accustom'd, as a sort of god,
To see the Sultan, rich in many a gem,
Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem)
With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt
How power could condescend to do without.

LXXV.

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,
Though little versed in feelings oriental,
Suggested some slight comfort in his way.
Don Juan, who was much more sentimental

Swore they should see him by the dawn of day,
Or that the Russian army should repent all :
And, strange to say, they found some consolation
In this—for females like exaggeration.

LXXXVI.

And then with tears, and sighs, and some slight
kisses,

They parted for the present—these to await,
According to the artillery's hits or misses,
What sages call Chance, Providence, or Fate
(Uncertainty is one of many blisses,
A mortgage on Humanity's estate),
While their beloved friends began to arm,
To burn a town which never did them harm.

LXXXVII.

Sawrrow—who but saw things in the gross,
Being much too gross to see them in detail ;
Who calculated life as so much dross,
And as the wind a widow'd nation's wail,
And cared as little for his army's loss
(So that their efforts should at length prevail)
As wife and friends did for the boils of Job—
What was 't to him to hear two women sob ?

LXXXVIII.

Nothing — The work of glory still went on
In preparations for a cannonade
As terrible as that of Ilion,
If Homer had found mortars ready made ;
But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,

We only can but talk of escalade, {bullets ;
Bombs, drams, guns, bastions, batteries, bayonets,
Hard war, which stink in the soft Muse's gullets.

LXXXIX.

O thou eternal Homer ! wilt thou let thy art
All ear, though long ; all ages, though so short,
By merely wailing, with poetical art,
Arms to which men will never more resort,
Unless gunpowder should be found to harm
Much less than is the hope of every court,
Which now is leagu'd young freedom to annoy ;
But they will not find Liberty a Troy ;—

LXXXX.

O thou eternal Homer ! I have now
To paint a siege, wherein more men were slain,
With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,
Than in thy Greek gazette of that campaign
And yet, like all men else, I must allow,
To vie with thee would be about as vain
As for a brook to cope with Ocean's flood ;
But still we moderns equal you in blood ;

LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact ;
And fact is truth, the grand desideratum !
Of which, howe'er the Muse describes each act,
There should be ne'ertheless a slight substratum.
But now the town is going to be attack'd !
Great deeds are doing—how shall I relate 'em ?
Souls of immortal generals ! Phoebus watches
To colour up his rays from your despatches.

LXXXII.

O ye great bulletins of Buonaparte !
O ye less grand long lists of kill'd and wounded !
Shade of Leonidas ! who fought so hearty,
When my poor Greece was once, as now, sur-
rounded ;
O Caesar's Commentaries ! now impart, ye
Shadows of glory (lest I be confounded),
A portion of your fading twilight hues,
So beautiful, so fleeting, to the Muse.

LXXXIII.

When I call 'fading' martial immortality,
I mean that every age and every year,
And almost every day, in sad reality,
Some sucking hero is compell'd to rear,
Who, when we come to sum up the totality
Of deeds to human happiness most dear,
Turns out to be a butcher in great business,
Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizziness.

LXXXIV.

Medals, rank, ribands, lace, embroidery, scarlet,
Are things immortal to immortal man,
As purple to the Babylonian harlot ;
An uniform to boys is like a fan
To women ; there is scarce a crimson varlet
But deems himself the first in Glory's van.
But Glory's glory ; and if you would find
What that is—ask the pig who sees the wind !

LXXXV.

At least *he* feels it, and some say he *roars*.
Because he runs before it like a pig ;
Or, if that simple sentence should displease,
Say that he scuds before it, like a brig,
A schooner, or—but it is time to cease
This cant, ere my Muse perceives fatigue ;
The next shall ring a peal to shake all people,
Like a bob-major from a village steeple.

LXXXVI.

Hark ! through the silence of the cold, dull night,
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank !
Lo ! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank
Of the arm'd river, while with straggling light
The stars peep through the vapours dim and
dark,
Which curl in curious wreaths : how soon the smoke
Of hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak !

LXXXVII.

Here pause we for the present—as even then
That awful pause, dividing life from death,
Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,
Thousands of whom were drawing their last
breath !
A moment—and all will be life again !
The march ! the charge ! the shouts of either
faith !
Hurrah ! and Allah ! and—one moment more—
The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

1823.

I.

OH, blood and thunder! and oh, blood and wounds!

These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,
Too gentle reader; and most shocking sounds.
And so they are; yet thus is Glory's dream
Unriddled; and as my true Muse expounds
At present such things, since they are her theme,
So be they her inspirers! Call them Mars,
Bellona, what you will—they mean but wars.

II.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array:
The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerves and sinews bent to
A human Hydra, issuing from its fen [slay,—
To breathe destruction on its winding way,
Whose heads were heroes, which, cut off in vain,
Immediately in others grew again.

III.

History can only take things in the gross;
But could we know them in detail, perchance
In balancing the profit and the loss,
War's merit it by no means might enhance,
To waste so much gold for a little dress,
As hath been done mere conquest to advance;
The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

IV.

And why? Because it brings self-approbation;
Whereas the other, after all its glare,
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,
Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,
A higher title, or a loftier station,
Though they may make Corruption gape or stare,
Yet in the end, except in Freedom's battles,
Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

V.

And such they are—and such they will be found;
Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground, [done,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds un-
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victor's may appal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword till the future shall be free.

VI.

The night was dark, and the thick mist allow'd
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud,
And in the Danube's waters shone the same—
A mirror'd hell! The volleying roar, and loud,
Long booming of each peal on peal o'ercame
The ear far more than thunder; for Heaven's
flashes
Spare, or smite rarely—man's make millions ashes!

VII.

The column order'd on the assault scarce pass'd
Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,
When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,
Answering the Christian thunders with like voices
Then one vast fire, air, earth, and stream embraced
Which rock has 'twere to no, with the mighty noises
While the whole rampart of azel like Etna, when
The restless Titan hiccups in his den.

VIII.

And one enormous shout of 'Allah' rose
In the same moment, loud as even the roar
Of war's most mortal engines, to their foes
Hurling defiance; city, stream, and shore
Resounded! 'Allah! and the clouds which close
With thickening canopy the conflict o'er,
Vibrate to the Eternal Name. Hark! through
All sounds it pierceth, 'Allah! Allah! Hu!'

IX.

The columns were in movement one and all,
But of the portion which attack'd by water,
Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall,
Though led by Arseniew, that great son of
slaughter,
As brave as ever faced both bomb and ball,
'Carnage' (see Wordsworth tells you) 'is God's
daughter.'
If *he* speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and
Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.

X.

The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee;
Count Chapeau-Bras, too, had a ball between
His cap and head, which proves the lead to be
Aristocratic as was ever seen,
Because it then received no injury
More than the cap; in fact, the ball could mean
No harm unto a right legitimate head:
'Ashes to ashes—why not lead to lead?

XI.

Also the General Markow, Brigadier,
Insisting on removal of *the Prince*,
Amidst some groaning thousands dying near—
All common fellows, who might wince and wince,
And shriek for water into a deaf ear—
The General Markow, who could thus evince
His sympathy for rank, by the same token,
To teach him greater, had his own leg broken.

XII.

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,
And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills,

* Allah Hu! is properly the war-cry of the Mussulmans; and they dwell long on the last syllable, which gives it a very wild and peculiar effect.

† But *Thy* most dreadful instrument,

In working out a pure intent,

Is man array'd for nut and laughter:

Yea, *Carnage is Thy daughter!*

WORDSWORTH'S *Thanks, &c.*

Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic.
Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills:
Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet tick,
Like the death-watch, within our ears the ills
Past, present, and to come;—but all may yield
To the true portrait of one battle-field.

XIII.

There the still-varying pangs, which multiply
Until their very number makes men hard
By the infinities of agony,
Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may regard—
The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye
Turn'd back within its socket—these reward
Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
May win perhaps a riband at the breast!

XIV.

Yet I love glory;—glory's a great thing;
Think what it is to me, in your old age,
Maintain'd at the expense of your good king;
A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,
And heroes are but made for barbs to sting,
Which is still better;—thus in verse to wage
Your wars eternally, I see less cup-yang
Half-pay for life, make rank'd with destr'ying

XV.

The troops, already disembark'd, push'd on
To take a battery on the right; the others,
Who landed lower down, their landing done,
Had set to work as briskly as their brothers:
Being grenadiers, the y mounted, one by one,
Cheerful as children climb the breasts of mothers,
O'er the entrenchment and the paradise,
Quite orderly, as it upon parade.

XVI.

And this was all;—but I rise not
The fire was, that were not Vesuvius to be led,
Be it his lava, with all sorts of shot,
And shells, or ball, or all that more, having a led,
Of officers a third fell in the fight,
A flag which was to be no more, unshook'd
To give information in the assault;
Hornets, when the hunt-man tumbles, are at fault.

XVII.

But here I leave the general concern,
To tra'k our hero, and to palest'rine me;
He must his laurels separate to earn,
For fifty thousand lie in a single name,
Though all deserving equally to roam
A coward, or an elegy to claim,
Would form a lengthy dissertation;
And I, what is worse seek, a killing rest, or

XVIII.

And therefore we must give the general concern
To the scene that, who do not flatter by the
By the decease, who he in funerals
In dirt lies, not he, or when so they fall
Their day for the best time, the best of all, or
Thrice happy he whose name has been well kept
In the depository of a man who's best,
Was printed on, although he were a war-soldier.

XIX.

Juan and Johnson join'd a certain corps, (ing
And fought away with might and main, not know-
The way which they had never trod before,
And I still less guessing where they might be going;
But on they march'd, dead bodies trampling o'er,
Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweating, glowing
But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,
To their *two* selves, *one* whole bright bulletin.

XX.

Thus on they wallow'd in the bloody mire
Of dead and dying thousands—sometimes gaining
A yard or two of ground, which brought them
nigher

To some odd angle for which all were straining;
At other times, repuls'd by the close fire,
Which really pour'd as if all hell were raining
Instead of heaven, they stumbled backwards o'er
A wounded comrade, sprawling in his gore.

XXI.

Though 'twas Don Juan's first of fields, and though
The mighty muster and the silent march
In the chill dark, when courage does not glow
So much as under a triumphal arch,
Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or throw
A glance on the dull clouds as thick as starch,
Which stinn'd of heaven, as if he wish'd for day;—
Yet for all this he did not run away.

XXII.

In deed he could not. But what if he had?
There *have been* and *are* heroes who begun
With something not much better, or as bad:
Frederick the Great from Molwitz deign'd to run
For the first and last time; for, like a pad,
Or hawk, or brule, most mortals, after hawk
Warm hunt, and to ken out their new tricks,
At length like birds for pay or politics.

XXIII.

He was what Erin calls, in her sublime
Old Irish or Irish, or it may be *Finn*;
(The antiquarians who can settle time,
Which settles all things, Roman, Greek or Kunic,
Swear that Pat's language spring from the same
line.)

Wh' He would, and wears the Tyrant tunic
Of Diu's alphabet; and this is rational
As any other notion, and not national;—

XXIV.

But Erin will quite tal'd with of a boy,
A thing of a pulse and a child of song;
It's ever among the sentiment of joy,
On the occasion that phrase seem wrong,
As or the rest, it he not, it's always destroy,
In his long and gain as always through
To battles, sieges, and that kind of pleasure,
Not less delighted to employ his leisure;

XXV.

But always with it, as if he warr'd
On a hill, it was with what we call the best

XXV. I was out of page with the deceased, who was
a very an old man, and his society in
the most agreeable way, gay, and *marvelous*
See Major Valency and Sir Lawrence Parsons.

A fort on the Waterloo campaign, I remember
remarked, it's the most of a friend of mine, that
a man is kill'd by a cannon ball, or a bullet, or a

Intentions, which form all mankind's *trump card*,
 To be produced when brought up to the test.
 The statesman, hero, harlot, lawyer,—ward
 Off each attack, when people are in quest
 Of their designs, by saying they *meant well*:
 'Tis pity that such meanings should pave hell.*

XXVI.

I almost lately have begun to doubt
 Whether hell's pavement—if it be so *paved*—
 Must not have latterly been quite worn out,
 Not by the numbers good intent hath saved,
 But by the mass who go below without
 Those ancient good intentions, which once shaved
 And smoothed the brimstone of that street of hell,
 Which bears the greatest likeness to Pall Mall.

XXVII.

Juan, by some strange chance which oft divides
 Warrior from warrior in their grim career,
 Like chastest wives from constant husbands' sides,
 Just at the close of the first bridal year,
 By one of those odd turns of Fortune's tides,
 Was on a sudden rather puzzled here,
 When, after a good deal of heavy firing,
 He found himself alone, and friends retiring.

XXVIII.

I don't know how the thing occur'd—it might
 Be that the greater part were killed or wounded,
 And that the rest had faced upon the right
 About; a circumstance which has confounded
 Cesar himself, who, in the very sight
 Of his whole army, which so much abounded
 In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield,
 And rally back his Romans to the field.

XXIX.

Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and was
 No Cesar, but a fine young lad, who fought,
 He knew not why, arriving at this pass,
 Stopp'd for a minute, as perhaps he ought
 For a much longer time; then, like an ass
 (Start not, kind readers; since great Homer
 thought
 This simile enough for Ajax, Juan
 Perhaps may find it better than a new one),—

XXX.

Then, like an ass, he went upon his way,
 And, what was stranger, never look'd behind;
 But seeing, flashing forward, like the day
 Over the hills, a fire enough to blind
 Those who dislike to look upon a fray,
 He stumbled on to see if he could find
 A path, to add his own slight arm and forces
 To corps, the greater part of which were corses.

XXXI.

Perceiving then no more the commandant
 Of his own corps, nor even the corps, which had
 Quite disappear'd—the gods know how! (I can't
 Account for everything which may look bad
 In history; but we at least may grant
 It was not marvellous that a mere lad,

In search of glory, should look on before,
 Nor care a pinch of snuff about his corps);—

XXXII.

Perceiving nor commander nor commanded,
 And left at large, like a young heir, to make
 His way to—where he knew not—single-handed;
 As travellers follow over bog and brake
 An *ignis fatuus*; or as sailors stranded
 Unto the nearest hut themselves betake;
 So Juan, following honour and his nose,
 Rush'd where the thickest fire announced most foes.

XXXIII.

He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared,
 For he was dizzy, busy, and his veins
 Fill'd as with lightning—for his spirit shared
 The hour, as is the case with lively brains;
 And where the hottest fire was seen and heard,
 And the loud cannon peal'd his hoarsest
 strains,
 He rush'd, while earth and air were sadly shaken,
 By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon!*

XXXIV.

And as he rush'd along, it came to pass he
 Fell in with what was late the second column,
 Under the orders of the General Lascy,
 But now reduced, as is a bulky volume
 Into an elegant extract (much less massy)
 Of heroism, and took his place with solemn
 Air 'midst the rest, who kept their valiant faces,
 And level'd weapons still against the glaciis.

XXXV.

Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,
 Who had 'retreated,' as the phrase is, when
 Men run away much rather than go through
 Destruction's jaws into the devil's den.
 But Johnson was a clever fellow, who
 Knew when and how 'to cut and come again,'
 And never ran away, except when running
 Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

XXXVI.

And so, when all his corps were dead or dying,
 Except Don Juan, a mere novice, whose
 More virgin valour never dreamt of flying
 From ignorance of danger, which induces
 Its votaries, like Innocence relying
 On its own strength, with careless nerves and
 Johnson retired a little, just to rally (thews—
 Those who catch cold in 'shadows of Death's valley.'

XXXVII.

And there a little shelter'd from the shot,
 Which rain'd from bastion, battery, parapet,
 Rampart, wall, casemate, house—for there was not
 In this extensive city, sore beset
 By Christian soldiery, a single spot
 Which did not combat like the devil, as yet—
 He found a number of Chasseurs, all scatter'd
 By the resistance of the chase they batter'd.

XXXVIII.

And these he call'd on; and, what's strange, they
 Unto his call, unlike 'the spirits from [came

* The Portuguese proverb says that 'hell is paved with good intentions.'

* Gunpowder is said to have been discovered by this friar.

The vasty deep, to whom you may exclaim,
Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave their home.
Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame
At shrinking from a bullet or a bomb,
And that odd impulse which, in wars or creeds,
Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

XXXIX.

By Jove, he was a noble fellow, Johnson;
And though his name, than Ajax or Achilles,
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun soon
We shall not see his likeness: he could kill his
Man quite as quietly as blows the monsoon.
Her steady breath (which some months the same
still is.)
Seldom he varied feature, hue, or muscle,
And could be very busy without bustle.

XL.

And therefore, when he ran away, he did so
Upon reflection, knowing that behind
He would find others who would fain be rid so
Of all apprehensions, which like wind
Trouble her as steam whisps. Though their helms so
On are soon close'd, all hearts are not so blind;
But when they light up on mine late death,
Retire a little, merely to take breath.

XLI.

But Johnson only run off, to return
With many other warriors, as we said,
Unto that rather some what noisy town,
Which Hander tell us, a pass of blood
To Jack, however, this gave but slight concern.
His mistake gave us up in the middle
At a loup on the living, and a war.
And led them back into the heavy fire.

XLII.

Egad if they find, that's all right, when they
The first time, the safe put, there's enough
To fly from, and get a good pass of
Of glory, and each of them, and that
Which is a great deal of trouble, and
The daily sliding which makes war so tedious—
They can't, on their return, take salt and wine,
Which is a great deal of trouble, and others, and
And so on.

XLIII.

They tell us that it is a great deal of trouble,
Or else, that it is a great deal of trouble,
Praying, that it is a great deal of trouble,
And so on, and that it is a great deal of trouble,
The first time, the safe put, there's enough
To fly from, and get a good pass of
Of glory, and each of them, and that
Which is a great deal of trouble, and
The daily sliding which makes war so tedious—
They can't, on their return, take salt and wine,
Which is a great deal of trouble, and others, and
And so on.

XLIV.

The Prussians find that it is a great deal of trouble,
Of this, and that, and that, and that, and that,
And we're gone, and we're gone, and we're gone,
However, Heaven knows how, the light will
be over.

Towns, and cities, worlds, in her royal ramparts,
So order'd, and at last these salpeters, and
That Johnson's is a great deal of trouble,
Reach'd the interior talus of the rampart.

XLV.

First one or two, then five, six, and a dozen,
Came mounting quickly up, for it was now
All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or rosin,
Flame was shower'd forth above as well's below,
So that you scarce could say who best had chosen
The martial faces on the parapet,
Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.

XLVI.

But those who scaled, found out that their advance
Was favour'd by an accident or blunder:
The Greek or Turkish Cohorn's ignorance
Had palisado'd in a way you'd wonder
To see in forts of Netherlands or France
(Though these to our Gibraltar must knock
under):
Right in the middle of the parapet
Just named, these palisades were primly set;

XLVII.

So that on either side some nine or ten
Paces were left, wherein you could contrive
To push; a gap, at convenience to our men,
At least to all those who were left alive,
Who'd stand firm, a line, and fight again,
And that who further angled them to strive
Was that they could kick down the palisades,
Which were only so much higher than grass-
hills.

XLVIII.

Among the first—I will not say the first,
For such precedents, upon such occasions,
Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst
Out between friends as well as allied nations,
The Briton must be bold who really durst
Put to such trial John Bull's partial patience,
As say that Wellington, at Waterloo,
Was so at ease, though the Prussians say so too;

XLIX.

And that if Blücher, Bulow, Gneisenau,
And God knows who besides in 'an' and 'ow,'
Had not come up in time to cast an awe
Let the hearts of those who fought tall now,
A fingers combat with an empty crew,
The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show
His valours, also to receive his pensions,
Which are the highest that our history mentions.

L.

So that you scarce could say who best had chosen
The martial faces on the parapet,
Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.
The people by an ill by will be stronger:
The young at table will yince where harness wrings
So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
But in the rules of posting—and the mob
At last fall sick of mutating Job.

LI.

At first it grand lies, then it swears, and then,
Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a giant,
At last it takes to weapons such as men
Said when despair makes human hearts less
pliant.

Then comes 'the tug of war;' 'twill come again,
I rather doubt; and I would fain say 'Fie on't,'
If I had not perceived that revolution
Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution.

LII.

But to continue :—I say not *the first*,
But of the first, our little friend, Don Juan,
Walk'd o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nursed [one
Amid such scenes—though this was quite a new
To him, and I should hope to *most*. The thirst
Of glory, which so pierces through and through
one,

Persuaded him,—although a generous creature,
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

LIII.

And here he was—who, upon woman's breast,
Even from a child, felt like a child; howe'er
The man in all the rest might be confest,
To him it was Elysium to be there :
And he could even withstand that awkward test,
Which Rousseau points out to the dubious fair,
'Observe your lover when he *leaves* your arms ;'
But Juan never left them, while they had charms,

LIV.

Unless compell'd by fate, or wave, or wind,
Or near relations, who are much the same.
But *here* he was ! where each tie that can bind
Humanity must yield to steel and flame ;
And he whose very body was all mind—
Flung here by fate or circumstance, which tame
The loftiest—hurried by the time and place,
Dash'd on like a sparr'd blood-horse in a race.

LV.

So was his blood stirr'd while he found resistance,
As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,
Or double post and rail, where the existence
Of Britain's youth depends upon their weight,
The lightest being the safest : at a distance
He hated cruelty, as all men hate
Blood until heated—and even then his own
At times would curdle o'er some heavy groan.

LVI.

The General Lascy, who had been hard prest,
Seeing arrive an aid so opportune
As were some hundred youngsters all abreast,
Who came as if just dropp'd down from the moon,
To Juan, who was nearest him, address'd
His thanks, and hopes to take the city soon,
Not reckoning him to be a 'base Bezonian'
(As Pistol calls it), but a young Livonian.

LVII.

Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew
As much of German as of Sanskrit, and
In answer made an inclination to
The General who held him in command ;
For seeing one with ribands, black and blue,
Stars, medals, and a bloody sword in hand,
Addressing him in tones which seem'd to thank
He recognised an officer of rank.

LVIII.

Short speeches pass between two men who speak
No common language ; and besides, in time

Of war and taking towns, when many a shriek
Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a crime
Is perpetrated ere a word can break
Upon the ear, and sounds of horror chime
In like church bells, with sigh, howl, groan, yell,
prayer,

There cannot be much conversation there.

LIX.

And therefore all we have related in
Two long octaves, pass'd in a little minute ;
But in the same small minute, every sin
Contrived to get itself comprised within it :
The very cannon, deafen'd by the din,
Grew dumb, for you might almost hear a lunet,
As soon as thunder, 'midst the general noise
Of human nature's agonizing voice !

LX.

The town was enter'd. O Eternity !—
'God made the country, and man made the
So Cowper says—and I begin to be [town.'
Of his opinion, when I see cast down
Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh,
All walls men know, and many never known ;
And, pondering on the present and the past,
To deem the woods shall be our home at last :—

LXI.

Of all men, saying Sylla the manslayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky ;
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere :
For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

LXII.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of solitude ; Health shrank not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely-trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts a'hor—
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boone lived hunting up to ninety ;

LXIII.

And, what's still stranger, left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that good fame
Without which glory's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong ;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

LXIV.

'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation ;
When they built up unto his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease.
The inconvenience of civilization
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please ;
But where he met the Individual man,
He show'd himself as kind as mortal can.

LXV.

He was not all alone; around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young, unawaken'd world was ever new;
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
A frown on nature's or on human face;
The free-born forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

LXVI.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain; the green woods were their
portions.
No sinking spirits told them they grew grey;
No fashion mark'd them apes of her distortions:
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

LXVII.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil;
The lust which stings, the splendour which encum-
bers,

With the free foresters divide no spoil:
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

LXVIII.

So much for nature: by way of variety,
Now back to thy great joys, Civilization!
And the sweet consequence of large society,
War, pestilence, the despot's desolation,
The kingly scourge, the list of notoriety,
The millions slain by soldiers for their nation,
The scenes like Catharine's London at threescore,
With Ismail's storm, to soften it the more.

LXIX.

The town was enter'd: first one column made
Its sanguinary way good—then another;
The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade
Clash'd 'gainst the scimitar, and babe and mother
With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to up-
braid:

Still closer sulphury clouds began to smother
The breath of morn and man, where, foot by foot,
The madden'd Turks their city still dispute.

LXX.

Koutousow, he who afterwards beat back
(With some assistance from the frost and snow)
Napoleon on his domoan and costly track,
It happen'd was himself beat back just now,
He was a jolly fellow, and could crack
His jest alike in face of friend or foe,
Though life, and death, and victory were at stake,
But here it seem'd his jokes had ceased to take:

LXXI.

For, having thrown himself into a ditch,
Follow'd in haste by various grenadiers,
Whose blood the puddle greatly did enrich,
He climb'd to where the parapet appears:

But there his project reach'd its utmost pitch
(Amongst other deaths, the General Ribaupierre's
Was much regretted), for the Moslem men
Threw them all down into the ditch again:

LXXII.

And had it not been for some stray troops landing,
They knew not where—being carried by the
stream
To some spot where they lost their understanding,
And wander'd up and down as in a dream,
Until they reach'd, as daybreak was expanding,
That which a portal to their eyes did seem—
The great and gay Koutousow might have lain
Where three parts of his column yet remain.

LXXIII.

And, scrambling round the rampart, these same
troops,
After the taking of the 'cavalier,'
Just as Koutousow's most 'forlorn' of 'hopes'
Took, like chameleons, some slight tinge of fear,
Open'd the gate called 'Kilia' to the groups
Of baffled heroes, who stood shyly near,
Sliding knee-deep in lately-frozen mud,
Now thaw'd into a marsh of human blood.

LXXIV.

The Kozacks, or, if so you please, Cossacques
(I don't much pique myself upon orthography,
So that I do not grossly err in facts,
Statistics, tactics, politics, and geography),
Having been used to serve on horses' backs,
And no great diletanti in topography
Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases
Their chiefs to order, were all cut to pieces

LXXV.

Their column, though the Turkish batteries thun-
der'd [part,
Upon them, nevertheless had reach'd the ram-
And naturally thought they could have plunder'd
The city, without being further hamper'd.
But, as it happens to brave men, they blunder'd:
The Turks at first pretended to have scamper'd,
Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion-corners,
From whence they sallied on those Christian
scorners.

LXXVI.

Then being taken by the tail—a taking
Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these
Cossacques were all cut off, as day was breaking,
And found their lives were let at a short lease;
But perish'd without shivering or shaking,
Leaving as I told us their heap'd carcasses,
O'er which Lieutenant-Colonel Yesouskoi
March'd with the brave battalion of Polouzkí.

LXXVII.

This valiant man kill'd all the Turks he met,
But could not eat them, being, in his turn,
Slam by some Mussulmans, who would not yet,
Without resistance, see their city burn.
The walls were won, but 'twas an even bet
Which of the armies would have cause to mourn
'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch.

LXXXVIII.

Another column also suffer'd much;
 And here we may remark with the historian.
 You should but give few cartridges to such
 Troops as are meant to march with greatest glory
 on,
 When matters must be carried by the touch [on,
 Of the bright bayonet, and they all should hurry
 They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,
 Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.

LXXXIX.

A junction of the General Meknop's men
 (Without the general, who had fallen some time
 Before, being badly seconded just then)
 Was made at length with those who dared to
 climb
 The death disengorging rampart once again;
 And though the Turks' resistance was sublime,
 They took the bastion, which the Seraskier
 Defended at a price extremely dear.

LXXX.

Juan and Johnson, and some volunteers
 Among the foremost offer'd him good quarter,
 A word which little suits with Seraskiers,
 Or at least suited not this valiant Tartar.
 He died, deserving well his country's tears,
 A savage sort of military martyr.
 An English naval officer, who wish'd
 To make him prisoner, was also dish'd:

LXXXI.

For all the answer to his proposition
 Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead;
 On which the rest, without more intermission,
 Began to lay about with steel and lead—
 The pious metals most in requisition
 On such occasions; not a single head
 Was spared;—three thousand Moslems perish'd
 here,
 And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.

LXXXII.

The city's taken—only part by part—
 And death is drunk with gore; there's not a street
 Where fights not to the last some desperate heart,
 For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.
 Here war forgot his own destructive art
 In more destroying Nature; and the heat
 Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,
 Engender'd monstrous shapes of every crime.

LXXXIII.

A Russian officer, in martial treat
 Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel
 Seized fast, as if 'twere by the serpent's head
 Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed to feel.
 In vain he kick'd, and swore, and writhed, and
 bled,
 And howl'd for help as wolves do for a meal:
 The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,
 As do the subtle snakes described of old.

LXXXIV.

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot
 Of a foe o'er him, snatch'd it at, and bit
 The very tendon which is most acute
 (That which some ancient Muse or modern wit

Named after thee, Achilles), and quite through't
 He made the teeth meet, nor relinquish'd it
 Even with his life; for (but they lie) 'tis said
 To the live leg still cling the sever'd head.

LXXXV.

However this may be, 'tis pretty sure
 The Russian officer for life was lamed;
 For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skewer,
 And left him 'midst the invalid and maim'd:
 The regimental surgeon could not cure
 His patient, and perhaps was to be blamed
 More than the head of the inveterate foe,
 Which was cut off, and scarce even then let go.

LXXXVI.

But then the fact's a fact—an I 'tis the part
 Of a true poet to escape from fiction,
 Whene'er he can; for there is little art
 In leaving verse more free from the restriction
 Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart
 For what is sometimes called poetic diction,
 And that outrageous appetite for lies
 Which Satan angles with, for souls, like flies.

LXXXVII.

The city's taken, but not render'd!—No!
 There's not a Moslem that hath yielded sword:
 The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow
 Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor word
 Acknowledge aught of dread of death or foe:
 In vain the yell of victory is roar'd
 By the advancing Muscovite—the groan
 Of the last foe is echoed by his own.

LXXXVIII.

The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,
 And human lives are I wish'd every where,
 As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves,
 When the stripp'd forest bows to the bleak air,
 And groans; and thus the peopled city grieves,
 Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare;
 But still it falls in vast and awful splinters,
 As oaks blown down with all their thousand winters.

LXXXIX.

It is an awful topic—but 'tis not
 My cue, for any time, to be terrific;
 For, checker'd as is seen our human lot,
 With good, and bad, and worse, alike prolific
 Of melancholy merriment, to quote
 Too much of one sort would be soporific:
 Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
 I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

XC.

And one good action in the midst of crimes
 Is 'quite refreshing,' in the affected phrase
 Of these ambrosial, pharisaic times,
 With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,
 And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes,
 A little scorch'd at present with the blaze
 Of conquest and its consequences, which
 Make epic poesy so rare and rich.

XCI.

Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
 Thousands of slaughter'd men, a yet warm group
 Of murder'd women, who had found their way
 To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop

And shudder; while, as beautiful as May,
A female child of ten years tried to stoop,
And hide her little palpitating breast
Amidst the bodies lull'd in bloody rest.

XCII.

Two villainous Cossacques pursued the child
With flashing eyes and weapons; match'd with
them,
The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild
Has feelings pure and polish'd as a gem—
The bear is civilized, the wolf is mild;
And when for this at last must we condemn!
Their natures? or their sovereigns, who employ
All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

XCIII.

Their sabres glitter'd o'er her little head,
When her fair hair rose twining with affright,
Her hollow face was plang'd in analst the deed,
When Juan caught a glimpse of this, a slight—
I shall not say exactly what he said,
Because it might not do her ears polite?
But what he *did*, was to say on the rocks,
The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques

XCIV.

One's hip he slash'd, then, 'Tis in the other's shoulder,
And I strove them, with the other's hip, to cock
If there might be chargeous who could offer
The woman's toy a better merit, let me hark
Their brand of rage and pain, when they saw gold her,
As he turned over ear, a subtle and sly stroke,
Don Juan said, 'I'll hold a five to him
The heap of metal that he had in his pocket.'

XCV.

And she was as doll as the veer on her face—
A slender streak of her cheek, and of her hair
Her face had fallen to that of all her race;
For the same life which knit her mother here
Had sew'd her brow, much like a trim on her face,
As the last link with a broken chain of care;
But when she saw the gold in his eyes,
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

XCVI.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fix'd
Upon each other, with dilated glance,
In Juan's face, a gleam of a ray, a look, a look
With joy to see, and should of some one's hand,
Up to his prodigal, while hers, transfix'd,
With infant's rapt, glared as from a frame,
A pure, transparent, polished, yet a look to see,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase.

XCVII.

Up came John Johnson (I will not say 'Tis he)
For that were vulgar, cold, and common, say,
On great occasions, such as an attack
On cities, or a battle on the plain;
Up Johnson came, with hem, 'Tis in his back,
'Exclaiming, 'I've got Juan! O, I've got Juan!
Your arm, and I'll bet Me, now 'Tis in his
That you an I will win St. George's collar.*

XCVIII.

'The Seraskier is knock'd upon the head,
But the stone bastion still remains, wherein
The old Pacha sits, among some hundreds dead,
Smoking his pipe quite calmly 'midst the din
Of our artillery and his own: 'Tis said
Our kill'd, already piled up to the chin,
Lie round the battery; but still it batters,
And grape in volleys, 'Tis a vineyard, scatters.

XCIX.

'Then up with me!' But Juan answer'd, 'Look
Upon this child—I saved her—must not leave
Her life to chance; but point me out some nook
Of safety, where she less may shrink and grieve,
And I am with you.' Whereon Johnson took
A glance around, and shrug'd, and twitch'd his
sleeve
And black silk neckcloth, and replied, 'You're right;
Poor thing! what's to be done? I'm puzzled quite.'

C.

Said Juan, 'Whatsoever is to be
Done, I'll not quit her till she seems secure
Of present life a good deal more than we.'
'Tis John Johnson, 'Neither will I quite ensure;
But at the least you may die gloriously.'
Juan replied, 'At least I will endure
Whatever is to be borne, but not resign
This child, who is parentless, and therefore mine.'

CI.

Johnson said, 'Juan, we've no time to lose:
The child is a pretty child—a very pretty—
I never saw such eyes—but hark! now choose
Between your fame and feelings, pride and pity;
Hark! how the rear me, 'Tis no excuse
Will serve when there is plunder in a city,
I should be both to march without you; but,
By God, we'll be too late for the first cut.'

CII.

But Juan was immov'd till—until
Johnson, who he lov'd him in his way,
Poke him on, 'Tis his followers, with some skill,
Such as he might fight the best given up to prey;
As he was saying, if the instant came to ill,
That they should all be shot on the next day;
But if he were deliver'd, safe and sound,
They should at least have forty roubles round.

CIII.

And all allowances, besides, of plunder,
In fair proportion with their comrades. Then
Juan consented to march on through thunder,
Which plann'd at every step their ranks of men;
And yet the rest march'd eagerly; no wonder,
For they were heated by the hope of gain;
A thing which happens everywhere each day—
No lie, 'Tis a truth wholly to half-pay.

CIV.

And such is victory, and such is man!
At least nine-tenths of what we call so; God
May have another name for half we see
As human beings, or His ways are odd.
But to our subject—'A Peace, Fatir Khan—
Or 'sultan,' as the author (to whose nod

* The Russian military order.

In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call
This chieftain—somehow would not yield at all.

CV.

But flank'd by *five* brave sons (such is polygamy,
That she spawns warriors by the score, where none
Are prosecuted for that false crime, bigamy),
He never would believe the city won,
While courage clung out to a single twig. Am I
Describing Priam's, Peleus', or Jove's son?
Neither—but a good, plain, old, temperate man,
Who fought with his five children in the van.

CVI.

To take him was the point. The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppress'd with odds,
Are touch'd with a desire to shield and save.
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
Now moved with pity: even as sometimes nods
The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage mind.

CVII.

But he would *not* be taken, and replied
To all the propositions of surrender,
By mowing Christians down on every side,
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at Bender.
His five brave boys no less the foe defied;
Whereon the Russian pathos grew less tender,
As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,
Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

CVIII.

An I spite of Johnson and of Juan, who
Expended all their Eastern phraseology
In begging him, for God's sake just to show
So much less fight as might form an apology
For *them* in saying such a desperate foe,
He hew'd away, like doctors of theology,
When they dispute with septetics; and, with curses,
Struck at his friends, as babies beat their nurses.

CIX.

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly, both
Juan and Johnson; whereupon they tell,
The first with sighs, the second with an oath,
Upon his angry sultanship, pell-mell:
And all around were grown exceeding wroth
At such a pertinacious mîdel,
And pour'd upon him and his sons, like rain,
Which they resisted, like a sandy plain.

CX.

That drinks, and still is dry. At last they perished—
His second son was level'd by a shot;
His third was sabred; and the fourth, most cherish'd
Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot:
The fifth, who, by a Christian mother nourish'd,
Had been neglected, ill-used, and what not,
Because deform'd, yet died all game and bottom
To save a sire who blush'd that he begot him.

CXI.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,
As great a scorner of the Nazarene
As ever Mahomet pick'd out for a martyr,
Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,
Who make the beds of those who won't take quarter
On earth in Paradise; and when once seen,

Those hours, like all other pretty creatures,
Do just whate'er they please, by dint of features.

CXII.

And what they pleased to do with the young khan
In heaven, I know not, nor pretend to guess;
But doubtless they prefer a fine young man
To tough old heroes, and can do no less.
And that's the cause, no doubt, why, if we scan
A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran body,
You'll find ten thousand handsome coxcombs
bloody

CXIII.

Your hours also have a natural pleasure
In lopping-off your lately-married men,
Before the bridal hours have danced their measure,
And the sad, second moon grows dim again.
Or dull repentance hath had dreary leisure
To wish him back a bachelor now and then:
And thus your hour (it may be) disputes
Of these brief blossoms the immediate fruits.

CXIV.

Thus the young khan, with hours in his sight,
Thought not upon the charms of four young brides,
But bravely rush'd on his first heavenly night
In short, however our better faith derides,
These black-eyed virgins make the Moslems fight,
As though there were one heaven, and none
beside;

Whereas, if all be true we hear of heaven
And hell, there must at least be six or seven.

CXV.

So fully flash'd the phantom on his eyes,
That, when the very lance was in his heart,
He shouted 'Allah!' and saw Paradise,
With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,
And bright eternity without disguise
On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise, dart;
With prophets, hours, angels, saints, desir'd
In one voluptuous blaze—and then he died.

CXVI.

But, with a heavenly rapture on his face,
The good old khan, who long had ceased to see,
Hours, or night except his florid race,
Who grew like cedars round him gloriously—
When he beheld his latest hero grace
The earth, which he became like a fell'd tree,
Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast
A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

CXVII.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,
Stopp'd, as if once more willing to concede
Quarter, in case he laid them not 'aroynt!'
As he before had done. He did not heed
Their pause nor signs: his heart was out of joint,
And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,
As he look'd down upon his children gone,
And felt—though done with life—he was alone.

CXVIII.

But 'twas a transient tremor: with a spring
Upon the Russian steel, his breast he flung,
As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing
Against the light wherein she dies: he clung

Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,
Unto the bayonets which had pierced his young;
And, throwing back a dim look on his sons,
In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul at once.

CXXIX.

'Tis strange enough—tue rough, tough soldiers,
who
Spared neither sex nor age in their career
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced through,
And lay before them with his children near,
Touch'd by the heroism of him they slew,
Were melted for a moment: though no tear
Flow'd from their bloodshot eyes, all red with
strife,
They honour'd such determined scorn of life.

CXX.

But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,
Where the chief pacha calmly held his post:
Some twenty times he made the Russ retire,
And baffled the assaults of all their host.
At length he condescended to inquire
If yet the city's rest were won or lost;
And, being told the latter, sent a bey
To answer Ribas' summons to give way.

CXXI.

In the meantime, cross-legg'd, with great *stang-
froid*,
Among the scorling rains he sat smoking
Tobacco on a little carpet—Troy
Saw nothing like the scene around; yet looking
With martial stoutheim, nought seem'd to annoy
His stern philosophy; but gently stroking
His beard, he puff'd his pipe's ambrosial gales,
As if he had three lives, as well as tails.

CXXII.

The town was taken—whether he might yield
Himself or bastion, little matter'd now;
His undorn'd valour was no further shield.
Ismail's no more; the crescent's silver bow
Sunk, and the crimson cross glare'd o'er the field
But red with *no n. beam*; gore: the glow
Of burning streets, like moonlight on the water,
Was imaged back in blood, the sea of slaughter.

CXXIII.

All that the mind would shrink from, of excesses,
All that the body perpetrates, of bad;
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses,
All that the devil would do, if run stark mad;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses,
All by which hell is peopled, or ass'd
As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse—
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

CXXIV.

I, here and there some transient trait of pity
Was shown, and some more noble heart broke
through
Its bloody bond, and saved, perhaps, some pretty
Child, or an aged helpless man or two—
What's this in one annihilated city,
Where thousand loves, and ties, and duties, grew?
Cockneys of London! Muscadins of Paris!
Just ponder what a pious pastime war is

CXXV.

Think how the joys of reading a Gazette
Are purchased by all agonies and crimes:
Or, if these do not move you, don't forget
Such doom may be your own in after-times,
Meantime the Taxes, Castlereagh, and Debt,
Are hints as good as sermons, or as rhymes,
Read your own hearts and Ireland's present story,
Then feel her famine fat with Wellesley's glory.

CXXVI.

But still there is unto a patriot nation,
Which loves so well its country and its king,
A subject of sublimest exaltation—
Bear it, ye Muses, on your brightest wing!
How'er the mighty locust, Desolation,
Strip your green fields, and to your harvests cling,
Gaut famine never shall approach the throne—
Though Ireland starve, great George weighs twenty
stone.

CXXVII.

But let me put an end unto my theme:
There was an end of Ismail—hapless town!
Far flash'd her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,
And redly ran his blushing waters down,
The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream
Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown
Of forty thousand who had man'd the wall,
Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent all.

CXXVIII.

In one thing, nevertheless, 'tis fit to praise
The Russian army upon this occasion,
A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,
And therefore worthy of commemoration.
The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase:—
Perhaps the season's chill, and their long station
In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,
Had made them chaste—they ravish'd very little.

CXXIX.

Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less
Might here and there occur some violation
In the other line; but not to such excess
As when the French, that dissipated nation,
Take towns by storm; no causes can I guess
I except cold weather and commiseration;
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,
Were almost as much virgins as before.

CXXX.

Some odd mistakes, too, happen'd in the dark,
Which show'd a want of lanterns, or of taste—
Indeed, the smoke was such they scarce could mark
Their friends from foes,—besides, such things from
haste
Occur, though rarely when there is a spark
Of light to save the venerably chaste:
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,
Were all deflower'd by different grenadiers.

CXXXI.

But, on the whole, their continence was great;
So that some disappointment there ensued
To those who had felt the inconvenient state
Of 'single blessedness,' and thought it good
(Since it was not their fault, but only fate,
To bear these crosses) for each waning prude

To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,
Without the expense and the suspense of bedding.

CXXXII.

Some voices of the buxom middle-aged
Were also heard to wonder, in the din
(Widows of forty were these birds long caged),
'Wherefore the ravishing did not begin?'
But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,
There was small leisure for superfluous sin;
But whether they escaped or no, lies hid
In darkness—I can only hope they did.

CXXXIII.

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match
For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.
While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like
thatch
Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allay'd,
With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch;
And here exactly follows what he said:
'Glory to God and to the Empress!' (*Powers
Eternal! such names mingled!*) 'Ismail's ours.

CXXXIV.

Methinks these are the most tremendous words
Since 'Menè, Menè, Tekel, and 'Upharsin,'
Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.
Heaven help me! I'm but little of a parson!
What Daniel read was shorthand of the Lord's,
Severe, sublime! the prophet wrote no farce on
The fate of nations; but this Russ, so witty,
Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city.

CXXXV.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it;
For I will teach, if possible, the stones
To rise against earth's tyrants—Never let it
Be said that we still truckle unto thrones;
But ye—our children's children! think how we
Show'd *what things were* before the world was free

CXXXVI.

That hour is not for us, but 'tis for you:
And as, in the great joy of your millennium,
You hardly will believe such things were true
As now occur, I thought that I would pen you 'em;
But may their very memory perish too!
Yet if perchance remember'd, still disdain you 'em!

More than you scorn the savages of yore,
Who *painted* their bare limbs, but *not* with gore.

CXXXVII.

And when you hear historians talk of thrones,
And those that sate upon them, let it be
As we now gaze upon the mammoth's bones,
And wonder what old world such things could see,
Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,
The pleasant riddles of futurity—
Guessing at what shall happily be hid,
As the real purpose of a pyramid.

CXXXVIII.

Reader! I've kept my word—at least so far
As the first canto promised. You have now
Had sketches of love, tempest, travel, war—
All very accurate, you must allow,
And *epu*, if plain truth should prove no bar;
For I have drawn much less with a long bow
Than my forerunners. Carelessly I sing,
But Phoebus lends me now and then a string,

CXXXIX.

With which I still can harp, and carp, and fiddle.
What further hath befallen, or may befall,
The hero of this grand poetic riddle,
I by and by may tell you, if at all:
But now I choose to break off in the middle,
Worn out by battering Ismail's stubborn wall,
While Juan is sent off with the despatch,
For which all Petersburg is on the watch.

CXL.

This special honour was conferr'd, because
He had behaved with courage and humanity;
Which *last* men like, when they have time to pause
From their ferocities, produced by vanity.
His little captive gain'd him some applause,
For saving her amidst the wild insanity
Of carnage; and I think he was more glad in her
Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

CXLI.

The Moslem orphan went with her protector,
For she was homeless, houseless, helpless: all
Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,
Had perish'd on the field or by the wall.
Her very place of birth was but a spectre
Of what it had been; there the Muezzin's call
To prayer was heard no more I and Juan wept,
And made a vow to shield her, which he kept.

CANTO THE NINTH.

I.

OH, Wellington! (or 'Villainton'—for Fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways:
France could not even conquer your great name,
But punn'd it down to this facetious phrase—
Beating or beaten, she will laugh the same.)
You have obtained great pensions and much
praise:
Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise, and thunder 'Nay!' *

* Query, *Nay!*—Printer's Devil.

II.

I don't think that you used Kinnaird quite well
In Marinet's affair—in fact, 'twas shabby;
And, like some other things, won't do to tell
Upon your tomb in Westminster's old Abbey.
Upon the rest 'tis not worth while to dwell,
Such tales being for the tea hours of some tabby!
But though your years as *man* tend fast to zero,
In fact your Grace is still but a *young hero*.

III.

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more;

You have repair'd Legitimacy's crutch,
A prop not quite so certain as before;
The Spanish and the French, as well as Dutch,
Have seen, and felt, how strongly you *restore*;
And Waterloo has made the world your debtor
(I wish your bards would sing it rather better).

IV.

You are 'the best of cut-throats':—do not start:
The phrase is Shakspeare's, and not misapplied:—
War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
Unless her cause by right be sanctified.
If you have acted *once* a generous part,
The world, not the world's masters, will decide;
And I shall be delighted to learn who,
Save you and yours, have gain'd by Waterloo

V.

I am no flatterer—you've suppd' full of flattery;
They say you like it *too*—'tis no great wonder;
He whose whole life has been assault and battery,
At last in my get a little tired of thunder;
And, swallowing eulogy much more than satire, he
May like being praised for every lucky blunder;
Called 'Saviour of the Nations' not yet saved,
And 'Europe's Liberator'—still enslaved.

VI.

I've done. Now go, and dine from off the plate
Presented by the Prince of the Brazils;
And send the sou'nel before your g'd
A slice or two from your luxurious meals:
He fought, but has not fed so well of late
Some hunger, too, they say the people feel;
There is no doubt that you deserve your ration,
But pray give back a little to the nation.

VII.

I don't mean to reflect—a man so great as
You, my Lord Duke, is far above reflection;
The high Roman fisher, too, of common fame,
With modern history has but small connection;
Though as an Irishman you love your dogs,
You need not take 'em in my way or direction,
And half a mullion for your Salome's skin
Is rather dear!—I'm sure I mean no harm

VIII.

Great men have always scorn'd great recom-
penses:
Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses.
George Washington had thanks, and nought
beside,
Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men's is)
To free his country: Pitt, too, had his pride,
And, as a high-soul'd minister of state, is
Renown'd for raising Great Britain gratis.

IX.

Never had mortal man such opportunity,
Except Napoleon, *o*, abused it more;
You might have freed fallen Europe from the mity
Of tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore;
And *now*—what *is* your fame? Shall the Muse
tune it ye?
Now—that the rabble's first vain shouts are o'er?

Go! hear it in your famish'd country's cries:
Behold the world! and curse your victories.

X.

As these new cantos touch on warlike feats,
To *you* the unflattering Muse deigns to inscribe
Truths, that you will not read in the Gazettes,
But which 'tis time to teach the hireling tribe
Who fatten on their country's gore and debts,
Must be recited—and without a bribe.
You *did* *great* things; but not being *great* in mind,
Have left *in* *you* the *greatest*—and mankind.

XI.

Death laughs—Go, ponder o'er the skeleton
With which men image out the unknown thing
That hies the past world, like to a set sun
Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter
string—
Death laughs at all you weep for: look upon
This hourly dread of all, whose *threaten'd sting*
Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath!
Mark how its lipless mouth grins without breath!

XII.

Mark how it laughs and scorns at all you are:
And yet *was* what you are: from *ear* to *ear*
It *lives*; *is* *not*—there is now no fleshy bar
So call'd; the Antic long bath ceased to *heer*,
But still he *owles*, and, whether near or far,
He strips from man that mantle *far* more dear
Than even the tailor's, his incarnate skin,
White, black, or copper—the dead bones will grin.

XIII.

And thus Death laughs: it is sad merriment,
But still it *re-see*; and with such example,
Why should not Life be equally content
With his superior in a smile to trample
Upon the n'things which are duly spent
Like bubbles on an ocean much less ample
To in the eternal deluge which devours
Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like hours?

XIV.

'To be, or not to be?' that is the question,
Says Shakspeare, who just now is much in fashion
I am neither Alexander nor Hephestion;
Nor ever had for *abstract* fame much passion;
But would much rather have a sound digestion,
Than Buonaparte's cancer: could I dash on
Through fifty victories to shine or fame,
With out a stomach—what were a good name?

XV.

'Oh! dura lilia messorum!'—'Oh!
Ye rigid guts of reapers!' I translate
For the great benefit of those who know
What indigestion is—that inward fate
Which makes all Styx through one small liver flow.
A peasant's sweat is worth his lord's estate:
Let *this* one toil for bread, *that* rack for rent,
He who sleeps best may be the most content.

XVI.

'To be, or not to be?'—Ere I decide,
I should be glad to know that which *is being*:
'Tis true we speculate both far and wide,
And *act*, because we *see*, we are *all seeing*:

For my part, I'll enlist on neither side,
 Until I see both sides for once agreeing.
 For me, I sometimes think that life is death,
 Rather than life a mere affair of breath.

XVII.

'Que sçais-je?' was the motto of Montaigne,
 As also of the first academicians;
 That all is dubious which man may attain,
 Was one of their most favourite positions.
 There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain
 As any of Mortality's conditions;
 So little do we know what we're about in
 This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

XVIII.

It is a pleasant voyage, perhaps, to float,
 Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation;
 But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?
 Your wise men don't know much of navigation;
 And swimming long in the abyss of thought
 Is apt to tire: a calm and shallow station
 Well-nigh the shore, where one stoops down and
 gathers
 Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers

XIX.

'But heaven,' as Cassio says, 'is above all:
 No more of this, then—let us pray.'* We have
 Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,
 Which tumbled all mankind into the grave,
 Besides fish, beasts, and birds. 'The sparrow's fall
 Is special providence,' though how it gave
 Offence, we know not; probably it perched
 Upon the tree which Eve so fondly searched.

XX.

O ye immortal gods! what is theogony?
 O thou, too, mortal man! what is philanthropy?
 O world, which was and is! what is cosmogony?
 Some people have accused me of misanthropy;
 And yet I know no more than the mahogany
 That forms this desk, of what they mean: *lykan-*
thropy

I comprehend; for, without transformation,
 Men become wolves on any slight occasion.

XXI.

But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,
 Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have ne'er
 Done anything exceedingly unkind,
 And (though I could not now and then forbear
 Following the bent of body or of mind)
 Have always had a tendency to spare—
 Why do they call me misanthrope? Because
 They hate me, not I them:—and here we'll pause.

XXII.

'Tis time we should proceed with our good poem—
 For I maintain that it is really good,
 Not only in the body, but the poem,
 However little both are understood
 Just now—but by and by the Truth will show 'em
 Herself in her sublimest attitude;
 And till she doth, I fain must be content
 To share her beauty and her banishment.

XXIII.

Our hero (and, I trust, kind reader, yours)
 Was left upon his way to the chief city
 Of the immortal Peter's polish'd boors,
 Who still have shown themselves more brave
 than witty.

I know its mighty empire now allures
 Much flattery—even Voltaire's, and that's a pity
 For me, I deem an absolute autocrat
 Not a barbarian, but much worse than that.

XXIV.

And I will war, at least in words (and—should
 My chance so happen—deeds), with all who war
 With Thought; and of Thought's foes by far most
 rude,

Tyrants and sycophants have been and are,
 I know not who may conquer: If I could
 Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
 To this my plain, sworn downright detestation
 Of every despotism in every nation.

XXV.

It is not that I adulat the people:
 Without *me*, there are demagogues enough,
 And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
 And set up in their stead some common stuff.
 Whether they may sow scepticism to reap hell,
 As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
 I do not know: I wish men to be free
 As much from mol's as kings—from you as me.

XXVI.

The consequence is, being of no party,
 I shall offend all parties:—never mind!
 My words, at least, are more sincere and hearty
 Than if I sought to sail before the wind.
 He who has nought to gain can have small art: he
 Who neither wishes to be bound nor bind,
 May still expatiate freely, as will I,
 Nor give my voice to slavery's jackal cry.

XXVII.

That's an appropriate simile, *that jackal*.—
 I've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl*
 By night, as do that mercenary pack all,
 Power's base purveyors, who for pickings prowl,
 And scent the prey their masters would attack all.
 However, the poor jackals are less foul
 (As being the brave lion's keen providers)
 Than human insects, catering for spiders.

XXVIII.

Raise but an arm, 'twill brush their web away;
 And without *that*, their poison and their claws
 Are useless. Mind, good people, what I say—
 (Or rather peoples)—*go on* without pause!
 The web of these tarantulas each day
 Increases, till you shall make common cause:
 None, save the Spanish fly and Attic bee,
 As yet are strongly stinging to be free.

XXIX.

Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,
 Was left upon his way with the despatch,

* In Greece, I never saw or heard these animals;
 but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them in
 hundreds.

* See *Othello*.

Where blood was talk'd of as we would of water;
 And carcases, that lay as thick as thatch
 O'er silenced cities, merely served to flatter
 Fair Catharine's pastime, who look'd on the match
 Between these nations as a main of cocks,
 Wherein she liked her own to stand like rocks.

XXX.

And there in a *kibitka* he roll'd on
 (A cursed sort of carriage without springs,
 Which on rough roads leaves scarcely a whole
 bone).

Pondering on glory, chivalry, and kings,
 And orders, and on all that he had done;
 And wishing that post-horses had the wings
 Of Pegasus, or, at the least, post-chaises
 Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is.

XXXI.

At every jolt—and they were many—still
 He turn'd his eyes upon his little charge,
 As if he wish'd that she should fare less ill
 Than he, in these sad highways left at large
 To ruts, and flints, and lovely Nature's skill,
 Who is no paviour, nor admits a barge
 On *her* canals, where God takes sea and land,
 Fishery and farm, both into His own hand.

XXXII.

At least He pays no rent, and has best right
 To be the first of what we used to call
 'Gentlemen farmers,' a race worn out quite,
 Since lately there have been no rents at all,
 And 'gentlemen' are in a piteous plight,
 And 'farmers' can't raise Ceres from her fall;
 She fell with Buonaparte: what strange thoughts
 Arise, when we see emperors fall with oxen!

XXXIII.

But Juan turn'd his eyes on the sweet child
 Whom he had saved from slaughter—what a
 trophy!
 O ye who build up monuments defiled
 With gore, like Nahr Shah, that ostive sophy
 Who, after leaving Hindostan a wild,
 And scarce to the Mogul a cup of coffee
 To soothe his woes withal, was slain, the sinner!
 Because he could no more digest his dinner.*

XXXIV.

O ye! or we! or he! or she! reflect,
 That *one* life saved, especially if young
 Or pretty, is a thing to re-collect,
 Far sweeter than the greenest laurels sprung
 From the manure of human clay, though dock'd
 With all the praises ever said or sung;
 Though hymn'd by every harp, unless within
 Your heart joins chorus, Fame is but a din

XXXV.

O ye great authors, luminous, voluminous!
 Ye twice ten hundred thousand daily scribes!
 Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers, illumine
 us;
 Whether you're paid by Government in bribes,

To prove the public debt is not consuming us,
 Or roughly treading on the 'courtier's kibes,'
 With clownish heel, your popular circulation
 Feeds you by printing half the realm's starvation!—

XXXVI.

O ye great authors!—*Apropos des bottles*,—
 I have forgotten what I meant to say,
 As sometimes have been greater sages' lots:
 'Twas something calculated to allay
 All wrath in barracks, palaces, or cots:
 Certes it would have been but thrown away;
 And that's one comfort for my lost advice;
 Although, no doubt, it was beyond all price.

XXXVII.

But let it go: it will one day be found
 With other relics of 'a former world,'
 When this world shall be *former*, underground,
 Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisp'd and curl'd,
 Baked, fried, or burnt, turn'd inside out, or
 drown'd,
 Like all the worlds before, which have been
 bur'd
 First out of, and then back again to, chaos,
 The superstratum which will overlay us.

XXXVIII.

So Cuvier says;—and then shall come again
 Unto the new creation, rising out
 From our old crash, some mystic, ancient strain
 Of things destroy'd and left in airy doubt;
 Like to the notions we now entertain
 Of Titans, giants, fellows of about
 Some hundred feet in height, *not to say miles*,
 And mammoths and your winged crocodiles

XXXIX.

Think if then George the Fourth should be dug
 up!
 How the new worldlings of the then new East
 Will wonder where such animals could sup!
 (For they themselves will be but of the least;
 Even worlds miscarry, when too oft they pup,
 And every new creation hath decreased
 In size, from overworking the material—
 Men are but maggots of some huge Earth's burial.)

XL.

How will—to these young people just thrust out
 From some fresh Paradise, and set to plough,
 And dig, and sweat, and turn themselves about,
 And plant, and reap, and spin, and grind, and
 saw,
 Till all the arts at length are brought about,
 Especially of war and taxing—*how*,
 I say, will these great relics, when they see 'em,
 Look like the monsters of a new museum?

XLI.

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:
 'The time is out of joint,' and so am I.
 I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,
 And deviate into matters rather dry.
 I ne'er decide what I shall say, and thus I call
 Much too poetical: men should know why
 They write, and for what end; but, note or text,
 I never know the word which will come next.

* He was killed in a conspiracy, after his temper had been exasperated by his extreme costivity to a degree of insanity.

XLII.

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
 Now pondering: it is time we should narrate.
 I left Don Juan, with his horses baiting—
 Now we'll get o'er the ground at a great rate.
 I shall not be particular in stating
 His journey, we've so many tours of late:
 Suppose him then at Petersburg; suppose
 That pleasant capital of painted snows:

XLIII.

Suppose him in a handsome uniform;
 A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume,
 Waving, like sails new shiver'd in a storm,
 Over a cock'd hat, in a crowded room,
 And brilliant breeches, bright as a cairngorm.
 Of yellow casimere, we may presume,
 White stockings drawn, uncurdl'd as new milk,
 O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk.

XLIV.

Suppose him, sword by side, and hat in hand,
 Made up by youth, fame, and an army tailor—
 That great enchanter, at whose rod's command
 Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self turns
 paler,
 Seeing how Art can make her work more grand
 (When she don't pin men's limbs in like a
 jailor)—
 Behold him placed as if upon a pillar! He
 Seems Love turn'd a lieutenant of artillery!

XLV.

His bandage slipp'd down into a cravat;
 His wings subdued to epaulettes; his quiver
 Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at
 His side as a small sword, but sharp as ever:
 His bow converted into a cock'd hat;
 But still so like, that Psyche were more clever
 Than some wives (who make blunders no less
 stupid),
 If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

XLVI.

The courtiers stared, the ladies whisper'd, and
 The Empress smiled; the reigning favourite
 frown'd—
 I quite forget which of them was in hand
 Just then; as they are rather numerous found,
 Who took by turns that difficult command,
 Since first her Majesty was singly crown'd;
 But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,
 All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

XLVII.

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,
 Blushing and beardless; and yet ne'ertheless
 There was a something in his turn of limb,
 And still more in his eye, which seem'd to
 express,
 That though he look'd like one of the seraphim,
 There lurk'd a man beneath the spirit's dress.
 Besides, the Empress sometimes liked a boy,
 And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoï.*

XLVIII.

No wonder then that Yermoloff, or Momonoff,
 Or Scherbatoff, or any other *off*
 Or *ou*, might dread her Majesty had not room
 enough
 Within her bosom (which was not too tough)
 For a new flame; a thought to cast of gloom
 enough
 Along the aspect, whether smooth or rough,
 Of him who, in the language of his station,
 Then held that 'high official situation.'

XLIX.

O gentle ladies! should you seek to know
 The import of this diplomatic phrase,
 Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess^s show
 His parts of speech; and, in the strange displays
 Of that odd string of words, all in a row,
 Which none divine, and every one obeys,
 Perhaps you may pick out some queer *no*
 meaning,
 Of that weak wordy harvest the sole gleaner.

L.

I think I can explain myself without
 That sad inexplicable beast of prey—
 That Sphinx, whose words would ever be a doubt,
 Did not his deeds unriddle them each day—
 That monstrous hieroglyphic—that long spout
 Of blood and water, leaden Castlereagh!
 And here I must an anecdote relate,
 But luckily of no great length or weight.

LI.

An English lady ask'd of an Italian
 What were the actual and official duties
 Of the strange thing some women set a value on,
 Which hovers oft about some married beauties,
 Called 'Cavalier servente' a Pygmalion
 Whose statues warm (I fear, alas, too true 'tis)
 Beneath his art. The dame, press'd to disclose
 them,
 Said, 'Lady, I beseech you to *suppose them*.'

LII.

And thus I supplicate your supposition,
 And mildest, matron-like interpretation
 Of the imperial favourite's condition.
 'Twas a high place, the highest in the nation,
 In fact, if not in rank; and the suspicion
 Of any one's attaining to his station,
 No doubt gave pain, where each new pair of
 shoulders,
 If rather broad, make stocks rise, and their holders.

LIII.

Juan, I said, was a most beautiful boy,
 And had retain'd his boyish look beyond
 The usual hirsute seasons, which destroy,
 With beards, and whiskers, and the like, the fond
 Parisian aspect, which upset old Troy,
 And founded Doctors' Commons. I have conn'd
 The history of divorces, which, though chequer'd,
 Calls Ilion's the first damages on record.

* He was the *grande passion* of the grande Catherine. See her Life, under the head of 'Lanskoï.'

* This was written long before the suicide of that person.

LIV.

And Catharine, who loved all things (save her lord,

Who was gone to his place), and pass'd for much,
Admiring those (by dainty dames abhorr'd)
Gigantic gentlemen, yet had a touch
Of sentiment; and he she most ador'd
Was the lamented Lanskoï, who was such
A lover as had cost her many a tear,
And yet but made a middling grenadier.

LV.

O thou *terribila causa* of all *belli*—
Thou gate of life and death—thou nondescript,
Whence is our exit and our entrance,—well I
May pause in pondering how all souls are dipt
In thy perennial fountain: how man *fell*, I
Know not, since knowledge saw her branches
strip
Of her first fruit; but how he falls and rises
Since, thou hast settled beyond all surmises.

LVI.

Some call thee 'the worst cause of war,' but I
Maintain thou art the *best*, for, after all,
From thee we come, to thee we go, and why
To get at thee not batter down a wall,
Or waste a world, since no one can deny
Thou dost replenish worlds both great and small?
With or without thee, all things at a stand!
Are, or would be, thou sea of life's dry land!

LVII.

Catharine, who was the grand epitome
Of that great cause of war, or peace, or what
You please it causes all the things which be,
So you may take your choice of this or that)—
Catharine, I say, was very glad to see
The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat
Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel
With his despatch, forgot to break the seal.

LVIII.

Then, recollecting the whole empress, nor
Forgetting quite the woman (which composed
At least three parts of this great whole), she tore
The letter open with an air which posed
The court that watch'd each look her visage wore,
Until a royal smile at length disclosed
Fair weather for the day. Though rather spacious,
Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gracious.

LIX.

Great joy was hers, or rather joys: the first
Was a taken city, thirty thousand Islam,
Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,
As an East Indian sunrise on the main
These queens had a moment her ambition's thirst—
So Arab deserts drink in summer's run
In vain! As fall the dews on quenchless sands,
Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands.

LX.

Her next amusement was more fanciful.
She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who threw
Into a Russian couplet, rather dull,
The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew.
Her third was feminine enough to annul
The shudder which runs naturally through

Our veins, when things call'd sovereigns think it best

To kill, and generals turn it into jest.

LXI.

The two first feelings ran their course complete,
And lighted first her eye, and then her mouth:
The whole court look'd immediately most sweet,
Like flowers well water'd after a long drought.
But when on the lieutenant at her feet
Her Majesty, who liked to gaze on youth
Almost as much as on a new despatch,
Glanced mildly, all the world was on the watch.

LXII.

Though somewhat large, exuberant, and truculent,
When *arose*, while *pleas'd*, she was as fine a
figure
As those who like things rosy, ripe, and succulent,
Would wish to look on while they are in vigour.
She could repay each amatory look you lent
With interest, and in turn was wont with rigour
To exact of Cupid's bills the full amount
At sight, nor would permit you to discount.

LXIII.

With her the latter, though at times convenient,
Was not so necessary: for they tell
That she was handsome, and, though fierce, look'd
llement,
And always used her favourites too well.
If one e beyond her boudoir's precincts in ye went,
Your 'fortune' was in a fair way 'to swell
A man' (as Giles says*); for, though she would
widow all
Nations, she liked man as an individual.

LXIV.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head!
And what a whirlpool, full of depth and danger,
Is all the rest about her! Whether wed
Or widow, maid or mother, she can change her
Mind like the wind: whatever she has said
Or done, is light to what she'll say or do—
The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

LXV.

Oh Catharine (for of all interjections,
To thee both *oh!* and *ah!* belong of right,
In love and war), how odd are the connections
Of human thoughts, which jostle in their flight!
Just now *toots* were cut out in different sections;
Toots, Ismail's capture, caught your fancy quite;
Next, of new knights, the fresh and glorious batch;
And, *thirdly*, he who brought you the despatch!

LXVI.

Shakspeare talks of 'the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,'
And some such visions cross'd her Majesty
While her young herald knelt before her still.
'Tis very true the hill seem'd rather high
For a lieutenant to climb up, but still

* 'His fortune swells him, it is rank, he's married.'
—*Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's *New Way to
Pay Old Debts*.

Smooth'd even the Simplon's steep, and by God's
blessing, [kissing,]
With youth and health, all kisses are 'heaven-

LXVII.

Her Majesty look'd down, the youth look'd up—
And so they fell in love; she with his face,
His grace, his God-knows-what; for Cupid's cup
With the first draught intoxicates apace,
A quintessential laudanum, or 'black drop,'
Which makes one drunk at once, without the base
Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye,
In love, drinks all life's fountains (save tears) dry.

LXVIII.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,
Fell into that no less imperious passion,
Self-love, which, when some sort of thing above
Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,
Or duchess, princess, empress, 'deigns to prove'
(Tis Pope's phrase) a great longing, though a
rash one.

For one especial person out of many,
Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

LXIX.

Besides, he was of that delighted age
Which makes all female ages equal—when
We don't much care with whom we may engage,
As bold as Daniel in the lions' den,
So that we can our native sun assuage
In the next ocean, which may flow just then,
To make a twilight in, just as Sol's heat is
Quench'd in the lap of the salt sea, or Thetis.

LXX.

And Catharine (we must say thus much for
Catharine),

Though bold and bloody, was the kind of thing
Whose temporary passion was quite flattering.

Because each lover look'd a sort of king,
Made up upon an amatory pattern—
A royal husband in all save the *ring*,
Which, being the damndest part of matrimony,
Seem'd taking out the sting to leave the honey.

LXXI.

And when you add to this her womanhood
In its meridian, her blue eyes or grey
(The last, if they have soul, are quite as good,
Or better, as the best examples say:
Napoleon's, Mary's (Queen of Scotland), should
Lend to that colour a transcendent ray;
And Pallas also sanctions the same hue,
Too wise to look through optics black or blue)—

LXXII.

Her sweet smile, and her then majestic figure,
Her plumpness, her imperial condescension,
Her preference of a boy to men much bigger
(Fellows whom Messalina's self would pension),
Her prime of life, just now in juicy vigour,

With other *extras*, which we need not mention:
All these, or any one of these, explain
Enough to make a stripling very vain.

LXXIII.

And that's enough, for love is vanity,
Selfish in its beginning as its end,

Except where 'tis a mere insanity.

A maddening spirit which would strive to blend
Itself with beauty's frail inanity,

On which the passion's self seems to depend;
And hence some heathenish philosophers
Make love the main-spring of the universe.

LXXIV.

Besides Platonic love, besides the love
Of God, the love of sentiment, the loving
Of faithful pairs (I needs must rhyme with dove,
That good old steamboat which keeps verses
moving

'Gainst reason—reason ne'er was hand-and-glove
With rhyme, but always leant less to improving
The sound than sense); besides all these pretences
To love, there are those things which words name
senses—

LXXV.

Those movements, those improvements in our
bodies,

Which make all bodies anxious to get out
Of their own sand-pits, to mix with a goddess,
For such all women are at first, no doubt,
How beautiful that moment! and how odd is
That fever which precedes the languid rout
Of our sensations! What a curious way
The whole thing is, of clothing souls in clay!

LXXVI.

The noblest kind of love is love Platonical,
To end or to begin with; the next grand
Is that which may be christen'd love canonical
Because the clergy take the thing in hand;
The third sort, to be noted in our chronicle,
As flourishing in every Christian land,
Is, when chaste matrons to their other ties
Add what may be call'd *marriage in disguise*.

LXXVII.

Well, we won't analyze; our story must
Tell for itself: the sovereign was smitten.
Juan much flatter'd by her love, or lust—
I cannot stop to alter words once written;
And the two are so mix'd with human dust,
That he who *names one*, both perchance may
hit on:

But in such matters Russia's mighty Empress
Behaved no better than a common sempstress.

LXXVIII.

The whole court melted into one wide whisper
And all lips were applied unto all ears!
The elder ladies' wrinkles curl'd much crisper,
As they beheld; the younger cast some looks
On one another, and each lovely lipser
Smiled as she talk'd the matter o'er; but tears
Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye
Of all the standing army that stood by.

LXXIX.

All the ambassadors of all the powers,
Inquired who was this very new young man,
Who promised to be great in some few hours:
Which is full soon (though life is but a span).
Already they beheld the silver showers
Of roubles rain, as fast as specie can.

Upon his cabinet, besides the presents
Of several ribands, and some thousand peasants.

LXXX.

Catharine was generous—all such ladies are ;
Love, that great opener of the heart, and all
The ways that lead there, be they near or far,
Above, below, by turnpikes great or small—
Love (though she had a cursed taste for war,
And was not the best wife, unless we call
Such Clytemnestra, though perhaps 'tis better
That one should die, than two drag on the fetter)—

LXXXI.

Love had made Catharine make each lover's for-
Unlike our own half-chaste Elizabeth, (tune,
Whose avarice all disbursements did importune,
If history, the grand liar, ever saith
The truth; and though grief her old age might
shorten,
Because she put a favourite to death,
Her vile, ambiguous method of flirtation,
And stinginess, disgrace her sex and station.

LXXXII.

But when the levée rose, and all was bustle
In the dissolving circle, all the nations'
Ambassadors began as 'twere to hustle
Round the young man with their congratula-
tions.
Also the softer silks were heard to rustle
Of gentle dames, among whose recreations

It is to speculate on handsome faces,
Especially when such lead to high places.

LXXXIII.

Juan, who found himself, he knew not how,
A general object of attention, made
His answers with a very graceful bow,
As if born for the ministerial trade.
Though modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written 'gentleman.' He said
Little, but to the purpose; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.

LXXXIV.

An order from her Majesty consign'd
Our young lieutenant to the genial care
Of those in office: all the world look'd kind
(As it will look sometimes with the first stare,
Which youth would not act ill to keep in mind),
As also did Miss Protosoff then there,
Named, from her mystic office, 'l'Éprouveuse,'
A term inexplicable to the Muse.

LXXXV.

With *her* then, as in humble duty bound,
Juan retir'd—and so will I, until
My Pegasus shall tire of touching ground.
We have just lit on a 'heaven-kissing hill,'
So lofty that I feel my brain turn round,
And all my fancies whirling like a mill;
Which is a signal to my nerves and brain,
To take a quiet ride in some green lane.

CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

WHEN Newton saw an apple fall, he found,
In that slight startle from his contemplation—
'Tis *said* for I'll not answer above ground
For any sage's creed or calculation—
A mode of proving that the earth turn'd round
In a most natural whirl, call'd 'gravitation';
And this is the sole mortal who could grapple,
Since Adam, with a fall, or with an apple.

II.

Man fell with apples, and with apples rose,
If this be true; for we must deem the mode
In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose
Through the then unpeaved stars the turnpike
road,
A thing to counterbalance human woes;
For, ever since, immortal man hath glow'd
With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon
Steam-engines will conduct him to the moon.

III.

And wherefore this exordium? Why, just now,
In taking up this paltry sheet of paper,
My bosom underwent a glorious glow,
And my internal spirit cut a caper:
And though so much inferior, as I know,
To those who, by the dint of glass and vapour,
Discover stars, and sail in the wind's eye,
I wish to do as much by poetry.

IV.

In the wind's eye I have sail'd, and sail; but for
The stars, I own my telescope is dim;
But at the least I've shunn'd the common shore,
And, leaving land far out of sight, would skim
The ocean of eternity: the roar
Of breakers has not daunted my slight trim,
But *still* sea-worthy, skiff; and she may float
Where ships have founder'd, as doth many a boat.

V.

We left our hero, Juan, in the *blow*
Of favouritism, but not yet in the *blush*;
And far be it from my *Muses* to presume
(For I have more than one Muse, at a push)
To follow him beyond the drawing-room:
It is enough that Fortune found him flush
Of youth and vigour, beauty, and those things
Which for an instant clip enjoyment's wings.

VI.

But soon they grow again, and leave their nest.
'Oh!' saith the Psalmist, 'that I had a dove's
Pinions to flee away, and be at rest!'
And who that recollects young years and loves—
Though hoary now, and with a withering breast,
And palsied fancy, which no longer roves
Beyond its dimm'd eye's sphere—but would much
rather
Sigh like a son, than cough like his grandfather!

VII.

But sighs subside, and tears (even wi' lows') shrink,
Like Arno, in the summer, to a shallow,
So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
Which threatens inundations deep and yellow!
Such difference do a few months make. You'd
think
Grief a rich field that never would lie fallow;
No more it doth; its ploughs but change their boys,
Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys.

VIII.

But coughs will come when sighs depart, and now
And then before sighs cease; for oft the one
Will bring the other, ere the lake-like brow
Is ruffled by a wrinkle, or the sun
Of life reach'd ten o'clock: and while a glow,
Hectic and brief as summer's day nigh done,
O'er spreads the cheek which seems too pure for
clay,
Thousands blaze, love, hope, die—how happy they!

IX.

But Juan was not meant to die so soon.
We left him in the focus of such glory
As may be won by favour of the moon
Or ladies' fancies—rather transitory,
Perhaps; but who would scorn the month of June,
Because December, with his breath so hoary,
Must come? Much rather should he court the ray,
To hoard up warmth against a wintry day.

X.

Besides, he had some qualities which fix
Middle-aged ladies even more than young:
The former know what's what; while new-fledged
Know little more of love than what is sung [chicks
In rhymes, or dreamt (for fancy will play tricks)
In visions of those skies from whence love sprung,
Some reckon women by their suns or years:
I rather think the moon should date the dears.

XI.

And why? Because she's changeable and chaste.
I know no other reason, whatsoever
Suspicious people, who find fault in haste,
May choose to tax me with; which is not fair,
Nor flattering to 'their temper or their taste.'
As my friend Jeffrey writes with such an air:
However, I forgive him, and I trust
He will forgive himself;—if not, I must.

XII.

Old enemies who have become new friends,
Should so continue—'tis a point of honour;
And I know nothing which could make amends
For a return to hatred: I would shun her
Like garlic, howsoever she extends
Her hundred arms and legs, and fain outrun her.
Old dames, new wives, become our bitterest foes—
Converted foes should scorn to join with those.

XIII.

This were the worst desertion: renegadoes,
Even shuffling Southeys, that incarnate lie,
Would scarcely join again the 'reformadoes,*
Whom he forsook to fill the laureate's sty;

And honest men, from Iceland to Barbadoes,
Whether in Caledon or Italy,
Should not veer round with every breath, nor seize
To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

XIV.

The lawyer and the critic both behold
The baser sides of literature and life,
And nought remains unseen, but much untold,
By those who scour those double tales of strife.
While common men grow ignorantly old,
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,
And with it all the process of digestion.

XV.

A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty:
The endless soot* bestows a tint far deeper
Than can be hid by altering his shirt: he
Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper—
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,
In all their haluts; not so you, I own:
As Cæsar wore his robe, you wear your gown.

XVI.

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most rebouted foe
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below),
Are over. Here's a health to 'Auld Lang Syne'
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted, on the whole,
Most nobly; and I own it from my soul.

XVII.

And when I use the phrase of 'Auld Lang Syne,'
'Tis not address'd to you—the more's the pity
For me, for I would rather take my wine [city
With you, than aught (save Scott) in your proud
But somehow—it may seem a schoolboy's whim,
And yet I seek not to be grand or witty
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head—

XVIII.

As 'Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and
clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's *Urig's black wall*,†
All my boy-feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring, floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

* Query: *suit*?—Printer's Devil.

† The Brig of Don, near the 'Auld Town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black sleep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yester day. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The song, as recollected by me, was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

'Brig of Balgounie, *flank's your tail*,
Wi' a wife's *ae son*, and a meat's *ae foot*,
Down ye shall fa'!

* 'Reformers,' or rather 'Reformed.' The Baron Bradwardine in *Hæcæty* is authority for the word.

XX.

And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I rail'd at Scots, to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be own'd, was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit—
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and
early:
I 'scotch'd, not kill'd,' the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of 'mountain and of flood.'

XXI.

Don Juan who was real, or ideal—
For both are much the same, since what men
think
Exists when the once thinkers are less real
Than what they thought, for mind can never
sink,
And 'gainst the body makes a strong appeal,
And yet 'tis very puzzling on the brink
Of what is call'd eternity, to stare,
And know no more of what is here, than there ;—

XXII.

Don Juan grew a very polished Russian—
How we won't mention, why we need not say:
Few youthful minds can stand the strong con-
cussion
Of any slight temptation in their way:
But *his* just now were sported as in a cushion
Smoothed for a moral lesson of honour; gay
Damsels, and lambs, revell'd in money,
Made ice seem paradise, and winter sunny.

XXIII.

The favour of the King, was agreeable;
And though the King's way'd a little hard,
Young people at his time of life could be able
To come off handsomely in that regard
He was now growing up like a green tree, able
For love, war, or amation, which toward
Their luckier votaries, till'd ag'd's trash in
Make some prefer the circulating medium.

XXIV.

About this time, as might have been anticipated,
Seduced by youth, and dangerous examples,
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated;
Which is a sad thing, and not only tramples
On our fresh feelings, but—as being participated
With all kinds of incorrigible samples
Of frail humanity—must make us selfish,
And shut our souls up in us, like a shell-fish.

XXV.

This we pass over. We will also pass
The usual progress of intrigues between
Unequal matches, such as are, alas,
A young lieutenant's with a *not old* queen,
But one who is not so youthful as she was
In all the royalty of sweet sixteen
Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter;
And wrinkles, the d—d—democrats, won't flatter.

XXVI.

And death, the sovereign's sovereign, though the
great
Gracchus of all mortality, who levels,

With his *Agrian** laws, the high estate
Of him who feasts, and fights, and roars, and
revels,
To one small grass-grown patch (which must await
Corruption for its crop), with the poor devils
Who never had a foot of land till now—
Death's a reformer, all men must allow.

XXVII.

He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry
Of waste, and haste, and glare, and gloss, and
glitter,
In this gay cline of bearskins, black and furry—
Which (though I hate to say a thing that's
bitter)
Peep out sometimes, when things are in a hurry,
Through all the 'purple and fine linen,' fitter
For Babylon's than Russia's royal harlot—
And neutralize her outward show of scarlet

XXVIII.

And this same state we won't describe; we could
Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollection;
But, getting nigh grim Dante's 'obscure wood,'
That horrid equinox, that hateful section
Of human years, that half-way house, that rude
Hut, whence wise travellers drive with circum-
spection
Life's sad post-horses o'er the dreary frontier
Of age, and, looking back to youth, give *one*
tear;—

XXIX.

I won't describe—that is, if I can help
Description; and I won't reflect—that is,
If I can stave off thought, which, as a whelp
Clings to its tail, sticks to me through the abyss
Of this old labyrinth; or as the kelp
Holds by the rock; or as a lover's kiss
Draws its first draught of lips; but, as I said,
I won't philosophize, and *will* be read.

XXX.

Juan, instead of courting courts, was courted—
A thing which happens rarely. This he owed
Much to his youth, and much to his reported
Valour; much also to the blood he show'd,
Like a race-horse; much to each dress he sported,
Which set the beauty off in which he glow'd,
As purple clouds befringe the sun; but most
He owe I to an old woman and his post.

XXXI.

He wrote to Spain; and all his near relations,
Perceiving he was in a handsome way
Of getting on himself, and finding stations
For cousins also, answer'd the same day.
Several prepared themselves for emigration
And, eating ices, were o'erheard to say
That, with the addition of a slight pelisse
Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a piece.

XXXII.

His mother, Donna Inez, finding, too,
That, in the lieu of drawing on his banker,

* Tiberius Gracchus, being tribune of the people, demanded in their name the execution of the Agrarian laws; by which all persons possessing more than a certain number of acres were to be deprived of the surplus for the benefit of the poor citizens.

Where his assets were waxing rather few,
He had brought his spending to a handsome anchor,

Replied 'that she was glad to see him through
Those pleasures after which wild youth will hanker;

As the sole sign of man's being in his senses
Is, learning to reduce his past expenses.

XXXII

'She also recommended him to God,
And no less to God's Son, as well as Mother;
Warn'd him against Greek worship, which looks odd

In Catholic eyes; but told him, too, to smother
Outward dislike, which don't look well abroad;
Inform'd him that he had a little brother
Born in a second wedlock; and, above
All, praised the Empress's maternal love.

XXXIII

'She could not too much give her approbation
Unto an empress, who prefer'd young men,
Whose age, and, what was better still, whose nation
And climate, stopp'd all scandal (now and then):
At home it might have given her some vexation;
But where thermometers sink down to ten,
Or five, or one, or zero, she could never
Believe that virtue thaw'd before the river.'

XXXIV.

Oh for a *forty-parson power** to chant
Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn
Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,
Not practise! Oh for trump of cherubim,
Or the ear-trumpet of my good old aunt,
Who, though her spectacles at last grew dim,
Drew quiet consolation through its hint,
When she could no more read the pious print.

XXXV.

She was no hypocrite, at least, poor soul!
But went to heaven in as sincere a way
As anybody on the elected roll,
Which portions out, upon the judgment-day,
Heaven's freeholds, in a sort of doomsday scroll,
Such as the conqueror William did repay
His knights with, lotting others' properties
Into some sixty thousand new knights' fees

XXXVI.

I can't complain, whose ancestors are there,
Erneis, Radolphus—eight-and-forty manors
(If that my memory doth not greatly err)
Were their reward for following Billy's banners;
And though I can't help thinking 'twas scarce fair
To strip the Saxons of their *hydesh* like tanners;
Yet, as they founded churches with the produce,
You'll deem, no doubt, they put it to a good use.

* A metaphor taken from the 'forty-horse power' of a steam-engine. That mad wag, the Rev. S. S., sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards that his dull neighbour had a 'twelve-parson power' of conversation.

† 'Hyde.' I believe a hyde of land to be a legitimate word, and, as such, subject to the tax of a quibble.

XXXVII

The gentle Juan flourish'd, though at times
He felt like other plants, call'd sensitive,
Which shrink from touch, as monarchs do from rhymes,

Save such as Southey can afford to give.
Perhaps he long'd, in bitter frosts, for climes
In which the Neva's ice would cease to lie
Before May-day: perhaps, despite his duty,
In royalty's vast arms he sigh'd for beauty:

XXXVIII.

Perhaps—but, *san*: perhaps, we need not seek
For causes young or old; the canker-worm
Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,
As well as further drain the wither'd stem:
Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week
His bills in; and, however we may storm,
They must be paid: though six days smoothly run,
The seventh will bring blue devils or a dun.

XXXIX.

I don't know how it was, but he grew sick:
The Empress was alarm'd; and her physician
(The same who physick'd Peter) found the tick
Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition
Which augur'd of the dead, however quick
Itself, and show'd a feverish disposition;
At which the whole court was extremely troubled,
The sovereign shock'd, and all his medicines
doubled.

XL.

Low were the whispers, manifold the rumours:
Some said he had been poison'd by Potemkin:
Others talk'd learnedly of certain tumours,
Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kin:
Some said 'twas a concoction of the humours
Which with the blood too readily will claim kin;
Others, again, were ready to maintain
'Twas only the fatigue of last campaign.'

XLI.

But here is one prescription, out of many:
'Sode sulphat ʒi. ʒs. Manna optim
Aq. fervent. f. ʒss. ʒjunct. Sennæ
Haustus' (and here the surgeon came and cupp'd
'R. Pulv. Com. gr. ij. Ipecacuanhæ' (him),
(With more besides, if Juan had not stopp'd 'em),
'Bolis Potassæ Sulphuret. sumendus,
Et haustus ter in die capiendus.'

XLII.

This is the way physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
In health, when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer:
While that *haustus maxime d'fendus*,
To be filled up by spade or mattock, 's near
Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,
We tease mild Baillie or soft Abernethy

XLIII.

Juan demurr'd at this first notice to [f]riton,
Quit; and though death had threaten'd an ejection
His youth and constitution bore him through,
And sent the doctors in a new direction,
But still his state was delicate: the hue
Of health but flicker'd with a faint reflection

Along his wasted cheek, and seem'd to gravel
The faculty, who said that he must travel.

XLIV.

The climate was too cold, they said, for him,
Meridian-bora, to bloom in. This opinion
Made the chaste Catharine look a little grim,
Who did not like at first to lose her minion?
But when she saw his dazzling eye wax dim,
And drooping like an eagle's with clapt pinion,
She then resolv'd to send him on a mission,
But in a style becoming his condition.

XLV.

There was just then a kind of a discussion,
A sort of treaty or negotiation,
Between the British Cabinet and Russian,
Maintain'd with all the due prevarication
With which great states such things are apt to
push on;
Something about the Baltic's navigation,
Hides, tram-ool, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,
Which Britons deem their *uti possidetis*.

XLVI.

So Catharine, who had a han' some way
Of fitting out her favourites, conferr'd
This secret charge on Juan, to display
At once her royal splendour, and reward
His services. He loss'd hours; the next day
Received in to him how to jolly his card,
Was laden with all kinds of gifts and honours,
Which show'd what great discernment was the
donor's.

XLVII.

But she was lucky, and luck's all. Your queens
Are generally two persons in regard;
Which puzzles us to know what fortune means.
But to continue: though her years were waning,
Her character was. Her like her teens;
And though her beauty look'd no complaining,
So much did Juan's stung old distress her,
She could not find at first a fit successor.

XLVIII.

But Time, the comforter, will come at last;
And four-and twenty hours, and twice that num-
Of candidates, requesting to be plac'd, [her
Made Catharine taste, next night a quiet slumber
Not that she meant to fix again in haste;
Nor did she find the quantity enumber;
Eat always choosing with deliberation,
Kept the place open for their emulation.

XLIX.

While this high post of honour's in abeyance,
For one or two days, reader, we repeat
You'll mount, with our young hero, the conveyance
Which wafted him from Peterburg; the best
Barouche, which had the glory to display once
The fair Crimea's ambassador's crest,
When, a new Iphigene, she went to Tauris,*
Was given to her favourite, and now *Perseida*

* The Empress went to the Crimea, accompanied by the Emperor Joseph, in the year—I forget which 1767.]

L.

A bull-dog, and a bullfinch, and an ermine,
All private favourites of Don Juan: for
(Let deeper sages the true cause determine)
He had a kind of inclination, or
Weakness, for what most people deem mere vermin,
Live animals: an old maid of threescore
For cats and birds more penchant ne'er display'd,
Although he was not old, nor even a maid.

LI.

The animals aforesaid occupied
Their station; there were valets, secretaries,
In other vehicles; but at his side
Sat little Leila, who survived the parries
He made 'gainst Cossaque sabres, in the wide
Slaughter of Ismail. Though my wild muse
varies
Her note, she don't forget the infant girl
Whom he preserv'd a pure and living pearl.

LII.

Poor little thing! She was as fair as docile,
And with that gentle, serious character,
As rare in living beings as a fossil
Man, 'midst thy mouldy mammoths, 'grand
Cuvier!
Ill fitted was her ignorance to jostle
With this overwhirling world, where all must err,
But she was yet but ten years old, and therefore
Was tranquil, though she knew not why or where-
fore.

LIII.

Don Juan lov'd her, and she lov'd him, as
Nor brother, father, sister, daughter, love,
I cannot tell exactly what it was;
He was not yet quite old enough to prove
Parental feelings; and the other class,
Call'd brotherly affection, could not move
His bosom, for he never had a sister: [her
Ah! if he had, how much he would have miss'd

LIV.

And still less was it sensual; for, besides
That he was not an ancient debauchee
(Who like sour fruit, to stir their veins' salt tides,
As acids rouse a dormant Aikali),
Although (*très?*) happen as our planet guides)
His youth was not the chastest that might be,
There was the purest Platonism at bottom
Of all his feelings—only he forgot 'em

LV.

Just now there was no peril of temptation;
He lov'd the infant orphan he had saved,
As patriots now, and they may love a nation;
His pride, too, felt that she was not enslaved,
Owing to him; as also her salvation,
Through his means and the church's, might be
sav'd;
But one thing's odd, which here must be inserted,
The little Turk refus'd to be converted.

LVI.

'Twas strange enough she should retain the im-
pression,
Through such a scene of change, and dread,
and slaughter;

But though three bishops told her the transgression,
She show'd a great dislike to holy water:

She also had no passion for confession:

Perhaps she had nothing to confess: no matter:
Whate'er the cause, the church made little of it—
She still held out that Mahomet was a prophet.

LVII.

In fact, the only Christian she could bear
Was Juan, whom she seem'd to have selected
In place of what her home and friends once *were*.
He *naturally* loved what he protected;
And thus they form'd a rather curious pair:
A guardian green in years, a ward connected
In neither clime, time, blood, with her defender;
And yet this want of ties made theirs more tender.

LVIII.

They journey'd on through Poland and through
Warsaw,

Famous for mines of salt and yokes of iron:
Through Courland also, which that famous farce
saw

Which gave her dukes the graceless name of
'Biron.*' [saw

'Tis the same landscape which the modern Mars
Who march'd to Moscow, led by Fame, the siren!
To lose by one month's frost, some twenty years
Of conquest, and his guard of grenadiers.

LIX.

Let this not seem an anti-climax: 'Oh!
My Guard! my old Guard!' exclaim'd the god
of clay.

Think of the thunderer's falling down below
Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh!
Alas, that glory should be chill'd by snow!
But should we wish to warm us on our way
Through Poland, there is Kosciusko's name
Might scatter fire through ice, like Hecla's flame.

LX.

From Poland they came on through Prussia Proper,
And Königsberg, the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes who spur more than their postillions.

LXI.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the like,
Until he reach'd the castellated Rhine.
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine:
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confines, half-seas over.

* In the Empress Ann's time, Biren, her favourite, assumed the name and arms of the 'Birons' of France, which families are yet extant with that of England. There are still the daughters of Courland of that name: one of them I remember seeing in England in the blessed year of the Allies—the Duchess of S—, to whom the English Duchess of S— presented me as a namesake.

LXII.

But Juan posted on through Mannheim, Bonn,
Which Drachenfels frowns over like a spectre
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,
On which I have not time just now to lecture.
From thence he was drawn onwards to Cologne,
A city which presents to the inspector
Eleven thousa' ^d maidenheads of bone,*
The greatest number flesh had ever known.

LXIII.

From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoetsluys,
That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches,
Where juniper expresses its best juice,
The poor man's sparkling substitute for riches.
Senates and sages have condemn'd its use,
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel
Good government has left them, seems but cruel.

LXIV.

Here he embark'd; and, with a flowing sail,
Went bounding for the island of the free,
Towards which the impatient wind blew half a gale.
High dash'd the spray, the bows dipp'd in the
sea,
And sea-sick passengers turn'd somewhat pale;
But Juan, season'd, as he well might be,
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs
Which pass'd, or catch the first glimpse of the cliffs.

LXV.

At length they rose, like a white wall, along
The blue-sea's border; and Don Juan felt—
What even young strangers feel a little strong
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—
A kind of pride that he should be among
Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly enact
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
And made the very billows pay them toll.

LXVI.

I've no great cause to love that spot of earth,
Which holds what *might have been* the noblest
nation;
But though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mix'd regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth,
Seven years (the usual term of transportation)
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,
When a man's country's going to the devil.

LXVII.

Alas! could she but fully, truly know
How her great name is now throughout abhorr'd;
How eager all the earth is for the blow
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword;
How all the nations deem her their worst foe,
That worse than *worst of foes*, the once adored
False friend, who held out freedom to mankind,
And now would chain them, to the very mind.

LXVIII.

Would she be proud, or boast herself the free,
Who is but first of slaves? The nations are

* St Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins were still extant in 1816, and may be so yet as much as ever.

In prison; but the jailor, what is he?
No less a victim to the bolt and bar.
Is the poor privilege to turn the key
Upon the captive, freedom? He's as far
From the enjoyment of the earth and air,
Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.

LXIX.

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover, harbour, and hotel;
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties;
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
To those who upon land or water dwell;
And last, not least, to strangers not instructed,
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

LXX.

Juan, though careless, young, and magnificent,
And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash, and credit,
Who did not limit much his bills per week,
Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it
(His Maggiore Domo, a smart subtle Greek,
Before him sum'd the awful scroll, and read it);
But doubtless as the air, though seldom sunny,
Is free, the respiration's worth the money.

LXXI.

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!
Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash
through puddle;
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!
Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle
Along the road, as if they went to bury
Their fare; and also pause, besides, to fuddle
With 'schnapps'—sad dogs, whom 'Hundsfo't' or
'Verflucher'
Affect no more than lightning a conductor.

LXXII.

Now there is nothing gives a t. in such spirits,
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed: no matter where its
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,
And merely for the sake of its own merits:
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great *end* of travel—which is driving.

LXXIII.

They saw at Canterbury the cathedral;
Black Edward's helm, and Becket's bloody stone,
Were pointed out as usual by the bedral,
In the same quaint, uninterested tone:—
There's glory again for you, gently roared! All
Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,
Half-solved into these sodas or magnesia's,
Which form that bitter draught, the human species

LXXIV.

The effect on Juan was, of course, sublime;
He breathed a thousand Crossys, as he saw
That casque which never stop'd except to Time
Even the bold Char. hman's tomb excit'd awe,
Who died in the then great attempt to climb
O'er kings, who *now* at least must *take* of law
Before they butcher. Little Leda gazed,
And ask'd why such a structure had been raised.

LXXV.

And being told it was 'God's house,' she said
He was well lodged, but only wonder'd how
He suffer'd Infidels in His homestead,
The cruel Nazarenes, who had laid low
His holy temples in the lands which bred
The true Believers, and her infant brow
Was bent with grief that Mahomet should resign
A mosque so noble, flung like pearls to swine

LXXVI.

On! on! through meadows, managed like a garden,
A paradise of hops and high production;
For, after years of travel, by a bard, in
Countries of greater heat, but lesser suction,
A green field is a sight which makes him pardon
The absence of that more sublime construction,
Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,
Glaciers, volcanoes, oranges, and ices.

LXXVII.

And when I think upon a pot of beer—
But I won't weep!—and so drive on, postillions!
As the smart boys spur'd fast in their career,
Juan admired these highways of free millions;
A country in all senses the most dear
To foreigner or native, save some silly ones,
Who 'kick against the pricks' just at this juncture,
And for their pains get only a fresh puncture.

LXXVIII.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!
So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad
Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving.
Had such been cut in Phæton's time, the god
Had told his son to satisfy his craving
With the York mail. But, onward as we roll,
'*Surgit amari aliquid*'—the toll!

LXXIX.

Alas, how deeply painful is all payment!
Take: heves, take wives, take ought except men's
purses.
As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,
Such is the shortest way to general curses
They hate a murderer much less than a clamant
On that sweet ore which everybody nurses.
Kill a man's family, and he may brook it;
But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket.

LXXX.

So said the Florentine; ye monarchs, hearken
To your instructor. Juan now was borne,
Just as the day began to wane and darken,
O'er the high hill which looks, with pride or scorn,
Toward the great city. Ye who have a spark in
Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or mourn,
According as you take things well or ill:—
Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill!

LXXXI.

The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as from
A half-sunquench'd volcano, o'er a space
Which well bescent'd the 'Devil's drawing-room,
As some have qualified that wondrous place;
But Juan felt, though not approaching *home*,
As one who, though he were not of the race,

Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother
Who butcher'd half the earth,* and bullied t'other.†

LXXXII.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dip'ty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skip-
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry [ping
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tip-toe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!

LXXXIII.

But Juan saw not this: each wreath of smoke
Appear'd to him but as the magic vapour
Of some alchymic furnace, from whence broke
The wealth of worlds (a wealth of tax and paper)
The gloomy clouds, which o'er it as a yoke
Are bow'd, and put the sun out like a taper,
Were nothing but the natural atmosphere,
Extremely wholesome, though but rarely clear.

LXXXIV.

He paused—and so will I; as doth a crew
Before they give their broadside. By and by,
My gentle countrymen, we will renew
Our old acquaintance; and at least I'll try
To tell you truths *you* will not take as true,
Because they are so. A male Mrs. Fry,

* India.

† America.

With a soft esom will I sweep your halls,
And brush a web or two from off the walls.

LXXXV.

Oh, Mrs. Fry! Why go to Newgate? Why
Preach to poor rogues? And wherefore not begin
With Carlton, or with other houses? Try
Your hand at harden'd and imperial sin
To mend the people's an absurdity,
A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,
Unless you make their betters better. Fie!
I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.

LXXXVI.

Teach them the decencies of good threescore:
Cure them of tours, hussar and highland dresses;
Tell them that youth once gone returns no more;
That hired huzzas redeem no land's distresses.
Tell them Sir William Curtis is a bore,
Too dull even for the dullest of excesses,
The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal,
A fool whose bells have ceased to ring at all.

LXXXVII.

Tell them, though it may be perhaps too late
On life's worn confine, jaded, bloated, sated,
To set up vain pretences of being great,
'Tis not so to be good; and be it stated,
The worthiest kings have ever loved least state.
And tell them— But you won't, and I have
prated
Just not enough: but by-and-by I'll prattle,
Like Roland's horn in Roncesvalles' battle.

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

I.

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter,
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said;
They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,
Too subtle for the airiest human head;
And yet who can believe it? I would shatter
Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,
Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,
And wear my head, denying that I wear it.

II.

What a sublime discovery 'twas to make the
Universe universal Egotism!
That all's ideal—all *ourselves*: I'll stake the
World (be it what you will) that *that's* no schism.
Oh, Doubt!—if thou be'st Doubt, for which some
take thee,
But which I doubt extremely—thou sole prism
Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of spirit,
Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly
bear it.

III.

For ever and anon comes Indigestion
(Not the most 'dainty Ariel'), and perplexes
Our soarings with another sort of question;
And that which, after all, my spirit vexes,
Is, that I find no spot where man can rest eye on,
Without confusion of the sorts and sexes
Of beings, stars, and this unriddled winder,
The world, which at the worst's a glorious blunder,

IV.

If it be chance; or if it be according
To the old text, still better. Lest it should
Turn out so, we'll say nothing 'gainst the: wording,
As several people think such hazards rude.
They're right: our days are too brief for affording
Space to dispute what *no one* ever could
Decide, and *everybody one day* will
Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

V.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
Discussion, which is neither here nor there:
If I agree that what is, is, then thus I call
Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair
The truth is, I've grown lately rather phthical:
I don't know what the reason is—the air,
Perhaps; but, as I suffer from the shocks
Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

VI.

The first attack at once proved the Divinity
(But *that* I never doubted, nor the Devil);
The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity,
The third, the usual Origin of Evil;
The fourth at once established the whole Trinity
On so incontrovertible a level,
That I devoutly wish'd the three were four,
On purpose to believe so much the more.

VII.

To our theme: The man who has stood on the
Acropolis,
And look'd down over Attica; or he
Who has sail'd where picturesque Constantinople is,
Or seen Timbuctoo, or hath taken tea
In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis,
Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,
May not think much of London's first appearance;
But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence.

VIII.

Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill:
Sunset the time, the place the same declivity
Which looks along that vale of good and ill
Where London streets ferment in full activity;
While everything around was calm and still,
Except the creak of wheels, which on their
pivot he
Heard; and that bee-like, bubbling, busy hum
Of cities, that boil over with their scum.

IX.

I say Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,
Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the summit;
And lost in wonder of so great a nation,
Gave way to it, since he could not overcome it.
'And here,' he cried, 'is Freedom's chosen station;
Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it
Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection
Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

X.

'Here are chaste wives, pure lives: here people
pay
But what they please: and, if that things be dear
'Tis only that they love to throw away
Their cash, to show how much they have a year.
Here laws are all evade; none lay
Traps for the traveller; every highway's clear:
Here—he was interrupted by a knife, [life!
With—'Damn your eyes! your money or your

XI.

These freeborn sounds proceeded from four pads,
In a coach laid, who had perceived him loiter
Behind his carriage: and, like handy laids,
Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,
In which the heedless gentleman who gads
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
May find himself, within that isle of riches,
Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

XII.

Juan, who did not understand a word
Of English, save their shill-boleth 'God damn!'
And even that he had so rarely heard,
He sometimes thought 'twas only their 'Salam,'
Or 'God be with you!' and 'tis not absurd
To think so; for, half English as I am
(To my misfortune), never can I say
I heard them wish 'God with you,' save that way.

XIII.

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture;
And, being somewhat choleric and sudden,
Drew forth a pocket pistol from his vesture,
And fired it into one assailant's pudding—

Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
And roar'd out, as he writhed his native mud in,
Unto his nearest follower or henchman,
'O Jack! I'm floor'd by that 'ere bloody French-
man!'

XIV.

On which Jack and his train set off at speed;
And Juan's suite, late scatter'd at a distance,
Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,
And offering, as usual, late assistance.
Juan, who saw the moon's late minion bleed
As if his veins would pour out his existence,
Stood calling out for bandages and lint,
And wish'd he'd been less hasty with his flint.

XV.

'Perhaps,' thought he, 'it is the country's wont
To welcome foreigners in this way: now
I recollect some innkeepers who don't
Differ, except in robbing with a bow
In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.
But what is to be done? I can't allow
The fellow to lie groaning on the road:
So take him up; I'll help you with the load.

XVI.

But ere they could perform this pious duty,
The dying man cried, 'Hold! I've got my gruel
Oh for a glass of *max*! We've miss'd our booty;
Let me die where I am!' And as the fuel
Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
The drops fell from his death-wound, and he
drew!!!

His breath, he from his swelling throat untied
A kerchief, crying, 'Give Sal that!—and died.

XVII.

The cravat, stain'd with bloody drops, fell down
Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell
Exactly why it was before him thrown,
Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell.
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,
A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,
Full flash, all fancy, until fairly diddled,
His pockets first, and then his body, riddled.

XVIII.

Don Juan, having done the best he could
In all the circumstances of the case,
As soon as 'Crown's quest' allow'd, pursued
His travels to the capital space;
Esteeming it a little hard he should
In twelve hours' time, and very little space,
Have been obliged to slay a free-born native
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

XIX.

He from the world had cut off a great man,
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.
Who, in a row, like Tom could lead the van,
Booze in the ken, or at the spellken hustle †
Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow Street's ban)
On the high toby-spice so flash the muzzle?
Who, on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing.)
So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing ††

† Gin.

† The advance of science and of language has rcr

XX.

But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.
 Heroes must die; and, by God's blessing, 'tis
 Not long before the most of them go home.
 Hail! Thamis, hail! Upon thy verge it is
 That Juan's chariot, rolling like a drum
 In thunder, holds the way it can't well miss,
 Through Kennington and all the other 'tons,'
 Which make us wish ourselves in town at once:

XXI.

Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees
 (Like *Lucus*, from *no* light), through prospects
 named
 Mount Pleasant, as containing naught to please,
 Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed
 Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,
 With 'To be let' upon their doors proclaimed;
 Through 'Rows' most modestly call'd 'Paradise,'
 Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice:

XXII.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a
 whirl
 Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion:
 Here taverns wooing to a pint of 'purl';
 There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
 There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl
 In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
 Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass
 (For in those days we had not got to gas);—

XXIII.

Through this, and much, and more, is the ap-
 proach
 Of travellers to mighty Babylon:
 Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,
 With slight exceptions all the ways seem one.
 I could say more, but do not choose to encroach
 Upon the Guide-book's privilege. The sun
 Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
 Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge

XXIV.

That's rather fine, the gentle sound of Thamis—
 Who vindicates a moment, too, his stream—
 Though hardly heard through multifarious
 'clamme's.'
 The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,

dered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days:

* On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,
 In spite of each gallows old scout;
 If you at the spellken can't hustle,
 You'll be hobbled in making a clout.
 * Then your Blowing will wax gallows haughty,
 When she hears of your scaly mistake,
 She'll surely turn switch for the forty,
 That her Jack may be regular weight.'

If there be any gem'man so ignorant as to require a translation, I refer him to my old friend and corporal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

The breadth of pavement, and yon shrine where
 fame is

A spectral resident—whose pallid beam
 In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—
 Make this a sacred part of Albion's isle.

XXV.

The Druids' groves are gone—so much the better:
 Stonehenge is not—but what the devil is it?
 But Bedlam still exists with its sage fetter,
 That madmen may not bite you, on a visit.
 The Bench, too, seats or suits full many a debtor:
 The Mansion House, too (though some people
 quiz it),

To me appears a stiff yet grand erection:
 But then the Abbey's worth the whole collection.

XXVI.

The line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross,
 Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation,
 Like gold as in comparison to dross,
 Match'd with the Continent's illumination,
 Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss
 The French were not yet a lamplighting nation;
 And when they grew so—on their new-found
 lantern.

Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.

XXVII.

A row of gentlemen along the streets
 Suspended, may illuminate mankind,
 As also bonfires made of country seats;
 But the old way is best for the purblind:
 The other looks like phosphorus on sheets,
 A sort of *ignis fatuus* to the mind,
 Which, though 'tis certain to perplex and frighten,
 Must burn more brightly ere it can enlighten.

XXVIII.

But London's so well lit, that if Diogenes
 Could recommence to hunt his *honest man*,
 And found him not amidst the various progenies
 Of this enormous city's spreading spawn,
 'Twere not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his
 Yet undiscover'd treasure. What I can,
 I've done to find the same, throughout life's journey.
 But see the world is only one attorney.

XXIX.

Over the stones still rattling, up Pall Mall,
 Through crowds, and carriages—but waxing
 thinner,
 As thunder'd knockers broke the long-seal'd spell
 Of doors 'gainst duns, and to an early dinner
 Admitted a small party, as night fell—
 Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,
 Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,
 St. James's Palace, and St. James's 'Hells.'

XXX.

They reached the hotel: forth stream'd from the
 front door
 A tide of well-clad waiters, and around

* 'Hells,' gaming-houses. What their number may be now in this life, I know not. Before I was of age, I knew them pretty accurately, both 'gold' and 'silver.' I was once nearly called out by an acquaintance, because, when he asked me where I thought that his soul would be found hereafter, I answered, 'In Silver Hell.'

The mob stood, and, as usual, several score
Of those pedestrian Paphians who abound
In decent London, when the daylight's o'er;
Commodious but immoral, they are found
Useful, like Malthus, in promoting marriage—
But Juan now, in stepping from his carriage

XXXI.

Into one of the sweetest of hotels,
Especially for foreigners—and mostly
For those whom favour or whom fortune swells,
And cannot find a bill's small items costly.
There many an envoy either dwelt or dwells
(The den of many a diplomatic lost lie)
Until to some conspicuous square they pass,
And blazon o'er the door their names in brass.

XXXII.

Juan, whose was a delicate commission,
Private, though publicly important, bore
No title to point out, with due precision,
The exact affair on which he was sent o'er.
'Twas merely known that, on a secret mission,
A foreigner of rank had graced our shore,
Young, handsome, and accomplished, who was said
(In whispers) to have turned his sovereign's head

XXXIII.

Some rumour, also, of some strange adventures
Had gone before him, and his wars and loves;
And as romantic heads are pretty painters,
And, above all, in Englishwoman's roves
Into the excursive, breaking the indentures
Of sober reason, whereso'er it moves,
He found himself extremely in the fashion,
Which serves our thinking people for a passion.

XXXIV.

I don't mean that they are passionless, but quite
The contrary, but then 'tis in the head.
Yet as the consequences are as bright
As if they acted with the heart instead,
What, after all, can signify the site
Of ladies' liberations? So they lead
In safety to the place for which you start,
What matters it the road be head or heart?

XXXV.

Juan presented, in the proper place,
To proper plebeians, every Kiss ore lentil;
And was received with all the due grimace
By those who govern in the most potential,
Whose seeing a man handsome striding with smooth face,
Thought (what in state affairs is most essential)
That they as easily might do the youngerster,
As hawks in my pounce upon a woodland songster.

XXXVI.

They err'd, as aged men will do; but by—
And by we'll talk of that; and if we don't,
'Twill be because our notion is not big'
Of politicians and their double front,
Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie
Now what I love in woman is, they wont
Or can't do otherwise than lie, but do it
So well, the very truth seems falsehood to it.

XXXVII.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade; and I defy

Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put
A fact without some leaven of a lie.
The very shadow of true Truth would shut
Up annals, revelations, poesy,
And prophecy—except it should be dated
Some years before the incidents related

XXXVIII.

Praised be all liars and all lies! Who now
Can tax my mild Muse with misanthropy?
She rings the world's 'Te Deum,' and her brow
Blushes for those who will not;—but to sigh
Is idle. Let us, like most others, bow,
Kiss hands, feet, any part of majesty,
After the good example of 'Green Erin,'
Whose shamrock now seems rather worse for
wearing.

XXXIX.

Don Juan was presented, and his dress
And mien excited general admiration—
I don't know which was more admired, or less;
One menstros diamond drew much observation,
Which Catharine in a moment of *terresse*
(In love or brandy's fervent fermentation)
Bestow'd upon him, as the public learn'd;
And, to say truth, it had been fairly earned

XL.

Besides the ministers and underlings,
Who must be courteous to the accredited
Diplomatists of rather wavering kings,
Until their royal riddle's fully read;
The very clerks—those somewhat dirty springs
Of office, or the house of office, fed
By foul corruption into streams—even they
Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay:

XLI.

And insolence, no doubt, is what they are
Employ'd for, since it is their daily labour,
In the dear offices of peace or war;
And should you doubt, pray ask of your next
neighbour,

When for a passport, or some other bar
To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore),
If he found not in this spawn of taxborn riches,
Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of lo—s.

XLII.

But Juan was received with much *empressement*:—
These phrases of refinement I must borrow
From our next neighbours' land, where, like a
dressman,

There is a mode set down for joy or sorrow,
Not only in mere talking, but the press—Man,
In essentials, is, it seems, downright and thorough,
More than on continents—as if the sea
(See Billingsgate) made even the tongue more free.

XLIII.

And yet the British 'Dammie's' rather Attic;
Your continental oaths are but incontinent,
And turn on things which no aristocratic
Spirit would name, and therefore even I won't
ament*

* 'Ament' was a Scotch phrase, meaning 'concerning'—'with regard to.' It has been made English by the Scotch novels; and, as the Frenchman said, 'if it be not, ought to be, English.'

This subject quote; as it would be schismatic
In *politesse*, and have a sound affronting in it:
But 'Dammie's' quite ethereal, though too daring;
Platonic blasphemy, the soul of swearing.

XLIV.

For downright rudeness, you may stay at home;
For true or false politeness (and scarce *that*
Now) you may cross the blue deep and white
foam—

The first the emblem (rarely though) of what
You leave behind, the next of much you come
To meet. However, 'tis no time to chat
On general topics: poems must confine
Themselves to unity, like this of mine

XLV.

In the great world—which, being interpreted,
Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,
And about twice two thousand people, bred
By no means to be very wise or witty,
But to sit up while others lie in bed,
And look down on the universe with pity—
Juan, as an inveterate patrician,
Was well received by persons of condition.

XLVI.

He was a bachelor, which is a matter
Of import both to virgin and to bride,
The former's hymeneal hopes to flatter;
And (should she not hold fast by love or pride)
'Tis also of some moment to the latter:
A rib's a thorn in a wed gallant's side,
Requires decorum, and is apt to double
The horrid sin—and, what's still worse, the trouble.

XLVII.

But Juan was a bachelor—of arts,
And parts, and hearts: he danced and sung, and
An air as sentimental as Mozart's [had
Softest of melodies, and could be sad
Or cheerful, without any 'flaws or starts.'
Just at the proper time; and though a lad,
Had seen the world—which is a curious sight,
And very much unlike what people write.

XLVIII.

Fair virgins blush'd upon him; wedded dames
Bloom'd also in less transitory hues;
For both commodities dwell by the Thames,
The painting and the painted: youth, ceruse,
Against his heart preferred their usual claims,
Such as no gentleman can quite refuse:
Daughters admired his dress, and pious mothers
Inquired his income, and if he had brothers.

XLIX.

The milliners who furnish 'drapery misses,'
Throughout the season, upon speculation

Of payment ere the honeymoon's last kisses
Have waned into a crescent's coruscation,
Though such an opportunity as this is,
Of a rich foreigner's initiation,
Not to be overlooked—and gave such credit,
That future bridegrooms swore, and sigh'd, and
paid it.

L.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,
And with the pages of the last Review
Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,
Advanced in all their azure's highest hue;
They talk'd bad French or Spanish, and upon its
Late authors ask'd him for a hint or two,
And which was softest, Russian or Castilian;
And whether in his travels he saw Ilion.

LI.

Juan, who was a little superficial,
And not in literature a great Drawcansir,
Examined by this learn'd and especial
Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to answer;
His duties, warlike, loving, or official,
Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,
Which now he found was blue instead of green.

LII.

However, he replied at hazard, with
A modest confidence and calm assurance,
Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,
And pass'd for arguments of good endurance.
That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith
(Who at sixteen translated *Hercules Furens*
Into as furious English), with her best look,
Set down his sayings in her commonplace book.

LIII.

Juan knew several languages—as well
He might—and brought them up with skill, in time
To save his fame with each accomplish'd belle,
Who still regretted that he did not rhyme.
There wanted but this requisite to swell
His qualities (with them) into sublime:
Lady Fitz-Friskey, and Miss Maevia Mannish,
Both long'd extremely to be sung in Spanish.

LIV.

However, he did pretty well, and was
Admitted as an aspirant to all
The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,
At great assemblies or in parties small,
He saw ten thousand living authors pass,
That being about their average numeral:
Also the mighty 'greatest living poets,'
As every paltry magazine can show us.

LV.

In twice five years the 'greatest living poet,'
Like to the champion in the fisty ring,

assured me that the thing was common in London;
and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and
rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own
case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit
to the allegation. If necessary, authorities might be
cited, in which case I could quote both 'drapery' and
the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now
obsolete.

* 'Drapery Misses' This term is probably anything now but a *mystery*. It was, however, almost so to me, when I first returned from the East in 1811-1812. It means a pretty, a high-born, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid, when *married*, by her *husband*. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the 'drapery' of the 'untouched' but 'pretty virginities' (like Mrs. Ann Page) of the then day, which has now been some years yesterday. She

Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,
 Although 'tis an imaginary thing.
 Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
 Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king—
 Was reckon'd a considerable time,
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

LVI.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
 My Leipsic, and my Mount Saint Jean seems
 Cain:

La Belle Alliance of dunces down at zero,
 Now that the lion's fall'n, may rise again;

But I will fall at least as fell my hero:
 Nor reign at all, or as a monarch reign;

Or to some lonely isle of jailors go,
 With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

LVII.

Sir Walter reign'd before me; Moore and Campbell
 Before and after; but now grown more holy,

The muses upon Zion's hill must ramble
 With poets almost clergymen, or wholly;

And Pegasus has a psalmic amble
 Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powlley,
 Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,
 A modern Ancient Pistol—by the hilts!

LVIII.

Still he excels that artificial hard
 Labourer in the same vineyard, though the vine

Yields him but vinegar for his reward—
 That neutralized dull *Dorus* of the Nine;

That swarthy Sports, neither man nor bard;
 That ox of verse, who *Allegro* for every line;

Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least
 The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest.

LIX.

Then there's my gentle Iuphones, who, they say,
 Sets up for being a sort of *moral me*.*

He'll find it rather difficult some day

To turn out both, or either, it may be.

Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway,
 And Wordsworth hath supporters two or three;

And that deep-mouth'd Boz man, 'Savage Lander,'
 Has taken for a swain in rogue Southey's garb.

LX.

John Keats—who was kill'd off by one critique,

Just as he really promised something great,

If not intelligible—will out Greek,

Contriv'd to talk about the gods of late,

Much as they might have been supposed to speak.*

Poor fellow! his was an anti-war libel!

'Tis strange the man I, that to try partick,

Should let it slip he snuff'd at Ly an article.

LXI.

The list grows long of live and dead; renderers

To that which none will gain—or none will know

The conqueror at least; who, ere Time renders

His last award, will have the long grass grow

Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless cinders.

If I might augur, I should rate but low

Their chances: they are too numerous, like the
 thirty

Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd but dirty.

LXII.

This is the literary *lower* empire,

Where the prætorian bands take up the matter:
 A 'dreadful trade,' like his who 'gathers samphire,'

The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,
 With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire.

Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,
 I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,

And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

LXIII.

I think I know a trick or two would turn

Their flanks; but it is hardly worth my while,

With such small gear to give myself concern;

Indeed, I've not the necessary bile.

My natural temper's really aught but stern,

And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile;

And then she drops a brief and modern curtsey,

And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.

LXIV.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril

Amongst live poets and blue ladies, past

With some small profit through that field so sterile,

Being tired in time, and neither least nor last,

Left it before he had been treated very ill;

And henceforth found himself more gaily class'd

Amongst the higher spirits of the day,

The sun's true son, no vapour, but a ray.

LXV.

His morns he pass'd in business—which dissected,

Was like all business—a laborious nothing,

That leads to lassitude, the most infected

And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,

And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,

And talk in tender horrors of our loathing

All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—

Which grows no better, though 'tis time it should.

LXVI.

His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons,

Loozing, and loozing; and the twilight hour

In riding round those vegetable puncheons

Call'd 'Parks,' where there is neither fruit nor
 flower,

Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;

But, after all, it is the only 'hower'

(I—Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair

Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

LXVII.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world;

Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then
 roar [hurrl'd]

Through street and square fast flashing chariots

Like harness'd meteors; then along the floor

Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirl'd;

Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,

Which opens to the thousand happy few,

An earthly paradise of 'Or Mohu.'

LXVIII.

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink

With the three thousandth curtsey; there the
 waltz,

* Barry Cornwall (Procter) had been so called by a reviewer.

† *Divina particulam aura*

The only dance which teaches girls to think,
 Makes one in love even with its very faults,
 Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
 And long the latest of arrivals halts,
 'Midst royal dukes, and dames condemn'd to climb,
 And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

LXIX.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey
 Of the good company, can win a corner,
 A door that's *in*, or boudoir *out*, of the way,
 Where he may fix himself like small 'Jack
 Horner.'

And let the Babel round run as it may,
 And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
 Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
 Yawning a little as the night grows later.

LXX.

But this won't do, save by and by; and he
 Who, like Don Juan, takes an active share,
 Must steer with care through all that glittering sea
 Of gems, and plumes, and pearls, and silks, to
 where

He deems it is his proper place to be;
 Dissolving in the waltz, to some soft air,
 Or prouddier prancing, with mercurial skill,
 Where Science marshals forth her own quadrille.

LXXI.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views
 Upon an heiress or his neighbour's bride,
 Let him take care that that which he pursues
 Is not at once too palpably descried.
 Full many an eager gentleman off rues
 His haste: impatience is a blundering guide,
 Amongst a people famous for reflection,
 Who like to play the fool with circumspection.

LXXII.

But if you can contrive, get next at supper;
 Or, if forestall'd, get opposite and ogle:
 Oh, ye ambrosial moments! always upper
 In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,
 Which sits for ever upon memory's crupper,
 The ghost of vanish'd pleasures once in vogue!
 Can tender souls relate the rise and fall [III
 Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball.

LXXIII.

But these precautionary hints can touch
 Only the common run, who must pursue,
 And watch and ward; whose plans a word too
 much

Or little overturns; and not the few
 Or many (for the number's sometimes such)
 Whom a good mien, especially if new,
 Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or nonsense,
 Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not long since.

LXXIV.

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,
 Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,
 Like other slaves, of course must pay his ransom,
 Before he can escape from so much danger
 As will environ a conspicuous man. Some
 Talk about poetry, and 'rack and manger.'

And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble;—
 I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

LXXV.

They are young, but know not youth—it is
 anticipated;
 Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;
 Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated;
 Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to*, a
 Jew:
 Both senates see their nightly votes participated
 Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew;
 And having voted, dined, drunk, gamed, and
 whored,
 The family vault receives another lord.

LXXVI.

'Where is the world?' cries Young, at *eighty*
 'Where
 The world in which a man was born?' Alas,
 Where is the world of *eight* years past? 'Twas
there—
 I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass
 Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely gazed on, ere
 A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
 Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
 And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

LXXVII.

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows:
 Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell:
 Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those
 Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?
 Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?
 And where the Daughter, whom the Isles loved
 well? [Cents!
 Where are those martyr'd saints, the Five per
 And where—oh, where the devil are the Rents?

LXXVIII.

Where's Brummel Dish'd. Where's Long Pole
 Wellesley? Diddled.
 Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's George
 the Third?
 Where is his will? (That's not so soon unriddled.)
 And where is 'Fun' the Fourth, our 'royal
 bird'?
 Gone down, it seems, to Scotland, to be fiddled
 Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard: [ing
 'Cawme, caw thee'—for six months had been hatch-
 This scene of royal itch and loyal scratching.

LXXIX.

Where is Lord This, and where my Lady That?
 The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?
 Some laid aside, like an old opera hat,
 Married, unmarried, and remarried (this is
 An evolution of performed of late):
 Where are the Dublin shouts—and London hisses?
 Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd, as usual. Where
 My friends the Whig? Exactly where they were.

LXXX.

Where are the Lady Carolines and Franceses?
 Divorced, or doing thereanent. Ye annals
 So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances is—
 Thou *Morning Post*, sole record of the panels

* Scotch for goblin.

Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies [nells]
Of fashion—say what streams now fill those chan-
Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,
Because the times have hardly left them *ouetenant*.

LXXXI.

Some, who once set their caps at cautious dukes,
Have taken up at length with younger brothers:
Some heresses have bit at sharpers' hooks:
Some maids have been made wives, some merely
mothers,

Others have lost their fresh and fairy looks:
In short, the list of alterations bothers,
There's little strange in this, but something strange is
The unusual quickness of these common changes.

LXXXII.

Talk not of seventy years as age: in seven
I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to
The humblest individual under heaven,
Than might suffice a modern century through.
I knew that nought was lasting, but now even
Change grows too changeable, without being new:
Naught's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

LXXXIII.

I have seen Napoleon, who seem'd I quite a Jupiter,
Shrink to a Saturn, I have seen a Duke
(No matter which) turn politician stupider,
If that can well be, than his wooden look.
But it is time that I should hoist my 'Blue Peter,'
And sail for a new theme:—I have seen, and I look
To see it—the king hiss'd, and then caress'd,
But don't pretend to settle which was best.

LXXXIV.

I have seen the Landholders without a rap;
I have seen Joanna Southcote: I have seen
The House of Commons turn'd to a tax-trap;
I have seen that so-called fair of the late Queen;
I have seen crowns worn instead of a fool's cap;
I have seen a Congress doing all that's mean;
I have seen some nations, like overladen asses,
Kick off their burthen some among the high classes:

LXXXV.

I have seen small poets, and great prosers, and
Innumerable *not obvious*—speakers;
I have seen the funds at war with house and land;
I have seen the country gentlemen turn speakers,
I have seen the people rdden o'er, like sand,
By slaves on horseback; I have seen malt liquors

Exchanged for 'thin potatoes' by John Bull;
I have seen John half detect himself a fool.

LXXXVI.

But *carpe diem*, Juan, *carpe carpe!*
To-morrow sees another race as gay
And transient, and devoured by the same happy,
'Life's a poor player'—then 'play out the play,
Ye villains! and, above all, keep a sharp eye
Much less on what you do than what you say;
Be hypocritical, be cautious, be
Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

LXXXVII.

But how shall I relate, in some cantos,
Of what befel our hero, in the land
Which 'tis the common cry and he to vaunt as
A moral country? But I hold my hand—
For I disdain to write an *Atalantis*;
But 'tis as well at once to understand
You are *not* a moral people, and you know it,
Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

LXXXVIII.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be
My topic, with of course the due restriction
Which is required by proper courtesy:
And recollect the work is only fiction,
And that I sing of neither mine nor me,
Though every scilicet, in some slight turn of diction,
Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt
This—when I speak, I don't *hint*, but *speak out*.

LXXXIX.

Whether he married with the third or fourth
Offspring of some sage husband-hunting countess:
Or whether with some virgin of more worth
(I mean in Fortune's matrimonial bonities)
He took to regularly peopling earth,
Of which your lawful awful wedlock fount is;
Or whether he was taken in for damages,
Or being too excursive in his homages,

XC.

Is yet within the meread events of time
Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will back
Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
Or being as much the subject of attack
As ever yet was any work sublime,
By those who love to say that white is black,
So much the better; I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts for a throne

CANTO THE TWELFTH.

1823.

I.

OF all the barbarous middle ages, that
Which is most barbarous is the middle age
Of man: it is—I really scarce know what it;
But when we hover between fool and sage,
And don't know justly what we would be at—
A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were;—

II.

Too old for youth—too young, at thirty-five,
To herd with boys, or hoard with good three
I wonder people should be left alive: [score-
But, since they are, that epoch is a bore:
Love lingers still, although 'twere late to wive;
And as for other love, the illusion's o'er;
And money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

III.

Oh Gold! Why call we misers miserable?
 Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
 Theirs is the best bower-anchor, the chain-cable
 Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.
 Ye who but see the saving man at table
 And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
 And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
 Know not what visions spring from each cheese-
 paring.

IV.

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much sicker;
 Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss;
 But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
 And adding still a little through each cross
 (Which *will* come over things), beats love or liquor.
 The gamester's counter, or the statesman's *drogs*,
 Oh Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,
 Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapour

V.

Who hold the balance of the world? Who reign
 O'er congress, whether royalist or liberal?
 Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain?
 (That make old Europe's journals squeak and
 gibber all.)
 Who keep the world, both Old and New, in pain
 Or pleasure? Who make politics run gibber all?
 The shade of Buonaparte's noble daunting?
 Jew Rothschild, and his fellow-Christian Baring.

VI.

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,
 Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan
 Is not a merely speculative hit,
 But seats a nation or upsets a throne.
 Republics also get involved a bit
 Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown
 On 'Change; and even thy silver soil, Peru,
 Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

VII.

Why call the miser miserable? as
 I said before: the frugal life is his
 Which in a saint or cynic ever was
 The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss
 Canonization for the self-same cause;
 And therefore blame gaudy wealth's austerities?
 Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial:
 Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

VIII.

He is your only poet; passion, pure,
 And sparkling on from heap to heap displays
 Possessed, the ore, of which mere hopes allure
 Nations athwart the deep: the golden rays
 Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure;
 On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze;
 While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dyes
 Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX.

The lands on either side are his: the ship
 From Ceylon, Inde, or fair Cathay, unloads
 For him the fragrant produce of each trip;
 Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
 And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip:
 His very cellars might be kings' abodes;

While he, despising every sensual call,
 Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

X.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind
 To build a college, or to found a race,
 An hospital, a church—and leave behind
 Some dome surmounted by his meagre face.
 Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind,
 Even with the very ore that makes them base;
 Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
 Or revel in the joys of calculation.

XI.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
 May be the hoarder's principle of action,
 The fool will call such mania a disease:
 What is his *ore*? Go—look at each transaction,
 Wars, revuls, loves: do these bring men more ease
 Than the mere plodding through each 'vulgar
 fraction?
 Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!
 Let spendthrifts' heirs inquire of yours—who's wiser?

XII.

How beautiful are rouleaus! how charming chests
 Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
 (Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
 Weigh in it the thin ore where their visage shines,
 But) of fine metal, gold, where duly rests
 Some lencs, which the glittering *croquis* confines,
 Of mod. rai, rognant, sterling, stupid stamp:
 Yes! ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

XIII.

'Love rules the camp, the court, the grove; for love
 Is he even, and heaven is love!' so sings the bard
 Which it were rather difficult to prove
 (A thing, with poetry in general hard).
 Perhaps there may be something in 'the grove.'
 At least it rhymes to 'love'; but I'm prepared
 To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
 If 'courts' and 'camps' be quite so sentimental.

XIV.

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and Cash alone:
 Cash rules the grove, and fills it too besides;
 Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were
 none:
 Without cash, Malthus tells you, 'take no brides.'
 So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own
 High ground, as Virgin Cynthia sways the tides:
 And as for 'Heaven being Love,' why not say honey
 Is wax? Heaven is not Love; 'tis Matrimony.

XV.

Is not all love prohibite I whatever,
 Excepting marriage—which is love, no doubt,
 After a sort; but somehow people never [out:
 With the same thought the two words have help'd
 Love may exist *well* marriage, and *should* ever;
 And marriage also may exist without:
 But love *ours* banns is both a sin and shame,
 And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.

Now if the 'court,' and 'camp,' and 'grove' be not
 Recruited all with constant married men,

Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,
I say that line's a *lapsus* of the pen;—
Strange too in my *biuo camerali*. Scott,
So celebrated for his morals, when
My Jeffrey held him up as an example
To me—of which these morals are a sample.

XVII.

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,
And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,
The only time when much success is needed,
And my success produced what I, in sooth,
Cared most about; it need not now be pleaded—
What'er it was, 'twas mine; I've paid, in truth,
Of late the penalty of such success,
But have not learn'd to wish it any less.

XVIII.

That suit in Chancery—where some persons plead
In an appeal to the jury, whom they,
In the faith of their profession, need,
Baptize posterity, or future day—
To me seems but a dilatory kind of need
To lean on for support in any way;
Since odds are that posterity will know
No more of them, than they of her, I trow.

XIX.

Why, I'm posterity—and so are you;
And whom do we remember? Not a hundred
Were every memory written down all true,
The tenth or twentieth name would be but blunder'd;
Even Plutarch's Lives have been pick'd out above,
And 'gainst those few year's annals have thunder'd
And Marford, in the nineteenth century,
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie.*

XX.

Good people all, of every degree,
Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers,
In this twelfth century, a word to ye
As serious as if I had for matters
Malthus and Wilberforce; the last set free
The negroes, an' tis with a million lighters;
While Wellington has but enslave'd the whites,
And Malthus does the thing 'gan; which he writes

XXI.

I'm serious—so are all the papers;
And why should I not form my speculation,
And hold up to the sun my 'plea for' paper?
Mankind just now seem to wrap their lives in
On constitutions and standards of our air;
While sages write against all procreation,
Unless a man can calculate his means,
Of feeding brats the moment his wife swains.

* See Marford's *Discourse*, &c. &c. &c. &c. His great pleasure consists in praising a certain ancient Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing printers', and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best in the library of Greece in any language, and he says that's the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having nam'd his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, lab'our, research, wrath, and partiality. To all the latter virtues, in a writer, because they make him write, we are oblig'd.

XXII.

That's noble! That's romantic! For my part,
I think that 'philogenitiveness' is—
(Now here's a word quite after my own heart,
Though there's a shorter a good deal than this,
If that politeness set it not apart;
But I'm resolv'd to say nought that's amiss)—
I say, methinks that 'philogenitiveness'
Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.

XXIII.

And now to business—Oh my gentle Juan!
Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing
Which can awit warm youth in its wild race.
Tis true that thy career is not a new one;
Thou art no novice in the headlong chase
Of early life; but this is a new land,
Which foreigners can never understand.

XXIV.

What with a small diversity of climate,
Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,
I could send forth my mandate, like a primate,
Upon the rest of Europe's social state;
But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,
Great Britain, which the muse may penetrate.
All countries have their 'mons,' but in thee
There is but one superb magnagerie.

XXV.

But I am sick of politics—Begin,
'Pando-magora'! In me, undecided
Amongst the paths of being 'taken in,'
Alas! we the race had like a skater glided;
When tired of play, he flirted without sin
With some of those fair creatures who have
Themselves on innocent tantalization,
And hate all vice except its reputation.

XXVI.

But these are few, and in the end they make
Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows
That even the purest people may mistake
Their way through virtue's primrose paths of
snows;
And then men stare, as if a new ass spoke
To Balaam, and from tongue to ear o'erflows
Quackery or snail talk, ending (if you note it)
With the kind word—'Fy, amen!'—Who would have
thought it so?

XXVII.

The little Leda, with her orient eyes,
And taciturn Asiatic disposition
(Which saw all western things with small surprise,
To the surprise of people of condition,
Who think that novelties are butterflies,
To be pursued as food for inattention),
Her charming figure and romantic history,
Became a kind of fashionable mystery.

XXVIII.

The women might be divided—as is usual
Amongst the sex, in little things or great.
I think not, fair creatures, that I mean to abuse you
all—
I have always liked you better than I state;

Since I've grown moral, still I must accuse you all
Of being apt to talk at a great rate;
And now there was a general sensation
Amongst you, about Leila's education.

XXIX.

In one point only were you settled—and
You had reason: 'twas that a young child of grace,
As beautiful as her own native land,
And far away, the last bud of her race,
How'er our friend Don Juan might command
Himself, for five, four, three, or two years' space,
Would be much better taught beneath the eye
Of peresses whose follies had run dry.

XXX.

So first there was a generous emulation,
And then there was a general competition,
To undertake the orphan's education.
As Juan was a person of condition,
It had been an affront, on this occasion,
To talk of a subscription or petition:
But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she-sages,
Whose tale belongs to Hallam's *Middle Ages*,

XXXI.

And one or two sad, separate wives, without
A fruit to bloom upon their withering bough,
Begg'd to bring up the little girl, and 'out'—
For that's the phrase that settles all things now:
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,
And all her points as thorough-bred to show;
And I assure you that, like virgin honey,
Tastes their first season (mostly if they have money).

XXXII.

How all the needy, honourable misters,
Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
The watchful mothers and the careful sisters
(Who, by the by, when clever, are more handy
At making matches, where 'tis gold that glisters,
Than their *he* relatives), like flies o'er candy,
Buzz round 'the Fortune' with their busy battery,
To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!

XXXIII.

Each aunt, each cousin, hath her speculation:
Nay, married dames will now and then discover
Such pure disinterestedness of passion,
I've known them court an heiress for their lover.
*Tantene! Such the virtues of high station,
Even in the hopeful isle, whose outlet's 'Dover!'
While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,
Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs.

XXXIV.

Some are soon bagg'd, but some reject three dozen,
'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals
And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin
(Friends of the party), who begin accusals,
Such as—'Unless Miss (Blank) meant to have chosen
Poor Frederick, why did she accept perusals
To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? Why, I pray,
Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to-day?

XXXV.

'Why? Why? Besides, Fred really was *attach'd*;
'Twas not her fortune—he has enough without:
The time will come she'll wish that she had snatch'd
So good an opportunity, no doubt:

But the old marchioness some plan had hatch'd,
As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:
And after all, poor Frederick may do better—
Pray, did you see her answer to his letter?

XXXVI.

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets
Are spurn'd in tura, until her turn arrives,
After male loss of time, and hearts, and bets
Upon the sweepstakes for substantial wives;
And when at last the pretty creature gets
Some gentleman who fights, or writes, or drives,
It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected,
To find how very badly she selected.

XXXVII.

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer,
Worn out with importunity; or fall
(But here, perhaps, the instances are fewer)
To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.
A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure
(If 'tis not vain examples to recall)
To draw a high prize; now, how'er he got her,
See nought more strange in this than t'other lottery.*

XXXVIII.

I, for my part (one 'modern instance' more—
'True, 'tis a pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true'),
Was chosen from out an amatory score,
Albeit my years were less discreet than few;
But though I also had reform'd before
Those became one who soon were to be two,
I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice,
That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

XXXIX.

Oh! pardon my digression: or, at least,
Peruse: 'tis always with a moral end
That I dissert, like grace before a feast:
For, like an aged aunt or tiresome friend,
A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
My Muse by exhortation means to mend
All people, at all times, and in most places,
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

XL.

But now I'm going to be immoral: now
I mean to show things really as they are,
Not as they ought to be: for I avow,
That, till we see what's what, in fact, we're far
From much improvement with that virtuous plough
Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar
Upon the black beam long manured by Vice,
Only to keep its corn at the old price.

XLI.

But first of little Leila we'll dispose;
For, like a day-dawn she was young and pure,
Or like the old comparison of snows,
Which are more pure than pleasant, to be sure,
Like many people everybody knows,
Don Juan was delighted to secure
A goodly guardian for his infant charge,
Who might not profit much by being at large.

* This line may puzzle the commentators more than the present generation

XLII.

Besides, he had found out he was no tutor,
 (I wish that others would find out the same);
 And rather wish'd in such things to stand neuter;
 For silly wards will bring their guardians blame;
 So, when he saw each ancient dame a suitor
 To make his little wild Asiatic tame,
 Consulting 't the Society for Vice
 Suppression, Lady Pinchbeck was his choice.

XLIII.

Olden she was—but had been very young;
 Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe;
 Although the world has such an evil tongue,
 That—but my chaster ear will not receive
 An echo of a syllable that's wrong;
 In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve,
 As that abominable tittle-tattle,
 Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle.

XLIV.

Moreover, I've remark'd (and I was once
 A slight observer, in a modest way),
 And so may every one, except a dunce,
 That lazes, in their youth a little gay,
 Besides their knowledge of the world, and sense
 Of the sad consequence of going astray,
 Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe
 Which the mere passionless can never know.

XLV.

While the harsh pride indomitably her virtue,
 By ruling at the unknown and envid' passion,
 Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you,
 Or, what's still worse, to put you out of fashion;
 The kinder veteran with kind words will court you,
 Intreating you to pause before you do it on;
 Expounding and illustrating the riddle
 Of epic Love's beginning, end, and finale.

XLVI.

Now, whether it be thus, or that they're stricter
 As better knowing why they should be so,
 I think you'll find from many a fancy picture,
 That daughters of such mothers as may know
 The world by experience rather than by lecture,
 Turn out much better for the Smithfield show
 Of vestals, brought into the marriage mart,
 Than those bred up by prudess, without a heart.

XLVII.

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talk'd about—
 And who has not, if female, young, and pretty?
 But now no more the ghost of scandal stalk'd about;
 She merely was deem'd amiable and witty;
 And several of her best bon-mots were hawk'd
 about.

Then she was given to charity and pity;
 And pass'd (at least the latter years of life)
 For being a most exemplary wife.

XLVIII.

High in high circles, gentle in her own,
 She was the mild re-prover of the young,
 Whenever—which means every day—they'd shown
 An awkward inclination to go wrong
 The quantity of good, he shill's unknown;
 Or, at the least, would lengthen out my song:

In brief, the little orphan of the East
 Had raised an interest in her, which increased.

XLIX.

Juan, too, was a sort of favourite with her,
 Because she thought him a good heart at bottom;
 A little spoil'd, but not so altogether;

Which was a wonder, if you think who got him,
 And how he had been toss'd, he scarce knew whither:

Though this might ruin others, it did *not* him,
 At least entirely; for he had seen too many
 Changes in youth, to be surprised at any.

L.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;
 For when they happen at a riper age,
 People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,
 And wonder Providence is not more sage;
 Adversity is the first path to truth:
 He who hath proved war, storm, or woman's rage
 Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
 Hath won experience which is deem'd so weighty.

LI.

How far it profits is another matter.—
 Our hero gladly saw his little charge
 Safe with a Lady, whose last grown-up daughter,
 Being long married, and thus set at large,
 Had left all the accomplishments she taught her,
 To be transmitted, like the Lord Mayor's barge,
 To the next corner; or—as it will tell
 More Muselike—say like Cytherea's shell.

LII.

I call such things transmissions; for there is
 A vibrating balance of accomplishment,
 Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,
 According as their minds or backs are bent,
 Some walk, some draw, some talk on the abyss
 Of metaphysics; others are content
 With music; the most moderate shine as wits;
 While others have a genius turn'd for fits.

LIII.

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords,
 Theology, fine arts, or finer stays,
 May be the baits for gentlemen or lords,
 With regular descent, in these our days,
 The last year to the new transfers its hoards:
 New vestals claim men's eyes, with the same
 praise
 Of 'elegant *et cetera*, in fresh batches—
 All matchless creatures, and yet bent on matches.

LIV.

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis
 Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,
 That, from the first of cantos up to this,
 I've not begun what we have to go through.
 The first twelve books are merely flourishes,
 Preludios, trying just a string or two
 Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure;
 And, when so, you shall have the overture.

LV.

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
 About what's call'd success, or not succeeding;

Such thoughts are quite below the strain they've chosen :

'Tis a 'great moral lesson' they are reading,
I thought, at setting off, about two dozen
Cantos would do ; but, at Apollo's pleading,
If that my Pegasus should not be founder'd,
I think to canter gently through a hundred.

LVI.

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts,
Yeapt the Great World ; for it is the least,
Although the highest : but, as swords have hilts,
By which their power of mischief is increased,
When man in battle or in quarrel tilts,
Thus the low world, north, south, or west, or east,
Must still obey the high—which is their handle,
Their moon, their sun, their gas, their farthing
candle.

LVII.

He had many friends who had many wives, and was
Well look'd upon by both, to that extent
Of friendship which you may accept or pass.
It does nor good nor harm ; being merely meant
To keep the wheels going of the higher class,
And draw them nightly when a ticket's sent :
And what with masquerades, and fêtes, and balls,
For the first season such a life scarce pallis.

LVIII.

A young unmarried man, with a good name
And fortune, has an awkward part to play :
For good society is but a game,
'The royal game of goose,' as I may say,
Where everybody has some separate aim,
An end to answer, or a plan to lay ;
The single ladies wishing to be double,
The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

LIX.

I don't mean this as general, but particular
Examples may be found of such pursuits ;
Though several also keep their perpendicular,
Like poplars, with good principles for roots ;
Yet many have a method more *reticular*—
'Fishers for men,' like sirens with soft lutes :
For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

LX.

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the mother,
To say her daughter's feelings are trepann'd ;
Perhaps you'll have a visit from the brother,
All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand
What 'your intentions are.' One way or other,
It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand :
And between pity for her case and yours,
You'll add to Matrimony's list of cures.

LXI.

I've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*,
And some of them high names ; I have also
known
Young men who—though they hated to discuss
Pretensions which they never dream'd to have
Yet neither frighten'd by a female fuss, [shown—
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone ;
And lived as did the broken-hearted fair,
In happier plight than if they form'd a pair.

LXII.

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,
A peril—not indeed like love or marriage,
But not the less for this to be depreciated :
It is—I meant and mean not to disparage
The show of virtue even in the vitiated—
It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—
But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,
Couleur de rose, who's neither white nor scarlet.

LXIII.

Such is our cold coquette, who can't say 'No,'
And won't say 'Yes,' and keeps you on and
On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow— [offing
Then sees your heart wreck'd with an inward
This works a world of sentimental woe, [scoffing.
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin ;
But yet is merely innocent flirtation,
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LXIV.

'Ye gods, I grow a talker !' Let us prate
The next of perils, though I place it *sternest*,
Is when, without regard to 'church or state,'
A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest.
Abroad, such things decide few women's fate
(Such, early traveller ! is the truth thou learnest)
But in old England, when a young bride errs,
Poor thing, Eve's was a trifling case to hers :

LXV.

For 'tis a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit
Country, where a young couple of the same ages
Can't form a friendship, but the world o'erawes it.
Then there's the vulgar trick of those d—d
damages !
A verdict—grievous foe to those who cause it—
Forms a sad climax to romantic homages :
Besides those soothing speeches of the pleaders,
And evidences, which regale all readers.

LXV.

But they who blunder thus are raw beginners :
A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy
Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners,
The loveliest oligarchs of our gynocracy.
You may see such at all the balls and dinners,
Among the proudest of our aristocracy,
So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste ;
And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

LXVII.

Juan, who did not stand in the predicament
Of a mere novice, had one safeguard more ;
For he was sick—no, 'twas not the word *sick* I
meant—
But he had seen so much good love before,
That he was not in heart so very weak : I meant
But this much, and no sneer against the shore
Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes, bluer
stockings,
Tithes, taxes, duns, and doors with double
knockings.
LXVI I.
But coming young—from lands and scenes
romantic,
Where lives, not lawsuits, must be risk'd for
passion,

And passion's self must have a spice of frantic—

Into a country where 'tis half a fashion,
Seem'd to him half commercial, half pedantic,

Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation;
Besides (alas! his taste—forgive and pity)
At first, he did not think the women pretty.

LXXIX.

I say, at first—for he found out, at last,

But by degrees, that they were fairer far
Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast

Beneath the influence of the eastern star
A further proof we should not judge in haste;

Yet inexperience could not be his bar
To taste. The truth is, if men would confess,
That novelties please less than they impress.

LXXX.

Though travell'd, I have never had the luck to
Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nias or Niger,
To that impracticable place, Timbuctoo,

Where Geography finds no one to oblige her
With such a chart as may be safely stuck to—

For Europe ploughs in Africa like 'bos piger';
But if I had been at Timbuctoo, there,

No doubt, I should be 'f'd that black is fair.

LXXXI.

It is, I will not swear that black is white;

But I suspect, in fact, that white is black,

And the whole matter rests upon eyesight.

Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll attack,

Perhaps, this new position; but I'm right.

Or, if I'm wrong, I'll not be taken back:

He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark
Within, and what see a thou? A dubious spark.

LXXXII.

But I'm relapsing into metaphysics,

That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same

Constructio as your cures for hectic phthisis,

Those bright moths fluttering round a dying
flame;

And this reflection brings me to plain physics,

And to the beauties of a foreign dame,

Compared with those of our pure pearls of price,

Those polar summers, all sun, and some ice.

LXXXIII.

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids, whose

Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere fishes;

Not that there's not a quantity of those

Who have a due respect for their own wishes,

Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snow,*

Are they, at bottom virtuous, even when vicious?

They warm into a scrape, but keep, of course,

As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

LXXXIV.

But this has nought to do with their outsides

I said that Juan did not think them pretty

At the first blush; for a fair Briton ladies

Half her attractions—probably from pity—

And rather calmly into the heart glides,

Than storms it, as a foe would take a city;

But once there (if you doubt this, prythee try),
She keeps it for you, like a true ally.

LXXXV.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,

Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,

Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,

Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning:

Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warble

those bravuras (which I still am learning

To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,

And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily):

LXXXVI.

She can't do these things, nor one or two

Others, in that offhand and dashing style

Which takes so much to give the devil his due;

Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,

Nor settles all things in one interview

(A thing approved, as saving time and toil):

But though the soil may give you true and trouble,

Well cultivated, it will render double.

LXXXVII.

And if, in fact, she takes to a *grande passion*,

It is a very serious thing indeed:

Nine times in ten 's but caprice, or fashion,

Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,

The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,

or wish to make a rival's bosom bleed;

But the tenth instance will be a tornado,

For there's no saying what they will or may do.

LXXXVIII.

The reason's obvious: if there's an *éclat*,

They lose their caste at once, as do the *Parias*;

And when the delicacies of the law

Have fill'd the papers with their comments various,

Society, that clama without flaw,

(The hypocrite!) will banish them, like Marius,

To sit amidst the rums of their guilt;

For Fame's a Carthage, not so soon rebuilt.

LXXXIX.

Perhaps this is as it should be: it is

A comment on the Gospel's 'Sin no more,

And be thy sins forgiven'; but, upon this,

I leave the saints to settle their own score.

Abroad, though doubtless they do much amiss,

An erring woman finds an opener door

For her return to Virtue, as they call

That lady, who should be at home to all.

LXXX.

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,

Knowing that such uneasy virtue leads

People some ten times less, in fact, to mind it,

And I care but for discov'ries, and not deeds;

And as for chastity, you'll never find it

By all the laws the strictest lawyer pleads,

But aggravate the crime you've not prevented,

By rendering desperate those who had else re-

pent.

LXXXI.

But Juan was no casuist, nor had ponder'd

Upon the moral lessons of mankind:

Besides, he had not seen, of several hundred,

A lady altogether to his mind.

* The Russians, as is well known, run out from their hot baths to plunge into the Neva; a pleasant practical antithesis, which it seems does them no harm.

A little *blase*—'tis not to be wonder'd
At, that his heart had got a tougher rind ;
And, though not vainer from his past success,
No doubt his sensibilities were less.

LXXXII.

He also had been busy, seeing sights—
The Parliament and all the other houses ;
Had sat beneath the gallery at nights,
To hear debates whose thunder *roused* (not
rouses)

The world to gaze upon those northern lights,
Which flash'd as far as where the musk-bull*
browses :

He had also stood, at times, behind the throne ;
But Grey was not arrived, and Chatham gone.

LXXXIII.

He saw, however, at the closing session,
That noble sight, when *really* free the nation,
A king in constitutional possession
Of such a throne as is the proudest station,
Though despots know it not—till the progression
Of freedom shall complete their education.
'Tis not mere splendour makes the show august
To eye or heart—it is the people's trust.

LXXXIV.

There, too, he saw (what'er he may be now)
A Prince, the prince of princes, at the time,
With fascination in his very bow,
And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
Though royalty was written on his brow,
He had *then* the grace, too, rare in every clime,
Of being without alloy of top or beam,
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.

LXXXV.

And Juan was received, as hath been said,
Into the best society ; and there
Occurr'd what often happens, I'm afraid,
However disciplined and *debonnaire*.
The talent and good humour he display'd,
Besides the mark'd distinction of his air,

* For a description and print of this inhabitant of the Polar Region and native country of the Aurora Borealis, see Parry's *Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage*.

Exposed him, as was natural, to temptation,
Even though himself avoided the occasion.

LXXXVI.

But what, and where, with whom, and when, and
Is not to be put hastily together ; [why,
And as my object is morality
(Whatever people say), I don't know whether
I'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,
But harrow up his feelings, till they wither ;
And hew out a huge monument of pathos,
As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.*

LXXXVII.

Here the twelfth canto of our introduction
Ends. When the body of the book's begun,
You'll find it of a different construction
From what some people say 'twill be, when done :
The plan at present's simply in concoction.
I can't oblige you, reader, to read on ;
That's your affair, not mine : a real spirit
Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.

LXXXVIII.

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,
Remember, reader, you have had before
The worst of tempests and the best of battles,
That e'er were brew'd from elements or gore,
Besides the most sublime of—Heaven knows what
else :

An usurer could scarce expect much more—
But my best canto, save one on astronomy,
Will turn upon 'political economy.'

LXXXIX.

That is your present theme for popularity :
Now that the public hedge hath scarce a stake,
It grows an act of patriotic charity
To show the people the best way to break.
My plan (but I, it but for singularity,
Reserve it) will be very sure to take.
Meantime, read all the national-debt sinkers,
And tell me what you think of our great thinkers.

* A sculptor projected to hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, with a city in one hand, and I believe a river in his pocket, with various other similar devices. But Alexander is gone, and Athos remains, I trust ere long to look over a nation of freemen.

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

1823.

I.

I NOW mean to be serious : it is time,
Since laughter now-a-days is deem'd too serious.
A jest at Vice, by Virtue's called a crime,
And critically held as detestous ;
Besides, the sad's a source of the sublime,
Although, when long, a little apt to weary us ;
And therefore shall my lay soar high and solemn,
An old temple dwindled to a column.

II.

he Lady Adelaide Anundeville
('Tis an old Norman name, and to be found
In pedigrees, by those who wander still
Along the last fields of that Gothic ground)

Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,
And beauteous, even where beauties most
abound,
In Britain—which, of course, true patriots find
The goodliest soil of body and of mind.

III.

I'll not gainsay them : it is not my cue ;
I'll leave them to their taste, no doubt the best ;
An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request :
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue—
The kindest may be taken as a test.
The fair sex should be always fair ; and no man,
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.

IV.

And, after that serene and somewhat dull
Epoch, that awkward corner turn'd, for days
More quiet, when our moon's no more at full.

We may presume to criticise or praise;
Because indifference begins to lull
Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's ways;
Also because the figure and the face
Hint that 'tis time to give the younger place

V.

I knew that some would fain postpone this era,
Reluctant, as all placemen, to resign
Their post; but theirs is merely a chimera,
For they have pass'd life's essential line;
But then they have their closet and Madeira,
To irritate the drowsiness of old age;
And county meetings in the Parliament,
And debt, and what not, for their s's face sent.

VI.

And is there not religion and reform,
Peace, war, the tax, and what's called the
"Nation?"
The struggle of the people's rights and wrongs,
The battle and the peace of the constitution?
The joys of new inventions, and the warm,
Instead of love, that more like love, is it?
Now here, here by far the best pleasure:
Men live in haste, but not in haste, that pleasure

VII.

Rough I do, in the career of the great world,
Right I do, in the career of the great world.
The struggle of the people's rights and wrongs,
The battle and the peace of the constitution?
The joys of new inventions, and the warm,
Instead of love, that more like love, is it?
Now here, here by far the best pleasure:
Men live in haste, but not in haste, that pleasure

VIII.

But neither I was nor have nor will I exist;
Though 'twas a notion, and it never came to pass,
It is because I cannot be a hero,
And now, and then it all seems to my rhymes,
I should be very willing to be less a hero,
Men's wrongs, and rather do it than pur-
Had it a day into, or that too true tale
Of Quixote, show how well such efforts fail.

IX.

Of all decisions the saddest—and no need
Because it makes us smile his heroes not to
And still pursues the right; to curb the bad
His only object; and gain to his right,
His quarrel; his his virtue makes him a hero
But his adventure, from a hero's side
A sinner still is the great and the good,
By that real eye, into all who have thought

X.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
To add the demand and destroy the world;
Opposing singly the united strong,
From foreign yoke to free the help of the brave;

Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,
Be for mere fancy's sport a theme creative,
A jest, a riddle, Fame through thick and thin
sought!

And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

XI.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
A single laugh demolish'd the right arm
Of his own country; seldom, since that day,
Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could
charm.

The world gave ground before her bright array;
And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
That all their glory, as a composition,
Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.

XII.

I'm 'at my old lures'—digression—and forget
The Lady Adeline Amundeville,
The fair most fatal Juan ever met,
Although she was not evil, nor meant ill;
But Destiny and Passion spread the net
(Fate is a good excuse for our own will),
And caught them—what do they not catch me-
think

But I'm not Odipus, and Life's a Sphinx.

XIII.

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
To venture a solution: "Dantea non"
And now I will proceed upon the pair,
Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay world's hum,
Was the one—indeed, the glass of all that's fair;
Whose charms made all men speak, and women
deaf;
The best's a miracle, and such was reckoned;
An time that time there has not been a second.

XIV.

Charity was she, to detraction's desperation,
And wedded into one she had loved well—
A man known in the councils of the nation,
Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,
Though apt to act with fire upon occasion;
Prudent of himself and her; the world could tell
No fight against either, and both seem'd secure—
She in her virtue, he in his *haineur*.

XV.

It chanc'd of some diplomatical relations,
Arising out of business, often brought
Himself and Juan, in their mutual stations,
Into close contact. Though reserved, nor caught
By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and patience,
And talent, on his high spirit wrought,
And formed a basis of esteem, which ends
In making men what courtesy calls friends

XVI.

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as
Reserve and pride could make him, and full slow
In judging men, when once his judgment was
Determined, right or wrong, on friend or foe,
Had all the pertinacity pride has,
Which knows no ebb to its imperious flow,
And loves or hates, disdaining to be guided,
Because its own good pleasure has decided.

* "Sir, I like a good hater."—See the *Life of Dr. Johnson*, etc.

XVII.

His friendships, therefore, and no less aversions,
Though oft well founded, which confirm'd but
more

His prepossessions, like the laws of Persians
And Medes, would ne'er revoke what went before.
His feelings had not those strange fits, like tertians,
Of common likings, which make some deplore
What they should laugh at—the mere ague still
Of men's regard, the fever or the chill.

XVIII.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But *do you more*, Sempronius—*don't* deserve it;
And, take my word, you won't have any less.
Be wary, watch the time, and always serve it;
Give gently way, when there's too great a press;
And for your conscience, only learn to nerve it;
For, like a racer or a boxer, training,
'Twill make, if proved, vast efforts without paining.

XIX.

Lord Henry, also, liked to be superior,
As most men do, the little or the great:
The very lowest find out an inferior,
At least they think so, to exert their state
Upon: for there are very few things wearier
Than solitary Pride's oppressive weight,
Which mortals generously would divide,
By bidding others carry while they ride.

XX.

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,
O'er Juan he could no distinction claim;
In years he had the advantage of time's sequel,
And, as he thought, in country much the same;
Because bold Britons have a tongue and free quill,
At which all modern nations vainly aim;
And the Lord Henry was a great debater,
So that few members kept the House up later.

XXI.

These were advantages: and then he thought—
It was his foible, but by no means sinister—
That few or none more than himself had caught
Court mysteries, having been himself a minister.
He liked to teach that which he had been taught,
And greatly shone whenever there had been a
stir;

And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
Always a patriot, and sometimes a placeman.

XXII.

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his gravity;
He almost honour'd him for his docility,
Because, though young, he acquiesc'd with suavity,
Or contradicted but with proud humility.
He knew the world, and would not see depravity
In faults which sometimes show the soil's fertility,
If that the weeds o'erlive not the first crop—
For then they are very difficult to stop.

XXIII.

And then he talk'd with him about Madrid,
Constantinople, and such distant places;
Where people always did as they were bid,
Or did what they should not with foreign graces.
Of coursoers, also, spake they: Henry rid
Well, like most Englishmen, and loved the races;

And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,
Could back a horse, as despots ride a Russian.

XXIV.

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble routs,
And diplomatic dinners, or at other;
For Juan stood well both with Ins and Outs,
As in freemasonry a higher brother.
Upon his talent Henry had no doubts;
His manners show'd him sprung from a high
mother:
And all men like to show their hospitality
To him whose breeding matches with his quality.

XXV.

At Blank-Blank Square; for we will break no
squares,
By naming streets: since men are so censorious
And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,
Requing allusions private and inglorious,
Where none were dreamt of, unto love's affairs,
Which were, or are, or are to be, notorious
That therefore do I previously declare,
Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank Square.

XXVI.

Also there bin* another pious reason
For making squares and streets anonymous;
Which is, that there is scarce a single season
Which doth not shake some very splendid house
With some slight heart-quake of domestic treason—
A topic scandal doth delight to raise:
Such I might stumble over unawares,
Unless I knew the very chastest squares.

XXVII.

'Tis true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,
A place where peccadillos are unknown;
But I have motives, whether wise or silly,
For letting that pure sanctuary alone.
Therefore I name not square, street, place, until I
Find one where nothing naughty can be shown,
A vestal shrine of innocence of heart:
Such are—but I have lost the London Chart.

XXVIII.

At Henry's mansion, then, in Blank-Blank Square
Was Juan a *velociter*, welcome guest,
As many other noble scions were;
And some who had but talent for their crest;
Or wealth, which is a passport everywhere;
Or even mere fashion, which indeed's the best
Recommendation; and to be well drest
Will very often supersede the rest.

XXIX.

And since 'there's satety in a multitude
Of counsellors,' as Solomon hath said,
Or some one for him, in some sage, grave mood:
Indeed, we see the daily proof display'd,
In senates, at the bar, in worldly feud,
Where'er collective wisdom can parade,
Which is the only cause, that we can guess,
Of Britain's present wealth and happiness:

* With everything that pretty *bin*,
My lady sweet, arise. —SHAKESPEARE.

XXX.

But as 'there's safety' grafted in the number
 'Of counsellors,' for men—thus for the sex
 A large acquaintance lets not Virtue slumber;
 Or, should it shake, the choice will more perplex—
 Variety itself will more encumber
 'Midst many rocks we guard more against wrecks
 And thus with women: howsoe'er it shocks some
 Self-love, there's safety in a crowd of cocknobs.

XXXI.

But Adeline had not the least occasion
 For such a shield, which leaves but little merit
 To virtue proper or good education.
 Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,
 Which I might reckon but their due estimation;
 An I for coquetry she disdained to wear it:
 Secure of admiration, its impression
 Was faint, as of an every-day possession.

XXXII.

To all she was polite, without partiality,
 To some she show'd attention of that kind
 Which flatters, but is flattery conveyed
 In such a way it cannot be perceived
 A true and worthy either wife or maid:
 A gentle, good, and easy to be led,
 To those who were, or possibly might be, true
 Just to conceal such glory but not to show it.

XXXIII.

Which in all respects is so new, and then
 Adeline had the support of genius
 Upon which she built the temple of her own
 Which was not in the vulgar's estimation
 The price of a post, or a carriage, or
 Of the meagre or the fat, or of the fat
 Of an old ball, or of the hair, or of the fat
 What can ye recognize? A goodly land!

XXXIV.

There also was, of course, an Adeline,
 That calm patrician polish to the address
 Which neither can pass the common line
 Of anything which vulgar would express:
 Just as a man has never anything fine
 At least his manner suffers not to miss,
 That anything he views can greatly please
 Perhaps we have borrow'd this from the Chinese.

XXXV.

Perhaps from Horace: his *Nihil habet*
 Was what he call'd the 'Art of Happiness'
 An art on which the arts greatly consist,
 An I have not yet attain'd to much success:
 However, 'tis expedient to be wary;
 In literature, certes, don't prefer a mistress;
 And rash enthusiasm, in good society,
 Were nothing but a moral necessity.

XXXVI.

But Adeline was not indifferently for
 (Write for a common place) beneath the snow,
 As a volano holds the lava more
 Within *—l'infante*. Shall I go on?—No!
 I hate to hunt down a tire that's up for;
 So let the oft-nuzed volano go,
 Poor thing! How frequently by me and others,
 It hath been stir'd up till its smoke quite smothers

XXXVII.

I'll have another figure in a trice:
 What say you to a bottle of champagne
 Frozen into a very vinous ice,
 Which leaves few drops of that immortal rain
 Yet in the very centre, past all price,
 About a liquid glassful will remain;
 And this is stronger than the strongest grape
 Could e'er express in its expanded shape:

XXXVIII.

'Tis the whole spirit I brought to a quintessence;
 And thus the chilliest aspects may concentrate
 A human nectar under a cold presence.
 And such are many—though I only meant her
 From whom I may deduce these moral lessons,
 On which the Muse has always sought to enter:
 And your cold people are beyond all price,
 When once you've broken their confounded ice.

XXXIX.

But, after all, they are a North-West Passage
 Unto the glowing India of the soul;
 An I as the good ships sent upon that message
 Have not exactly ascertain'd the Pole
 (Though Parry's efforts look a lucky presage)
 Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal;
 For if the Pole's not open, but all frost,
 A home still, 'tis a voyage or vessel lost.

XL.

And young Libertines may as well commence
 With post coining over the ocean, woman;
 Where those who are not beginners should have
 Some
 The next time that your port, or time shall summon
 With the *—* of the past tense,
 The many *—* of all things human,
 That I should find, while life's than thread's spun out
 Or two, the glancing hair on I gnawing gout.

XLI.

But to even meet be diverted; to its diversion
 Is sometimes trident—but not numeral;
 The world upon the whole is worth the assertion
 (But not for conduct) that all things are kind;
 And that same sleekish doctrine of the Persian,
 Of the two principles, but leaves behind
 As many doubts as any other doctrine
 He ever par'd: I talk withal, or yoked her in.

XLII.

The English winter ending in July,
 The summer in August—now was done.
 'Tis the postillions' paradise; wheels fly:
 On roads, east, south, north, west, there is a run,
 But for post-horses who find sympathy?
 Man's pity's for himself, or for his son;
 Always promising that said son, at college,
 He is not contracted much more debt than know-
 ledge.

XLIII.

The London winter's ended in July—
 Sometimes a little later. I don't err
 In this; whatever other blunders lie
 Upon my shoulders, here I must aver
 My Muse a glass of weatherology;
 For Parliament is our barometrical

Let Radicals its other Acts attack ;
Its sessions form our only almanack.

XLIV.

When its quicksilver's down at zero—lo,
Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage,
Wheels whirl from Carlton palace to Soho ;
And happiest they who horses can engage :
The turnpikes glow with dust ; and Rotten Row
Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age ;
And tradesmen, with long bills, and longer faces,
Sigh—as the postboys fasten on the traces.

XLV.

They and their bills, ' Arcadians both,* are left
To the Greek kalends of another session.
Alas ! to them of ready cash bereft,
What hope remains ? Of *hope* the full possession,
A generous draft, conceded as a gift,
At a long date—till they can get a fresh one—
Hawk'd about at a discount, small or large ;
Also the solace of an overcharge.

XLVI.

But these are trifles. Downward flies my lord,
Nodding beside my lady in his carriage.
Away ! away ! ' Fresh horses ! ' are the word,
And changed as quickly as hearts after marriage :
The obsequious landlord hath the change restored :
The postboys have no reason to disparage
Their fee ; but ere the water'd wheels may hiss
The ostler pleads too for a remittance. [hence,

XLVII.

'Tis granted ; and the valet mounts the dickey—
That gentleman of lords and gentlemen ;
Also my lady's gentlewoman, tricky—
Trick'd out, but modest more than poet's pen
Can paint—' *Così viaggino i Ruschi* ?
(Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,
If but to show I've travell'd ; and what's travel,
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil !)

XLVIII.

The London winter and the country summer
Were well nigh over. 'Tis perhaps a pity,
When nature wears the gown that doth become her,
To lose those best months in a sweaty city,
And wait until the nightingale grows dumber,
Listening debates not very wise or witty,
Ere patriots their true *country* can remember ;—
But there's no shooting (save grouse) till September.

XLIX.

I've done with my tirade. The world was gone :
The twice two thousand, for whom earth was made,
Were vanish'd to be what they call alone—
That is, with thirty servants for parade.
As many guests, or more ; before whom groan
As many covers, duly, daily laid.
Let none accuse old England's hospitality—
Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

L.

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline
Departed, like the rest of their compeers,

The peerage, to a mansion very fine ;
The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.
None than themselves could boast a longer line.
Where time through heroes and through beauties
steers ;

And oaks as olden as their pedigree,
Told of their sires, a tomb in every tree.

LI.

A paragraph in every paper told
Of their departure ; such is modern fame :
'Tis pity that it takes no further hold
Than an advertisement, or much the same ;
When, ere the ink be dry, the sound grows cold.
The *Morning Post* was foremost to proclaim—
'Departure for his country seat, to-day,
Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

LII.

'We understand the splendid host intends
To entertain, this autumn, a select
And numerous party of his noble friends ;
'Midst whom, we heard from sources quite cor-
rect,

The Duke of D—the hooting season spends,
With many more by rank and fashion deck'd ;
Also a foreigner of high condition,
The envoy of the secret Russian mission '

LIII.

And thus we see—who doubts the *Morning Post* ?
(Whose articles are like the 'Thirty-nine,'
Which those most swear to who believe them
most)—

Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordain'd to shine,
Deck'd by the rays reflected from his host,
With those who, Pope says, 'greatly daring, dine'
'Tis odd, but true—last war, the news abounded
More with these dinners than the kill'd or wounded,—

LIV.

As thus : 'On Thursday there was a grand dinner ;
Present, Lords A. B. C.'—Earls, dukes, by name
Announced with no less pomp than victory's
winner :

Then underneath, and in the very same
Column ; date, 'Falmouth. There has lately been
here

The slap-dash regiment, so well known to fame,
Whose loss in the late action we regret :
The vacancies are fill'd up—see *Gazette*.'

LV.

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair—
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal ; it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

LVI.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thund'ring
stroke ;

* ' Arcades ambo,'

And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters: as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

LVII.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and
stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

LVIII.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until, again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant male
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet, and thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods: now clear, now
blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

LIX.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half
upstart,
In a grand arch, which from one screen'd many an aisle.
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet fronn'd superbly o'er the soil,
And knell'd feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time or tempest's
march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

LX.

Within a niche, high to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had on a steep sanctified in stone:
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his
When each house was a fortress—as tell [thine,
The annals of full many a line on bone—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
Spared by some chance, when all beside was
spoil'd:
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild;
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

LXII.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glorie—none could
enter,
Streaming from off the sun, like scraps of wings
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft
dings

The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs, quenched like fire.

LXIII.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which
Is musical—a dying accent, driven [then
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks
again.
Some deem it but the distant echo, given
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall:

LXIV.

Others, that some original shape or form,
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the
power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this grey ruin with a voice to charm.
Said, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact: I've heard it—once perhaps too much.

LXV.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite
made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little current in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

LXVI.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
I elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were
stable:
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair'd, to deorate the scene:
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

LXVII.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers
join'd
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but, when combined,
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
We gaze upon a giant, for his stature;
Nor judge, at first, if all be true to nature

LXVIII.

Steel bars, molten the next generation
To silken roves of gay and garter'd earls,
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation:
And Lady Marys, blossoming into girls,
With fair long locks, had also kept their station;
And countesses mature, in robes and pearls:
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely

LXIX.

Judges in very formidable ermine

Were there, with brows that did not much invite
The accused to think their lordships would deter-
mine

His cause by leaning much from might to right :
Bishops, who had not left a single sermon ;
Attorneys-General, awful to the sight,
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
Of the 'Star Chamber' than of 'Habeas Corpus.'

LXX.

Generals, some all in armour, of the old
And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead :
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed :
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold ;
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the
steed ;

And here and there some stern high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

LXXI.

But, ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
Or wilder group of savage Salvatores? * [shone
Here danced Albano's boys ; and here the sea
In Vernet's ocean-lights ; and there the stories
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tanted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted,

LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine ;
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stoon
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite :
But, lo, a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight :
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish†
Or Dutch, with thirst—what, ho ! a flask of Rhenish.

LXXIII.

Oh, reader, if that thou canst read,—and know
'Tis not enough to spell, or even to read,
To constitute a reader : there must go
Virtues of which both you and I have need.
Firstly, begin with the beginning (though
That clause is hard) ; and, secondly, proceed ;
Thirdly, commence not with the end—or, siming,
In this sort, end at last with the beginning.

LXXIV.

But reader, thou hast patient been of late ;
While I, without remorse of rhyme or fear,
Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,
Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.
That poets were so from their earliest date,
By Homer's 'catalogue of ships' is clear ;
But a mere modern must be moderate—
I spare you, then, the furniture and plate

LXXV.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.

The corn is cut, the manor full of game ;
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket : lynx-like is his aim ;
Full grows his bag, and wonder'd his feats.
Ah, nut-brown partridges ! Ah, brilliant pheasants !
And ah, ye poachers !—'tis no sport for peasants.

LXXVI.

An English autumn, though it hath no vines
Blushing with Bacchus coronals along
The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines ;
The claret light, and the Madeira strong.
If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

LXXVII.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
Which makes the southern autumn's day appear
As if 'twould to a second spring resign
The season, rather than to winter drear,—
Of inn-door comforts still she hath a mine—
The sea-coal fires, the 'earliest of the year ;
Without doors, too, she may compete in mellow,
As what is lost in green is gain'd in yellow.

LXXVIII.

And for the effeminate *vallegatura*— [chase
Kife with more horns than hounds—she hath the
So animated, that it might allure a
Samt from his beads to join the jocund race :
Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of
Dura,*

And wear the Melton jacket for a space ;
If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame
Preserve of bores who ought to be made game.

LXXIX.

The noble guests assembled at the Abbey
Consisted of—we give the sex the *fas*—
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, the Countess Crabby ;
The Ladies Scilly, Busey ; Miss Eclat,
Miss Bonibazeen, Miss Maststay, Miss O'Tabby,
And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw ;
Also the Honourable Mrs. Sleep,
Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black sheep †

LXXX.

With other Countesses of Blank—but rank ;
At once the 'lie' and the *élite* of crowds,
Who pass like water filter'd in a tank,
All purged and pious from their native clouds ;
Or paper turn'd to money by the Bank :
No matter how or why, the passport shrouds
The *passée* and the past ; for good society
Is no less famed for tolerance than piety—

LXXXI.

That is, up to a certain point ; which point
Forms the most difficult in punctuation,
Appearances appear to form the joint
On which it hinges in a higher station ;
And so that no explosion cry, † Aroint
Thee, witch ! or each Medea has her Jason,
Or (to the point with Horace and with Pulci)

* *Omne tulit punctum, que miscuit utile dulci.*

† In Assyria.

* *salvator Rosa.*

† If I err not, 'Your Dane' is one of Iago's cata-
logue of nations 'exquisite in their drinking.'

LXXXII.

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,
Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.
I've seen a virtuous woman put down quite
By the mere combination of a coterie—
Also a so-so matron boldly fight
Her way back to the world, by dint of plottery;
And shine the very *Sirena* of the spheres,
Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

LXXXIII.

I have seen more than I'll say: but we will see
How our *villeggiatura* will get on.
The party might consist of thirty-three,
Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the *ton*.
I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst these,
There also were some Irish absentees.

LXXXIV.

There was Parolles, too, the legal bully,
Who limits all his battles to the bar
And senate: when invited elsewhere, truly,
He shows more appetite for words than war.
There was the young hard Rackrhyme, who had
newly
Come out, and glimmer'd as a six weeks' star;
There was Lord Pyrrho, too, the great freethinker;
And Sir John Pottle leep, the mighty drinker.

LXXXV.

There was the Duke of Dush, who was a—luke,
'Ay, every inch a duke; there were twelve peers
Like Charlemagne's—and all such like in look
And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears
For commoners had ever them mistook
There were the six Miss Kawbolls—[fatty flairs!
All song and sentiment, whose hearts were set
Less on a convent than a coronet.

LXXXVI.

There were four Honourable Masters, who e—
Hew at was more before than it names that after;
There was the preux chevalier de la Rose, [Paris,
Whom France, and Fortune lately design'd to wait
Whose chiefly harness talent was to amaze;
But this hub-bub, but rather serious laughter,
Born on such wish-homage power to please—
The dice seem'd to harm'd, too, with his repartee.

LXXXVII.

There was Dick Dildanus, the metaphysician,
Whose deep philosophy art begot slurrer,
Angl', the *scholastic* with a *de*—[err;
Sir Henry Silvercup, the great orator, who e—
There was the Reverend Rodman of Freedom
Who did not hate so much the *im*—[err;
And Lord Augustus Fitz Plantage, who e—
Good at all things, but better at a bell.

LXXXVIII.

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic lion,
And General Fracture, tumour in the *arm*—
A great tactician, and no less a *war*—[err;
Who ate, last war, more Yankee than a *cup*—
There was the waggish Welsh judge, Jentery
Hardsman,
In his grave office so completely skill'd,

That, when a culprit came for condemnation,
He had his judge's joke for consolation.

LXXXIX.

Good company's a chess-board—there are kings,
Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns: the
world's a game;
Save that the puppets pull at their own strings,
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.
My Muse, the butterfly, hath but her wings,
Not stings, and flits through ether without aim,
Alighting rarely: were she but a hornet,
Perhaps there might be vices which would mourn it.

XC.

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
An orator, the latest of the session,
Who had deliver'd well a very set
Smooth as each, his first and maiden transgres-
Upon debate: the papers echoed yet [sion
With his *debut*, which made a strong impression;
And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
'The best first speech that ever yet was made.'

XCI.

Proud of his 'Hear him!' proud, too, of his vote
And lost virginity of oratory,
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),
He revel'd in his Ciceronian glory;
With memory excellent to get by rote,
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
Graced with some merit and with more effrontery,
'His country's pride,' he came down to the country.

XCII.

There also were two wits by acclamation,
Longlow from Ireland, Strongbow from the
Iweel,

Both lawyers, and both men of education;
But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed;
Longlow was rich in an imagination
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
But sometimes stumbling over a potato—
While Strongbow's best things might have come
from Cato.

XCIII.

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord;
But Longlow wild as an Arabian harp,
With which the winds of heaven can claim accord,
And make a music, whether flat or sharp,
Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word
At Longlow's phrases you might sometimes
carp.

Both was—some born so, and the other bred;
Thus by his heart—his rival by his head.

XCIV.

If all the scene seem an heterogeneous mass
To be assembled at a country seat,
Yet think, a specimen of every class
Is better than a hundred *à la tête*.
The days of Comedy are gone, alas,
When Congreve's food could vie with Molière's
Society is smooth'd to that excess, [etc.
That manners hardly differ more than dress.

XCV.

Our ridicules are kept in the background—
Ridiculous enough, but also dull;

Professions, too, are no more to be found
Professional: and there is nought to cull
Of folly's fruit: for though your fools abound,
They're barren, and not worth the pains to pull.
Society is now one polish'd horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Boves* and *Bovals*.

XCVI.

But from being farmers we turn gleaners, gleanings
The scanty but right well thresh'd ears of truth;
And, gentle reader, when you gather meaning,
You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.
Further I'd quote, but Scripture intervening
Forbids. A great impression in my youth
Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries,
'That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies.*'

XCVII.

But what we can, we glean in this vile age
Of chaff, although our gleanings be not grist
I must not quite omit the talking sage,
Kit-Cat, the famous conversationist,
Who, in his common-place book, had a page
Prepared each morn for evenings. 'List, oh
list!'

'Alas, poor ghost!' What unexpected woes
Await those who have studied their *bon-mots*!

XCVIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation,
By many windings, to their clever clench;
And secondly, must let slip no occasion,
Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,
But take an ell—and make a great sensation,
If possible; and thirdly, never flinch
When some smart talker puts them to the test,
But seize the last word, which no doubt's the best.

XCIX.

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts:
The party we have touch'd on were the guests.
Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts.
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts,
I will not dwell upon ragouts or foists,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

C.

Witness the lands which 'flow'd with milk and
Held out unto the hungry Israelites: [honey,]
To this we have added since the love of money,
The only sort of pleasure which requires,
Youth fades, and leaves our days no longer sunny;
We tire of mistresses and parasites;
But oh, ambrosial cash! Ah, who would lose thee?
When we no more can use, or even abuse, thee!

CI.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
Or hunt; the young, because they liked the sport—
The first thing boys like, after play and fruit:
The middle-aged, to make the day more short;

* Mrs. Adams answered Mr. Adams, that it was blasphemous to talk of Scripture out of church. This dogma was broached to her husband—the best Christian in any book. See *Joseph Andrews*, in the latter chapters.

I or *enorm* is a growth of English root,

Though nameless in our language!—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.

CII.

The elderly walk'd through the library,
And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
Or saunter'd through the garden piteously,
And made upon the hot-house several structures,
Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
Lenging, at sixty for the hour of six

CIII.

But none were *jeune*: the great hour of union
Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in communion,
Or solitary, as they chose to bear
The hours, which how to pass is but to few known
Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
What time he chose for dress, and broke his fast:
When, where, and how he chose for that repast.

CIV.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
Or walk'd; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad;
Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,
And settle *bonnets*, by the newest code,
Or cram'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
To make each correspondent a new debtor.

CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends,
The earth has nothing like a she-epistle,
And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
But, full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
When he allured poor Dolon; you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

CVI.

Then there were billiards; cards, too, but *no*
dice,—
Save in the clubs, no man of honour plays;—
Boats when 'twas water, skating when 'twas ice,
And the hard frost destroyed the scenting days;
And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it *

* It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists), to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *hovers* worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and pious in them; even net-fishing, trawling, etc., are more humane and useful; but angling! No angler can be a good man.

CVII.

When evening came the banquet and the wine;
The conversazione; the duet,
Attuned by voices more or less divine
(My heart or head aches with the memory yet).
The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the larp, because to music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
For then the gentleman were rather tired)
Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze;
Then there was small-talk ready when required,
Flirtation—but decorous; the mere praise
Of charms that should or should not be admired.
The hunters sought their fox-hair or ragam
And then retreated sberly—at ten

* One of the best men I ever knew—is himing, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world—was an angler, but a little angled with pointed fins, and would have been no quibble of the extravagance of I. Watson.

The above allusion was made a critical reading over the MS.—*And a bon mot per me!* I leave it to counterbalance my own observation.

CIX.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres;
The wits watch'd every loophole for their art,
To introduce a *bon-mot*, head and ears.
Small is the rest of those who would be smart;
A moment's good thing may have cost them years
Before they find an hour to introduce it; [lose +
And then, even *then*, some bore may make the

CX.

But all was gentle and aristocratic
In this our party, polish'd, smooth, and cold,
As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
There now are no Spure Westerns, as of old;
An hour Sophias are not so emphatic,
But far as then, or farer to behold.
We have no accomplished blackguards, like Tom
But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones. [Jones,

CXI.

They separated at an early hour;
That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon;
But in the country, ladies seek their bower
A little earlier than the waning moon.
Peace to the slumbers of each tumbled flower—
May the rose call back its true colour soon!
Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tints,
And lower the price of rouge—at least some winters

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

1823.

I.

If from great nature's or our own abyss
Of thought, we could but snatch a certainty,
Perhaps mankind might find the path they miss—
But then two worlds of mine a good philosophy.
One system eats another's out of this
Much as I sat in my prophagony;
For when his possessors' rage is all in vain,
In lieu of sons, of the clay he looks to gain.

II.

But System both reverse the Titan's freaks,
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,
After due search, your faith to any question?
Look back o'er ages, ere into the stake fast
You bind yourself, and call some misde the fact
One.

Nothing more true than *to it*: trust your senses;
And yet what are your other evidences?

III.

For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
A shut, reject, condemn; and what know you,
Except, perhaps, that you were born to die?
An I look on you, after all, turn out untrue
An age may come, I own of liberty,
When nothing shall be either old or new,
Death, so-called, is a thing which makes men weep;
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Or toil, is what we covet most, and yet

How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay!
The very suicide that pays his debt
At once without instants (an old way
Of paying debt, which creditors regret),
Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

V.

'Tis round him, near him, here, there, everywhere;
An I there's a courage which grows out of fear,
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to *do it*: when the mountains rear
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
You look down over the precipice, and drear
The gulf of rocks yawns, you can't gaze a minute
Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'Tis true, you don't—but, pale and struck with terror,
Retire; but look into your past impression,
And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
Of your own thoughts, in all their self-confession,
The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
To the *notion*, a secret prepossession
To plunge with all your fears—but where? You
know not;
An I that's the reason why they do—or do not.

VII.

But what's this to the purpose? you will say;
Gent reader, nothing; a mere speculation,
For which my sole excuse is—'tis my way,
Sometimes *with*, and sometimes *without* occasion,

I write what's uppermost, without delay :
 This narrative is not meant for narration ;
 But a mere airy and fantastic basis,
 To build up common things with common places.

VIII

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon saith,
 'Fling up a straw, twill show the way the wind
 blows ;'

And such a straw, borne on by human breath,
 Is poesy, according as the mind glows ;
 A paper kite which flies 'twixt life and death ;
 A shadow which the onward soul behind throws :
 And mine's a bubble, not blown up for praise,
 But just to play with, as an infant plays.

IX.

The world is all before me—or behind ;
 For I have seen a portion of that same,
 And quite enough for me to keep in mind.
 Of passions too I've proved enough to blame,
 To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,
 Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame ;
 For I was rather famous in my time,
 Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke
 The other : that's to say, the clergy—who
 Upon my head have bid their thunders break.
 In pious libels, by no means a few.
 And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
 Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
 In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
 And now because I feel it growing dull.

XI.

But 'why then publish?' There are no rewards
 Of fame or profit, when the world grows weary.
 I ask, in turn, Why do you play at cards?
 Why drink? Why read?—To make some hour
 less dreary.

It occupies me to turn back regards
 On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery ;
 And what I write, I cast upon the stream,
 To swim or sink—I've had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that, were I certain of success,
 I hardly could compose another line ;
 So long I've battled either more or less,
 That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
 This feeling 'tis not easy to express,
 And yet 'tis not affected, I opine.
 In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing ;
 The one is winning, and the other losing.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction ;
 She gathers a repertory of facts,
 Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
 But mostly sings of human things and acts.
 And that's one cause she meets with contradiction,
 For too much truth at first sight ne'er attracts ;
 And were her object only what's called glory,
 With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety ;
 Also a seasoning slight of lucubration :

A bird's-eye view, too, of that wild, Society ;
 A slight glance thrown on men of every station,
 If you had nought else, here's at least satiety,
 Both in performance and in preparation :
 And though these lines should only line port-
 manteaus,
 Trade will be all the better for these cantos.

XV.

The portion of this world which I at present
 Have taken up, to fill the following sermon,
 Is one of which there's no description recent ;
 The reason why is easy to determine :
 Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
 There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
 A dull and family likeness through all ages,
 Of no great promise for poetic pages.

XVI

With much to excite, there's little to exalt ;
 Nothing that speaks to all men and all times ;
 A sort of varnish over every fault ;
 A kind of commonplace, even in their crimes ;
 Factitious passion, wit without much salt,
 A want of that true nature which sublimes
 Whate'er it shows with truth ; a smooth monotony
 Of character, in those at least who've got any.

XVII.

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers off parade,
 They break their ranks, and gladly leave the
 drill ;
 But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
 And they must be or seem what they were ; still
 Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade.
 But when of the first sight you've had your fill,
 It palls—at least it did so upon me,
 This paradise of pleasure and *ennui*.

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gained our
 gaming,
 Drest, voted, shone, and, maybe, something more ;
 With dandies dined ; heard senators declaiming ;
 Seen beauties brought to market by the score,
 Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming ;
 There's little left but to be bored or bore.
 Witness those *cadet* and *jeunes hommes* who stem
 The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them.

XIX.

'Tis said—indeed, a general complaint—
 That no one has succeeded in describing
 The *monde* exactly as they ought to paint :
 Some say that authors only snatch, by bribing
 The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,
 To furnish matter for their moral gibing ; [mon—
 And that their books have but one style in com-
 My lady's prattle, filter'd through her woman.

XX.

But this can't well be true just now, for writers
 Are grown of the *beau monde* a part potential ;
 I've seen them balance even the scale with fighters,
 Especially when young, for that's essential.
 Why do their sketches fail them as inditers
 Of what they deem themselves most consequen-
 The *real* portrait of the highest tribe ? [ital,
 'Tis that, in fact, there's little to describe.

XXI.

'*Haud ignara loquor*;' these are *Nugæ*, 'quarum Pars parva fuit,' but still art and part.
 Now I could much more easily sketch a harem,
 A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,
 Than these things; and, besides, I wish to spare
 For reasons which I choose to keep apart. [em
 ' *Ut abo Cereris sacrum qui vulgari!*—
 Which means that vulgar people must not share it.

XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal—
 Lower'd, leaven'd, like a history of freemasons;
 Which bears the same relation to the real,
 As Captain Parry's voyage may do to Jason's.
 The grand arcanum's not for men to see all;
 My music has some mystic diaphanous:
 And there is much which could not be appreciated
 In any manner by the uninitiated.

XXIII.

Alas! worlds fall—and woman, since she fell'd
 The world (as, since that history, less polite
 Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held),
 Has not yet given up the practice quite.
 Poor thing of usages! coerced, compell'd,
 Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right,
 Condemn'd to child-bed, as men, for their sins,
 Have shaving too entail'd upon their cluns.—

XXIV.

A daily plague, which, in the aggregate,
 May average, on the whole, the parturition;
 But as to women, who can penetrate
 The real sufferings of their she condition?
 Man's very sympathy with their estate
 Has much of self-hiness and mere suspicion:
 Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,
 But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

XXV.

All this were very well, and can't be better;
 But even this is difficult, Heaven knows!
 So many troubles from her birth beset her,
 Such small distinction between friends and foes,
 The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,
 That—but ask any woman if she'd choose
 (Take her at thirty, that is) to have been
 Female or male, a school-boy or a queen.

XXVI.

'Petticoat influence' is a great reproach,
 Which even those who obey would fain be thought
 To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;
 But since beneath it, upon earth, we're brought,
 By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
 I for one venerate a petticoat—
 A garment of a mystical salinity,
 No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.

XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have adored
 In my young days, that chaste and godly veil,
 Which holds a treasure like a miser's hoard,
 And more attracts by all it doth conceal—
 A golden scabbard on a Damascus sword,
 A loving letter with a mystic seal,

A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle
 Before a petticoat and peeping ankle?

XXVIII.

And when, upon a silent, sullen day,
 With a sirocco, for example, blowing,
 When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,
 And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,
 And the sky shows that very ancient grey,
 The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,
 'Tis pleasant, if *then* anything is pleasant,
 To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines [mate,
 In that fair clime which don't depend on cli-
 Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,
 Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,
 Because the sun, and stars, and aught that shines,
 Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at.
 Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dieu*—
 Whether a sky's or tradesman's is all one.

XXX.

An in-door life is less poetical; [sleet.
 And out-of-door hath showers, and mists, and
 With which I could not brew a pastoral:
 But, be it as it may, a bard must meet
 All difficulties, whether great or small,
 To spoil his undertaking or complete;
 And work away, like spirit upon matter,
 Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water.

XXXI.

Juan—in this respect at least like saunts—
 Was all things unto people of all sorts,
 And lived contentedly, without complaints,
 In camps, in ships, in cottages, or courts;
 Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
 And mingling modestly in toils or sports,
 He likewise could be most things to all women,
 With all the coxembury of certain *she* men.

XXXII.

A fox hunt to a foreigner is strange:
 'Tis also subject to the double danger
 Of tumbling first, and having, in exchange,
 Some pleasant je-tting at the awkward stranger.
 But Juan had been early taught to range
 The wilds, as both an Arab turn'd avenger;
 So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
 Knew that he had a rider on his back.

XXXIII.

And now in this new field, with some applause,
 He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double post, and
 And never *cravat*,* and made but few *faux pas*,
 And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.

* *Cravatting*—*To cravat* is, or was, an expression used to denote a gentleman stretching out his neck over a hedge 'to look before he leaped,'—a pause in his 'vaulting ambition' which in the field doth occasion some delay and exasperation in those who may be immediately behind the equestrian sceptic. 'Sir, if you don't choose to take the lead, let me,' was a phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again; and to good purpose: for though 'the horse and rider' might fall, they made a gap, through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow.

He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail:
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen.

XXXIV.

But, on the whole, to general admiration
He acquitted both himself and horse: the
squires

Marvell'd at merit of another nation:
The boors cried, 'Dang it, who'd have thought
it?'—Sires,

The Nestors of the sporting generation,
Swore praises, and recall'd their former fires:
The huntsman's self relented to a grin,
And rated him almost a whipper-in.

XXXV.

Such were his trophies—not of spear and shield,
But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes foxes'
brushes;

Yet I must own—although in this I yield
To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes—
He thought at heart, like courtly Chesterfield,
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, ddes, bushes,
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
Ask'd, next day, 'if men ever hunted *tree*.'

XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon
To early risers after a long chase,
Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon
December's drowsy day to his dull race—
A quality agreeable to woman,
When her soft, liquid words run on apace,
Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner—
He did not fall asleep just after dinner,

XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
And shone in the best part of dialogue,
By humouring always what they might assert,
And listening to the topics most in vogue:
Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert:
And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!
He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer:
In short, there never was a better hearer.

XXXVIII.

And then he danced—all foreigners excel
The serious Angles in the eloquence
Of pantomime—he danced, I say, right well,
With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in footing indispensable:
He danced without theatrical pretence;
Not like a ballet-master in the van
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound
And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure:
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,
And rather held in than put forth his vigour.
And then he had an ear for music's sound,
Which might defy a crotchet critic's rigour:
Such classic *pas-sans* flaws—set off our hero,
He glanced like a personified Bolero.

XLI.

Or like a flying Hour before Aurora,
In Guido's famous fresco, which alone
Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
Remnant were there of the old world's sole
throne.

The *tout ensemble* of his movements were a
Grace of the soft ideal seldom shown,
And ne'er to be described: for, to the colour
Of bards and poets, words are void of colour

XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite:
A full-grown Cupid, very much admired,
A little sport, but by no means so quite;
At least he kept his vanity retired.
Such was his tact, he could elude delight
The chaste, and those who're not so much inspired:

The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved *trousserie*,
Began to treat him with some small *agacerie*.

XLII.

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,
Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated
For several winters in the grand, *grande monde*,
I'd rather not say what might be related
Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground;
Besides, there might be falsehood in what's
stated:

Her late performance had been a dead set
At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLIII.

This noble personage began to look
A little black upon this new flirtation:
But such small licences must lovers brook,
Mere freedoms of the female corporation.
Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!
'Twill but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators, when they count on woman.

XLIV.

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd;
The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd:
Some hop'd things might not turn out as they
fear'd:
Some would not deem such women could be found;
Some ne'er believed one-half of what they heard:
Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd pro-
found;

And several pitied, with sincere regret,
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLV.

But what is odd, none ever named the Duke,
Who, one might think, was something in the
affair:
True, he was absent, and 'twas rumour'd, took
But small concern about the when, or where,
Or what his consort did: if he could brook
Her gaieties, none had a right to stare.
Theirs was that best of unions, past all doubt,
Which never meets, and therefore can't fall out.

XLVI.

But—oh that I should ever pen so sad a line—
Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,

LVIII.

I hate a motive, like a lingering bottle,
Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
Leaving all claretless the unmoisten'd throttle,
Especially with politics on hand ;
I hate it, : I hate a drove of cattle,
Who whirl the dust, as simooms whirl the sand ;
I hate it, as I hate an argument,
A laureate's ode, or servile peer's 'content.'

LIX.

'Tis sad to hack into the roots of things,
They're so much intertisted with the earth ;
So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,
I reckon not if an acorn gave it birth.
To trace all actions to their secret springs,
Would make indeed some melancholy mirth ;
But this is not at present my concern,
And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.*

LX.

With the kind view of saving an *édit*,
Both to the Duchess and diplomatist,
The Lady Adeline, as soon 's she saw
That Juan was unlikely to resist
(For foreigners don't know that a *faux pas*
In England ranks quite on a different list
From those of other lands, unblest with juries,
Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is)—

LXI.

The Lady Adeline resolved to take
Such measures as she thought might best impede
The further progress of this sad mistake.
She thought with some simplicity indeed ;
But innocence is bold even at the stake,
And simple in the world, and doth not need,
Nor use, those palisades by dainties erected,
Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

LXII.

It was not that she fear'd the very worst ;
His Grace was an enduring married man,
And was not likely all at once to burst
Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan
Of Doctors' Commons ; but she dreaded first
The magic of her Grace's talisman,
And next a quarrel (as he seem'd to fret)
With Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

LXIII.

Her Grace, too, pass'd for being an *intrigante*,
And somewhat *méchante* in her amorous sphere ;
One of those pretty, precious plagues, which haunt
A lover with caprices soft and dear,
That like to *make* a quarrel, when they can't
Find one, each day of the delightful year ;
Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow,
And—what is worst of all—won't let you go :

LXIV.

The sort of thing to turn a young man's head,
Or make a Werter of him in the end.

* The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern said to his son, on the latter expressing his surprise upon the great effects arising from petty causes in the presumed mystery of politics : 'You see by this, my son, with how little wisdom the kingdoms of the world are governed.'

No wonder then a purer soul should dread

This sort of chaste *raison* for a friend :

It were much better to be wed or dead,

Than wear a heart a woman loves to rend.

'Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,

If that a *bonne fortune* be really *bonne*.

LXV.

And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,
Which really knew, or thought it knew, no guile,
She call'd her husband now and then apart,
And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile,
Lord Henry heard her pleas of artless art
To wear Don Juan from the siren's wile ;
And answer'd, like a statesman or a prophet,
In such guise that she could make nothing of it

LXVI.

Firstly, he said, 'he never interfered
In anybody's business but the king's.'
Next, that 'he never judged from what appear'd,
Without strong reason, of those sort of things ;'
Thirdly, that 'Juan had more brain than beard,
And was not to be held in leading strings ;'
And fourthly, what need I hardly be said twice,
'That good but rarely came from good advice.'

LXVII.

And therefore, doubtless to approve the truth
Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth—
At least as far as *honour* allows ;
That time would temper Juan's faults of youth,
That young men rarely made monastic vows ;
That opposition only more attaches—
But here a messenger brought in despatches ;

LXVIII.

And being of the council call'd 'the Privy,'
Lord Henry walk'd into his cabinet,
To furnish matter for some future Livy.
To tell how he reduced the nation's debt ;
And if their full contents I do not give ye,
It is because I do not know them yet ;
But I shall all them in a brief appendix,
To come between mine epic and its index

LXIX.

But ere he went, he ad-lib'd a slight hint,
Another gentle commonplace or two,
Such as are cou'd in conversation's munt,
And pass, for want of better, though not new ;
Then broke his packet to see what was in't,
And, having casually glanced it through,
Retired ; and, as he went out, calmly kiss'd her,
Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

LXX.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,
Proud of his birth, and proud of everything ;
A goodly spirit for a state divan,
A figure fit to walk before a king ;
Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van
On birthdays, glorious, with a star and string ;
The very model of a chamberlain—
And such I mean to make him, when I reign.

LXXI.

But there was something wanting on the whole—
I don't know what, and therefore cannot tell—

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—
 Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion,
 Her conduct had been perfectly correct,
 As she had seen nought claiming its expansion,
 A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd,
 Because 'tis frailer, doubtless, than a staunch one:
 But when the latter works its own undoing,
 Its inner crash is like an earthquake's ruin.

LXXXVI.

She loved her lord, or thought so; but *that* love
 Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,
 The stone of Sisyphus, if once we move
 Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.
 She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,
 No bickerings, no connubial turmoil:
 Their union was a model to behold,
 Serene and noble—conjugal, but cold.

LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,
 Though much in temper; but they never clash'd:
 They moved like stars united in their spheres,
 Or like the Rhone by Leman's waters wash'd,
 Where mingled, and yet separate, appears
 The river from the lake all bluely dash'd
 Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
 Which fain would hush its river-child to sleep.

LXXXVIII.

Now, when she once had ta'en an interest
 In anything, however she might flatter
 Herself that her intentions were the best,
 Intense intentions are a dangerous matter:
 Impressions were much stronger than she guess'd,
 And gather'd as they ran, like growing water,
 Upon her mind; the more so, as her breast
 Was not at first too readily impress'd.

LXXXIX.

But when it was, she had that lurking demon
 Of double nature, and thus doubly nam'd—
 Firmness yclept in heroes, kings, and seamen,
 That is, when they succeed; but greatly blamed,
 As *obstinacy*, both in men and women,
 Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is tamed:
 And 'twill perplex the casuist in morality,
 To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.

XC.

Had Buonaparte won at Waterloo,
 It had been firmness; now 'tis pertinacity:
 Must the event decide between the two?
 I leave it to your people of sagacity
 To draw the line between the false and true,
 If such can 'er be drawn by man's capacity:
 My business is with Lady Adeline,
 Who in her way, too, was a heroine.

XCI.

She knew not her own heart: then how should I?
 I think not she was *then* in love with Juan:
 so, she would have had the strength to fly
 The wild sensation, unto her a new one.
 She merely felt a common sympathy
 (I will not say it was a false or true one)
 In him, because she thought he was in danger—
 Her husband's friend, her own young, and a stranger.

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this
 Without the farce of friendship, or romance
 Of Platonism which leads so oft amiss
 Ladies who've studied friendship but in France
 Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.
 To thus much Adeline would not advance;
 But of such friendship as man's may to man be,
 She was as capable as woman can be.

XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex
 Will there, as also in the ties of blood,
 An innocent predominance annex,
 And tune the concord to a finer mood.
 If free from passion, which all friendship checks,
 And your true feelings fully understood,
 No friend like to a woman earth discovers,
 So that you have not been, nor will be, lovers.

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
 Of change; and how should this be otherwise
 That violent things more quickly find a term,
 Is shown through nature's whole analogies;
 And how should the most fierce of all be firm?
 Would you have endless lightning in the skies?
 Methinks Love's very title says enough:
 How should the *tender* passion 'er be *tough*?

XCV.

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet
 (I merely quote what I have heard from many)
 Had lovers not some reason to regret
 The passion which made Solomon a zany.
 I've also seen some wives (not to forget
 The marriage state, the best or worst of any)
 Who were the very paragons of wives,
 Yet made the misery of at least two lives.

XCVI.

I've also seen some female *friends* (tis odd,
 But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)
 That faithful were through thick and thin, abroad,
 At home, far more than ever yet was love—
 Who did not quit me when Oppression trod
 Upon me; whom no scandal could remove;
 Who fought, and fight, in absence, too, my battles,
 Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
 Grew friends in this or any other sense,
 Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine:
 At present I am glad of a pretence
 To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
 And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*;
 The surest way for ladies and for books,
 To bait their tender, or their tenter, hooks.

XCVIII.

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied Spanish,
 To read Don Quixote in the original,
 A pleasure before which all others vanish,
 Whether their talk was of the kind call'd 'small,
 Or serious, are the topics I must banish
 To the next canto; where perhaps I shall
 Say something to the purpose, and display
 Considerable talent in my way.

XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear
 Anticipating aught about the matter.
 They'll only make mistakes about the fair,
 And Juan too, especially the latter.
 And I shall take a much more serious air
 Than I have yet done in this epic satire.
 It is not clear that Adeline and Juan
 Will fall; but if they do, 'twill be their ruin.

C.

But great things spring from little: would you think
 That, in our youth, as dangerous a passion
 As e'er brought man and woman to the brink
 Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,
 As few would ever dream could form the link
 Of such a sentimental situation?
 You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions, milliards:
 It all sprung from a harudess game at billiards.

CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

All!—What should follow slips from my reflection:
 Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be
 As a *propos* of hope or retrospection,
 As though the lurking thought had follow'd free.
 All present life is but an interjection,
 An 'Oh!' or 'Ah!' of joy or misery,
 Or a 'Ha! ha!' or 'Bah!'—a yawn:—'Poh!
 Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

II.

But more or less, the whole's a synecdoche
 Or a *synecdoche*—evidence of emotion,
 That gran Lanthimos to great *evan*,
 Where with we'll break our bubbles on the ocean,
 That watery outline of eternity,
 Or miniature, at least, of my nation,
 Which ministers into the *old's* delight,
 In seeing matters which are out of sight.

III.

But all are better than the sigh appret,
 Corroding in the cavern of the heart,
 Making the counter once a mark of rest
 And turning lion in nature to an art.
 Few men star, show their thoughts of worst or best:
 Dissimulation always sets apart
 A corner for herself; and the retro-fiction
 Is that which passes with least contradiction.

IV.

Ah! who can tell? Or rather who can not
 Remember, without telling, passion's errors?
 The draught of oblivion, even the sot,
 Hath got blue devils for his morning mirrors:
 What though on Lethe's stream he seem to float,
 He cannot sink his tremors or his terrors:
 The ruby glass that shakes within his hand,
 Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

V.

And as for love—Oh love!—We will proceed.
 The Lady Adeline Amundeville,

CI

'Tis strange, but true: for truth is always strange;
 Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,
 How much would novels gain by the exchange!
 How differently the world would men behold!
 How oft would vice and virtue places change!
 The new world would be nothing to the old,
 If some Columbus of the moral seas
 Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

CII.

What 'antres vast and deserts idle' then
 Would be discover'd in the human soul!
 What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
 With self-love in the centre as their pole!
 What Anthropophagi are nine of ten
 Of those who hold the kingdoms in control!
 Were things but only call'd by their right name,
 Cesar himself would be ashamed of fame.

1824.

I.

A pretty name as one would wish to read,
 Must perch harmonious on my tuneful quill,
 There's music in the sighing of a reed;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;
 There's music in all things, if men had ears:
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

VI.

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,
 And honour'd, ran a risk of growing less so:
 For few of the soft sex are very stable
 In their resolves—alas, that I should say so!
 They differ as wine differs from its label,
 When once decanted;—I presume to guess so,
 But will not swear; yet both, upon occasion,
 Fill old, may undergo adulteration.

VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,
 The truest lighted essence of the grape; and yet
 Bright as a new Napoleon from its mintage,
 Or glorious as a diamond richly set;
 A page where Time should be atate to print age,
 And for which Nature might forego her debt—
 Sole creditor whose process doth involve in it
 The luck of finding everybody solvent.

VIII.

O! death! thou dunmst of all duns! thou daily
 Knockest at door, at first with modest tap,
 Like a meek tradesman when approaching palely
 Some splendid debtor he would take by sap;
 But off demerit, as patience 'gins to fail, he
 Advances with exasperated rap,
 And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,
 On ready money, or 'a draft on Ransom.'

IX.

Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor Beauty!
 She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.
 What though she now and then may slip from
 duty?
 The more's the reason why you ought to stay

Gaunt Gourmand! with whole nations for your
You should be civil in a modest way: [booty,
Suppress, then, some slight feminine diseases;
And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases.

X.

Fair Adeline, the more ingenious
Where she was interested (as was said),
Because she was not apt, like some of us,
To like too readily, or too high bred
To show it (points we need not now discuss),
Would give up artlessly both heart and head
Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,
For objects worthy of the sentiment.

XI.

Some parts of Juan's history, which Rumour,
That live-gazette, had scatter'd, to disfigure,
She had heard; but women hear with more good
humour
Such aberrations, than we men of rigour:
Besides his conduct since in England grew more
Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier vigour;
Because he had, like Alcibiades,
The art of living in all climes with ease.

XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,
Because he ne'er seemed anxious to seduce:
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive,
Of coxcomby or conquest; no abuse
Of his attractions morn'd the fair perspective,
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,
And seem to say, 'Resist us if you can'—
Which makes a dandy, while it spoils a man.

XIII.

They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it;
As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it:
In fact, his manner was his own alone.
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,
In listening merely to his voice's tone.
The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

XIV.

By nature soft, his whole address held off
Suspicion: though not timid, his regard
Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,
To shield himself, than put you on your guard:
Perhaps 'twas hardly quite assured enough,
But modesty's at times its own reward,
Like virtue: and the absence of pretension
Will go much further than there's need to mention.

XV.

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful, but not loud;
Insinuating, without insinuation;
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,
Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation:
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,
So as to make them feel he knew his station
And theirs: without a struggle for priority,
He neither brook'd nor claimed superiority.

XVI.

That is, with men: with women he was what
They pleased to make or take him for: and their

Imagination's quite enough for that:
So that the outline's tolerably fair,
They fill the canvas up—and *verbum sat*.
If once their phantasies be brought to bear
Upon an object, whether sad or playful,
They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael.

XVII.

Adeline, no deep judge of character,
Was apt to add a colouring from her own:
'Tis thus the good will amiably err,
And eke the wise, as has been often shown.
Experience is the chief philosopher,
But saddest when his science is well known:
And persecuted sages teach the schools
Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

XVIII.

Was it not so, great Locke? and greater Bacon?
Great Socrates? And thou, Diviner still,*
Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,
And Thy pure creed made sanction of all ill?
Redeeming worlds to be by ligots shaken,
How was Thy toil rewarded? We might fill
Volumes with similar sad illustrations,
But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

XIX.

I perch upon an humbler promontory,
Amidst life's infinite variety;
With no great care for what is nicknamed glory,
But speculating as I cast mine eye
On what may suit, or may not suit, my story,
And never straining hard to versify,
I rattle on exactly as I'd talk
With anybody in a ride or walk.

XX.

I don't know that there may be much ability
Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme;
But there's a conversational facility,
Which may round off an hour upon a time
Of this I'm sure, at least there's no servility
In mine irregularity of chime,
Which rings what's uppermost of now or hoary,
Just as I feel the *Improvisatore*.

XXI.

Omnia vult *belle* Matho dicere—*dic* aliquando
Et *bene*, *dic* *numquam*, *dic* *aliquando* *male*!
The first is rather more than mortal can do;
The second may be sadly done or gaily;
The third is still more difficult to stand to;
The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily:
The whole together is what I could wish
To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

* As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say that I mean by 'Diviner still,' Christ. If ever God was man, or man God, He was *belle*. I never arraigned His creed, but the use, or abuse, made of it. Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction negro slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified that black men might be scourged? If so, He had better been born a Mulatto, to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at least salvation.

XXII.

A modest hope—but modesty's my forte,
And pride my foible: let us ramble on,
I meant to make this poem very short;
But now I can't tell where it may not run.
No doubt, if I had wished to pay my court
To critics, or to hail the *setting* sun
Of tyranny of all kinds, my concision
Were more; but I was born for opposition.

XXIII.

But then 'tis mostly on the weaker side
So that I verily believe, if they
Who now are basking in their full-blown pride
Were shaken down, and 'dogs had had their day:
Thought at the first I might perchance deride
Their tumble, I should turn the other way,
And wax an ultra-royalist in loyalty,
Because I hate even democratic royalty.

XXIV.

I think I should have made a decent spouse,
If I had never proved the soft condition:
I think I should have made monastic vows,
But for my own peculiar super-sit on: [brows,
'Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd my
Nor broken my own head, nor that of Priscian,
Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,
If some one had not told me to forego it.

XXV.

But *laissez aller*—knights and dames I sing,
Such as the times may furnish—'Tis a flight
Which seems at first to need no lofty wing,
Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrite.
The difficulty lies in colouring
(Keeping the due proportions still in sight)
With nature, manners which are artificial,
And rendering general that which is especial.

XXVI.

The difference is, that in the days of old,
Men made the manners; manners now make men—
Pinn'd like a flock, and flocked too in their fold,
At least nine, and a ninth beside of ten,
Now this at all events must run for gold
Your writers, who must either draw again
Days better drawn before, or else assume
The present, with their commonplace costume.

XXVII.

We'll do our best to make the best out: March,
March, my Muse! if you cannot fly, yet flutter;
And when you may not be sublime, be arch,
Or starchy, as are the edicts statesmen utter.
We surely may find something worth research:
Columbus found a new world in a cutter,
Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,
While yet America was in her nonage.

XXVIII.

When Adeline, in all her growing sense
Of Juan's merits and his situation,
Felt on the whole an interest intense—
Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,
Or that he had an air of innocence,
Which is for innocence a sad temptation—
As women hate half-measures, on the whole,
She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

XXIX.

She had a good opinion of advice,
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
For which small thanks are still the market price,
Even where the article at highest rate is.
She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,
And morally decided the best state is,
For morals, marriage; and this question carried,
She seriously advised him to get married.

XXX.

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,
He had a predilection for that tie;
But that at present, with immediate reference
To his own circumstances, there might lie
Some difficulties, as in his own preference,
Or that of her to whom he might apply;
That still he'd wed with such or such a lady,
If that they were not married all already.

XXXI.

Next to the making matches for herself,
And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin,
Arranging them like books on the same shelf,
There's nothing women love to dabble in
(More like a stockholder in growing jelf)
Than matchmaking in general: 'tis no sin,
Certain, but a preventative, and therefore
That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore.

XXXII.

But never yet (except of course a miss
Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,
Or wed already, who object to this)
Was there chaste dame who had not, in her head,
Some drama of the marriage unitis,
Observed as strictly, both at board and bed,
As those of Aristotle, though sometimes
They turn out melodramas or pantomimes.

XXXIII.

They generally have some only son,
Some heir to a large property, some friend
Of an old family, some gay Sir John,
Or grave Lord George, with whom perhaps might
A line, and leave posterity undone, [end,
Unless a marriage was applied to mend
The prospect and their morals; and, besides,
They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

XXXIV.

From these they will be careful to select,
For this an heiress, and for that a beauty;
For one, a songstress who hath no defect;
For 't'other, one who promises much duty;
For this, a lady no one can reject,
Whose sole accomplishments were quite a booty;
A second for her excellent connections;
A third because there can be no objections.

XXXV.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargued marriage
In his harmonious settlement* (which flourishes

* This extraordinary and flourishing German colony in America does not entirely exclude matrimony, as the 'Shakers' do, but lays such restrictions upon it as prevent more than a certain quantum of births within a certain number of years; which births (as Mr. Hulme observes) 'generally arrive in a little flock

Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
Because it breeds no more mouths than it
nourishes,

Without those sad expenses which disparage
What Nature naturally most encourages,
Why call'd he ' Harmony' a state *sans* wedlock?
Now here I've got the preacher at a dead lock.

XXXVI.

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony
Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly;
But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in Ger-
many

Or not, 'tis said his sect is rich and godly,
Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any
Of ours, although they propagate more broadly,
My objection's to his title, not his ritual,
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

XXXVII.

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,
Who favour, *malgré* Malthus, generation—
Professors of that genial art, and patrons
Of all the modest part of propagation;
Which, after all, at such a desperate rate runs,
That half its produce tends to emigration,
That sad result of passions and potatoes—
Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

XXXVIII.

Had Adeline read Malthus? I don't tell;
I wish she had; his book's the eleventh com-
mandment,

Which says, 'Thou shalt not marry,' unless *well*;
This he (as far as I can understand) meant,
'Tis not my purpose on his views to dwell,
Nor canvass what 'so eminent a hand' meant;
But certes it conducts to lives ascetic,
Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

XXXIX.

But Adeline, who probably presumed
That Juan had enough of maintenance,
Or *separate* maintenance, in case 'twas doom'd—
As on the whole it is an even chance
That bridegrooms, after they are fairly groom'd,
May retrograde a little in the dance
Of marriage (which might form a painter's fame,
Like Holbein's 'Dance of Death'—but 'tis the
same):

XL.

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding
In her own mind, and that's enough for woman;
But then with whom? There was the sage Miss
Reading,

Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman, and
Miss Knowman,

And the two fair co-heiresses Giltbedding.
She deem'd his merits something more than
common:

like those of a farmer's lumps, all within the same
month perhaps.' These Harmonists (so called from
the name of their settlement) are represented as a
remarkably flourishing, pious, and quiet people. See
the various recent writers on America.
Jacob Tomson, according to Mr. Pope, was accus-
tomed to call his writers 'able pens,' 'persons of
honour,' and especially 'eminent hands.' *The Corre-*
spondence, etc

All these were unobjectionable matches,
And might go on, if well wound up, like watches.

XLI.

There was Miss Milpond, smooth as summer's sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seem'd the cream of copianimity,
Tall skinn'd—and then there was some milk and
water,

With a slight shade of blue, too, it might be,
Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?
Love's motous, but marriage should have quiet,
And, being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

XLII.

And then there was the Miss Audacia Shoestring,
A dashing demoiselle of good estate,
Whose heart was fixed upon a star or blue string;
But whether English-dukes grew rare of late,
Or that she had not harp'd upon the true string
By which such sirens can attract our great,
She took up with some foreign younger brother,
A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as 't'other.

XLIII.

And then there was—but why should I go on,
Unless the Ladies should go off?—there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her class—
Aurora Ruby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass;
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

XLIV.

Rich, noble, but an orphan; left an only
Child to the care of guardians good and kind;
But still her aspect had an air so lonely!
Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown lie
By death, when we are left, aas, behind,
To feel in friendless palaces, a home
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

XLV.

Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes, which sally shone, as seraphs' shine;
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline;
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime;
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more

XLVI.

She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd;
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear,
Perhaps, because 'twas fallen; her sires were
proud
Of deeds and days, when they had filled the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To novel power; and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

XLVII.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone

There was awe in the homage which she drew :
Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne,
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young.

XLVIII.

Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue
Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,
Although her birth and wealth had given her vogue,
Beyond the charmers we've already cited :
Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog
Against her being mention'd as well fitted
By many virtues to be worth the trouble
Of single gentlemen, who would be double.

XLIX.

And this omission, like that of the bust
Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,
Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must,
Thus he express'd, half smiling and half serious ;
When Adeline reply'd, with some disgust,
And with an air, to say the least, impetuous,
She marvel'd 'what he saw in such a body,
As that print, silent, cold Aurora Raby ?

L.

Juan rejoined, 'she was a Catholic,
And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion ;
Since she was sure his mother would fall sick,
And the Pope thunder excommunication,
If —'— But here Adeline, who seem'd to pique
Herself extremely on the modulation
Of others with her own opinions, stood—
As usual—the same reason which she late did.

LI.

And wherefore not? A reason she reason,
If good, is none the worse for repetition ;
If bad, the best way's certainly to reason on,
And amplify—yet lose more fully consent !
Where, coinciding in point of reason,
Convines all men, even a politician ;
Or—what it is just the same, if we are court ;
So the end's gain'd, what signifies the route ?

LII.

How Adeline had this slight remark—
For prejudice it was, and of a creature
As pure as an infant's soft skin—
With all the subtle charm of form and feature,
For me appears a question far too nice,
Since Adeline was liberal by nature,
But nature's nature, and has more caprices,
Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

LIII.

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way
With which Aurora on those baubles look'd,
Which charm most people in their earlier day ;
For there are few things by mankind less brook'd,
And womankind too, if we so may say,
Than finding thus their genius staid rebuk'd,
I like 'Antony's by Cæsar,' by the few
Who look up at them as they ought to do.

LIV.

It was not envy—Adeline had none ;
Her place was far beyond it, and beyond ;
It was not scorn—which could not light on one
Whose greatest *fault* was leaving few to find ;

It was not jealousy, I think ; but shun
Following the *ignes fatui* of mankind :
It was not— But 'tis easier far, alas,
To say what it was not than what it was.

LV.

Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme
Of such discussion. She was there a guest
A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream
Of rank and youth, though purer than the rest,
Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam
Time sheds a moment o'er each sparkling crest.
Had she known this, she would have calmly
She had so much, or little, of the child. [smile—

LVI.

The dashing and proud air of Adeline
Impose I not upon her ; she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm shine,
Then turn'd unto the stars for loftier rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
Being moral in the new world's ways ;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not put her faith on feature.

LVII.

His fame, too—for he had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the duce with woman-
kind—
A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
Half virtues and whole vices being combin'd ;
Faults which attract because they are not tame ;
Follies which shined out so brightly that they blind ;
These seals upon her wax made no impression,
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

LVIII.

Juan knew nought of such a character—
High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée ;
Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere.
The island girl, bred up by the lone sea,
More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,
Was Nature's all ; Aurora could not be,
Nor would she, thus ; the difference in them
Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

LIX.

Having wound up with this sublime comparison,
My thinks we may proceed upon our narrative,
And, as my friend Scott says, 'I sound my war-
song'
Scott, the superlative of my comparative—
Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or
Saracen,
Sart, Lord, man, with such skill as none would
share, it, it

There had not been one Shakspeare and Voltaire,
Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.

LX.

I say, in my slight way I may proceed
To fly upon the surface of humanity
I write the world, nor care if the world read ;
At least for this I cannot spare its vanity,
My nose hath bred, and still perhaps may breed,
More foes by this same scroll ; when I began
it, I

Thought that it might turn out so—*now I know it ;*
But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

LXI.

The conference or congress (for it ended
As congresses of late do) of the Lady
Adeline and Don Juan rather blended
Some acids with the sweets—for she was heady;
But ere the matter could be marr'd or mended,
The silvery bell rang, not for 'dinner ready,'
But for that hour, call'd *half-hour*, given to dress,
Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

LXII.

Great things were now to be achieved at table.
With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
For weapons; but what Muse since Homer's able
(His feasts are not the worst part of his works)
To draw up in array a single day-bill
Of modern dinners, where more mystery lurks
In soups or sauces, or a sole ragout,
Than witches, b—ches, or physicians brew?

LXIII.

There was a goodly *soupe à la bonne femme*,
Though God knows whence it came from; there
was, too,
A turbot, for relief of those who cram,
Relieved with *dindon à la Perigoux*;
There also was—the sinner that I am!
How shall I get this gourmand stanza through?—
Soupe à la Beauveau, whose relief was dory,
Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

LXIV.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess,
Or mass; for, should I stretch into detail,
My Muse would run much more into excess,
Than when some squeamish people deem her frail.
But though a *bonne vivante*, I must confess
Her stomach's not her peccant part: this tale,
However, doth require some slight refection,
Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

LXV.

Fowls à la *Condé*, slices eke of salmon,
With *sauces Gênévoises*, and haunch of venison;
Wines, too, which might again have slain young
Ammon—
A man like whom I hope we shan't see many
soon,
They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison:
And then there was champagne, with foaming
whirls,
As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

LXVI.

Then there was Go knows what à *P. Allemande*,
A l'Espagnole, verballe, and *salpicon*—
With things I can't withstand or understand,
Though swallow'd with much zest, upon the
whole;
And *entremets* to piddle with, at hand,
Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;
While great Lucullus' *robe triumpnale* muffles
(*There's fame*) young partridge fillets, deck'd with
truffles.

* A dish à la *Lucullus*. This hero, who conquered
the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the

LXVII.

What are the *fillets* on the victor's brow
To these? They are rags or dust. Where is
the arch
Which nod'd to the nation's spoils below?
Where the triumphal chariot's haughty march?
Gone to where victories must, like dinners, go.
Further I shall not follow the research;
But oh, ye modern heroes, with your cartridges,
When will your names lend lustre e'en to par-
tridges?

LXVIII.

Those truffles, too, are no bad accessories,
Follow'd by *petits fruits d'amour**—a dish
Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies:
So every one may dress it to his wish,
According to the best of dictionaries,
Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish;
But even *sans confitures*, it no less true is
There's pretty picking in those *petits fruits*,

LXIX.

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation
Of intellect, expanded on two courses;
And indigestion's grand multiplication
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces,
Who would suppose, from Adam's simplification,
That cookery could have call'd forth such
resources,
As form a science and a nomenclature,
From out the commonest demands of nature?

LXX.

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled;
The diners of celebrity dined well;
The ladies with more moderation mingled
In the feast, pecking less than I can tell.
Also the younger men, too; for a spring-dold
Can't, like ripe age, in gourmandise excel;
But thinks less of good eating than the whisper
(When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

LXXI.

Alas! I must leave undescribed the *gibier*,
The *salmi*, the *consommé*, the *purée*,
All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber,
Than could roast beef in our rough John Bull
way:
I must not introduce even a spare-rib here:
'Bubble and squeak' would spoil my liquid lay;
But I have dined, and must fore-go, alas,
The chaste description even of a *bécasse*,

LXXII.

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines
From nature: for the service of the *gout*—
Taste or the *gout*—pronounce it as inclines
Your stomach: ere you die, the French will do

transplantation of cherries (which he first brought
into Europe), and the nomenclature of some very
good dishes, and I am not sure that (barring indiges-
tion) he has not done more service to mankind by his
cookery than by his conquests. A cherry-tree may
weigh against a bloody laurel; besides, he has con-
trived to earn celebrity from both.

* *Petits fruits d'amour garnis des confitures*, a
classical and well-known dish for part of the flank of
a second course.

But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs
Which prove plain English truer of the two,
Hast ever *had the gout*? I have not had it—
But I may have; and you, too, reader, dread it.

LXXIII.

The simple olives, best allies of wine,
Must I pass over in my bill of fare?
I must, although a favourite *plat* of mine
In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, everywhere.
On them and bread 'twas oft my luck to dine,
The grass my table-cloth, in open air,
On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,
Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is.

LXXIV.

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,
And vegetables, all in masquerade,
The guests were placed according to their roll;
But various as the various meats display'd;
Don Juan sat next an *à l'Espagnole*—
No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said;
But so far like a lady, that 'twas drest
Superbly, and contain'd a world of zest.

LXXV.

By some odd chance, too, he was placed between
Aurora and the Lady Adeline—
A situation difficult, I wene,
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to dine,
Also the conference which we have seen,
Was not such as to encourage him to shine;
For Adeline, addressing few words to him,
With two transcendent eyes seem'd to look
through him.

LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears:
This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge
springs:
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,
Which no one hears, so loudly though it rings,
'Tis wonderful how oft the sex have heard
Long dialogues—which pass'd without a word!

LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indolence
Which piques a *penelope*—*she*—*it* thought;
Of all offences, that's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.
Now Juan, though no oxenoid in pretence,
Was not exactly pleased to be so thought,
Like a good ship entangled among ice,
And after so much excellent a treat.

LXXVIII.

To his gay nothings nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as 'er duty
Required. Aurora scarcely look'd as if,
Nor even smil'd enough for any vanity.
The devil was in the girl!—Could it be pride?
Or modesty, or absence, or vanity?
Heaven knows!—But Adeline's malicious eyes
Sparkled with her successful prophecies.

LXXIX.

And look'd as much as if to say, 'I said it';
A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,

Because it sometimes, as I've seen or read it,
Both in the case of lover and of friend,
Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,
To bring what was a jest to a serious end:
For all men prophecy what *is* or *was*,
And hate those who wont let them come to pass.

LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight but select, and just enough to express,
To females of conspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more than less
Aurora, at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than guess),
So far relax'd her thoughts from their sweet prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

LXXXI.

From answering, she began to question: this
With her was rare; and Adeline, who as yet
Thought her predictions went not much amiss,
Began to dread she'd thaw to a coquette—
So very difficult, they say, it is
To keep extremes from meeting, when once set
In motion; but she here too much refined—
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

LXXXII.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which show'd such deference to what females say,
As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, temper'd him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or free:
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

LXXXIII.

Aurora, who, in her indifference,
Complais'd him in common with the crowd
of flatterers, though she deem'd he had more sense
Than whispering foplings, or than wiflings loud,
Commenc'd (from such slight things will great
commence)
To feel that flattery which attracts the proud
Rather by deference than compliment,
And was vex'd by a delicate dissent.

LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks: that point was car-
ried.
Newcom, amongst the women, which I grieve
To say has oft to *come*, *come*, with the married—
A case which to the junes we may leave,
Since with digressions we too long have tarried.
Now, though we know of old that looks deceive,
As I always have done, somehow these good looks
Make more impressions than the best of books.

LXXXV.

Aurora, who look'd more on books than faces,
Was very young, although so very sage;
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a printed page.
But Virtue's self, with all her tightest faces,
Has not the natural stays of strict old age;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Own'd to a *postulant*, though discreet, for beauty

LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic;
 But innocently so, as Socrates:
 And really, if the sage sublime and Attic
 At seventy years had phantasies like these,
 Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic
 Has shown, I know not why they should dis-
 please
 In virgins—always in a modest way,
 Observe; for that with me's a *sine qua*.*

LXXXVII.

Also observe that, like the great Lord Coke
 (See Littleton), when'er I have express'd
 Opinions two, which at first sight may look
 Twin opposites, the second is the best.
 Perhaps I have a third, too, in a nook,
 Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest;
 But if a writer should be quite consistent,
 How could he possibly show things existent?

LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I
 Help contradicting them, and everybody,
 Even my veracious self? But that's a lie:
 I never did so, never will—how should I?
 He who doubts all things, nothing can deny:
 Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams are
 muddy,
 And cut through such canals of contradiction,
 That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

LXXXIX.

Apologue, fable, poesy, and parable
 Are false, but may be render'd also true,
 By those who sow them in a land that's arable.
 'Tis wonderful what fable will not do!
 'Tis said it makes reality more bearable;
 But what's reality? Who has its clue?
 Philosophy? No: she too much rejects.
 Religion: Yes; but which of all her sects?

XC.

Some millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear:
 Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.
 God help us! Since we've need, on our career,
 To keep our holy beacons always bright,
 'Tis time that some new prophet should appear,
 Or old indulge man with a second sight.
 Opinions wear out in some thousand years,
 Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

XCI.

But here again, why will I thus entangle
 Myself with metaphysics? None can hate
 So much as I do any kind of wrangle;
 And yet, such is my folly or my fate,
 I always knock my head against some angle,
 About the present, past, or future state;
 Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
 For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

XCII.

But though I am a temperate theologian,
 And also meek as a metaphysician,
 Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan,
 As Eldon on a lunatic commission,

In politics my duty is to show John
 Bull something of the lower world's condition.
 It makes my blood boil like the springs of Hecla
 To see men let these scoundrel sovereigns break
 law.

XCIII.

But politics, and policy, and piety,
 Are topics which I sometimes introduce,
 Not only for the sake of their variety,
 But as subservient to a moral use;
 Because my business is to *dress* society,
 And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose;
 And now, that we may furnish with some matter
 Tastes, we are going to try the supernatural. [all

XCIV.

And now I will give up all argument;
 And positively henceforth no temptation
 Shall 'fool me to the top up of my bent.*
 Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.
 Indeed, I never knew what people meant,
 By dreaming that my Muse's conversation
 Was dangerous: I think she is as harmless
 As some who labour more, and yet may charm less.

XCV.

Grim reader, did you ever see a ghost?
 No; but you've heard—I understand—be dumb!
 And don't regret the time you may have lost,
 For you have got that pleasure still to come;
 And do not think I mean to sneer at most
 Of these things, or by ridicule benumb
 That source of the sublime and the mysterious;
 For certain reasons, my belief is serious.

XCVI.

Serious? You laugh—you may: that will I not.
 My smiles must be sincere or not at all.
 I say I do believe a haunted spot
 Exists—and where? That shall I not recall,
 Because I'd rather it should be forgot:
 'Shadows the soul of Richard' may appal.
 In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very
 Like those of the philosopher of Malmsbury.†

XCVII.

The night (I sing by night—sometimes an owl,
 And now and then a nightingale) is dim;
 And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's owl
 Rattles around me her discordant hymn:
 Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—
 I wish to heaven they would not look so grim
 The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
 I think, too, that I have sate up too late:

XCVIII.

And therefore, though 'tis by no means my way
 To rhyme at noon—when I have other things
 To think of, if I ever think—I say
 I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,
 And prudently postpone until mid-day
 Treating a topic which, alas, but brings

* *Hamlet*, act iii. scene 2.

† Hobbes, who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

* Subauditur '*non*,' omitted for the sake of euphony.

Shadows;—but you must be in my condition,
Before you learn to call this superstition.

XCIX.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's
verge:

CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

1824.

I.

THE antique Persians taught three useful things,
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.*
This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—
A mode adopted since by modern youth:
Bows have they, generally with two strings;
Horses they ride without remorse or ruth;
At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,
But draw the long bow better now than ever.

II.

—The cause of this effect, or this defect—
For this effect defective comes by cause†—
Is what I have no leisure to inspect;
But this I must say in my own applause,
Of all the Muses that I recollect,
Whate'er may be her tones or her laws
In some things, mine's eyes find all contradiction
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

III.

And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats
From any bag, this paper will out on
A wilderness of the most rare conceits,
Which you might call a mere map to find in vain.
'Tis true there be some letters with the sweets,
Yet mix'd so slightly, that you can't complain,
But wonder they so few are, since my tale is
Perbeuante est quæ volubilis.†

IV.

But of all truths which he has told, the most
True is that which he is at out to tell
I said it was a story of a ghost—
What then?—I only know it so to tell.
Have you enjoy'd the pleasures of the earth,
Where you do dwell, or of the earth that dwell?
'Tis time to strike such playful deceptions down,
The sceptre which would bid us obey our crown, is
gone.

Some people will be so new with their say,
Turnpikes and bridges, and the like, that they
May use as well the language of a party
I always meet at a public table,
But Saint Augustine has the great authority,
Who told us all men be of the same quality,
Beati sunt omnes.—What a fine, fine, fine, fine, fine,
Quits at once, with *parce quæso deo.*†

V.

And therefore mortal or evil not at all;
Believe it if his tale is credible, you must;
And if it is impossible, you *shall*!
'Tis always best to take things upon trust.

* Xenophon, *Cyrop.*† *Hamb.*, act ii, scene 2.

How little do we know that which we are!

How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

I do not speak profanely, to recall
Those holier mysteries which the wise and just
Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,
As all truths must, the more they are disputed:

VII.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That, in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that, from the dead,
A visitant at intervals appears.
And what is strangest upon this strange head,
Is that, whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

VIII.

The dinner and the soirée, too, were done:
The supper, too, discuss'd, the dames admir'd:
The banqueteers had dropp'd off one by one—
The song was silent and the lance expired:
The last thin petticoats were vanish'd, gone
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired;
And nothing brighter gleam'd through the saloon,
Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day,
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;
Or like a soda bottle, when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;
Or like a billow, left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind:

X.

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled rest,
Or none;—or like—like nothing that I know,
Except itself,—so, 'tis the human breast:
A thing, of which semitides can show
No real knowledge, like the old Tyrian vest
I wear, or like the man that present in tell how,
It traces a distinct and a colonial,
Subject to every tyrant's rule, piece meal!

XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,
Undressing is a woe: our *robe de chambre*
May sit like that of Nessus, and recall
Th' nights quite as yellow, but less clear than
Titus exclaim'd, 'I've lost a day!'—Of all
The nights and days most people can remember
(I've had of both, some not to be disdain'd),
I wish the night were how many they have gain'd.

* The composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether from a shell-fish or from cochineal, or from kermes, is still an article of dispute; and even its colour—some say purple, others scarlet; I say nothing.

XII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night,
Felt restless, and perplex'd, and compromised:
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright
Than Adeline (such is advice) advised,
If he had known exactly his own plight.
He probably would have philosophized;
A great resource to all, and ne'er denied
Till wanted: therefore Juan only sigh'd.

XIII.

He sigh'd: The next resource is the full moon,
Where all sighs are deposited; and now
It happen'd, luckily, the chaste orb shone
As clear as such a climate will allow;
And Juan's mind was in the proper tone
To hail her with the apostrophe—'O thou!
Of amatory egotism the *Talisman*,
Which further to explain would be a truism.

XIV.

But lover, poet, or astronomer,
Shepherd or swain whoever may behold,
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her:
Great thoughts we catch from thence (besides a
cold
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err):
Deep secrets to her rolling light are told:
The ocean's tides and mortal's brains she sways,
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.

XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed
For contemplation rather than his pillow:
The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,
Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,
With all the mystery by midnight caused:
Below his window waved (of course) a willow;
And he stood gazing out on the cascade
That flash'd, and after darken'd in the shade.

XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet—*weitch*
Of these is not exactly ascertain'd
I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch
Of tacety, where a fact is to be gain'd)—
A lamp burn'd high, while he leant from a niche,
Where many a Gothic ornament remain'd,
In chisel'd stone and painted glass, and all
That time has left our fathers of their hall.

XVII.

Then, as the night was clear, though cold, he threw
His chamber door wide open—and went forth
Into a gallery of a sombre hue,
Long furnish'd with old pictures of great worth,
Of knight and dames, heroic and chaste too,
As doubtless should be people of high birth;
But, by dim lights, the portraits of the dead
Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread.

XVIII.

The forms of the grim knight and pictured saint
Look living in the moon; and as you turn
Backward and forward to the echoes faint
Of your own footsteps, voices from the urn
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
Start from the frames which fence their aspect
stern,

As if to ask how you can dare to keep
A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

XIX.

And the pale smile of beauties in the grave,
The charms of other days, in starlight gleams
Glimmer on high: their buried locks still wave
Along the canvas: their eyes glance like dreams
On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,
But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.
A picture is the past; even ere its frame
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

XX.

As Juan mused on mutability,
Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh,
Or step, ran sadly through that antique house;
When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,
A supernatural agent—or a mouse,
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
Most people, as it plays along the arras.

XXI.

It was no mouse; but lo! a monk, array'd
In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now laps'd in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard:
His garments only a slight murmur made:
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly; and as he passed Juan by
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

XXII.

Juan was petrified: he had heard a hint
Of such a spirit in these halls of old,
But thought, like most men, there was nothing in't
Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold.
Could't from surviving superstition's mint,
Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper:
And did he see this? or was it a vapour?

XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice, pass'd, repass'd, the thing of air,
Or earth beneath, or heaven, or 'other place;
And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,
Yet could not speak or move: but, on its base
As stands a statue, stood: he felt his hair
Twine like a knot of snakes around his face:
He tax'd his tongue for words, which were not
granted,
To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
The shadow pass'd away—but where? The hall
Was long, and thus far there was no great cause
To think his vanishing unnatural:
Doors there were many, through which, by the laws
Of physics, bodies, whether short or tall,
Might come or go; but Juan could not state
Through which the spectre seem'd to evaporate.

XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not, but it seem'd
An age—expectant, powerless, with his eyes
Strain'd on the spot where first the figure gleam'd:
Then by degrees recall'd his ener-

And would have pass'd the whole off as a dream,
But could not wake: he was, he did surmise,
Waking already, and return'd at length
Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

XXVI.

All there was as he left it: still his taper
Burnt, and not *blow*, as modest tapers use,
Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour.
He rubb'd his eyes, and they did not refuse
Their office: he took up an old newspaper:
The paper was right easy to peruse.
He read an article, the king attacking,
And a long eulogy of 'patent blacking.

XXVII.

This savour'd of this world; but his hand shook:
He shut his door, and, after having read
A paragraph, I think about Home Tooke,
Undrest, and rather d why went to bed.
There, conclud'd all snugly on his pillows sick,
With what he'd read hisy night he fed;
And the night was in a quiet slumber crept
Upon him by degrees, and he slept.

XXVIII.

He woke betimes, and, as may be supposed,
Fondl'd upon his vacant air or vision,
And whether he ought not to be discloset,
At risk of being quarrel'd for superstitious
The more he thought, the more his mind was peesed;
In the meantime, he waltz'd, when he perceiv'd
Was great, because he meant to be kick'd but less,
Knock'd to inform him it was time to dress.

XXIX.

He dress'd; and, like y^e people, he was wont
To take some trouble with last night, but
This morning rather spent his time upon it:
As he has very murr and sorrow put;
His curls fell negligently over his front;
His clothes were rather ill than usual cut;
His very neckcloth's German knot was tied
Almost an hair's breadth too much on one side.

XXX.

And when he walk'd down into the saloon,
He sat him pensive o'er a dish of tea,
Which he perhaps had not discover'd as yet,
Had it not happen'd calling hot to tea,
Which made him have recourse to this spoon,
So much distract he was, that all could see
That something was the matter—Adeline
The first—but *what* she could not well divine.

XXXI.

She look'd, and saw him pale, and turn'd to pale
Herself; then hastily look'd down and read
Something, but what's not stated in my tale:
Lord Henry said his muffin was ill to eat;
The Duchess of Fitz-Finke play'd with her veil,
And look at In in hand, but nothing utter'd,
Aurora Raby, with her large dark eyes,
Survey'd him with a kind of calm surprise.

XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and dead still,
And everybody wondering more or less,

Fair Adeline inquired if he were ill.
He started, and said, 'Yes—no—rather—yes.'
The family physician had great skill,
And, being present, now began to express
His readiness to feel his pulse and tell
The cause; but Juan said he was quite well.

XXXIII.

'Quite well; yes—no.'—These answers were mysterious;
And yet his looks appear'd to sanction both,
However they might savour of delirious:
Something like illness of a sudden growth
Weigh'd on his spirit, though by no means serious;
But for the rest, as he himself seem'd loth
To state the case, it might be taken for granted
It was not the physician that he wanted.

XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discuss'd his chocolate,
Also the muffin why roof he complain'd,
Said Juan had not got his usual look late,
A, which he marvel'd, since it had not rain'd:
Then ask'd her Grace what news were of the Duke
of late.

Her Grace reply'd, *her Grace* was rather pain'd
With some slight, but lit, hereditary twinges
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.

Then Henry turn'd to Juan, and address'd
A few words of confidence on his state:
'You'd best speak to his Grace, if you had had your rest
To kee m upon by the Black Friar of late.'
'What Friar?' said Juan; and he did his best
To put the question with an air sedate,
Or careless; but the effort was not valid,
To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

XXXVI.

'Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar,
The spirit of these walls?—' In truth, not I.'
'Why, Fanny—but Fanny, you know, 's sometimes a
Tells an odd story, of which by and by: [Hear—
Whether with time the specter has grown shyer,
Or that our sires had a more gifted eye
For such sights, though the tale is half believed,
The friar of late has not been oft perceiv'd.

XXXVII.

The last time was—' I pray, said Adeline
(Who watch'd the changes of Don Juan's brow,
And from its context thought she could divine
Connoisseurs, stronger than he chose to avow,
With this same legend, 'if you but design
To rest, you'll choose some other theme just now;
Because the present tale has oft been told,
And is not much improved by growing old.'

XXXVIII.

'Just' spoth Milor; 'why, Adeline, you know
That we ourselves—'twas in the honeymoon—
Saw—' 'Well, no matter, 'twas so long ago!
But, come, I'll set your story to a tune.'
Grac'd as Dian when she draws her bow,
She seized her harp, whose strings were kill'd
A, which, and plaintively began to play [soon
The air of 'Twas a Friar of Orders Grey.'

XXXIX.

'But add the words,' cried Henry, 'which you made:
For Adeline is half a poetess,'
Turning round to the rest, he, smiling, said,
Of course the others could not but express
In courtesy their wish to see display'd
By one, *three* talents, for there were no less—
The voice, the words, the harper's skill at once,
Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation—
The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation—
Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground
At first, then kindling into animation,
Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang, with much simplicity,—a merit
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

Beware, beware of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman church his prey,
And expell'd the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's
To turn churchlands to lay. [right,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay;
A monk remain'd, unchased, unchain'd,
And he did not seem form'd of clay,
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the
Though he is not seen by day. [church,

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still with the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes—but not to grieve.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn;
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadow'd by his cowl,
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

But beware, beware of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway;
For he is yet the church's heir,
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night;
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall;
And he'll say nought to you:

He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.
Then granericy I for the Black Friar;
Heaven sain him! fair or foul:
And whatsoever may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires
Died from the touch that kindled them to sound;
And the pause follow'd, which, when song expires
Pervades a moment those who listen round;
And then, of course, the circle much admires,
Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,
The tones, the feeling, and the execution,
To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
As if she rated such accomplishment
As the mere pastime of an idle day,
Pursued an instant for her own content,
Would now and then, as 'twere *teuhoie* display,
Yet *teuhoie* display, in fact, it times relent
To such performance, with haughty smile,
To show she could, if it were worth her while.

XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
Was—par-lon the pedantic illustration—
Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride,*
As did the Cynic on some like occasion;
Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
For a spout carpenter—but the 'Attic Bee'
Was much consoled by his own repertoire.

XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
(By doing easily, whene'er she chose,
What *dilatanti* do with vast parade)
Their sort of *half-profession*, for it grows
To something like this when too oft display'd:
And that it is so, everybody knows,
Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady
Tother,
Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.

Oh the long evenings of duets and trios!
The admirations and the speculations!
The '*Mamma Mia's*' and the '*Dear Me's*'!
The '*Tanti palpiti's*' on such occasions!
The '*Lasciami's*' and quavering '*Addio's*'!
Amongst our own most musical of nations:
With '*Tu mi chiamas*' from Portingale,
To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail!

* I think it *was* a *carpet* on which Diogenes trod with—'Thus I trample on the pride of Plato;' but as *carpets* are meant to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me, and it ought to be a robe, or tapestry, or table-cloth, or some other expensive or uncynical piece of furniture.

+ I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town, somewhat surfeited with a similar display from foreign parts, did rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music,—for the words, besides being

XLVI.

In Babylon's bravuras—as the home
Heart-ballobs of Green Erin or Grey Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
The cadences of music which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are high
lands
No more to be beheld but in such visions—
Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of 'Blue,'
Could write rhymes, and compose more than
she wrote;
Made epigrams occasionally, too,
Upon her friends, as every body ought,
But still, from that sublimer azure line,
So much the present dye, she was remote,
Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
And, what was worse, was not ashamed to show it.

XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
Which now we lay as the thermometer,
By whose degree all characters are class'd—
Was more Shakespearean, if I do not err,
The world is e'en in this world's perplexing waste
Her delineation of her existence, for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thought boundless, deep, but silent, to, as Spenser.

XLIX.

Not only a graceful, graceful, graceless thing,
The fringe-worn Helen of Elysian lake, whose mind,
If I had time, would give me a life,
And that was of a certain kind,
A little natural, if you might trace
A little reason'd at that's not much; we find
Few females walk at home, such gentle heaven,
For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,
Though once she was seen reading the 'Bath
Guide,'—
And 'Hayley's Triumphs,' which she decri'd
Because she said *her temper* had been tried
So much, the Earl had really been prophetic
When he had gone through with—sin and vice
But still, my dear, what most assured her praise
Were sonnets, *herself, of her own choice.*

LI.

'T were difficult to say what was the object
Of Adeline, in tracing this same lay.

In reading the languages—fit was some years before the
passage, as all the world had travelled, and while I
was a young man, was so by discourse by the per-
formance; this may, I say, broke out with: 'Rat
your Italian's for my part, I've a simple lallat'
Rossini will give good way to bring most people to
the same opinion, some day. Who would imagine
that he was to be the successor of Mozart? However,
I wrote this with a different view, a hedge and key ad-
mirer of Italian music in general, and of much of
Rossini's; but we may say, as the connoisseur did
of the painting, in the *Portrait of the Artist*, 'that the pic-
ture would be better painted if the painter had taken
it to himself.'

To bear on what appear'd to her the subject
Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day;
Perhaps she merely had the simple project
To laugh him out of his supposed dismay;
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

LII.

But so far the immediate effect
Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
A thing quite necessary to the elect,
Who wish to take the tone of their society:
In which you cannot be too circumspect,
Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,
But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
On pain of much displeasing the gynocracy.

LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally
His spirits, and, without more explanation,
To jest upon such themes in many a sally.
Her Grace, too, also seized the same occasion,
With various similar remarks to tally,
But wish'd for a still more detail'd narration
Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,
About the present family's deaths and woings.

LIV.

Of these, few could say more than has been said:
They pass'd, as such things do, for superstition
With some; while others, who had more in dread
The time, half credited the same tradition.
And much was talk'd on all sides on that head:
But Juan, when cross-question'd on the vision,
Which some suppose, though he had not avow'd it
Had stur'd him, answer'd in a way to cloud it.

LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
The company prepared to separate;
Some to their several pastimes, or to none,
Some wondering 'twas so early, some so late.
There was a goodly match, too, to be run
Between some greyhounds on my lord's estate,
And a young racehorse of old pedigree,
Match'd for the spring, whom several went to see.

LVI.

There was a picture-dealer, who had brought
A special Titan warranted original,
So precious that it was not to be bought,
Though prices the possessor were besieging all
The king himself had cheapen'd it, but thought
The civil list he deigns to accept (obliging all
His subjects by his gracious acceptance)
Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur—
The friend of artists, if not arts—the owner,
With motives the most classical and pure
So that he would have been the very donor
Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,
Some in the deen'd his patronage an honour:
Had brought the *capod'opera*, not for sale,
But for his judgment—never known to fail.

LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
Bricklayer of Babel, call'd an architect,
Brought to survey these grey walls, which, though
so thick,
Might have from time acquired some slight defect,
Who, after rummaging the Abbey through thick
And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect
New buildings of correctest conformation,
And throw down old, which he call'd *restoration*.

LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an 'old song,'
Set to some thousands ('tis the usual burden
Of that same tune, when people hum it long):
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would go
forth in
Its glory, through all ages, shining sunny,
For Gothic daring shown in English money.*

LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new purchase:
Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgauge,
And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's
torches,
Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,
'Untying' squires 'to fight against the churches:†'
There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and ploughman,
For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap,
Ready for gaol, their place of convalescence:
There was a country girl, in a close cap
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see, since—
Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—
But luckily I've paid *£* parish fees since):
That scarlet cloak, alas, unclosed with rigour,
Presents the problem of a double figure.

LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery:
One can't tell how it e'er got in or out:
Therefore the present piece of natural history
I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt;
And merely state, though not for the consistency,
Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout
The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
Had bagg'd this poacher upon Nature's manor.

LXIII.

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief, of all kinds, and keep the game

* *Aus Romano, are Veneto,* is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription I believe Imperial, and inscribed by Napoleon the First. It is time to continue to him that title; there will be a second by and by. *'Spes altera mundi,* if he live; [the Duke of Reichstadt. He died at Vienna, 1832.] Let him not defeat it like his father. But in any case he will be preferable to imbeciles. There is a glorious field for him, if he know how to cultivate it.
† Though ye *untie* the winds, and bid them fight
Against the churches.—*Macbeth*.

And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who've not a licence for the same;
And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame:
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches,
Are puzzles to the most precautions benches.

LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,
Pale as if painted so; her cheek being red
By nature, as in higher dames less hale
'Tis white, at least when they just rise from bed.
Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
Poor soul! for she was country born and bred,
And knew no better, in her immorality,
Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality.

LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet *espigle* eye
Had gather'd a large tear into its corner,
Which the poor thing at times essay'd to dry,
For she was not a sentimental mourner,
Parading all her sensibility,
Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,
But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,
To be call'd up for her examination.

LXVI.

Of course these groups were scatter'd here and
Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent. [there,
The lawyers in the study; and in air
The prize pig, ploughman, poachers; the men
sent
From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
Both busy (as a general in his tent,
Writing despatches) in their several stations,
Exulting in their brilliant lubrications.

LXVII.

But this poor soul was left in the great hall,
While Scout, the parish guardian of the frail,
Discuss'd the hated burylept the 'small')
A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.
She waited until justice could recall
His kind attentions to their proper pale,
To name a thing in nomenclature rather
Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation
For the Lord Henry, link'd with dogs and horses.
There was much bustle, too, and preparation
Below stairs, on the score of second courses:
Because, as suits their rank and situation,
Those who in counties have great land resources,
Have 'public days,' when all men may carouse,
Though not exactly what's call'd 'open house.'

LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*
(Thus we translate a *general invitation*),
All country gentlemen, esquire'd or knighted,
May drop in, without cards, and take their station
At the full board, and sit alike delighted
With fashionable wines and conversation;
And, as the isthmus of the grand connection,
Talk o'er, themselves, the past and next election.

LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneer,
 Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit;
 But county contests cost him rather dearer,
 Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of Gift-
 gablitt [here:
 Had English influence in the self-same sphere
 His son, the Honourable Dick Dice Inlitt,
 Was member for the 'other int' rest' (meaning
 The same self-interest, with a different leaning)

LXXI.

Cautious and cautious therefore in his county,
 He was of all things to all men, and dispensed
 To some equality, to others plenty,
 And prizes to all—which last commenced
 Together to the what large amount, he
 Not calculating how much they condensed;
 But what will keep going some will break others,
 His world had the same value as another's.

LXXII.

A friend of his, a noble friend he held,
 Not less a friend to government, he held
 That he was of the best, which hit
 To support the throne, and so he felt compelled,
 Such a man was not to be despised, though un-
 He did not think of what the world's call'd,
 To do his duty, and he would do his will,
 But that with them all he would be well willed.

LXXIII.

He was of a fine old school, he comes this
 To the old school, and so he felt compelled,
 To do his duty, and he would do his will,
 But that with them all he would be well willed,
 He was of a fine old school, he comes this
 To the old school, and so he felt compelled,
 To do his duty, and he would do his will,
 But that with them all he would be well willed.

LXXIV.

He was of a fine old school, he comes this
 To the old school, and so he felt compelled,
 To do his duty, and he would do his will,
 But that with them all he would be well willed,
 He was of a fine old school, he comes this
 To the old school, and so he felt compelled,
 To do his duty, and he would do his will,
 But that with them all he would be well willed.

LXXV.

He was of a fine old school, he comes this
 To the old school, and so he felt compelled,
 To do his duty, and he would do his will,
 But that with them all he would be well willed,
 He was of a fine old school, he comes this
 To the old school, and so he felt compelled,
 To do his duty, and he would do his will,
 But that with them all he would be well willed.

LXXVI.

He was an independent—ay, much more—
 Than those who were not paid for independence,
 As common soldiers, or a common—shore,
 Have in their several arts or parts ascendance
 O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
 Who do not give professional attendance.
 Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
 To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
 And I thought, I say no more—I've said too
 much,
 For all of us have either heard or read—
 Off—or upon the hustings—some slight such
 Hints from the independent heart or head
 Of the official candidate I'll touch
 No more on this—the dinner-bell hath rang
 And grace is said—the grace I should have sung—

LXXVIII.

But I'm too late, and therefore must make play,
 'Twas a great banquet, such as Albion old
 Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray
 Were something very glorious to behold,
 But 'twas a public feast, and public day,—
 Quite full, right full, guests hot, and dishes cold,
 Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
 And everybody out of their own sphere.

LXXIX.

The spouses familiarly formal, and
 My lords and ladies proudly condescending;
 The very servants puzzling how to hand
 Their plates—without it might be too much
 For ping
 From their high places by the sideboard's stand—
 Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending,
 For any deviation from the graces
 Might cost both man and master too—their places.

LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers keen,
 Whose lumps and ne'er err'd, nor greyhounds deign'd
 to lurch;
 Some deadly shots too, Septemblers, seen
 Farthest to rise, and last to quit the search
 Of the poor partridge, through his stubble screen.
 There were some messy members of the church,
 Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches,
 And several who sing fewer psalms than catches.

LXXXI.

There were some country wags too—and, alas,
 Some exiles from the town, who had been driven
 To gaze, instead of payment, upon grass,
 And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven,
 And lie upon that day it came to pass,
 I scarce next that overwhelming son of heaven,
 The very next powerful parson Peter Pith,
 The loudet wit I'er was de-fen'd with.

LXXXII.

I know him in his livelier London days,
 A little tinner out, though but a curate;
 And not a peke he out but earn'd its praise,
 Until retirement coming at a sure rate,

(Oh Providence! how wondrous are Thy ways!

Who would suppose Thy gifts sometimes ob-
durate?)

Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,
A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes;
But both were thrown away amongst the fens;
For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.

No longer ready ears and short-hand pens
Imbued the gay *bon-mot* or happy hoax;
The poor priest was reduced to common sense,
Or to coarse efforts, very loud and long,
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.

LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song, 'between
A beggar and a queen,' or *was* (of late,
The latter verse used of the two, we've seen—
But we'll say nothing of affairs of state);
A difference 'twixt a bishop and a dean,'

A difference between crockery ware and plate,
As between English beef and Spartan broth—
And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

LXXXV.

But of all nature's discrepancies, none,
Upon the whole, is greater than the difference
Beheld between the country and the town.

Of which the latter merits every preference
From those who've few resources of their own,
And only think or act or feel with reference
To some small plan of interest or ambition—
Both which are limited to no condition.

LXXXVI.

But *ex avant!* The light loves languish o'er
Long banquets and too many guests, although
A slight repast makes people love much more;
Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
Even from our grammar upwards, friends of yore
With vivifying Venus, who doth owe
To these the invention of champagne and truffles:
Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruffles.

LXXXVII.

Dully past o'er the dinner of the day;
And Juan took his place he knew not where.
Confused in the confusion, and distrait,
And sitting as if nail'd upon his chair,
Though knives and forks clank'd round as in a fray,
He seem'd unconscious of all passing there,
Till some one, with a grin, express'd a wish
(Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the bans,
He started; and, perceiving smiles around,
Broadening to grins, he colour'd more than once,
And hastily—as nothing can confound
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—
Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
And with such hurry, that, ere he could curb it,
He had paid his neighbour's prayer with half a
turbot.

LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occur'd,
The supplicator being an amateur;
But others, who were left with scarce a third,
Were angry—as they well might, to be sure.
They wonder'd how a young man so absurd
Lord Henry at his table should endure;
And this, and his not knowing how much oats
Had fallen last market, cost his host three votes.

XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathized,
That he the night before had seen a ghost,
A prologue which but slightly harmonized
With the substantial company engross'd
By matter, and so much materialized,
That one scarce knew at what to marvel most
(of two things—how (the question rather odd is)
Such bodies could have souls, or souls such bodies.

XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or stare
From all the squires and squireses around,
Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,
Especially as he had been renown'd
For some vivacity among the fair,
Even in the country circle's narrow bound
(For little things, upon my lord's estate,
Were good small-talk for others still less great),

XCII.

Was that he caught Aurora's eye on his,
And something like a smile upon her cheek.
Now this he really rather took amiss:
In those who rarely smile, their smiles bespeak
A strong external motive; and in this
Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique,
Or hope, or love with any of the wiles
Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.

'Twas a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
Indicative of some surprise and pity;
And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
Which was not very wise, and still less witty,
Since he had gain'd at least her observation,
A most important outwork of the city—
As Juan should have known, had not his senses
By last night's ghost been driven from their defences.

XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
Nor seem embarrassed—quite the contrary:
Her aspect was as usual, still—*à la* stern—
And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,
Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?
I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—
Though sometimes faintly flush'd—and always clear,
As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame
This day; and watching, witching, condescending
To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
And dignity with courtesy so blending,
As all must blend whose part it is to aim
(Especially as the sixth year is ending)

At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's
Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

XCVI.

Though this was most expedient, on the whole,
And usual, Juan, when he cast a glance
On Adeline, while playing her grand *role*,
Which she went through as though it were a dance
(Betraying only now and then her soul,
By a look scarce perceptibly askance
Of weariness or scorn), began to feel
Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real*;

XCVII.

So well she acted all and every part
By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
Which many people take for want of heart.
They err—'tis merely what is call'd mobility,*
A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
And false, though true: for surely they're sincere
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers
Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never;
But speakers, haris, diplomatists, and dancers,
Little that's great, but much of what is clever;
Most orators, but very few financiers,
Though all Exchangeer Chan-cellers endeavour
Of late years to dispense with Cook's rigours,
And grow quite figurative with their figures.

XCIX.

The poets of arithmetic are they
Who, though they prove not two and two to be
Five, as they might do in a modest way,
Have plainly made it out that four are three,
Judging by what they take, and what they pay.
The Sinking Fund's unfashionable sea,
That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,
The fair Fitz-Fulke seem'd very much at ease;
Though too well bred to quiz men to their faces,
Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize
The ridicules of people in all places—
That honey of your fashion's dble bees—
And store it up for mischievous enjoyment;
And this at present was her kind employment.

CI.

However, the day clos'd, as day in the best;
The evening drew a wane—and once again
Each carriage was anonymous, and all in haste,
And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,
Retired; with most unfashionable bows,
Their double esquires also, till some day

Delighted with their dinner and their host,
But with the Lady Adeline the most.

CII.

Some praised her beauty; others her great grace,
The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity
Was obvious in each feature of her face,
Whose traits were radiant with the rays of verity.
Yes, *she* was truly worthy *her* high place!
No one could envy her deserved prosperity;
And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
Drapery'd her form with curious felicity!*

CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,
By an impartial indemnification
For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
In a most edifying conversation,
Which turn'd upon their late guests' mien and faces,
And families, even to the last relation;
Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and dresses,
And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, *she* said little—'twas the rest that broke
Forth into universal epigram;
But then 'twas to the purpose what she spoke:
Like Addison's 'faint praise,' so wont to damn,
Her own but served to set off every joke,
As music chimes in with a melodrame,
How sweet the task to shield an absent friend!
I ask but this of mine, to—*not* defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
Skirmish of wits o'er the departed: one,
Aurora, with her pure and placid mien;
And Juan, too, in general behind none
In gay remark on what he had heard or seen,
Sate silent now, his usual spurs gone;
In vain he heard the others rail or rally;
He would not join them in a single sally.

CVI.

'Tis true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence: she perhaps mistook!
Its motive for that charity we owe,
But seldom say, the absent, nor would look
Further: it might or it might not be so;
But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
Observing little in his reverie,
Yet saw this much, which 'twas glad to see.

CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good,
In making him so silent as a ghost,
If, in the ear-riostances which ensued,
He gain'd success where it was worth the most;
And 'ert only Aurora had renew'd
To him some favour he had lately lost,
Or had not—felicitate, perhaps ad al.
At least, if any that he saw, than them real,—

The love of higher things and better days;
The unsounded hope, and heavenly ignorance

* Curiosa felicitas.—*Petronius Arbitor.*

* In French, *mobilité*. I am not a philosopher, and I prefer English; but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other faculties, the agility of the mind, than to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of minute impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past; and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute.

Of what is call'd the world and the world's ways :
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

CIX.

Who would not sigh *Αἰ αὖτὸν Κυβερειαν,*
That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart?
Aias ! *her* star must fade like that of Dian :
Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.
Anacreon only had the soul to tie an
Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart
Of Eros ; but though thou hast play'd us many
tricks,
Still we respect thee, ' *Alma Venus Genetrix* !

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows,
Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,
Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
Arrived, retired to his ; but to despond
Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows
Waved o'er his couch ; he meditated, fond
Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,
And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.

CXI.

The night was as before : he was undress'd,
Saving his night-gown, which is an undress,
Completely *sans culotte*, and without vest ;
In short, he hardly could be clothed with less :
But, apprehensive of his spectral guest,
He sat, with feelings awkward to express
(By those who have not had such visitations),
Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain he listen'd—Hush ! what's that ?
I see—I see—Ah, no !—'tis not—yet 'tis—
Ye powers ! it is—the—the—the—Pooh ! the cat !
The devil may take that stealthy pace of his,
So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
Or tip-toe of an anatomy Miss,
Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,
And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again—what is't? The wind? No, no,—this time
It is the sable Friar, as before,
With awful footsteps, regular as rhyme,
Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more ;
Again, through shadows of the night sublime,
When deep sleep fell on men, and the world wore
The starry darkness round her like a girdle,
Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood
curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,*
Which sets the teeth on edge ; and a slight clatter,
Like showers which on the midnight gull will pass,
Sounding like very supernatural water,

Came over Juan's ear, which throbb'd, alas !
For immaterialism's a serious matter ;
So that even those whose faith is the most great
In souls immortal, shun them *lê-le-à-lê-le*.

CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes ! and his mouth too,
Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb
Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips through :
As wide as if a long speech were to come.
Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum :
His eyes were open, and (as was before
Stated) his mouth. What opened next?—*Alas ! door.*

CXVI.

It opened with a most infernal creak,
Like that of hell. ' *Lasciate ogni speranza*
Voi che entrate ! The hinge seem'd to speak,
Dreadful as Dante's rima, or this stanza ;
Or—but all words upon such themes are weak :
A single shade's sufficient to entrance a
Hero—for what is substance to a spirit ?
Or how is't matter trembles to come near it !

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly—but as fly
The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
And then swung back ; nor close—but stood awry,
Half letting in long shadows on the light,
Which still in Juan's candlesticks burn'd high,
For he had two both tolerably bright ;
And in the doorway, darkening darkness, stood
The sable Friar, in his solemn hood.

CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
The night before ; but, being sick of shaking,
He first inclined to think he had been mistaken,
And then to be ashamed of such mistaking ;
His own internal ghost began to awaken
Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking ;
Hinting that soul and body, on the whole,
Were odds against a disembodied soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath
fierce ;
And he arose, advanced—the shade retreated ;
But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
Follow'd, his veins no longer cold, but heated ;
Resolved to thrust the mystery, *over* and *there*,
At whatsoever risk of being defeated ;
The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired until
He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood stone still.

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal Powers !
It touched no soul nor body, but the wall,
On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers
Chequer'd with all the tracery of the hall.
He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers,
When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal
How odd, a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity

* See the account of the Ghost of the uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony, raised by Schroupfer—' Karl ! Karl ! was wollst du mit mich ?

CXXI.

But still the shade remain'd : the blue eyes glared,
 And rather variably for stony death :
 Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared—
 The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath.
 A straggling curl show'd he had been fair hair'd :
 A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,
 Peep'd forth as through the casement's ivy shroud
 The moon peep'd, just escaped from a grey cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
 His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder !
 It press'd upon a hard but glowing bust,
 Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.

He found, as people on most trials must,
 That he had made at first a silly blunder,
 And that, in his confusion, he had caught
 Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet soul
 As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood :
 A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
 Forth into something much like flesh and
 blood :
 Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
 And they reveal'd (alas, that e'er they should !)
 In full, voluptuous, but *not* overgrown bulk,
 The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fuake ;



ADDITIONAL POEMS.

*The expiration of Copyright enables the Publishers to complete
Byron's Works—hence these additional Poems.*

HINTS FROM HORACE :

BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA,"
AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."

—"Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi."

HOR. *De Arte Poet.*

"Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir."

FIELDING'S *Amelia*.

ATHENS: CAPUCHIN CONVENT,
March 12, 1811.

WHO would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvas with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or, should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost*—as once the world has seen—
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moschus, like that picture seems
The book, which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow;
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask:
But make not monsters spring from gentle dams—
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.

A labour'd, long exordium, sometimes tends
(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
As pertness passes with a legal gown:
Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
The clear brook babbling through the goodly
plain:
The groves of Granta, and her Gothic halls,
King's Coll, Cam's stream, stain'd windows, and
old walls:

Or, in advent'rous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames.*

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine—
But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign;
You plan a *rose*—it dwindles to a *pot*;
Then glide down Grub-street—fasting and forgot,
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till—true.

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a scribe)
Are led astray by some peculiar lure.
I labour to be brief—become obscure;
One falls while following elegance too fast;
Another soars, inflated with bombast;
Too low a third crawls on, afraid to fly,
He spins his subject to satiety;
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves

Unless your care's exact, your judgment nice,
The flight from folly leads but into vice;
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors, limited in art.
For galligaskins Slowshears is your man;
But coats must claim another artisan.†
Now this to me, I own, seems much the same
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame;

* "Where pure description held the place of sense."
POPE.

† Mere common mortals were commonly content
with one tailor and with one bill, but the more parti-
cular gentlemen found it impossible to confide their
lower garments to the makers of their body clothes. I
speak of the beginning of 1809: what reform may
have since taken place I neither know, nor desire to
know.

* In an English newspaper, which finds its way
abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an
account of this dirty dauber's caricature of Mr. H—
as a "beast," and the consequent action, &c. The
circumstance is, probably, too well known to require
further comment.

Or, with a fair complexion, to expose
Black eyes, black ringlets, but—a bottle nose!

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject and its length;
Nor lift your load before you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.
But lucid Order, and Wit's siren voice,
Await the poet, skilful in his choice;
With native eloquence he soars along,
Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song.

Let judgment teach them wisely to combine
With future parts the now omitted line:
This shall the author choose, or that reject,
Precise in style, and cautious to select;
Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
To him who furnishes a wanting word.
Then fear not, if 'tis needful, to produce
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,
(As Pitt has furnish'd us a word or two,*
Which lexicographers declined to do.)
So you indeed, with care,—(but be content
To take this license rarely)—may invent.
New words find credit in these latter days,
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase.
What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say why not,
As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott?
Since they, by force of rhyme and force of lungs,
Enrich'd our island's dumfounded tongues:
'Tis then—and I shall be—lawful to present
Reform in writing, as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though as a monarch nods, an I-commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;
Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd,
 sustain
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,
All, all, must perish; but, surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past,
True, some decay, yet not a few revive!
Though those shall sink, which now appear to
 thrive,
As custom arbitrates, whose sluffing sway
Our life and language must like *ofay*.

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
His strain will teach what numbers best belong
To themes celestial told in epic song.

Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary tongue; as may be seen in many publications, particularly the *Edinburgh Review*.

† Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or new speeches. In fact, this is the millennium of black letter, thanks to our Hebrews, Webers, and Scotts!

The low, sad stanza will correctly paint
The lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint.
But which deserves the laurel—rhyme or blank?
Which holds on Helicon the higher rank
Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
This point, as puzzling as a Chaucery suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's dean.*

Blank verse is now, with one consent, allied
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays;
While modest Comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and *piou* in very middling prose.†
Not that our Bens and Beaumonts show the worse,
Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse.
But so Thalia pleases to appear,
Poor virgin! damn'd some twenty times a year!

Whatever the scene, let this advice have weight:—
Adapt your language to your hero's state.
At times Melpomene forgets to groan,
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone;
Nor unregarded will the act pass by
Where angry Townly lifts his voice on high.
Again our Shakspeare limits verse to kings,
When common prose will serve for common things;
And lively Hal resigns heroic ire,
To "hollowing Hotspur" and the sceptred sire.‡

'Tis not enough, ye bards, with all your art,
To polish poems; they must touch the heart:
Where'er the scene be laid, whatever the song,
Still let it bear the hearer's soul along;
Command your audience or to smile or weep,
Whichever may please you—anything but sleep.
The poet claims our tears; but, by his leave,
Before I shed them, let me see him grieve.

If banish'd Romeo felt no sigh nor tear
Lull'd by his languor, I should sleep or sneer.
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
And men look angry in the proper place.
At double meanings folks seem wondrous sly,
And sentiment prescribes a pensive eye;
For nature form'd at first the inward man,
And actors copy nature—when they can.
She bids the beating heart with rapture bound,
Rais'd to the stars, or level'd with the ground;
And for expression's aid, 'tis said, or sung,
She gave our mind's interpreter—the tongue,
Who, worn with use, of late would fain dispense
(At least in theatres) with common sense;

* "Mac Flecknoe," the "Dunciad," and all Swift's lampooning ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings, and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their pugnancy detracts from the personal character of the writers.

† With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *piou*, they appease Aristotle on their side; who permits them to do orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.

‡ "And in his ear I'll holloa,—Mortimer!"
1 Henry IV.

O'erwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery, pit,
And raise a laugh with anything—but wit.

To skilful writers it will much import,
Whence spring their scenes, from common life or court;

Whether they seek applause by smile or tear,
To draw a "Lying Valet," or a "Lear,"
A sage, or rakish youngster wild from school,
A wandering "Peregrine," or plain "John Bull;"
All persons please when nature's voice prevails,
Scottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a plot;
Who cares if mimic heroes lived or not?
One precept serves to regulate the scene:—
Make it appear as if it *might* have been.

If some Drawcansir you aspire to draw,
Present him raving, and above all law:
If female furies in your scheme are plann'd,
Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your hand;
For tears and treachery, for good and evil,
Constance, King Richard, Hamlet, and the Devil!
But if a new design you dare essay,
And freely wander from the beaten way,
True to your characters, till all be past,
Preserve consistency from first to last.

'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale;
And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer
A hackney'd plot, than choose a new, and err;
Yet copy not too closely, but record,
More justly, thought for thought than word for word;
Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
But only follow where he merits praise.

For you, young bard! whom luckless fate may lead
To tremble on the nod of all who read,
Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like Bowles!*

* About two years ago a young man named Townsend, was announced by Mr. Cumberland, in a review (since deceased) as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled "Armageddon." The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. Townsend, nor his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If Mr. Townsend succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr. Cumberland for bringing him before the public! But, till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not—by raising expectations too high, or diminishing curiosity, by developing his argument—rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr. Townsend's future prospects. Mr. Cumberland (whose talents I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. Townsend must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it lies smitten with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham), Ogilvy, Wilkie, Pyc, and all the "dull of past and present days." Even if he is not a *Milton*, he may be better than *Blackmore*; if not a *Homer*, an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself presumptuous, as a young man, in offering advice, were it not addressed to one still

"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"—
And pray, what follows from his boiling brain?—
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fall in mice!
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The temper'd warblings of his master-lyre;
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit"
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, Heaven, and Hades echo with the song.
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if we witness'd all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness—
light;

And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.
If you would please the public, deign to hear
What soothes the many-headed monster's ear:
If your heart triumph when the hands of all
Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,
Deserve those plaudits—study nature's page,
And sketch the striking traits of every age;
While varying man and varying years unfold
Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told;
Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and his plays;
Till time at length the manish tyro weans,
And purient vice outstrips his tardy teens!

Behold him Freshman! forced no more to graze
O'er Virgil's devilish verses and his own;*
Prayers are tedious, lectures too abstruse,
He flies from Tavell's frown to "Fordham's Mews;"
(Unlucky Tavell! doom'd to daily caress)
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears.)
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain,
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash;

younger. Mr. Townsend has the greatest difficulties to encounter: but in conquering them he will find employment; in having conquered them, his reward. I know too well "the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely;" and I am afraid time will teach Mr. Townsend to know them better. Those who succeed, and those who do not, must bear this alike, and it is hard to say which have most of it. I trust that Mr. Townsend's share will be from *error*; he will soon know mankind well enough not to attribute this expression to malice.

* Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstacy of admiration and say, "the book had a devil." Now such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public school penance of "Long and Short" is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and, perhaps, so far may be an advantage.

+ "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." I daresay Mr. Tavell to whom I mean no affront will understand me; and it is no matter whether any one else does or no. To the above events, "queque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui," all *times* and *terms* bear testimony

Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick!" now for ever mute I
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the sworn dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chronophotonthologos must die,"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

Moschus! with whom once more I hope to sit,
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;
Yes, friend! for thee I'll quit my cynic cell
And bear Swift's motto, "Vive la bagatelle!"
Which charm'd our days in each Elysian clime
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme.
Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the past,
Sootie thy life's scenes, nor leave thee in the
last;
But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed,*
Some merry manuscript of names, when dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where fetter'd by whigg Walpole low she lies;
Corruption foil'd her, for she fear'd her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera dance I
Yet Chesterfield, whose polish'd pen inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to our plays;
Uncheck'd by megrims of patrician brains,
And damning dulness of lord chamberlains.
Repeat that act I again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage—we've time for tears at home.
Let "Archer" plant the horns on "Sullen's"
brows,

And "Estifania" gull her "Copper" spouse; †
The moral's scant—but that may be excused,
Men go not to be lectured, but amused.
He whom our plays dispose to good or ill
Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill;
Ay, but Macheath's example—psha!—no more I
It form'd no thieves—the thief was form'd before;
And, spite of puritans and Collier's curse, ‡
Plays make mankind no better, and no worse.
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic men!
Nor burn damn'd Drury if it rise again.
But why to brain-scorch'd bigots thus appeal?
Can heavenly mercy dwell with earthly zeal?
For times of fire and faggot let them hope I
Times dear alike to puritan or pope.
As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze,
So would new sects on newer victims gaze.
E'en now the songs of Solyma begin;
Faith cants, perplex'd apologist of sin!

While the Lord's servant chastens whom he loves,
And Simeon* kicks, where Baxter only "shoves." †

Whom nature guides, so writes that every dunce,
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once;
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
And twenty scatter'd quires, the coxcomb fails.

Let Pastoral be dumb; for who can hope
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope?
Yet his and Phillips' faults, of different kind,
For art too rude, for nature too refined,
Instruct how hard the medium 'tis to hit
"Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands disgraced
In this nice age, when all aspire to taste;
The dirty language and the noisome jest,
Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now detest;
Proscribed not only in the world polite,
But even too nasty for a city knight!

Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made them
pass,
Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hudibras!
Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,
Who from our couplet lopp'd two final feet;
Nor less in merit than the longer line,
This measure moves a favourite of the Nine.
Though at first view eight feet may seem in vain
Form'd, save in ode, to bear a serious strain,
Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late
This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,
And, varied skilfully, surpasses far
Heroic rhyme, but most in love and war,
Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
Are cur'd too much by long-recurring rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abhors to see,
What few admire—irregularity.
This some vouchsafe to pardon; but 'tis hard
When such a word contents a British bard.

And must the bard his glowing thoughts confine,
Lest censure hover o'er some faulty line?
Remove whate'er a critic may suspect,
To gain the paltry suffrage of "correct" ?
Or prune the spirit of each daring phrase,
To fly from error, not to merit praise?

Ye, who seek finish'd models, never cease,
By day and night, to read the works of Greece.
But our good fathers never bent their brains
To heathen Greek, content with native strains.
The few who read a page, or used a pen,
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben;
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste
Were quaint and careless, anything but chaste;

* Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophron was found the day he died.—*Vide* Barthélemi, De Pauw, or Diogenes Laertius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cumberland, in his *Observer*, terms it moral, like the sayings of Publius Syrus.

† His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts.

‡ Michael Perez, the Copper Captain, in "Rule a Wife and have a Whore."

§ Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, &c., on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.

* Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of "good works." He is ably supported by John Stickle, a labourer in the same vineyard; but I say no more, for, according to Johnny in full congregation, "No hopes for them as laughs."

† "Baxter's Shove to Heavy-a-d Christians," the veritable title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again.

Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules,
It will not do to call our fathers fools!
Though you and I, who eruditely know
To separate the elegant and low,
Can also, when a hobbling line appears,
Detect with fingers, in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care
To learn, who our first English strollers were;
Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a cart;
But this is certain, since our Shakspeare's days,
There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;
Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause,
Though too licentious for dramatic laws;
At least, we moderns, wisely, 'tis confess,
Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

Whate'er their follies, and their faults beside,
Our enterprising bards pass nought untried;
Nor do they merit slight applause who choose
An English subject for an English muse,
And leave to minds which never dare invent
French flippancy and German sentiment.
Where is that living language which could claim
Poetic me, as phibosophic fame,
If all our bards, more patient of delay,
Would stop, like Pope, to polish by the way?

Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults
O'erthrow with lightning the repairs of faults,
Whose sonnet, letect, and mock-epic, ever well,
And prose, and verse, and drama, all excel,
Demand a laurel, and a golden wreath,
He only *deserves it*, but you would think he *deserves it*.

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely guard
Against that ridicule they deem so hard;
In pen or negligent, they wear, from stith,
Beards of a week, and nails of annual growth;
Reside in garrets, fly from those they meet,
And walk in alleys, rather than the street.

With little rhyme, less reason, if you please,
The name of poet may be got with ease,
So that not tans of hell, nor pain of place
Shall ever turn your head to any use;
Write but like Worsworth, live like a Duke,
And keep your bushy locks a year from Duke's.*
Then print your books, to be more certain of a sale,
And boys shall hunt your fair flippings and drolls.

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
To purge in spring—like Bayes—before I write?
If this precaution suiten'd not my tale,
I know no scribbler with a madder style;
But since (perhaps my feelings are too nice)
I cannot purchase fame at such a price,

* As famous for his as Larcus him self, and better paid, and more likely to be one day a senator, having a better qualification than one-half of the heads he crops—viz., independence.

I'll labour gratis as a grinder's wheel,
And, blunt myself, give edge to others' steel,
Nor write at all, unless to teach the art
To those rehearsing for the poet's part;
From Horace show the pleasing paths of song,
And from my own example—what is wrong.

Though modern practice sometimes differs quite,
'Tis just as well to think before you write;
Let every book that suits your theme be read,
So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

He who has learn'd the duty which he owes
To friends and country, and to pardon foes;
Who models his deportment as may best
Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest;
Who takes our laws and worship as they are,
Nor roars reform for senate, church, and bar;
In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophise:
Such is the man the poet should rehearse,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well told,
Without much grace, or weight, or art, will hold
A longer empire o'er the public mind
Than sounding trifles, empty, though refined.

Unhappy Greece! thy sons of ancient days
The muse may celebrate with perfect praise,
Whose generous children narrow'd not their hearts
While commerce, given alone to arms and arts.
Our boys (save those whom public schools compel
To "sing and shunt" before they're taught to spell)
Learn'd to sing, ballads so infinitely rote,
"I'll give you a penny for a penny got."
But what a city gave to its expense take
The world has made, 'twould the remembrance make?
"A goat."—"Ah, I rave! Dick hath done the sum
He'll swell my fifty thousand to a plum."

They whose young souls receive this rust betimes
'Tis clear, are fit for anything but rhymes;
And Locke will tell you, that the father's right
Wholes all verses from his children's sight;
For poets (says this sage, and many more,)*
Make sad mistakes with their lyric lore;
And Delphi now, however rich of old,
Discovers little silver, and little gold,
Because Parnassus, though a mountain divine,
Is poor as Italy, or an Irish mine.†

Two of you, always, should the poet move,
Or one or both,—to please or to improve.

* I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows:—"E' una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desidera, o pernetta, che suo figliuolo coltiva e perfeziono questo talento." A little further on:—"Si trovano di rado nel Parnaso le mine d'oro e d'argento."—*Educazione del Parnaso del Sig. ...*

† "Ira pauperum?" This is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a poem of his, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides.—See *Odysses*, lib. 17.

‡ The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad gineer.

Whate'er you teach, be brief, if you design
For our remembrance your didactic line;
Redundance places memory on the rack,
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the back.

Fiction does best when taught to look like truth,
And fairy fables bubble none but youth;
Expect no credit for too wondrous tales,
Since Jonas only springs alive from whales!

Young men with aught but elegance dispense;
Mature years require a little sense.
To end at once:—that bard for all is fit
Who mingles well instruction with his wit;
For him reviews shall smile, for him o'erflow
The patronage of Paternoster-row;
His book, with Longman's liberal aid, shall pass
(Who ne'er despises books that bring him brass);
Through three long weeks the taste of London lead,
And cross St. George's Channel and the Tweed.

But everything has faults, nor is't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark.*

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's view,
We must not quarrel for a blot or two;
But pardon equally to books or men,
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,
But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howso'er he sing.
Let Harvard's fate o'ertake him, who, for once,†
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:
At first none deem'd it his; but when his name
Announced the fact—what then?—it lost its fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to doze,
In a long work 'tis fair to steal repose.

As pictures, so shall poems be; some stand
The critic eye, and please when near at hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the light,
Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious view,
But, ten times scrutinized, is ten times new.

Parnassian pilgrims! ye whom chance or choice
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,
Receive this counsel, and be timely wise;
Few reach the summit which before you lies.

* As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations—*"And Homer (damn him!) calls"*—it may be presumed that anybody or anything may be damned in verse by poetical license; and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

† For the story of Billy Harvard's tragedy, see "Davies's Life of Garrick." I believe it is "Regulus," or "Charles the First." The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.

Our church and state, our courts and camps,
concede

Reward to very moderate heads indeed!
In these plain common sense will travel far
All are not Erskines who mislead the bar;
But poesy between the best and worst
No medium knows; you must be last or first;
For muddling poets' miserable volumes
Are damn'd alike by gods, and men, and columns.

Again, my Jeffrey!—as that sound inspires,
How wakes my bosom to its wonted fires!
Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel
When Southrons write upon their critic wheel,
Or mild Eclectics, when some, worse than Turks,*
Would rob poor Faith to decorate "good works."
Such are the genial feelings thou canst claim—
My falcon flies not at ignoble game.
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase!
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men;
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
Alas! "I cannot strike at wretched kerns,"
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?
Dear d——d contentment of my schoolboy songs,
Hast thou no vengeance for my manhood's wrongs!
If unprovoked thou once couldst bid me bleed,
Hast thou no weapon for my daring deed?
What! not a word!—and am I then so low?
Wilt thou forbear, who never spared a foe?
Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent?
Not a far noble, dances by descent?

* To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1839, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend lips. I refer them to their own pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those "Eligees" which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except indeed "upon compulsion, Hal!" but if, as David says in the "Knavs," it should come to "bloody sword and gun fighting," we "won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?" I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen; my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them; but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and now, as these Christians have "smote me on one cheek," I hold them up the other; and in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled and left them to the "re-riding angel;" but from the phrases of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that, pull an individual sinner as I am, I would not have treated "mine enemy's dog thus." To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Smeaton or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being "winged" only, and that Heavenside may be at hand to extract the ball.

Abolish'd cuckoldom with much applause,
Call'd county meetings, and enforced the laws,
Cut down crown influence with reforming scythes,
And served the church—without demanding
tithes;

And hence, throughout all Hellas and the East
Each poet was a prophet and priest,
Whose old-establish'd board of joint controls
Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's prince
And fighting's been in fashion ever since;
And old Tyræus, when the Spartans warr'd,
(A limping leader, but a lofty bard),
Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When oracles prevail'd, in times of old,
In song alone Apollo's will was told.
Then if your verse is what all verse should be,
And gods were not asham'd on't, why should we?

The Muse, like mortal females, may be woo'd;
In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;
Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
Mild as the same upon the second night;
Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,
Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!
Her eyes bescem, her heart belies, her zone,
Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of art,
Kind Nature always will perform her part;
Though without genius, and a native vein
Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain,
Yet art and nature join'd will win the prize,
Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a race,
Must bear privations with unruffled face,
Be call'd to labour when he thinks to dine,
And, harder still, leave wenching and his wine.
Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,
Have follow'd music through her farthest flight;
But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,
"I've got a pretty poem for the press."
And that's enough: then write and print so fast;—
If Satan take the hindmost, who'd be last?
They storm the types, they publish, one and all,
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall.
Provincial maidens, men of high command,
Yea, baroners have ink'd the bloody hand!
Cash cannot quell them; Pollio play'd this prank,
(Then Phœbus first found credit in a bank!)
Not all the living only, but the dead,
Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head;*
Damn'd all their days, they posthumously thrive,
Dug up from dust, though buried when alive!
Reviews record this epidemic crime,
Those Books of Martyrs to the rage for rhyme,

Alas! woe worth the scribbler! often seen
In Morning Post or Monthly Magazine.
There lurk his earlier lays; but soon, hot press'd,
Behold a quarto!—Tarts must tell the rest.
Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious chords
To muse-mad baronets, or madder lords,
Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat stale,
Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric ale!
Hark to those notes, narcotically soft!
The cobbler-laureats* sing to Capel Lofft!
Till, lo! that modern Midas, as he hears,
Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears!

* I beg Nathaniel's pardon: he is not a cobbler; *it* is a *profession*, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta—psha!—of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers.—Merry's "Moorfields whine" was nothing to all this. The "Della Crusceans" were people of some education, and no profession; but these Arcadians ("Arcades ambo"—bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and small-thes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Flegias on Enclosures, and Peans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shopboard, they describe the fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an "Essay on War" is produced by the muth part of a "poet."

"And own that *some* such poets made a Tate."

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and if he did, why not take it as his motto?

† This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessory to the poetical un-lug of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersets-hire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of "Kemans" utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoemaking Sappho, may do well; but the "tragedies" are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Sautonian jri's poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an imortal offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of "Kemans" come under the statute against "resurrection men." What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dance is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Statuens' Hall? Is not the name of his bones as his funders? Is it not better to give his body on a bench than his soul in a stall? You know what we are, but we know not what we may be; and it is to be hoped we never shall know if a man who has passed through life with a sort of what is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and made like poor Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this "Sutor ultra Creptulam's" friends and seducers have done a decent action without involving Pratt into biography? And then his inscription split into so many molluscs!—"To the Duchess of Somerset, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss So-and-so, these volumes are," &c. &c.—why, this is doing out the "soft milk of dedication" in *g. s. d.*—it is a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Well, Pratt, hadst thou not a wife? Dost thou think thy families or distaffion can share this iniquity? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the devil.

*† Tam quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio portans (Æacrius Hel' res,
Volveret Eurydicei vox ipsa, et frigida lingua;
Ah, miseram Eurydicei! anima fugiente vocabat;
Eurydicei toto referabant flumine ripe."

There lives one druid, who prepares in time
 'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of rhyme;
 Racks his dull memory, and his duller muse,
 To publish faults which friendship should excuse.
 If friendship's nothing, self-regard might teach
 More polish'd usage of his parts of speech.
 But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
 He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
 Some fancied slight has roused his lurking hate,
 Some folly cross'd, some jest, or some debate;
 Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon
 The gather'd gall is voided in lampoon.
 Perhaps at some pert speech you've dared to
 frown,

Perhaps your poem may have pleased the town:
 If so, alas! 'tis nature in the man—
 May Heaven forgive you, for he never can:
 Then be it so; and may his withering lays
 Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in praise!
 While his lost songs no more shall steep and stink,
 The dullest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink,
 But springing upwards from the sluggish mould,
 Be (what they never were before) be—so!!
 Should some rich Lord (but such a monster now,
 In modern physics, we can scarce allow,
 Should some pretending scribbler of the court,
 Some rhyming peer—there's plenty of the sort—*
 All but one poor dependent priest withdrawn,
 (Ah! too regardless of his chaplain's yawn!)
 Condemn the unlucky curate to recite
 Their last dramatic work by candle-light,
 How would the preacher turn each rueful leaf,
 Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!
 Yet, since 'tis promised at the rector's death,
 He'll risk no living for a little breath.
 Then sports and foams, and lures at every log,
 (The Lord forgive him!) "Brood of grand rhyme!"
 Hoarse with those praises which, by flattery fed,
 Dependence barters for her bitter bread,

* Here will Mr. Gilford allow me to introduce once more to his notice the sole survivor, the "ultimus Romanorum," the last of the Crusians—"Edwin" the "profound," by our Lady of Punishment! here he is, as lively as in the days of "well said David the Correct." I thought Fitzgerald had been the tail of poetry; but, alas! he is only the penultimate.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"What reams of paper, floods of ink,"
 Do some men spoil, who never think!
 And so perhaps you'll say of me,
 In which your readers may agree.
 Still I write on, and tell you why;
 Nothing's so bad, you can't deny,
 But may distract or entertain
 Without the risk of giving pain, &c. &c.

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMERS.

In tracing of the human mind
 Through all its various courses,
 Though strange, 'tis true, we often find
 It knows not its resource:
 And men through life assume a part
 For which no talents they possess,
 Yet wonder that, with all their art,
 They meet no better with success, &c. &c.

He strides and stamps along with creaking boot;
 Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot,
 Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
 As when the dying vicar will not die!
 Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart;—
 But all dissemblers overact their part.

Ye, who aspire to "build the lofty rhyme,"
 Believe not all who laud your false "sublime;"
 But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
 "Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,"
 And, after fruitless efforts, you return
 Without amendment, and he answers, "Burn!"
 That instant throw your paper in the fire,
 Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
 But if (true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
 And will not alter what you can't defend,
 If you will breed this bastard of your brains,*
 We'll have no words—I've only lost my pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite thought,
 As critics kindly do, and authors ought;
 If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
 And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen;
 No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—
 Better let him than all the world deride.
 Give light to passages too much in shade,
 Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've made;
 Your friend's a "Johnson," not to leave one word,
 However trifling, which may seem absurd;
 Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
 And furnish food for critics, or their quills.†

As the Star of Bethlehem, with its touching tune,
 Or the Star of Sorrow, of the angry moon,
 All men are still of writers' ready tongues,
 As yawning waiters fly Fitzscribble's lungs;
 Yet on his mouths—ten minutes—tedious each
 As prelate's homily, or placement's speech;
 Long as the last years of a lingering lease,
 When not pauses until rents increase.
 While such a minstrel, muttering fustian, strays
 O'er hedge and ditch, through unfrequented ways,
 If by some chance he walks into a well,
 And shouts for succour with stentorian yell,
 "A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for grace!"
 Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace;
 For there his carcass he might freely fling,
 From frenzy, or the humour of the thing,
 Though this has happen'd to more bards than one;
 I'll tell you Budgett's story,—and have done.

Budgett, a rogue and rhymester, for no good,
 (Unless his case be much misunderstood,)

* Minerva being the first by Jupiter's head-piece, and a variety of equally valuable parturitions upon earth, such as Marlow, &c. &c.

† "A crust for the critics."—*Bayes*, in the "Rehearsal."

‡ And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people who can "fly" from them; all the rest, viz., the sad sinners to the "Literary Fund," being compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation without a hope of exclaiming, "Sic" (that is, by choking Fitz. with bad wine, or worse poetry) "me servavit Apollo!"

When teased with creditors' continual claims,
 "To die like Cato," leapt into the Thames!^{*}
 And therefore be it lawful through the town
 For any bard to poison, hang, or drown.
 Who saves the intended suicide receives
 Small thanks from him who loathes the life he
 leaves;
 And, sooth to say, mad poets must not lose
 The glory of that death they freely choose.

Nor is it certain that some sort of verse
 Prick not the poet's conscience as a curse;

^{*} On his table were found these words: "What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong." But Addison did not "approve;" and if he had, it would not have mended the matter. He had invited his daughter on the same water-party; but Miss Budgell, by some accident, escaped this last paternal attention.

Dosed with vile drams on Sunday he was found,^{*}
 Or got a child on consecrated ground!
 And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage—
 Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his cage.
 If free, all fly his justifying fit,
 Fatal at once to simpleton or wit:
 But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes,—*him*
 He flays with recitation limb by limb;
 Probes to the quick where'er he makes his breach,
 And gorges like a lawyer—or a leech.

Thus fell the sycophant of "Atticus," and the enemy of Pope.

^{*} If "dosed with," &c., be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate "Mixerit in patrios cineres," &c., into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE
 VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER
 TRESSES.

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
 Is mine, sweet girl! thy pledge of love;
 It claims my warmest, dearest care,
 Like relics left of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart:
 'Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee;
 From me again 'twill ne'er depart,
 But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
 Is not so dear to me as this;
 That I but for a moment sip,
 And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
 E'en when our lives are on the wane:
 The leaves of Love will still be green
 When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
 In gently waving ringlets curl'd,
 By the dear head on which you grew,
 I would not lose you for a world.

Not though a thousand more adorn
 The polish'd brow where once you shone,
 Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
 Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

REMEMBRANCE.

'TIS done!—I saw it in my dreams;
 No more with Hope the future beams;
 My days of happiness are few:
 Child'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
 My dawn of life is overcast;
 Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!
 Would I could add Remembrance too!

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES.

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
 Because my youth is fled?
 Days of delight may still be mine;
 Affection is not dead.
 In tracing back the years of youth,
 One firm record, one lasting truth,
 Celestial consolation brings;
 Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
 Where first my heart responsive beat,—
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
 What moments have been mine!
 Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
 Now bright in rays divine;
 Howe'er my future doom be cast,
 My soul, enraptured with the past,
 To one idea fondly clings;
 Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
 Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
 Their branches on the gale,
 Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
 Which tells the common tale;

Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here when'er my foot-taps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Oh, Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decay'd;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings,
Away, away! delicate power,
Thou shalt not thine own coming hour;
Unless, indeed, with out thy wings.

Seest of my youth thy distant spire
Recall'st each scene of joy?
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind, in heart, in eye
Thy grassy slopes, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path, thy meadow still,
Each flower that to thy fragrance fills,
As in my heart, each morn'g-day,
Each hour, each moment, I would say,
"I wish I had my wings!"

My Lyens! where art thou, dost thou weep?
Thy falling tears restrain;
Ade to me for a moment's sleep,
I will be thy love again,
Thy heart making fresh, when next we meet,
Gladly will I forego, I would sweet!
For with the melody of raptur'g strings,
While ye still delight in that sweet strain,
Alas! my heart has been so torn,
"I wish I had my wings!"

In my old days, when I would seek
Did I ever find thee?
No more, alas! my heart is relieved,
"I wish I had my wings!"
I found thee, I found thee I know,
Well to him, well to him I would stray,
Two, two, two, two, two, two, two, two,
And that's the way, that's the way,
For once, alas! my heart is so torn,
"I wish I had my wings!"

Ye few that still remain, ye few,
My memory still I keep;
Your words, your looks, your smiles,
"I wish I had my wings!"
I found thee, I found thee I know,
Well to him, well to him I would stray,
Two, two, two, two, two, two, two, two,
And that's the way, that's the way,
For once, alas! my heart is so torn,
"I wish I had my wings!"

Fictions and fancies, pure the Lord
Whom all the gods adore;
Friendship and truth: my reward—
To me no bays belong;

if laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
Simple and young, I dare not feign;
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can gn't like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can we atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou seest my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
Oh, point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fan,
Let superstition lead the pale,
Let jugglers spread their sordid reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile.

Shall man continue his Maker's sway
To scale the bosom of the pondering stone?
Thy light is the face of day;
Lift up your eyes, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell,
That's they I end in pompous form?
Tend that all I trace who fall,
Mighty to hold the mangling storm?

Can I, a creature, I to reach the skies,
Yet seek to reach the earth to expire,
Vainly to hope, in vain to hope, in vain,
Or in vain to seek, in vain to aspire?

Shall they cry, ere they can't expound,
Prey on a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall they pass our waking on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall these, who live for self alone,
Who a years flit on in daily crime—
Shall they try I wish for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless radius of ether's space;
Who hast the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:

Thou, who in vast empire of me here,
Who, when thou wilt, canst take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To thee, my God, to thee I call !
 Whatever weal or woe betide,
 By thy command I rise or fall,
 In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,
 My soul shall float on airy wing,
 How shall thy glorious name adored
 Inspire her feeble voice to sing !

But, if this fleeting spirit share
 With clay the grave's eternal bed,
 While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
 Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

To thee I breathe my humble strain,
 Grateful for all thy mercies past,
 And hope, my God, to thee again
 This erring life may fly at last.

THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE
 AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE.

ADIEU, thou Hill ! where early joy
 Spread roses o'er my brow ;
 Where Science seeks each lettering boy
 With knowledge to endow.
 Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
 Partners of former bliss or woes ;
 No more through Ida's paths we stray,
 Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
 Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
 Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
 Ye spires of Grant's vale,
 Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
 And Melancholy pale.
 Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
 Ye tenants of the classic tower,
 On Cama's verdant margin placed,
 Adieu ! while memory still is mine,
 For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
 These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
 Where grew my youthful years ;
 Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
 His giant summit rears.
 Why did my childhood wander forth
 From you, ye regions of the North,
 With sons of pride to roam ?
 Why did I quit my Highland cave,
 Marr's daisy heath, and Dee's clear wave,
 To seek a Sathon home ?

Hail of my Sires ! a long farewell—
 Yet why to thee adieu ?
 Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
 Thy towers my tomb will view :
 The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
 And former glories of thy Hall,

Forgets its wretched single note—
 But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
 And sometimes, on Eolian wings,
 In dying strains may float.

Fiel is, which surr and you rustic cot,
 While yet I live here,
 A heart you are not now forgot,
 To ranspect in dear.
 Strained ! the us, who se rippling surge
 My youthful lines were want to urge,
 At ne arble heart that plant course ;
 Plunging with ard' r in the shore,
 Thy springs will have these lines no more,
 Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene,
 Still nearest to my breast ?
 Rocks near an I rivers fall between
 The spot which just I blest ;
 Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
 Fresh as in L. 's bewitching dream,
 To me in smiles display'd ;
 Tell slow disease resigns his prey
 To Death, the parent of decay,
 Thine image cannot fade.

And then, my Friend ! whose gentle love
 Yet thrills my bosom throbs,
 How much thy friendship was above
 Description's power of words !
 Still near my breast thy gift I wear
 Which spurs I trace with Feeling's tear,
 Of Love they are the sacre I gem ;
 Our souls were equal, and our lot
 In that dear moment quite forgot ;
 Let Lethé alone condemn !

Adieu is dark and cheerless now !
 No stain of L. 's decent
 Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
 Can bid Lethé's pulse beat ;
 Not e'en the hope of future fame
 Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
 Or draw with fancied wreath my head ;
 Mine is a short inglorious race,—
 To humble in the dust my face,
 And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame ! thou goddess of my heart ;
 On him who gains thy praise,
 Fearless must fall the Spectre's dart,
 Consume him Glory's blaze ;
 But the she' beckons from the earth,
 My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
 My life a short and vulgar dream :
 Lost in the dull ignom'ie crowd,
 My hopes expire within a shroud,
 My fate is Lethé's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
 Unheeded in the clay,
 Where once my playful footsteps trod,
 Where now my bed must lay,
 The meed of Pity will be shed
 In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,

By nightly skulking; and to me;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.

To lights and to secrets unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call:
My soul is dark within:
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the fall of sin.
Then, when art guide the wandering star,
Who calms the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon beamless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
Aid, since I can must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

TO A VAIN LADY.

AH! heedless girl! why thus disclose
What never would be out for other ears;
Why thus bestow thine own repose
And bid the source of future tears?

O! thou who weep'st in silent night,
What darker pain dost thou still hide,
For all the tears that e'er thy eye
Of this world's pleasures can beguile

Wasting all thy beauty's bloom in vain,
If thou hadst lov'd thyself, as thou dost love;
Oh, from the world's temptations fly,
Nor fall the prey of idle love!

Dost thou repent, my child, thy fate,
Thy words man after man repeat?
Thy peace, thy hope, thy love, thy rest,
If thou canst water it with tears?

Why dost thou avenge thy faded years,
If thou tellest all the world thy tale,
Canst thou not mark the transient hours
Engulf'd in yon world of woe?

These tales, my dear, thy friends may hear,
Nor make thee feel thy pain or care;
What most thou need'st with all thy sighs
Reveals a flatterer's vain praise?

Will not the laughing boy disclose
Her who relates each fond conceit—
When, thinking Heaven's in her eyes,
Yet can not see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight
In a mirror, that is ever revealing,
Must not delude herself or mine,
While vanity prevents concealing.

Canst thou prize your beauty's reign!
No jealousy bids me reprove:
One, who is thus from nature vain,
I pity, but I cannot love.

TO ANNE.

OH, Anne, your offences to me have been grievous:
I thought from my wrath no atonement could
save you:
But woman is made to command and deceive us—
I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave you.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect you,
Yet thought that a day's separation was long;
When we met, I determin'd again to suspect
you—
Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was
wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,
With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you:
I saw you—my anger became admiration;
And now, all my wish, all my hope's to regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the conten-
tion!

Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you:
At once to conclude such a fruitless disension,
Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore
you!

TO THE SAME.

OH, say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have
deceiv'd

The heart which adores you should wish to dis-
cover;

Such Fates were to me most unkind ones indeed,—
To bear me from love, and from beauty for ever.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which alone
could bid me from fond admiration refrain;

By these, every hope, every wish were o'erthrown,
Till smiles should restore me to rapture again.

As the ryan hawk, in the forest entwined,
The rig of the tempest must find most weather;

My love and my life were by nature design'd
To flourish alike, or to perish together.

They say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have
deceiv'd

Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu;
Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall bleed,
His soul, his existence, are centred in you.

ON FINDING A FAN.

In one who felt'st no need to feel,

This little, portable, have fann'd the flame,

But now his heart no more will melt—

Because that heart is not the same

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 blaze in night.

Thus has it been with passion's fires—
As many a boy and girl remembers—
While every hope of love expires,
Extinguished with the dying embers.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,
Some careful hand may teach to burn;
The *last*, alas! can ne'er survive;
No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,
Not always doom'd its heat to smother,
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)
Its former warmth around another.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET

BEGINNING, "SAD IS MY VERSE," YOU SAY,
'AND YET NO TEAR."

THY verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:
A devilish deal more sad than witty!
Why we should weep I can't find out,
Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;
And much, alas! I think he needs it;
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,
May *once* be read—but never after;
Yet their effect's by no means tragic,
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,
And of no common pang complain—
If you would make us weep indeed,
Tell us you'll read them o'er again

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

THOU Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's
days,
Young offspring of fancy, 'tis time we should part;
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;
No more beam the eyes which my dream could
inspire,
My visions are flown, to return,—alas! never.

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to
love?
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have
done,
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast—
'Tis hushed; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate
no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
Since early affection and love are o'ercast:
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the
last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er
meet;
If our songs have been languid, they surely are
few;
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet—
The present—which seals our eternal Adieu.

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.

YOUNG Oak! when I planted thee deep in the
ground,

I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish
around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with
pride;
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can
hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power.
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee
expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds
gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a stranger would
feel I

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the weeds,
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,

For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though I shall be low in the cavern of death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rattle winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
O'er the course of thy Lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread
Oh! surely, by these, I shall ne'er be forgott;
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sweep, till the moments of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

TO MY SON,

Thou'rt st. flav'n'd like those eyes of Blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Thou'rt as my boys, whose simple play
And mirth to steal the heart away,
Rec'd a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

And thou canst lose a father's name—
Ah, William, were I not with some—
No self-reproach—let it be so—
My care for thee, my dear, my joy;
Thy mother's back, built in her joy,
And pardon all the parting Boy!

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast;
Dears are hers up to thy birth,
And I yield to thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not the common people say,
A father's heart is there, my Boy!

Why, let the world I'm frowning frown,
Must I heed Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no—though in our sins we're prest,
I'll thank thee, dearest child, to live,
I'll cherish thy pledge of youth an' joy—
A father's heart's thy path, my Boy!

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere halt my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

HUZZA! Ho! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screaming, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.
Here's a rascal
Come to ask all,
Trying from the custom-house;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
Escapes unscarr'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient, push from shore.
"Have a care! that case holds liquor—
Stow the boot—I'm sick—oh Lord!"
"Sick, no, damn'd damn'd, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board."
Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gentlemen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax—
Save the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd the berth, bid the captain,
Glad to bid, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to stew.
"Hey! hey! tell you that is a room?
Why, 't's hardly three feet square—
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?"
"Who, sar? plenty—
No less twenty
In that case, my vessel fill."—
"Did they? Jeus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still
Then I'd scrape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."
Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.

Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.

"Here's a stanza

On Braganza—

Help!"—"A couplet!"—"No, a cup

Of warm water—"

"What's the matter?"

"Zounds! my liver's coming up;

I shall not survive the racket

Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,

Lord knows when we shall come back!

Breezes foul and tempests murky

May unship us in a crack.

But, since life at most a jest is,

As philosophers allow,

Still to laugh by far the best is,

Then laugh on—as I do now.

Laugh at all things,

Great and small things,

Sick or well, at sea or shore;

While we're quaffing,

Let's have laughing—

Who the devil cares for more?—

Some good wine! and who would lack it,

Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

FALMOUTH ROADS,

June 30th, 1809.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT,

LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.

STRANGER! behold, interr'd together,

The *sons* of learning and of leather,

Poor Joe is gone, but left his *art*:

You'll find his relics in a *stall*.

His works were neat, and often found

Well stich'd, and with *morocco* bound.

Tread lightly—where the bard is laid

He cannot mend the shoe he made;

Yet is he happy in his hole,

With verse immortal as his *sole*.

But still to business he held fast,

And stuck to Phebus to the last.

Then who shall say so good a fellow

Was only "leather and *prunella*?"

For character—he did not lack it;

And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black it."

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

ADIEU, ye joys of La Valette!

Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat!

Adieu, thou palace rarely entered!

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 woman'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.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE,

OR FARCICAL OPERA.

GOOD plays are scarce,

So Moore writes farce:

The poet's fame grows brittle—

We knew before

That *Little's* Moore

But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*

T O D I V E S .

A FRAGMENT.

UNHAPPY DIVES! in an evil hour
 'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds accurst!
 Once Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st her power;
 Wrath's vial on thy lofty head hath burst.
 In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,
 How wondrous bright thy blooming morn arose!
 But thou wert smitten with th' unhallowed thirst
 Of crime unnamed, and thy sad noon must close
 In scorn, and solitude unsought, the worst of woes.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE
 AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO
 "BANISH CARE."

"OH! banish care"—such ever be
 The motto of thy revelry!
 Perchance of mine, when wassail nights
 Renew those riotous delights,
 Wherewith the children of Despair
 Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
 But not in morn's reflecting hour,
 When present, past, and future lower,
 When all I loved is changed or gone,
 Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
 Whose every thought—but let them pass—
 Thou know'st I am not what I was.
 But, above all, if thou would'st hold
 Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
 By all the powers that men revere,
 By all unto thy bosom dear,
 Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
 Speak—speak of anything but love.

'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,
 The tale of one who scorns a tear;
 And there is little in that tale
 Which better lessons would bewail,
 But mine has suffer'd more than well
 'Twould suit philosophy to tell.
 I've seen my bride another's bride,—
 Have seen her seated by his side,—
 Have seen the infant, which she bore,
 Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
 When she and I in youth have smiled,
 As fond and faultless as her child;
 Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
 Ask if I felt no secret pain;
 And I have acted well my part,
 And made my cheek belie my heart,
 Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
 Yet felt the while that woman's slave;—
 Have kiss'd, as if without design,
 The babe which ought to have been mine,
 And show'd, alas! in each caress
 Time had not made me love the less.

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
 Nor seek again an eastern shore;
 The world befits a busy brain,—
 'Twill hie me to its haunts again.

But if, in some succeeding year,
 When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
 Thou hear'st of one whose deepening crime
 Suit with the sablest of the times,
 Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
 Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise;
 One, who in stern ambition's pride,
 Perchance not blood shall turn aside;
 One rank'd in some recording page
 With the worst anarchs of the age,
 Hum wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,
 Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.

ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF
SEPARATION.

IN THE APRIL OF 1816.

A YEAR ago, you swore, fond she!
 "To love, to honour," and so forth:
 Such was the vow you pledged to me,
 And here's exactly what 'tis worth.

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS.

BY DR. PLAGIARY.

Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken
 in an appropriate voice by Master P., at the
 opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts
 marked with the inverted commas of quotation—
 thus "——".

"WHEN energising objects men pursue,"
 Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows
 who.
 "A modest men-dogue you here survey,"
 Hiss'd from the theatre "the other day,"
 As if Sir Fretful wrote "the slumberous" *verse*,
 And gave his son "the ruddish" to rehearse,
 "Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,"
 Knew you the rumpus which the author raised;
 "Nor even here your smiles would be repress,"
 Knew you these lines—the badness of the best,
 "I flame! fire! and flame!" (words borrowed from
 Lucretius),
 "Dread metaphors which open wounds" like
 issues!
 "And sleeping pangs awake—and—but away"
 (Confound me if I know what next to say),
 "Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,"
 And Master G— recites what Dr. Busby sings!—
 "If mighty things with small we may compare,"
 (Translated from the grammar for the fair!)
 Dramatic "spirit drives a conquering car,"
 And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of "tar."
 "This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,"
 To furnish melodramas for Drury Lane.
 "Another Marlborough points to Henheim's
 story,"
 And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

"In arts and sciences our isle hath shone"
 (This deep discovery is mine alone).

"Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire"
My verse—or I'm a fool—and Fame's a liar,
"Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore"
With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and
much more.

These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too! "inseparable train!"
"Three who have stolen their witching airs from
Cupid"

(You all know what I mean, unless you're stupid):
"Harmonious throng" that I have kept *in potto*
Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!

"While Poesy," with these delightful doxies,
"Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!
"Thus lifted gloriously, you'll soar along,"
Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song;
"Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"
(For this last line George had a holiday),
"Old Drury never, never soared so high,"
So says the manager, and so say I.

"But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast;"
Is this the poem which the public lost?
"True—true—that lowers at once our mounting
pride;"

But lo!—the papers print what you deride.

"'Tis ours to look on you—you hold the prize,"
"Tis *twenty guineas*, as they advertise!
"A double blessing your rewards impart"
I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.
"Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,
Why son and I both beg for your applause.
"When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"
My next subscription list shall say how much you
give!

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.

WHEN Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent
(I hope I am not violent,
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant,
And since not even our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise—
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

• • • • •

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!
Hermikla's first and second canto,
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;
And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining,—
So gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

TO LORD THURLOW.

I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown,
Let every other bring his own,
Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.

"I lay my branch of laurel down."

THOU "lay thy branch of laurel down!"
Why, what thou'st stole is not enough;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?

Keep to thyself thy withered bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne;
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He'd have little, and thou—none.

"Then thus to form Apollo's crown."

A crown! why, twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They'll tell you Phoebus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

"Let every other bring his own."

When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT
TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN HORSEMONGER
LANE GAOL, MAY 19, 1813.

OH you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,
For hang me if I know of which you may most
brag,
Your Quarto two-penny bonds, or your Two-penny Post
Bag;

But now to my letter—to *you*'s 'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to sponge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon—
Pray Phoebus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some
colgers.

And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam
Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death
got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heath-
cote:

But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the
Sciarra,

And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE.

"WHAT say I?" not a syllable further in prose:
I'm your man "of all measures," dear Tom,—so
here goes!
Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,
On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of
rhyme.

If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in
the flood,
We are smother'd, at least, in respectable mud,
Where the Divers of Bathos lie drown'd in a heap,
And Southey's last Pæan has pillow'd his sleep :—
That "Felo de se," who, half drunk with his
malmsey,
Walk'd out of his depth, and was lost in a calm
sea,
Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span
stanza,
The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never
man saw.

The papers have told you, no doubt of the
fusses,
The fêtes and the gapings to get at these Russes,—
Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hut-
man,
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great
man,
I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party, —
For a prince he is, but a star was rather too lofty
You know we are in a disagreeable predicament.

The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter an I
brisker,
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
And were but a status Thucydæus, and in ker-
ymere Erechtes whisk'd round, in a waltz with
the Jersey,

Whoddy's is ever seen, I must add, in light,
With Majesty's presence, as those she must
: : : :
: : : :

ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

ON a fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his
leisure,

From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making *ballade* of the lakes, and *l'air de ses forêts*;
M^{ss}. 8. 25. 1715.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SPIRIT OF CORINTH.

These lines were written, in Introduction to the
Stage of Corinth, but omitted by Byron in the
Edition published in Edinburgh.

IN the year since Jesus died for men,
Fought to bleed thirty years and ten,
We were, in all our company,
Killed in a field, on a mangy old sea,
Oh! but we were so gloriously
We for battle, and we took to the high hall,
Never or seldom, in a day or two,
Whether we were, or whether we were not,
Our way fell, and our way fell;
Whether we could in our rough capote,
On the rough plank of our gliding boat,

Or stretch'd 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,
To travel, but no sorrow,
We were of all tongues and creeds;—
Some were those who counted heads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
And some, or I miss say, of neither;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
Nor find a milder crew nor blither,
But some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scatter'd and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills
That look along Epirus' valleys,
Where freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood oppression's ills;
And some are in a far country,
And some all restlessly at home;
But never more, oh! never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

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

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

Canto the Fifth.

"THE land where I was born sits, by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers in search of peace,
Love, which both the gentle art soon apprehends,
Save I am for that in part on which was told,
I roam, and find me even yet the mode offends,
Love, which men, I believe, would love again
Kiss me, and I will with what pleasure, so strong,
That, if thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain,
Love, to me, he doth on love's end along,
But Caracalla's for him our life who en led!"
These were the accents utter'd by her tongue,—
Since I first list'n'd to these souls offended,
I would my visage, and so kept it till—
"What think'st thou?" said the lord; when I un-
berdled,
An Italian man, said: "Alas! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies,
I od that their evil fortune to fulfil!"
And then I turn'd, and, for a while my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise,

But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognise?"
Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days
In misery, and that thy teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancelot, how love enchain'd him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly,
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
A'l o'er discolour'd by that reading were;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew:
When we read the long-sigh'd-for smile of her,
To be thus kiss'd by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
Accused was the book, and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf we did uncover."
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
I swoon'd, as if by death I had been smote,
And I fell down even as a dead body falls.

STANZAS TO THE PO.

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there purchase recalls,
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

What do I say—a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them,—not for
ever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away:

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
Borne on our old unchanged career, we move:
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,
And I—to loving *one* I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharin'd by summer's heat.

She will look on thee,—I have look'd on thee,
Full of that thought: and, from that moment,
ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see.
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
I by thy source, she by the dark blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love,—at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD
FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE.

To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height,
and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise.
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
Were it not easy, sir, and is't not sweet
To make thyself beloved? and to be
Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete:
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.

IF for silver or for gold,
You could melt ten thousand pimples
Into half a dozen dimples,
Then your face we might behold,
Looking, doubtless, much more snugly;
Yet even *then* 'twould be d—d ugly.

STANZAS.

COULD Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavour
Be tried in vain—
No other pleasure
With this could measure;
And like a treasure
We'd hug the chain.
But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, form'd for flying,
Love plumes his wing;
Then for this reason
Let's love a season;

But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted
I feel broken-hearted,
And, all hopes thwarted,
Expect to die;
A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
They might behold her
For whom they sigh!
When link'd together,
In every weather,
They pluck Love's feather
From out his wing—
He'll stay for ever,
But only shiver
In plume, when past the spring.

Like the fiefs of Flanders,
His life is a fief—
A form'd for a reign
That Carl's his reign,
Obscures his glory,
Desp'ot no more, he
Such territory
Quits with disdain,
Still, still a wanting,
With banners glancing,
His power enhancing,
He must move on—
Repose but cloy's him,
Retreat destroys him,

Love brooks not a degraded throne.

Wait not, fond lover!
Till years are over,
And then recover
As from a dream,
While each is wailing
The other's falling,
With wrath and rolling,
All hideous seem—
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing,
Wait not till teasing
All passion blight:
If once diminished,
Love's reign is finished—

Then part in friendship,—and bid good-night.

So shall Affection
To recollection
The dear connexion
Bring back with joy:
You had not waited
Till, tired or hated,
Your passions sated
Began to cloy.
Your last embraces
Leave no cold traces—
The same fond faces
As through the past:
And eyes, the mirrors
Of your sweet errors,

Reflect but rapture—not least though last

True, separations
Ask more than patience;
What desperations
From such have risen!
But yet remaining,
What is't but chaiming
Hearts which, once waning,
Beat 'gainst their prison?
Time can but cloy love
And use destroy love:
The wing'd boy, Love,
Is but for boys—
You'll find it torture,
Though sharper, shorter,

To wear, and not wear out your joys

ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

HURRY a happy new year! but with reason.
I beg you'll permit me to say—
Wish me *many* returns of the *sonon*,
But as *fele* as you please of the day.

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

WITH death doom'd to grapple,
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

EPIGRAM.

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine
Will Colbrett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.

STANZAS.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
 And is always as nobly requited;
 Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
 And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get knighted.

EPIGRAM.

THE world is a bundle of hay,
 Mankind are the asses who pull;
 Each tugs it a different way.
 And the greatest of all is John Bull.

THE CHARITY BALL.

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and father,
 If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
 So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
 And the saint patronizes her "charity ball!"

What matters—a heart which, though faulty, was
 feeling,
 Be driven to excesses which once could appal—
 That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
 As the saint keeps her charity back for "the ball!"

EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

TO PENELOPE.

THIS day, of all our days, has done
 The worst for me and you:—
 'Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,
 And *five* since we were *two*.

ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY,

JANUARY 22, 1821.

THROUGH life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
 I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty.
 What have these years left to me?
 Nothing—except thirty-three.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE BRAZIER'S COMPANY HAVING
 RESOLVED TO PRESENT AN ADDRESS TO
 QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
 An address, and present it themselves all in brass;—
 A superfluous pageant—for, by the Lord Harry!
 They'll find where they're going much more than
 they carry.

ON THE BIRTH OF
 JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER.

HIS father's sense, his mother's grace,
 In him, I hope, will always fit so;
 With—still to keep him in good case—
 The health and appetite of Rizzo.

MARTIAL, LIB. I., EPIG. I.

"Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,
 Tota notus in orbe Martialis," &c.

HE unto whom thou art so partial,
 Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,
 The Epigrammatist: while living,
 Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;
 So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—
 Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE
 IN THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

OH how I wish that an embargo
 Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
 Who, still unlaunched from Grecian docks,
 Had never passed the Azure rocks;
 But now I fear her trip will be a
 Darned business for my Miss Medea, &c.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

ANGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes,
 She makes her own face and does not make her
 rhymes.

SO, WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING.

I.

SO, we'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.

II.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.

III.

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
Sighing or suing now,
Rhyming or wooing now,
Billing or cooing now,
Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
The Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
Masking and humming,
Fencing and drumming,
Guitaring and strumming,
Oh Thomas Moore!

TO MR. MURRAY.

To look the reader, you, John Murray,
Have published "Anjou's Margaret,"
Which will be sold off in a hurry
(At least, it has not been as yet);
And then still further to bewilder me,
Without remorse, you set up "Hilfermy;"
So mind you don't get into debt,
Because as how, if you should fail,
These books would be but badish bail.

And mind you do not let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be a very treacherous—very,
And I get me into such a scrape!
For, firstly, I should have to sally,
At in my little boat, against a gally;
And, secondly, I should have to lay the African walt,
Have next to combat with the famous knight

EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR.
POLIDORE.

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,
Which is a good one in its way,—
Pages of eyes and lines of bows,
And French is than French's like towels
With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
Afford hysterical relief
To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;
Your plot, too, is such scope for scenery;
Your dialogue is apt and smart;
The play's conception full of art;
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
All stab, and everybody dies.
In short, your tragedy would be
The very thing to hear and see;
And for a piece of publication,
If I decline on this occasion,

It is not that I am not sensible
To merits in themselves ostensible,
But—and I grieve to speak it—plays
Are drugs—mere drugs, sir—now-a-days
I had a heavy loss by "Manuel,"
Too lucky if it prove not annual,—
And Sotheby, with his "Orestes,"
(Which, by-the-by, the author's best is.)
Has lain so very long on hand,
That I despair of all demand.
I've advertised, but see my books,
Or only watch my shopman's looks;—
Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There's Byr in too, who once did better,
Has sent me, folded in a letter,
A sort of—it's no more a drama
Than Durnley, Ivan, or Kehama;
So alter'd since last year his pens is,
I think he's lost his wits at Venice.
In short, sir, what with one and t'other,
I dare not venture on another
I write in haste; excuse each blunder;
The coaches through the street so thunder!
My room's so full—we've Gifford here
Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
Practising on the nouns and particles
Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you
Had but the genius to review!—
A smart critique upon St. Helena,
Or if you only would but tell in a
Short compass what—but to resume:
As I was saying, sir, the room—
The room's so full of wits and birds,
Craves, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards,
And others, neither bar nor wits;—
My little tenement admits
All persons in the dress of gent,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
All clever men, who make their way;
Cecil, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey,
Are all partakers of my pantry.
They're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Stael's late dissolution
Her book, they say, was in advance—
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!
Thus runs our time and longers away;—
But, to return, sir, to your play
Sorry, sir, but I cannot read
Unless 'twere acted by O'Nell;
My hand is so full, my head so busy,
I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
And I, with endless truth and hurry,
Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY,
August, 1817.

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

MY dear Mr. Murray,
You're in a damn'd hurry,

To set up this ultimate Canto ;
But (if they don't rob us)
You'll see Mr. Holhouse
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

For the Journal you hint of,
As ready to print off,
No doubt you do right to commend it,
But as yet I have writ off
The devil a bit of
Our "Beppo"—when copied, I'll send it.

Then you've ****'s Tour,—
No great thing, to be sure,—
You could hardly begin with a less work :
For the pompous rascalion,
Who don't speak Italian
Nor French, must have scribbled by guess work.

You can make any loss up
With "Spence" and his gossip,
A work which must surely succeed ;
Then Quæren Tary's Epistle-craft,
With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"
Must make people purchase and read.

Then you've General Gordon,
Who guided his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite master ;
And help him to polish
A nation so owlish,
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

For the man, "poor and shrewd,"
With whom you'd conclude
A compact without more delay,
Perhaps some such pen is
Still extant in Venice ;
But please, sir, to mention *your* pay.

TO MR. MURRAY.

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unledged MS. authors come ;
Thou printest all—and seldest some—
My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new quarterly is seen,—
But where is thy new Magazine,
My Murray ?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine—
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
And Sermons, to thy mill bring grist ;
And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without "the Board of Longitude,"
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray.

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE :

AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY.

THE Devil returned to hell by two,
And he stay'd at home till five ;
When he dined on some homicides done in *proposito*,
And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew—
And bethought himself what next to do,
"And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night :
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer then—
"If I followed my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed,
But these will be furnished again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed ;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,
A chariot in Seymour Place ;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me
amends,
By driving my favourite pace ;
And they handle their reins with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of their race.

"So now for the earth to take my chance ;"
Then up to the earth sprang he ;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stepp'd across the sea,
And rest'd his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hover'd a moment upon his way,
To look upon Leipsic plain ;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perch'd on a mountain of slain ;
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well ;
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blush'd like the waves of hell !
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he :
"Methinks they have here little need of *me* !"

But the sweetest note that soothed his ear
Was the sound of a wifow sighing ;
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying—
As round her fell her long fair hair ;
And she look'd to heaven with that frenzied air,

Which seem'd to ask if a God were there:
An I, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
A child of famane dying:
An I the carnage begun, when resistance is done,
And the fall of the vainly flying!

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,
And what did he there, I pray?
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
What we see every day:
But he made a tour, and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
And he sold it in shares to the *Men of the Row*,
Who bid pretty well—but they *cheated* him, though!

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,
Its coachman and his coat;
So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,
And seized him by the throat:
"Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?
'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"

So he sat him on his box again,
An I to let him have no fear,
But be true to his club, and staunch to his rein,
His bread, and his beer:
"Next to seeing a Lord at the council board I,
I would I rather see him here."

The Devil gat next to Westminster,
And he turn'd to "the room" of the Commons;
But he heard, as he purpos'd to enter in there,
That "the Lords" had received a summons;
And he thought, "a *quand tu aristocrat*,"
He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them
were flat:

An I he walk'd up the house so like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seem'g wisely,
The Lord Westm. look'g certainly sly,
An I Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some size—
An I Chatham, so like his friend Billy;

An I he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
Because the Catholics would not give
In spite of his prayers and prophecies:
An I he hear'd—which set Sir in himself a start'g—
A certain Chief Justice say something like *tracarting*;
An I the Devil was shock'd—and quoth he, "I
must go,

For I find we have much better manners below:
But, as he harangues when he passes my border,
I shall hunt to friend Moloch to call him to order."

MY EPITAPH.*

YET THU, Nature, and relenting Jews,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove;
But Romanell was so stout,
He eat all three and *kept it* out.

* This Epitaph was written during a fever which Byron had in the Morea, 1820. Romanell was the physician who attended him. Happily the Epitaph proved a false prophecy.

SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.

KIND READER! take your choice to cry or laugh,
Here HAROLD lies—but where's his Epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

TO MR. MURRAY.

FOR Orford and for Waldegrave
You give much more than me you gave:
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a non fairly spaid,
A live *dog* must be worth ten fold,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose—
Certain, I should have more than these,
My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
So if you will, I shan't be sham'd,
And if you will, you may be damn'd,
My Murray.

NEW DUET.

To the tune of "Why, how now, saucy jule?"

"Why, how now, saucy Tom?
If you thus must ramble,
I will dash some
Remarks on Mister Campbell.

AN-SWER

Why, how now, Billy Bowles?
See, the priest is nigh!
If you go, go! How can you, I—your souls!
Listen to his twin killing!

EPIGRAMS

OH, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;
Crying for his country, so bid thou
He perished rather than see Rome enslaved,
Thou cut'st thy throat that Britain may be saved!

St. Castlereagh! 'tis not his throat—'Tis the worst
Of his eyes,—that his own was not the first.

So *Mel* cut his throat at last!—He? Who?
The man who cut his country's long age.

EPITAPH

POSTERITY will ne'er survey
A nobler grave than this:
Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:
Stop, traveller—

JOHN KEATS.

WHO killed John Keats
 "I," says the Quarterly,
 So savage and Tartarly;
 "Twas one of my feats."

Who shot the arrow?
 The poet-priest Milman
 (So ready to kill man),
 Or Southley, or Barrow."

THE CONQUEST.

[This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's papers after his departure from Genoa for Greece.]

THE Son of Love and Lord of War I sing;
 Him who bade England bow to Normandy,
 And left the name of conqueror more than king
 To his unconquerable dynasty.
 Not fann'd alone by Victory's deeting wing,
 He rear'd his bold and brilliant throne on high:
 The Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,
 And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

THE IRISH AVATAR

"And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant,
 kneeling to receive the paltry ruler."—*Courier*.

ERSE the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her
 grave,
 And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide.
 Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
 To the long-cherish'd isle which he loved like
 his—bride!

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
 The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could
 pause

For the few little years, out of centuries won,
 Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or wept not
 her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
 The castle still stands, and the senate's no more,
 And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless
 crags
 Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

To her desolate shore—where the emigrant stands
 For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;
 Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his
 hands,
 For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
 Like a goodly Leviathan roll'd from the waves;
 Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
 With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
 To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part—
 But long live the shanrock, which shadows him
 o'er!

Could the green in his *hat* be transferr'd to his
heart!

Could that long-wither'd spot but be verdant again,
 And a new spring of noble affections arise—
 Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy
 chain.

And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the
 skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
 Were he *God*—as he is but the commonest clay,
 With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow—
 Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
 Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride—
 Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
 His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
 So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
 With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
 And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
 Though unequal'd, preceded, the task was
 begun—

But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
 Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the *one!*

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
 With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
 Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
 And Corruption shrunk scorch'd from the glance
 of his mind.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and
 slaves!

Feasts furnished by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!
 True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still
raves,

When a week's saturnalia hath loosen'd her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can
 afford

(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide),
 Gild over the palace, Lo! Erin, thy lot!

Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his blessings
 denied!

Or if freedom past hope be extorted at last,
 If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
 Must what terror or policy wring forth be class'd
 With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves
 yield their prey?

Each brute hath its nature: a king's is to *reign*.—
 To *reign!* in that word see, ye ages, comprised
 The cause of the curses all annals contain,
 From Caesar the dreaded to George the despised!

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
 His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country
 convince

Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
 And that "Hal is the *ras* alle-t, sweetest young
 prince!"

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
 The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?

Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with
hymns?

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!
Till, like Babel, the new royal dome hath arisen!
Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite—
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

Spread—spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuff'd to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The fourth of the fools and oppressors call'd
"George!"

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
Till they *groan* like thy people through ages of
woe!

Let the wine flow around the old Bannanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flow'd, and which
yet has to flow.

But let not *Ais* name be thine idolatry—
On his right hand I beheld a *Sepamus* as peers!
Thine own Castle-rough! let him still be thine own!
A wretch never named but with curses and jeers!

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his
birth,

Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on the soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawl'd from her
ear's,
And firmer her rejsays his war, shouts and a
smile.

Well, not one single ray of her genius, without
The *Pen*, the *manhood*, the *fire* of her race—
The *rejoice* who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she bid—let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can
spring—

See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom well
flush'd,
Still warning its fields in the breast of a king!

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh, Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deep or gulf still!

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy
right,

My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,
Thy hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy
fight,
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still
for thee!

Yes, I lov'd thee and thine, though thou art not my
land,

I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy
sons,

And I wept with the world, o'er the patriot band
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once,

For happy are they now reposing afar.—
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeem'd, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-
day—

Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties
fled;

There was something so warm and sublime in the
core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—thy *dead*.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
Which though trod like the worm will not turn
upon power,

'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore!

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BE- TWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA.

OH, talk not to me of a name great in story!
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
wrinkled?

'Tis but as a deal-flower with May-dew be-
sprinkled.

Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give
glory!

OH, FAME!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding
phrases.

Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that sur-
round thee;

When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my
story,

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

STANZAS TO A HINDOO AIR.

OH! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow!
Where is my lover? where is my lover?
Is it his bark which my dreary dreams discover?
Far—far away! and alone along the billow

Oh! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow!
Why must my head ache where his gentle brow lay?
How the long night flags lovelessly and slowly,
And my head droops over thee like the willow!

Oh! thou, my sad and solitary Pillow!
Send me kind dreams to keep my heart from
breaking,
In return for the tears I shed upon thee waking,
Let me not die till he comes back o'er the billow.

Then if thou wilt—no more my *lonely* Pillow,
In one embrace let these arms again enfold him!
And then expire of the joy—but to behold him!
Oh! my lone bosom!—oh! my lonely Pillow!

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA.

In this beloved marble view,
Above the works and thoughts of man,
What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do
And Beauty and Canova *can't*
Beyond imagination's power,
Beyond the Bard's defeated art,
With immortality her dower,
Behold the *Helen* of the heart!

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES

I.

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
So we, boys, we
Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

II.

When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
We will fling the winding sheet
O'er the despot at our feet,
And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

III.

Though black as his heart its hue,
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
Yet this is the dew
Which the tree shall renew
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

VERSICLES.

I READ the "Christabel;"
Very well;
I read the "Missionary;"
Pretty—very;
I tried at "Ildrim;"
Ahem!

I read a sheet of "Marg'ret of Anjou,"
Can you?

I turn'd a page of Scott's "Waterloo;"
Pooh! pooh!

I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white "Ryl-
stone Doe;"

Hillo!
&c. &c. &c.

IMPROMPTU.

BENEATH Blessington's eyes
The reclaimed Paradise
Should be free as the former from evil;
But if the new Eve
For an Apple should grieve,
What mortal would not play the Devil?

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

YOU have ask'd for a verse:—the request
In a rhym'd 'twere strange to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountains) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head.

My life is not dated by years—
There are moments which act as a plough;
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-
SIXTH YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne up on his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here;—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.





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