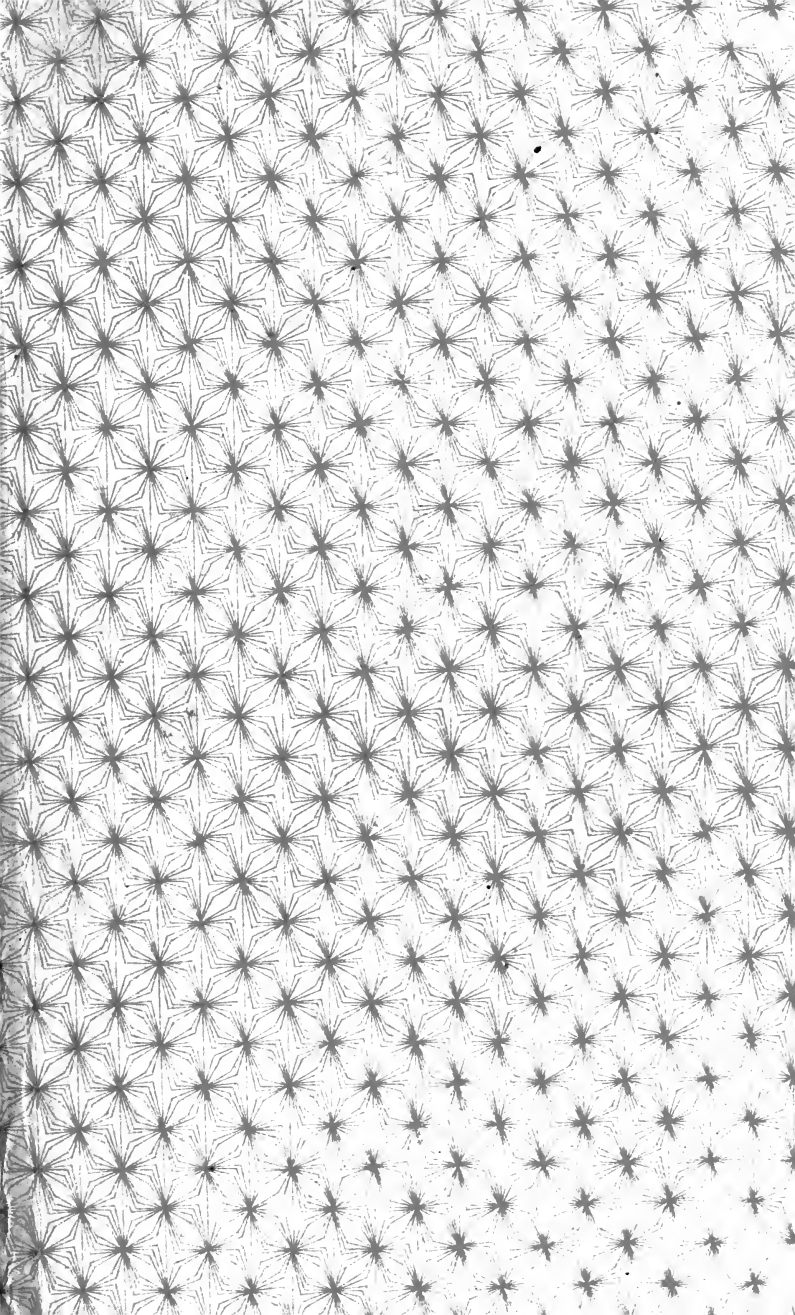


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THE
POETICAL WORKS,
OF
THOMAS MOORE

EDITED
WITH MEMOIR AND NOTES

BY
CHARLES KENT

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW

AUTHOR OF "ALETHEIA," "FOOTPRINTS ON THE ROAD," ETC.



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MAIN





THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

“ He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sank upon the ground ! ”—P. 229.

TO
IRELAND
IS INSCRIBED
THIS CENTENARY EDITION
OF
THE WORKS OF HER NATIONAL POET
THOMAS MOORE,
WHO,
TO THE HARP OF CAROLAN,
AND
WITH THE SOUL OF TYRTÆUS,
BLENDING IMMORTAL VERSE WITH HER EXQUISITE MELODIES,
SANG OF HER GRIEFS AND GLORIES
IN WORDS WORTHY OF
THE COMPANION OF EMMET,
THE FRIEND OF BYRON,
THE BIOGRAPHER OF SHERIDAN,
AND
THE CONTEMPORARY OF O'CONNELL;
WORDS EVER ATTESTING
HIS DEVOTION TO THE ANCIENT FAITH,
AND
HIS PASSIONATE LOVE
FOR THE GREEN AND GLORIOUS FATHERLAND.





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Memoir of Thomas Moore.

WITHIN twenty-three years of each other, in the later half of the eighteenth century, there were born, by a curious coincidence, the three greatest National Song-writers the world has ever known—Burns, the son of a poor gardener at Alloway; Béranger, the son of a journeyman tailor at Paris; and Moore, the son of a small shopkeeper at Dublin: these three children of lowly origin being respectively enthroned by common consent, and crowned with the bay garland, as pre-eminently the National Lyrists of Scotland, France, and Ireland.

THOMAS MOORE, the youngest and sprightliest of the three, first drew breath on Friday, the 28th of May, 1779, at No. 12, Aungier Street, at the corner of Little Longford Street, Dublin; his father, John Moore, carrying on business there at the time, and for years afterwards, in personal attendance behind the counter of his shop, as a grocer and spirit-dealer. The parentage of the future poet, upon both sides, was of an equally commonplace and humble character, his mother, Anastasia Moore *née* Codd, being the daughter of a general storckeeper at Wexford, a tradesman sometimes spoken of grandiosely as a provision merchant. During the first twenty years of his life, it is somewhat surprising now to reflect—the sequel being, upon the whole, in such startling contrast to this modest commencement—that Moore's existence, in perfect harmony with such exceedingly humble and almost sordid antecedents, had about it the very homeliest surroundings. Over the grocer's shop in that corner-house in Aungier Street his home, in fact, was fixed throughout two decades; the child, by a very slight expansion indeed, as it happened, growing up the while into the smallest of striplings. His childhood, there can be no doubt whatever, was in its way one of the happiest imaginable. Being an only son his playfellows were his two sisters, to the elder of whom, Kate, he afterwards addressed those loving lines written during his American wanderings, and dated, in the November of 1803, from Norfolk, in Virginia, through which he evidenced plainly enough his tender remembrance of the old roof-beams and of the dear ones they sheltered. His devoted attachment throughout life to both his parents illustrates in a striking manner one of his most amiable characteristics—the strength and tenacity of his domestic affections. As a rule, whenever away from her and within reasonable postal communication, down to the date of her death in 1832, he wrote twice a week to his mother. His father's interests, as will be seen, he sedulously cared for immediately he found the opportunity. And although upon the morrow of his first entrance into London society he was floated permanently, so to speak, upon the topmost wave of the *via lactea* of the gay world—among the very *crème de la crème* of the exclusives—he never once, to his lasting credit be it said, showed that he was in the smallest degree abashed by the recollection of his lowly progenitors. Rather than that, he seems to have more than

once referred to his origin almost boastfully. "Be sure," he would say to his fashionable acquaintance in Mayfair, if the latter spoke of an intention to visit the Irish capital,—“Be sure you go and see the old shop in Aungier Street, over which I was born, and where I lived so happily.”

To the last, among the most treasured recollections of his childhood were the occasions when with Kate and their younger sister, Nell, he took part in the little drawing-room charades they were in the habit of getting up for the amusement of the home-circle of an evening. Moore's earliest instructor was a boosing old fellow named Malone, who gathered a little day-school about him only a few doors off in the very same street, now so notable among the streets of Dublin as comprising among its tenements the poet's birthplace. One peculiarity this pedagogue had, arising out of the drowsiness consequent upon his overnight's potations far into the small hours at the neighbouring taverns, namely, that he pretty generally flogged the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers. From this elementary teacher's care he was fortunately removed betimes to the Grammar School, presided over by Samuel Whyte, already remarkable as having had entrusted to his tuition no less celebrated a pupil than Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Private theatricals being just then especially the rage, even in what might have been expected to have proved the uncongenial atmosphere of a grammar school, Master Moore, already regarded at home since the date for him of first articulate speech as a born declaimer, soon came to the front, Lilliputian as he was, as Mr. Whyte's show performer. As a manikin of ten he delivered in a high treble, in the midst of a roar of applauding laughter, at the School Exhibition of 1789, a comic epilogue entitled, "A Squeeze at St. Paul's." Prior to that, indeed, he had, while a yet smaller and younger urchin, acted with great *aplomb* as Patrick in the "Poor Soldier," and had even—after sedulously practising the incidental leaps at home over a tent-bedstead—appeared effectively as a miniature Harlequin in the pantomime. Upon that occasion (it was at the Christmas of 1788) he had, further still, gone the length of reciting an epilogue of his own composition.

At thirteen, having repeatedly before then tried his 'prentice hand at verse in manuscript, he made his first appearance in print, upon taking courage to send a contribution to a then popular Dublin magazine, called the *Anthologia Hibernica*. Referring himself to these productions long afterwards, he spoke of them slightly as mere mock-bird song. Not thus, however, thought the monthly periodical in which they saw the light, which, among its Notices, acknowledged a communication received from "our esteemed correspondent T. M." Under date New Year's Day, 1794, there appeared in the *Anthologia* a sonnet, signed no longer with initials merely, but with a name then unknown, but soon to become famous—Thomas Moore; the sonneteer, upon this occasion, addressing himself gratefully "To Samuel Whyte, Esq.," his excellent old Schoolmaster. Through the pages of the *Anthologia* it is worthy of note also that the erotic poet of the hereafter gave to the public his first amatory effusion, addressing himself ostensibly as Romeo to one Hannah Byrne, whom the boy-lover apostrophized under the more euphonious pseudonym of Zelia. As a distinct portent of much that was to follow, it is curious to note that while yet the merest lad he composed a masque in which he ingeniously adapted a quaint little ditty of his own to the Spirit Song of Haydn. In the homely drawing-room immediately above the shop in Aungier Street he and his sisters, with a few friends, enacted this masque with some success, to the amusement of the acquaintance hospitably summoned together to witness the performance. So bright and vivacious a little fellow was this only son of the worthy Dublin grocer, that from a very early period of his life his parents ambitioned for him a career at the Bar, prefaced by a University education. The day-dream thus cherished at home in his regard gave small promise at first of being ever realized. Until his fourteenth year the Bar and the University were effectually

closed against Catholics. At length, however, in 1793, a slight relaxation took place in the rigorous laws which for nearly three hundred years had forbidden the vast majority of the Irish race to dream of their sons being ever allowed to have their names entered upon the books of Trinity College. Though still denied all chance of reaping either honours or emoluments, Catholic students were at last admitted, as though no longer regarded as Pariahs afflicted with the leprosy. It was really as though the prayer had at length been answered which Moore remembered to have heard two years previously, when, as a child of twelve, he had sat upon the chairman's knee at a public dinner, while there had gone the round as a toast among the company the fantastic sentiment, "May the breezes from France fan the Irish oak into verdure." The outer barriers hitherto precluding him from admission to the Dublin University fell, as has been said, in 1793, and in the following year, he being then fifteen, Moore entered. At the time there was very much indeed about him of the frolic fun of the schoolboy. As distinctly illustrative of this, it is especially noteworthy that the very year which witnessed his entrance into Trinity College witnessed also his first gargantuan attempt at a political satire. This was entitled, "An Ode to Stephen, King of Dalkey"—the occasion for it arising out of the freaks of a certain comical Dublin club, the members of which annually amused themselves by burlesquing royalty, a mock court being held upon the occasion in the island of Dalkey, some seven or eight miles from Dublin, the king of this mock court at the time referred to being one Stephen Armitage, a pawnbroker. As compared with the effervescence and bouquet of those rarer moselles and champagnes of his wit which came later, and which still seethe and sparkle for us as freshly as ever on our reopening the riper flacons of his humour as a rhyming satirist, such mere preliminary bubblings of fun as this "Ode to Stephen, King of Dalkey," must rather have partaken of the frothy character of the ginger-pop dear to the lips of the mere schoolboy reveller.

Entering Trinity College on the threshold of his sixteenth year, Moore soon showed by his zeal as a student his determination to respond to the ambition cherished in his regard by his homely and unlettered parents, who, while content themselves with their unpretending position as shopkeepers, aspired to open the way for their only son to a higher and brighter life in one of the learned professions. Perfectly aware though he was that, by reason of his being a Catholic, nothing tangible could come to him from any success he might achieve in competition with his Protestant compeers, he, with an eye solely to the gratification of his mother's pride, entered and passed an examination for a scholarship. A little later, at one of the quarterly examinations, he tendered in lieu of the customary Greek or Latin, an English poem, and upon its proving to be his own production, as to which the examiners were at first very doubtful, it won for him, contrary to all precedent though it was, the recompense of a handsomely-bound copy of "The Travels of Anacharsis." At as early a date as in the February of 1794 there had appeared in the *Anthologia* a paraphrase by T. Moore of the Fifth Ode of Anacreon. The boy of fifteen, encouraged no doubt by seeing in print that purely tentative translation, began seriously to meditate the project of rendering into English the whole series of Odes that have come down to us from the old Greek bacchanal. Emboldened by the hopes that rapidly grew up in his imagination out of this project he submitted his manuscript version of Anacreon, so far as it had proceeded, to the scrutiny of Dr. Kearney, then one of the Senior Fellows, afterwards in 1799 Provost of Trinity, and eventually Bishop of Ossory, requesting his opinion as to whether it should be laid, when completed, before the Board of the University. Being a man at once of refined scholarship and of the soundest judgment he, as well became so rational a mentor, frankly pointed out at once the improbability of so sedate a body as the Board of the University giving their approval by a public reward to writings so pronouncedly amatory and convivial. Commending the

version so far as it had then gone, he advised Moore by all means to persevere in his undertaking. Heartened on by those well-timed words of encouragement, the stripling, with an eye to the notes he intended to give as an appendix to his metrical translation of Anacreon, consulted at every opportunity the stores of learning ranged together on the bookshelves of Archbishop Marsh's old library, adjacent to St. Patrick's Cathedral. During those parts of the year when the ancient building was closed to the public at large, the youth, thanks to the favour of the deputy-librarian, the Rev. W. Cradock, was often locked in there alone for hours together, ravaging the dusty tomes in quest of old-world and forgotten learning. He was preparing thus industriously for that starting point in his life which came a little later on, when, with the finished manuscript of his earliest book in his valise, he was to quit Ireland for the first time, and go on direct to London to try his fortune there with the publishers, while beginning to eat his terms at the Middle Temple with the view to his being eventually called to the Bar.

Hitherto, in all the biographies of Moore yet published, 1799 has invariably been given as the date when his name was first entered as a law-student upon the books of the Middle Temple. Upon inquiring there, however, with a view to the verification of the date—as to the accuracy of which I must acknowledge that I had but little if any suspicion—I have been led quite unexpectedly to a rather curious discovery. Instead of having had his name entered at the Middle Temple in the November of 1799, Moore, it now turns out, was enrolled there as a law student as many as four years previously. Here, however, is a copy of the exact entry as it appears upon the books of the Middle Temple—a copy obligingly authenticated for me by our under-treasurer, Mr. Charles Shaw, as a faithful transcript from the original:—

“MIDDLE TEMPLE. Admission to House, Die Novembris, 1795.

“Mt. Thomas Moore, filius natu maximus Johannis Moore, de civitate Dubliniae, in regno Hiberniae, mercatoris, admissus est in Societatem Medii Templi, Londini, specialiter. Et dat pro fine £4.”

Moore's name, it will therefore be seen, was entered betimes in his sixteenth, and not, as heretofore stated, in his twentieth year, as a student at the Middle Temple. He was still at that time the merest boyish alumnus at the Dublin University. There he contrived to win his way from the outset, boy though he was, by his vivacity, his industry, and his accomplishments. His diminutive size, even when he had come to be full grown, preserved to him for an unusual period in early manhood an air of adolescence. It confused people as to his age even in childhood; insomuch that when, as a small creature of seven, he had been going through one of his precocious recitations, “Oh, he's a little old crab!” said a matron half indignantly; “he can't be less than eleven or twelve years at the least.” Whereupon a gentleman seated next her, who knew the family a trifle better than she did, won the heart of Tom's mother for ever after by exclaiming with Irish unction, “Then, madam, if that be the case, he must have been four years old before he was born!” Quizzing acquaintance affected to regard him as in league with the “little people,” meaning the fairies. Being early discovered to have an agreeable voice and a natural taste for singing, he may be said to have warbled even from his infancy. The rudiments of his knowledge as an instrumental performer he had picked up with almost baby fingers upon an old harpsichord which his father had received as part-payment of a debt from a bankrupt customer. Afterwards, however, when that ramshackle instrument had, with the help of certain savings of his mother's, been exchanged for the long-coveted piano, one of the dominant passions of Moore's life—the love of melody—soon manifested itself to his own rapturous delight and that of his immediate surroundings.

At eighteen Moore, being then in his third year at Trinity, lit by a happy

chance almost simultaneously upon a book and a fellow-student, by the glamour of whom and by a hint from which the whole of his after course was in a very great measure coloured. The book was Edward Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland." The fellow-student was that rarely-gifted and ill-fated Robert Emmet, who, though six years afterwards he died upon the scaffold the death of a traitor, bequeathed in perpetuity to the country he idolized, and for which he gladly laid down his life, a memory which, in its freshness, is as green as her native shamrock, as the darling patriot of Ireland. In 1797 Moore and Emmet first came personally into communication. Their acquaintance, begun at the Debating Society, soon ripened into intimacy upon their being more frequently thrown together in the yet more famous Historical Society. Emmet being Moore's constant companion at this period, would often take his seat entranced by the side of the piano on which the younger stripling played the Irish airs from Bunting's collection. The listener upon one of those occasions, as will be found mentioned in the note prefixed to the Melodies, leaping to his feet upon the completion of the heart-stirring tune of "Red Fox," since world-famous as the melody "Let Erin remember the Days of Old," exclaimed, "O that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!" Somewhere about this time it was that Moore, who all through his life dearly loved to mingle fun with his fervour, gave in, as a candidate for the literary prize of the Historical Society just now mentioned, a rhythmical and rhyming sarcasm he had penned in derision of one or two of the more obnoxious Fellows of Trinity. "An Ode upon Nothing," he gravely entitled it, "with Notes by Trismegistus Rustifustius, D.D." The poignant flavour of the wit running through it provoked Homeric roars of laughter upon Moore's reading it aloud, while the medal, at the close of his recital, was awarded by acclamation to Dr. Rustifustius. Scandalized by the incident, however, when it once got wind, the University authorities interposed, and though the friendly associates of the young pasquinader were roused to angry contention in its defence, Moore summarily brought the tumult to an end by withdrawing the manuscript.

The Rebellion of 1798 was already in preparation. Young Ireland, awakened by the thunderclaps which for nine years had been audible from the direction of France, gave utterance at last articulately to its hitherto only muttered aspirations. The oriflamme of revolt had been flung out in the winter of 1797 by the issuing of the celebrated organ started by Arthur O'Connor and by Emmet's elder brother, Thomas, in association with other leaders of the sworn band of conspirators now renowned far and wide throughout the Three Kingdoms as the United Irishmen. Hand-and-glove as he was at this time with several of the more daring chiefs of the movement, Moore was once—but, thanks to his mother, only once—tempted to write sedition in the columns of *The Press*. Contributed though his rash communication was anonymously to that journal, his identity as the author of it was soon detected by his keenwitted parent, who thereupon elicited from him the solemn pledge that he would thenceforth have nothing whatever to do with the rebellion. Under the ægis of this maternal solicitude he was enabled shortly afterwards, as by a miracle, to pass scatheless through the imminent perils by which he was then immediately encompassed.

Shortly before the memorable explosion of 1798, an inquisitorial visitation was paid to Trinity College by the Irish Chancellor Fitzgibbon, Lord Clare; then also, as it happened, Vice-Chancellor of the University. The avowed object of that bitterest of Orangemen in personally presiding over this imperious court of inquiry was to lay bare at once and completely the extent to which the Irish Union had infected the minds of the students. Summoned unexpectedly before that formidable tribunal, and there subjected by Lord Clare himself to a searching cross-examination, Moore, yet under eighteen, acquitted himself so creditably by the combination in his replies of perfect frankness in regard to everything that concerned himself with

resolute loyalty and reticence in whatever related to his college intimates, that he not merely passed unharmed through the ordeal, but won to himself the admiration of his companions and the respect even of his judge, the hostile Chancellor.

In the penultimate year of the century Moore took his degree of B.A. and quitted the University. His translation of Anacreon being by that time ready for press, he, in the early part of 1799, started for London, with the double object of taking the necessary preliminary steps for the keeping of his terms at the Middle Temple, where four years previously, as has been shown, his name had been entered as a law-student, and of arranging if possible at an early date for the publication of his maiden work. Although a stripling of nineteen, he bore the appearance then, and for some time afterwards, of the merest schoolboy. His stay in England upon the occasion of this his first visit to the metropolis was of very brief duration. His apartment was a bedroom that cost him six shillings a week, at 44, George Street, Portman Square. With some little pecuniary difficulty he arranged the forms still requisite for his initiation at the Temple, and took the earliest steps towards the publication of his version of Anacreon in the following year, by John Stockdale, of Piccadilly. Having so far accomplished his purpose satisfactorily, he returned for a few months longer to his home in Dublin, whence his mother at that first venture had sent him forth into the world with his few guineas providently sewed up for safety's sake in the waistband of his pantaloons, and carrying with him, stitched into the lining of his waistcoat (so that it might secretly rest upon his heart), a scapular. Moore's second visit to London, towards the close of 1799, when he was nearly twenty, marked the real turning point in his fortunes. On his way thither, having, fortunately for him, had an introduction from his old Dublin friend, Joseph Atkinson, the secretary of the Ordnance Office, to the Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, he, in answer to an invitation from that nobleman, paid a visit to his stately country residence at Donnington. Through Lord Moira he was not only introduced, a little later on, to the very choicest society in London, but was personally presented to its leader, then the supreme arbiter of fashion, "the expectancy and rose of this fair state," George Prince of Wales. The Heir Apparent not only gratified the young Irishman by his courtesies, but permitted him to inscribe to His Royal Highness the translation of Anacreon, which in 1800 was at length issued from the press in the then fashionable form of a guinea quarto. The work was published by subscription, as many as 364 being enrolled as subscribers, at the head of the list being the names of two kings in the hereafter—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence. As a first work it was pre-eminently successful. Its author at once sprang into vogue in the highest circles by the sobriquet of "Anacreon Moore," a name retained by him until his repute had widened into celebrity. Intrinsically the book was of little worth, the translation so-called being the merest paraphrase of what Moore afterwards frankly allowed to be, in his opinion, nothing better than modern fabrications. What chiefly helped to swing into a success not merely the book itself but the author of it, was that rare gift of song as a lyrist at the piano, which every one who came within the range of its witchery upon the instant recognized. Personally, from the first to the last, Moore exercised upon all who approached him a marvellous fascination. Lord Byron said of him, that he was not only in a very remarkable way gentlemanly and gentle, but altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom he was acquainted. Speaking of Moore, Sir Walter Scott declared that there was a manly frankness about him, with a perfect ease and good breeding, that was absolutely delightful. With similar emphasis the late Lord Lytton once assured me that, among all the men he had ever known, Moore was beyond any comparison the most brilliant companion he could recall to his recollection. Added, however, to his effervescent and exhilarating vivacity, to his joyous animal spirits, to his exquisite and intense

appreciation of the ridiculous, to a wit ever on the alert, and a humour intermittently at play at every opportunity, he had that incommunicable gift of song which has been already referred to, and which was for him, beyond any doubt whatever, his supreme endowment. A fastidious auditor like Dr. Charles Burney, the historian of music, was so astonished by Moore's capacity as a musician, as a singer and a song-writer combined, that he could speak of it only as a gift that was peculiarly his own. Christopher North, again, in his "Recreations," protests emphatically in so many words, "Of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sang, the best, in our estimation, is Thomas Moore." From the outset he won with ease in that first season, which was the very April of his career, the smiles and tears of his enchanted hearers. It mattered nothing to the exclusives of Mayfair what was his parentage. He had the pass that gave him admittance anywhere—that had gained Orpheus access to the throne of Dis and the court of Rhadamanthus. Never once, however, from the first instant of his entering into the courtliest circles, did Moore abate one jot of his own perfect independence. "Tommy dearly loves a lord," are words that have often been quoted against him. Byron penned them only, however, we may be certain, in a mood of playful raillery. There was nothing of cringing or of obsequiousness about that alert little figure, which confronting the Heir Apparent when Moore had first the honour of being presented to him, upon the Prince's asking if he were the son of Dr. John Moore, the author of "Zeluco," answered, with a bright smile, "No, sir, I am the son of John Moore, a small grocer in Dublin." The sprightly air, the erect attitude, the very nose "tip-tilted," which at the first glance were among Moore's distinguishing characteristics, were pre-eminently significant in their way as indicative of his irrepressible independence.

A twelvemonth after the appearance of Anacreon, Moore, being then just of age, published at Carpenter's, in Bond Street, his second literary venture, a small volume containing a collection of amatory lyrics, which he had at least the left-handed decency to bring out at first anonymously. They purported to be "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little." Their impurity was such that five years afterwards, upon their author in some measure repeating his offence in one or two of his Odes and Epistles, the *Edinburgh Review* publicly denounced him, in the July of 1806, as "the most licentious of modern versifiers." So distinctly personal was the denunciation that Moore felt himself constrained in those duelling days to challenge the editor, Lord Jeffrey, who had thus vigorously been his assailant. Their meeting at Chalk Farm, when, at the last moment before the signal could be given for the exchange of shots, the police interposed to find one at least of the pistols (that of Jeffrey) unloaded, Byron celebrated soon afterwards in one of the most laughter-moving passages in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Irritated by that sarcasm into another challenge, Moore was spared the risk of any similar *contretemps* by the miscarriage of his hostile missive, through the circumstance of Lord Byron having just then quitted England for the Continent. Happily for every one concerned the outcome of each of those baulked duels was a cordial and lasting friendship. As for Jeffrey's reprehension of Moore on the score of his flagrant licentiousness as a lyricist, both in many of the poems of Little and in several of the slighter pieces in his subsequent volume, there cannot be a moment's question but that it was as richly deserved as it was stingingly severe. Moore himself practically admitted as much by eliminating the obnoxious productions from both works when they came to be reprinted; and, more than that, shed tears of the deepest contrition when talking with Rogers about those sins of his youth as a song-writer.

Thanks to Lord Moira's influence, Moore, in 1803, received the appointment of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda. His chief inducement to accept that incongruous office, though its acceptance involved his banishment indefinitely from the

scene of his recent triumphs in the very pick of London society, was that it promised to afford him the means of providing better than he could otherwise then have hoped to do for the four dearest beings to him upon earth—his parents and his sisters. Sailing from Portsmouth for his destination on the 25th of September, he bade them adieu thus tenderly, "God bless you all, dears of my heart! Sweet mother, father, Kate, and Nell, good-bye!" Tarrying awhile at Norfolk, in Virginia, he reached Bermuda in the January of 1804. Lovely though the scenery and climate of the Somers Islands incontestably were, they in no way compensated Moore for his banishment and isolation. A brief sojourn sufficed to disillusion him of the notion that he had found a halcyon resting-place for the remainder of his days under the shadow of the calabash tree his dreamy muse so lovingly celebrated. Bored to death by a seclusion that at last became intolerable, he at the end of three months gladly committed to the care of a deputy the discharge of the uncongenial duties devolved upon him in his capacity as Admiralty Registrar, and, as though he had got cramped by his temporary confinement, sought at once relief and restoration before his return home, by extending his travels through the United States and Canada.

The fruits of his journey, upon his return home in the November of 1804, after an absence from England of fourteen months altogether, were visible two years afterwards in another quarto volume of poems, "Odes and Epistles," for the most part, in which Moore not only still continued to outrage public opinion by his licentiousness as a lyricist, but while doing so contrived also very effectually to alienate many of his admirers upon the other side of the Atlantic by the almost malignant bitterness of his attacks upon the American Republic. So pitiless was this onslaught that years afterwards even the gentle-hearted Washington Irving, upon first meeting Moore in Paris, felt constrained to express his regret that some of the poet's best verses should have been devoted to the abuse of his country. "Put you in his best pickle," said Luttrell, with a comical relish, the timely *mot pour rire* of the wit scattering the disagreeable upon the instant in a burst of laughter. Apart from these harsh misjudgments of the young republic, which America has not only completely lived down but rendered ridiculous, and apart from the impurities which have been shredded off and scattered to the winds, like so many cankered rose-leaves unworthy of preservation, the "Odes and Epistles," which were gratefully inscribed to the Earl of Moira, tended largely to enhance the young poet's reputation. The "Canadian Boat Song" and the "Woodpecker," among the more peerless lyrics in the collection, struck each a chord so true that it thrilled at once not merely upon the hearing but to the very heartstrings of all who listened. The year (1806) in which Lord Moira received the grateful tribute of Moore's dedication, he gave additional reason for its presentation by lifting the poet's homely father from behind the counter of the grocer's shop in Aungier Street to the position of a barrack-master. That position, thanks to Lord Moira's influence, John Moore retained from 1806 to 1815, when, in the midst of the retrenchments consequent upon the general peace, the ex-grocer, turned barrack-master, was reduced to half-pay. When, intermediately between those two last-mentioned dates, Lord Moira, by that time Marquis of Hastings, was nominated Governor-General of India, Moore's hopes as to his own advancement, after soaring high for a few moments, fell quickly enough to the dust, realizing that, as he said, "for him it would be either India or Nothing." As the sequel proved, it really did mean as he had surmised—Nothing; and happy would it have been for Moore, could he only have been similarly guarded betimes from having his fortunes all but shipwrecked a little later on upon the rocky reef of the Bermudas.

Luckily, in 1807, a project was submitted to his consideration by Mr. James Power, then at the head of his profession as a musical publisher, the realization of which by them, in co-operation with Sir John Stevenson the composer,

enabled Moore to make good his claim to be regarded thenceforth as the National Poet of Ireland, and while doing so gradually to perfect in the lapse of seven-and-twenty years his now admitted masterpiece. This, needless to say, was the incomparable series of lyrics issued at uncertain intervals, in ten 15s. numbers, each number containing twelve songs, with the exception of the last, which comprised fourteen, known and loved and sung and played all the world over by their generic name as the "Irish Melodies."

Even when only a few had been issued, Byron said emphatically of that mere foretaste that they were worth all the epics that had ever been composed. Their production, to begin with, yielded Moore himself the keenest enjoyment as a preliminary to the delight they have ever since afforded to a perpetually increasing multitude. They secured him fame by incalculably widening and popularizing a reputation which at the outset was chiefly one of the boudoir and the drawing-room; and in addition to this they proved for him, in a pecuniary point of view, nothing less than splendidly remunerative. They brought him as nearly as possible 100 guineas a piece, or—at the rate of £500 a year for twenty-seven years—a lump sum of £13,500. Moore had only a few months previously begun their publication when, in 1808, he produced in pamphlet-form his two political satires, entitled respectively, "Corruption" and "Intolerance;" serious, and indeed rather dull performances, which failed completely to win even a semblance of public approbation. Akin to them was another satire, philosophical rather than political, which he brought out in 1809 under the title of "The Sceptic." All three would long ago have sunk into oblivion but for their being integral parts of a whole, which gives promise of floating buoyantly and joyously enough down the stream of time without much risk of ever foundering.

At the age of thirty-two Moore was married, on the 25th of March, 1811, at St. Martin's in the Fields, to Miss Elizabeth Dyke, whose acquaintance he had first made when, in the preceding year, she was taking part as a beautiful and accomplished young actress in the famous Kilkenny theatricals. Although in a worldly sense she came to him dowerless, she brought him a treasure which for forty-one years knew no diminution—that of a domestic happiness which to the last moment of their wedded life was perfectly reciprocated. Speaking of her, Lord Russell has said that she received from her husband the homage of a lover from the hour of their nuptials to that of his dissolution. Beginning his married life in London, Moore soon found that if he hoped to pursue, without risk of perpetual interruption, the literary labours from which his income was alone derived, it became essential that he should escape from the countless allurements around him, by removing his home at once to a reasonable distance from the social maelstrom of the metropolis. To the end that he might thus have the opportunity of working in tranquillity, he gave up his apartments in York Terrace, Queen's Elm, Brompton, resolved upon ensuring seclusion thenceforth by narrowing his home to a cottage in a village. To that determination he was ever afterwards faithful. Holding at the period of his marriage the most intimate relations with Lord Moira, Moore, with a view to being within easy reach of Donnington Park, first took up his abode with his young wife at a very homely little tenement indeed at Kegworth, in Leicestershire. A couple of years afterwards, in the summer of 1813, he removed thence to a yet humbler dwelling, which had nothing pretty about it but its name—Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. He was, there can be little doubt of it, induced to adventure upon this change of locality by the circumstance of Lord Moira having taken his departure a few months previously to the East, as Governor-General of India.

During his residence at Mayfield Cottage, Moore wrote under its lowly roof-beams not only by far the best among his Melodies, but incomparably the most important of his poems—meaning, of course, his Oriental romance of "Lalla

Rookh." Within the very year of his taking up his abode in Wiltshire, he brought out one of the merriest of all his effusions, entitled "Intercepted Letters; or, The Twopenny Postbag," writing then for the first time, but by no means the last, under the pseudonym of Thomas Brown the Younger. Revelling in the fun of this whimsical production, Byron exclaimed upon the morrow of its publication, with a gusto which is even now comprehensible, "What humour, what everything [there is] in the Postbag!" Anstey's "Bath Guide" probably suggested the first notion of it, but its intrinsic drollery was so intensely Moore's own that the thought, if borrowed, assumed to itself all the effect of originality. Within a year from the date of its first appearance thirteen editions had been exhausted.

As far back as in 1812 an Eastern theme had been suggested to Moore by some of his friends as peculiarly suited to his capacities. Entertaining the idea at the outset rather reluctantly, he after a while began to find his thoughts falling in with the proposal. The whole project, however, was still the merest *château en Espagne*, when, in the December of 1814, through the cordial intervention as a negotiator of Mr. James Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, the Messrs. Longman agreed to pay 3,000 guineas to Moore for a poem as yet but partially written, and of which they had not seen one syllable—the money to be placed in his hands immediately upon his giving in the manuscript. It is hardly surprising, under the circumstances, that two years had run out before the poet was enabled to hold them to their princely bargain. His fastidious taste was not until then satisfied as to his performance. As a mere preparation for his enterprise he had, by a slow and laborious accumulation of minute details in regard to the far East, virtually transformed himself for the time being into an Asiatic. Reading up assiduously so as to qualify himself for the adequate achievement of the novel task upon which he had adventured, he acquired an accuracy in the arrangement and application of his facts which struck even experts with astonishment. His evidence of antiquarian and topographical knowledge, his familiarity with the manners and customs of races existing at the opposite extremity of the hemisphere, filled with amazement and even with incredulity, as to his never having been in their midst, some of the most keen-witted and experienced of Oriental travellers. Exquisitely elaborated in the mere manner of its production, "Lalla Rookh" was at length published in the May of 1817 in a splendid quarto, which ran through seven editions within a year from the date of its first appearance. In it Moore, employing alternately Scott's favourite octosyllabic verse and Dryden's heroic measure, recounted four romantic tales strung together upon the seemingly incongruous thread of a prose narrative. The argument of the poem is as simple as it is ingenious. The Princess Lalla Rookh, betrothed to the King of Bucharia, is represented at the outset as on her way with a suitable cavalcade to meet her unknown bridegroom in the Valley of Cashmere. Disguised as the minstrel Feramorz, the young king, who has hastened thus to anticipate the appointed time for their introduction to each other, beguiles the tedium of the journey by relating to the princess the four rhythmical romances already referred to. Adverse criticism was disarmed by being anticipated in the extravagant carplings of Lalla Rookh's Magnificent Grand Chamberlain, the Polonius-like and preposterous Fadladeen. The tales told by Feramorz may be readily summarized. D'Herbelot's ghastly account of a religious impostor who, being a veritable monster in human form, concealed his loathsome visage behind a silver tissue, under the pretext of shading the ineffable glory radiating from his countenance, was celebrated in the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. Upon the other hand there was tenderly recounted, in Paradise and the Peri, the threefold trial of one of those sylph-like beings sent forth in quest of the most precious offering in the sight of Omnipotence, with which to gain the forfeited privilege of admission within the gates of Heaven—the last drop of the heart's blood of a patriot and the expiring sigh of a life sacrificed to love and duty, being alike immeasurably surpassed by the

first tear of a repentant soul mingling its prayer with that of childhood. The Fire-worshippers, which, under an Eastern allegory, sang with impassioned fervour of the wrongs endured by the Catholics of Ireland far rather than of the persecution of the Gheber by the Moslem, assumes to itself, doubtless for that very reason, the right to be regarded as by far the noblest poem in the whole collection. The last and daintiest of them all, *The Light of the Harem*—meaning the young Sultana Nourmahal—describes *The Feast of Roses in the Valley of Cashmere* with a melodic sweetness so cloying and all but overpowering in its way, that the world therein revealed seems to breathe only of a garden bathed in perpetual moonlight, dripping with a dew like attar-of-roses, peopled with houris, garlanded with blossoms, and musical from end to end with the intermingled tinkling of fountains and warbling of nightingales.

Translated into all the more civilized languages, "*Lalla Rookh*" soon made the tour of Europe, and, rapidly passing through Asia Minor, penetrated far into the great Asiatic continent. Luttrell stated the merest matter of fact when he wrote, in exquisite compliment to his friend—

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

Satiated with the praise lavished upon him immediately upon the publication of his delicate masterpiece, Moore rewarded himself for that crowning success in a career that was made up, it must be said, almost entirely of successes, by taking a holiday trip to Paris with Rogers, journeying through France in the latter's travelling carriage. As the result of that delightful excursion, Thomas Brown the Younger dashed off "*The Fudge Family in Paris*," a bit of fun which, as he himself notes, "prospered amazingly," running into no less than five editions within a single fortnight, while within the same interval pouring £350 into his valise.

Upon his return home from this agreeable and remunerative ramble beyond Channel, Moore ventured upon another—as it happened, the last—removal of his household gods, his home thenceforth being for four-and-thirty years at Sloper-ton Cottage, near Devizes, in Wiltshire. As he had settled in 1811 at Kegworth to be near Lord Moira's estate of Donnington Park, so now again, in the November of 1817, he settled down permanently, to his own delight and that of his principal neighbour, at Sloper-ton, his cottage residence there being within easy walking distance of Bowood, the estate of his intimate friend the Marquis of Lansdowne. "It would be a delightful addition to life," wrote Sir Walter Scott a few years later on at Abbotsford, "if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me." So thought Lord Moira. So thought Lord Lansdowne. Moore's new home was a little rural cottage, primitively thatched. Its rental of £40 a year furnished, and afterwards of £18 a year unfurnished, indicates at once its modest dimensions. Surrounded by a pretty garden, it had two porches upon its garden-front, the trellis-work at these porches being luxuriantly trailed over by creeping plants, the rose, the jasmine, and the clematis—as was, indeed, the whole tenement, from gable-peaks to basement, the only gaps in the profusion of greenery being formed by the latticed casements. On the poet's favourite terrace-walk in this little garden most of his subsequent verses were composed, his footsteps beating out the rhythm as he sauntered to and fro—pausing every now and then to jot down his imaginings upon a small deal table, painted green, still preserved as a treasured relic by his old and attached friends, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in the conservatory adjoining the pretty drawing-room of their house in Kensington.

Precisely at the moment when he was rejoicing in the thought of having found near Bowood a more than ever enviable haven of rest in Wiltshire, Moore received

the startling intimation that his long-trusted Deputy at Bermuda had proved faithless—being, in fact, to so heavy an extent a defaulter that there impended over the poet the imminent probability of his finding himself, when all the facts came out, involved to the extent of £6,000 by this wretched agent's embezzlements.

In the midst of the qualms and terrors excited by this painful revelation, Moore published in the early spring of 1819, through the hands of the Messrs. Longman, his flash satire entitled "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, with a Preface, Notes, and an Appendix by One of the Fancy." Before the summer of that year had very far advanced, however, a scare abruptly dissipated the satirist's enjoyment. This arose out of the circumstance of the Bermuda case having one July day been summarily decided in court, an attachment being at once issued against the person of Moore, who was soon afterwards, when safely upon the other side of the Channel, provoking the laughter of his friends by ridiculously referring to himself as the victim of an unfortunate attachment. Recommended by some of his intimates to seek safety in flight, either to Ireland or Scotland, he preferred yielding to the temptation, then opportunely held out to him, of crossing over to France in company with Lord John Russell. Arriving in Paris on the 8th of September, the two friends, who were almost as well matched in wit as in stature, started upon the 18th together upon a delightful journey through Switzerland, across the Alps into Northern Italy. So overwhelmed was Moore by the magnificence of the mountain scenery they were traversing, that on one occasion Lord John, upon overtaking him at an unexpected turn in the road, at which there had been suddenly revealed to him an exceptionally sublime panorama, found him speechless, actually gasping with emotion, and in tears.

At Milan the congenial intimates parted, Lord John branching off to Genoa, while Moore, having passed through Vicenza and Padua, on the 7th of October visited Lord Byron, then resident at La Mira, near Fusina. Thence the two poets crossed over on that same day to the Dream-City of Venice. In the midst of their confidential intercourse at this period Moore had given to him by Lord Byron what was, certainly, everything considered, the most precious *souvenir* the latter could possibly have bestowed upon any intimate—his recollections jotted down in the form of a MS. autobiography. "Look here," said he one day to his friend at Venice, holding up as he spoke a mysterious white leather bag, "this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it." "What is it?" was the natural inquiry. "My Life and Adventures," replied Byron: whereupon Moore lifted up his hands in amazement. "It is not a thing," added Byron, "that can be published during my lifetime, but you may have it if you like. There"—tossing it to him—"do whatever you please with it." Having cordially thanked Lord Byron for his whole-hearted gift, "This," said Moore, with the white leather bag still in his hands, "will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it." After passing but little more than a week together in joyous companionship, the friends parted never again to meet, Byron already in the Sybarite thrall of the Guiccioli, and little dreaming that death awaited him in less than five years at Missolonghi. Moore himself, having extended his tour to Rome, where he fell in with a rare cluster of English artists, among them being Jackson and Chantrey, returned at his leisure through the South of France to Paris, where in the January of 1820 he was rejoined from England by his wife and children. His "Rhymes on the Road" were at once the fruit and the record of these pleasant holiday excursions among the Switzers and Italians. Between two and three years altogether Moore remained thus for safety's sake in compulsory expatriation. His residence at that time was chiefly at a *piéd-à-terre*, first of all in the Allée des Veuves in the Champs Elysées, and afterwards at No. 17 in the Rue d'Anjou, though he often sojourned as a welcome guest at La Butte Coaslin (a beautiful place

overhanging Sèvres) with a wealthy and hospitable family named Villamil. During this prolonged stay in the French capital or its immediate neighbourhood, Moore eked out his income by not merely keeping up his stipulated supply of Melodies to Power, but by occasionally reviewing for Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*. This he could do with perfect consistency as a politician, seeing that he had long previously, after the sowing of his democratic wild oats, settled down so thoroughly into a Constitutional Whig that there was the most complete accord upon administrative questions between himself and his three intimate friends, Lord John Russell, Lord Holland, and Lord Lansdowne.

At length, in the September of 1822, the glad news came to Moore at Paris that he might with perfect safety return to England. The Bermuda claims had been reduced from six to one thousand pounds sterling; and of that £1,000 there was contributed, no matter how reluctantly, a sum of £300 by an uncle of the defaulting Deputy Sheddon. Realizing this to be the position of things, the Marquis of Lansdowne at once deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining £700, to be in readiness for an instant settlement whenever it might be required. This generous arrangement Moore at last fell in with, but immediately after the payment of the deposit reimbursed the Marquis by a draft upon his publisher. In this way the five years' ghostly misery of his home was exorcised—the skeleton being at last extricated from the cupboard and decently interred.

Upon the morrow of his return to England "The Loves of the Angels," for which Moore received £1,000 sterling, was published by the Messrs. Longman. Its completion was precipitated by the announcement, as immediately forthcoming, of the "Heaven and Earth" drama of Lord Byron, built upon the like rabbinical lines, and all but ready for launching. During the same year (1823) were published Moore's "Fables of the Holy Alliance," for which the author received £500 from the Messrs. Longman. Another, but, as it remained to the last, purely fragmentary poem, had been begun by him during his stay in Paris. This was his Egyptian day-dream of "Alciphron," eventually given to the world in its incomplete and inchoate form in 1839, but which a dozen years previously had been anticipated by its author's prose version of the root idea of the plot, as set forth in 1827 in his exquisitely elaborated tale of "The Epicurean." It is chiefly remarkable for the scene of the narrative being alternately at Athens and in Egypt, the time of the incidents recounted in it being in the early days of Christianity.

Moore's Prose Works, it may here be said at once, were inaugurated by the publication, in his forty-fifth year, of his "Memoirs of Captain Rock," an animated and thoroughly readable epitome of the history of Ireland. During that same year (1824) he issued from the press his "Sacred Songs," the elevating and intensely devotional character of which go far to atone for the licentious effusions of his youth, by that time looked back to by him with the keenest remorse. His "Memoirs of Sheridan," which were published in 1828 in quarto, vindicated in a great measure the reputation of that erratic genius, whom it showed to be beyond all question more sinned against than sinning. Nine years before that work's appearance Moore had contributed to the *Morning Chronicle* of the 5th August, 1816, his noble monody on the death of his friend—one of the few things, as he afterwards declared, of which he was proud. Among the other startling facts realized to the public by his "Life of Sheridan," not the least surprising was this: that the sum total of the debts of that so-called profligate spendthrift was actually less than £5,000—but very little more than the aggregate of the unliquidated liabilities of Oliver Goldsmith. In the autumn of the year in which he became Sheridan's biographer, Moore for the first time visited Scotland, where he was hospitably entertained by Jeffrey at Craigerook, and by Scott at Abbotsford. Not until five years afterwards was published, in two quarto volumes, what will always be regarded as incomparably Moore's finest prose work, the "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron,

with Notices of his Life." Its composition, or, more strictly speaking, its compilation—for Byron's letters and journals are the jewels thickly strung together upon the attenuated thread of Moore's narrative—was preceded by what must certainly be regarded as the least defensible act of the Irish poet's whole career in literature. As already mentioned, the autobiography of Lord Byron had been given to Moore as a signal evidence of his friend's attachment and confidence. The only understanding between them was that after Byron's death it was to be published, the money value of it all along being Moore's. Acting in this sense, Moore, in 1824, sold the precious MS. to Mr. Murray for two thousand guineas. Immediately afterwards, upon the morrow of Lord Byron's sudden and lamented death, the work in the natural course of things should have been forthwith announced as preparing for immediate publication. A little cluster of the friends of the deceased, however, dreading, as they protested, the exposure of facts which, according to them, it would be better should remain concealed, got round the MS., and, worse than that, got round Moore so effectually that, as the result of their secret confabulation, the manuscript, nothing could ever replace, was committed to the flames and utterly destroyed. According to the unimpeachable authority of Lord John Russell, there were absolutely no more than three or four pages of the MS. at the very outside which were in any way objectionable. These might surely have been eliminated and burnt as worthless, while the rest might have been carefully preserved. Instead of this, without any selection or discrimination whatever, the whole of it, with Moore's consent, was reduced to ashes. Mr. Wilmot Horton, acting for Lady Byron, Mr. Luttrell for Moore, Colonel Doyle for Mrs. Leigh, and Mr. Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) for the dead poet, met in consultation and the deed was done. By their action, if Moore's honour was not in some measure compromised, his dead friend's confidence in him was hardly justified. It matters comparatively nothing that Moore himself paid back the two thousand guineas which he had just before received for the manuscript, and that he paid that sum back with interest. His doing so in no way whatever compensates for the absolute destruction of the autobiography. And even his apparent Quixotism in insisting upon making the disbursement is seen vanishing into thin air half a dozen years afterwards when, upon the publication of his "Life of Byron" in 1830, £4,000 were paid over to him by Mr. Murray. To that Life, such as it is, Macaulay has accorded the highest possible commendation, speaking of it in so many words as "among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced." With the publication of that obviously difficult and no doubt masterly performance, the more blithe and radiant part of Moore's career as a man of letters may be said thus signally to have been brought to a conclusion. For it is a matter of really secondary interest that in the following year he produced a poetical bagatelle and reappeared in his character as a biographer. The bagatelle, which was entitled "The Summer Fête," commemorated a holiday gathering at Boyle Farm, on the banks of the Thames. The memoirs were those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Thirty-four years previously (in 1797) Moore remembered perfectly well passing Lord Edward in Grafton Street, Dublin, Lord Edward being then thirty-four, and his future biographer a stripling of eighteen, the light, elastic step of the former, his peculiar dress, his fresh, healthful complexion, and even the soft expression of the glance that beamed from under his long dark eyelashes, living to the last vividly in the poet's recollection.

A couple of years after the two last-mentioned publications Moore issued from the press, in 1833, a book which has made his name ever since then very dear indeed to the heart of every Catholic in the three kingdoms. This was his wonderfully comprehensive polemical work, remarkable in many ways, but not least of all for the evidence it affords of the author's deep patristic learning, entitled, enticingly enough, "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." Speaking of it, Dr. Doyle, the great Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, has averred, with no little

emphasis, that—"If St. Augustine were more orthodox and Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any one of us might be proud." It is bewildering to remember, however, of a man who could write thus convincingly and convincingly upon the truths of Catholicism, that through a laxity of purpose his theory and practice were brought so lightly into harmony. Addressing himself as a Catholic to one who had been striving to convert him to Protestantism, Moore remarked, "I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers, and in that faith I intend to die." When quoting those words in his Preface, Lord John Russell observes, "in that intention he persevered to the end." Yet at the same time the fact is undeniable that Moore indifferently attended both Protestant and Catholic churches. He not only married a Protestant, but had all his five children baptized and, the three of them who lived sufficiently long, brought up as Protestants.

It is true, no doubt, that whenever he happened to be in London upon a Sunday, he went to high mass at the then Warwick Street Chapel, now known as the Church of the Assumption. And perfectly well do I remember, upon one of the very last of these occasions, standing beside him after mass upon the pavement in front of the main entrance when one of his poorer compatriots, evidently in answer to some chance inquiry as to Moore's identity, exclaimed, with exultation in his brogue no less than in his emphasis, and in a stage whisper that must have been perfectly audible to the miniature poet, upon whom most of the bystanders were gazing down with the keenest interest, "Yis, sorr, that's the *great* Mr. Moore!"

Although he attended Catholic devotions thus whenever he could do so conveniently, Moore, nevertheless, upon his sister once consulting him as to whether she should turn Protestant (admitting as she spoke that she was half inclined to do so) contented himself with advising her to remain quietly as she was—observing, while he uttered that lukewarm recommendation, that through the circumstance of his having married a Protestant the opportunity had been afforded him of at least choosing a religion for his children, and adding that he considered that an advantage for which he had reason to be grateful. An exceptional guardianship for his faith during his early years it has recently been said he enjoyed in the possession of the most devoted of Catholic mothers. Yet the *Dublin* Reviewer, who thus pronounced what seems to me an extravagant panegyric upon that no doubt excellent parent, must, in employing the words alluded to, have been utterly oblivious of the fact that with the ready assent of that most devoted Catholic mother, Moore, simply because it was inconvenient to him, from about his seventeenth year abandoned for once and for all what is certainly the crucial test of every Catholic's devotion—the Confessional. Twice a year for half a dozen years, from the time when he was an ingenuous little fellow of eleven, he went to the sacrament of penance, at the Townshend Street Chapel, a venerable priest named O'Halloran being his confessor. His breakfasting afterwards, upon these occasions, at the house of an old relative of his mother, one Mrs. Devereux, the widow of a West India captain, when he luxuriated in unlimited supplies of buttered toast, eggs, and beefsteaks, he long afterwards pleasantly remembered. So "irksome," however (this being Moore's own word), did the practice at length become, that somewhere about the age of seventeen "I ventured," he says, "to signify to my mother a wish that I should no longer go to confession, and after a slight remonstrance she sensibly acceded to my wish." Upon the same principle (believing, as she did, in her capacity as a most devoted Catholic mother) she might, after a slight remonstrance, just as sensibly have acceded to a wish on his part that from his seventeenth year he might have been allowed to refrain from any further ablutions—Moore in that case running the risk of emulating the man of whom he somewhere in his *Journal* laughingly records that he died of a cold caught from washing his face!

Logically in all his convictions, theoretically in all his sentiments, Moore throughout life was in heart and soul, but not in practice, a Catholic. That he

clung to the last with joy to the designation as a badge of honour is evidenced by the cordiality with which in one of his latest letters he reciprocated, in writing to myself, the frank and heartfelt greeting of a co-religionist.

Another work, the last and most laborious Moore ever penned, was his "History of Ireland," in four volumes, contributed to *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*. Originally intended to be a compact epitome in one volume, it slowly, in the lapse of eleven years, between 1835 and 1846, came at last to be quadrupled. One of Moore's latest flashes of fun was apropos to Dr. Lardner's pressing him for copy long delayed and toilsomely produced, the worried historian avenging himself by an allusion to Dionysius the Tyrant. In 1841 and 1842 he had the gratification of watching through the press a collected edition in ten volumes of his Poetical Works, the Messrs. Longman being the publishers, and each volume being introduced with a Preface distinctly autobiographic in its character.

During his active literary career, Moore was frequently tempted, but always in vain, to undertake the editorship of some, more or less, distinguished periodical. In 1818, for example, he was offered the editorial chair of a magazine akin to the once famous *Critical Review* of the last century. About the same time he was invited to assume the editorship of the *Times*, in succession to Thomas Barnes. In 1823 Constable proposed that he should succeed Lord Jeffrey as Editor of the *Edinburgh*. Upon another occasion the Messrs. Longman, and with them Charles Heath, the engraver, endeavoured, quite ineffectually, to induce him to edit one of those then numerous ephemeridæ in the world of letters, the *Annals*, holding out to him, to no purpose, the lure of a splendid honorarium. The nearest approach in those negotiations to anything like a settlement was that attained by Captain Marryat, when he tendered to Moore, with a salary of a thousand a year, the editorship of the *Metropolitan*. Immediately, however, upon Moore realizing that his closing with the offer would have involved the ousting of Campbell from the post he had not yet vacated, the former peremptorily declined what he had otherwise regarded as a rather tempting proposition.

A passport to the House of Commons, or, at any rate, an exceedingly fair chance of obtaining one, was just as resolutely declined by Moore in 1832, when he was waited upon, at Sloperton Cottage, by Gerald Griffin, the novelist, and his brother, as a deputation from Limerick earnestly but vainly sent thither by that constituency, in the hope of inducing the Irish Poet to allow himself to be put in nomination as a candidate for its representation in Parliament. Of his popularity in Ireland he had, more than once before, had startling illustration. Fourteen years previously (in 1818) he had been entertained in Dublin at a public banquet given in his honour, Lord Charlemont, as Chairman, having, as a matter of course, the Guest of the Evening upon his right hand, and having upon his left the Poet's old father. Twenty years afterwards Moore was again (in 1838) publicly feasted and cheered to the echo in his native city, with every token of unaffected and heartfelt enthusiasm. During the autumn of that year, on the evening of the 15th of September, he received a welcome in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, such as must have realized to him in nothing less than an astounding manner the hold he had gained upon the affections and the admiration of his fellow-countrymen. The probability of his appearance there having been publicly notified—the night's entertainment having in fact been announced upon the playbills as under his immediate patronage—the house, shortly after the doors were opened, was densely thronged from floor to ceiling. It may be interesting to note here, incidentally, that the pieces performed upon this occasion were, *The Man about Town*, *Charles the Twelfth*, and *Robert Macaire*. Not until about half-past eight o'clock in the evening was Moore known to have arrived. His appearance then, in one of the lower tier of boxes in the dress circle, upon the right hand looking towards the proscenium, was signalled

to the audience by the Overture of "Life in Dublin" being played by the orchestra. Interwoven with that Overture, by the way, were several of the most striking of the Irish Melodies—airs very dear, indeed, to the hearts of all, and matchless in their popularity. Conspicuous among these were "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Minstrel Boy," "Oft in the Stilly Night," and "All that's Bright must Fade." The exquisite music, the familiar words, the sight of the author himself before them, roused the impressionable Irish, there assembled to welcome him, to an outburst of extraordinary enthusiasm. To employ Edmund Kean's expression, "the House rose at him." The rapturous applause was such, was so ringing and so prolonged, that Moore had no alternative but to speak—to utter some words of unpremeditated acknowledgment. Unusual as it was, he said, to address a multitude from the boxes of a theatre, he could no longer remain silent under such repeated demonstrations of cordiality and affection. Therefore, he continued, he had nothing for it but to say with Mr. Muddlework, in the farce they had just been listening to, "Now for the oration!" "It would require," said Moore, "the voice of Stentor himself, combined with the eloquence of Demosthenes, or of your own O'Connell, to convey a hundredth part of what I feel at this great, this overpowering kindness." Having continued for some time speaking thus from the depths of his own heart to the hearts of his hearers, he closed his address by averring "There exists no title of honour or distinction in all ambition's proud catalogue to which I could attach half so much value, or feel half so anxious to retain forfeited through life, as that of being called *your* Poet—the Poet of the People of Ireland." Tremendous applause greeted these words as Moore resumed his seat, the whole audience rising to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs.

As the National Poet of Ireland there had been accorded to Thomas Moore, three years previously (in 1835), by the then Prime Minister, Viscount Melbourne, the well-deserved tribute from the Crown of a pension of £300 a year. Fifteen years afterwards (in 1850) an additional pension of £100 a year was settled upon his devoted wife, in consideration, as the award ran, of the literary merits of her husband, and of his, by that time, infirm state of health. Prior to the enrolling of his name upon the Civil List, a sinecure post had been proffered to him as Head Clerk in the State Paper Office. This, however, Moore had, upon the instant, unhesitatingly declined, and a little while afterwards the pension, pure and simple (which all must allow to have been his, indeed, of right), was awarded. His sterling probity and highmindedness, from first to last, were recognized, upon all hands, as among his most distinctive characteristics. Dr. Parr's bequest to him gave eloquent expression, one feels certain, to the thoughts of the vast majority of Moore's more intimate acquaintance, where, in the course of that great scholar's Last Will and Testament, it was written, "I give and bequeath a ring to Thomas Moore, of Sloperton, Wilts, who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit and his incorruptible integrity." The ordinary troubles of life he bore with the sweetest endurance. Mere pecuniary anxieties, as has been shown, he could, even when feeling them the most poignantly, turn to account as suggestive only of innocent pleasantries. When jesting thus, for example, under the weight of his Bermuda difficulties, it was wittily said by Kenny that it was well he was a poet and not a philosopher, as, otherwise, he never could have borne up so bravely. The anguish that mastered him completely was that which was awakened when death tore from his arms those who were bound to him by the tenderest ties of affection. One after another, in this way, he was bereft of his nearest and dearest, until his faithful wife at last remained beside him as the sole survivor. The first gap in Moore's old home group was caused by the death of his father in 1825, a loss so keenly felt by the Poet that on his return, shortly after the funeral, from Dublin to Sloperton, upon the first occasion of his attempting to sing, he broke down at the piano, sobbing convulsively, after a very

few bars of "There's a Song of the Olden Time." A similar incident occurred again upon his endeavouring to sing the very same melody one evening at Bowood, in 1838. Scarcely were the first notes audible when, bursting into a hysterical passion of tears, he sprang up from the piano and ran into the adjoining room, followed by Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who, after a while, were enabled very gradually to soothe him back to tranquillity by kindly words and the administration of a restorative. The death of his beloved mother, in 1832, was another supreme heart-grief to Moore, who spoke of her, on the morrow, in so many words as "one of the noblest-minded, as well as one of the most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures." His sisters, Kate and Nell, whom he had tenderly loved in life, he, in death, as tenderly lamented.

What conduced, most of all, however, in his declining years to sadden his very soul, was the loss, one after another, of all his children. Two had died in infancy—namely, the first-born child, Anne Jane Barbara, an engaging little creature, aged five, of whom Moore relates, in one of his letters (No. 261), that she calls him Tom, because she hears her mother do so, and that he tries in vain to break her of it, while, in another (No. 248), he describes how he has just been rolling about with her in a hay-field opposite his door one sunshiny Monday in the summer of 1813, until he is more hot and tired than his little playfellow; and, later on, at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, a little baby-girl, Olivia Byron. A sharper blow than losing either of those tiny morsels of humanity, however, was brought to Moore, in the spring of 1829, by the death of his only remaining daughter, Anastasia Mary, who had gradually faded away under a wasting consumption. How exquisitely bitter a grief it was to him he has thus touchingly indicated upon the last leaf of his Diary for that year of woe. "Here, most gladly," he writes, "do I take leave of this most melancholy book, which I have never opened without a fear of lighting upon those pages that record the event, to me the most saddening of my whole life—the only event that I can look back upon as a real irreparable misfortune, the loss of my sweet Anastasia."

Besides his three daughters, both his sons preceded him to the grave, his heart being wrung, at the last, more even by anguish than by sorrow. This arose from the fact that one of his sons, the elder of the two, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, took to wild courses, his improvidence so seriously embarrassing the Poet, who was himself, as all his life had shown, the very soul of probity, that both parents were plunged into the profoundest affliction. The second son, John Russell, godson of the statesman, died in the November of 1842, at the age of nineteen. Having, through the influence of Mr. Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, obtained a cadetship for him in the East India Company's service, Moore had him removed from the Charterhouse, where his earlier education had been cared for, to Dr. Firminger's preparatory school at Edmonton, as a preliminary to his admission among the military students at Addiscombe. Having in due course despatched him to Calcutta, the Poet had the affliction, in the December of 1840, of receiving at Sloperton Cottage tidings of the stripling's prostration, very soon after his arrival in India, by a dangerous illness. The intelligence was transmitted to the Poet in a sympathetic letter from his friend, the then Governor-General, Lord Auckland, who incidentally mentioned that he had taken the youth into Government House, so as to ensure his receiving the utmost possible care and attention. Eventually, however, the climate of Bengal so seriously affected the always delicate constitution of poor Russell, that his return home was necessitated, his frail existence being prematurely terminated on the 23rd of November, 1842. His unhappy elder brother, who was four years and a half his senior, then remained the only child, but in no way whatever, can it be added, the hope of his honoured parents in their cottage home at Sloperton. Born in the October of 1818, he died in his twenty-eighth year, in the March of 1846, in Algeria. An ensigncy and a

lieutenancy had been vainly purchased for him by his indulgent father. While serving with his regiment in Hindostan, he so undermined his constitution by his dissipation that he was incapacitated from continuing his career in India as a soldier. His affairs by that time, also, had become so complicated by his extravagance that, after his father had paid off his debts to the extent of fifteen hundred pounds, the ill-starred scapegrace did his best to perfect his ruin by precipitately selling his commission. As affording him the opportunity, even then, of possibly redeeming his shattered fortunes, Moore obtained for him an opening in the French service among the cosmopolitan troops quartered in Algeria. Physically weak and morally unstable, the unfortunate ne'er-do-weel, after his utter failure in Bengal, went, betimes, from bad to worse in Africa, death by rapid decline closing his miseries at last in the hospital at Mostorganem. The wretchedness brought to the heart of Moore by this crowning sorrow told, with terrible effect, even upon his appearance. His joyous spirits, dying out, gave place to the profoundest despondency. Very gradually and intermittently at first, but, after a little while, only too rapidly and persistently, his memory failed him. There were painful indications at length that softening of the brain, in his instance—as had previously been noticed in the instances of Swift, of Scott, and of Southey—had commenced. His existence, towards the close of his career, was one of extreme infirmity and almost of childishness. About the last occasion upon which he was remembered to have spoken, not only rationally but most agreeably, was upon the afternoon of the 20th of December, 1849, when, in the presence of the Marquis of Lansdowne and Mrs. Moore, he had, what proved to be, his farewell interview with his attached friend (and literary executor that was to be) Lord John Russell. All three agreed, when the conversation was afterwards referred to, that for a long time they had not seen him so well or to so much advantage. That very evening he was seized with a fit, from the evil effects of which he never afterwards recovered. Thenceforth his memory was more than ever treacherous. The disc of his bright intelligence, so to speak, was blurred and darkened, yet its light, though thus distressingly dimmed, there is some consolation in knowing, was never quite extinguished. Among his last utterances were the words addressed to his tender and devoted wife, "Lean upon God, Bessy, lean upon God." Having lingered in an enfeebled condition for upwards of two years, he quietly breathed his last at Sloperton Cottage on the 25th of February, 1852, in his seventy-third year. The physician in attendance upon him was Dr. Brabant. The clergyman who occasionally came to his bedside was the neighbouring parson, the Rev. H. Drury. He died, as every Catholic heart must grieve to remember, without receiving even one of the last consolations of his own religion. As he passed away without the anointing, the absolution, and the Viaticum, consistently to the last with the Protestant surroundings of the Catholic Poet's death-bed, his remains were conveyed to a Protestant burial-ground in the immediate neighbourhood of Sloperton. There they have ever since remained in a vault upon the north side of the churchyard at Bromham, a village situated about four miles from Devizes, and half a mile to the left of the turnpike road leading from that town to Chippenham. Engraved upon the tombstone are the simple but sufficient words—"THOMAS MOORE, THE POET AND PATRIOT OF IRELAND."

Faithful to his trust, as Moore's literary executor, Lord John Russell edited, with some little care, the Poet's Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence, which were gradually issued from the press between 1853 and 1856, in eight volumes. They comprise, besides the Poet's Autobiography from his birth to the close of the last century, and his Journals from 1818 to 1847, as many as four hundred letters, the majority of which were addressed to his mother. For this work the Messrs. Longman readily paid down three thousand pounds, which were at once invested, for the benefit of the widow, in the purchase of an annuity, Mrs. Moore retaining, of

course at the same time, her pension of £100 a year upon the Civil List. Among the literary projects meditated by her husband, there is one which it is impossible not to think of wistfully as unaccomplished, meaning his design of writing the Life of the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the most sterling of all the good men of that generation, and surely the most delightful parson who ever breathed.

Moore's own life has been repeatedly sketched, almost always genially, but for the most part in the merest outlines. About the earliest life of the Irish poet was that prefixed to the edition of his works published in 1827 at Paris in six volumes, J. W. Lake being the writer of that miniature biography. Eleven years afterwards, that is in 1838, H. F. Chorley included Moore among the select few commemorated in his now almost forgotten quarto of "The Authors of England." Immediately after Moore's death Mr. James Burke, the Irish barrister, gave to the public, in the May of 1852, a Memoir of Thomas Moore, which rapidly obtained, as it well deserved, a wide popularity. In 1860 Moore's life was again described, that time by Henry R. Montgomery. In 1867 Dr. J. F. Waller lightly pencilled off the memoir anew as an introduction to a showy quarto which comprised within it a mere selection from the poet's writings. Finally, in 1872, both D. Herbert at Edinburgh, and W. M. Rossetti in London, undertook to record in brief the particulars of the Irish Poet's rise into celebrity, the last mentioned in a Critical Memoir the tone of which jars upon our remembrance as almost ludicrously supercilious.

Town-bred poet though Moore was, it is pleasant to remember in his regard that his verses were composed, almost all of them, in his garden or in the adjacent meadows. His mornings, as a rule, were passed in his book-room. His evenings were devoted to society, and that almost exclusively among the noble and fashionable intimates by whom his rare gifts were so thoroughly appreciated. Countless testimonies have been afforded by competent observers that he captivated the refined world, in the midst of which he moved, with the spell of an almost magnetic fascination. Leigh Hunt, at whom, in a moment of extreme exacerbation, he shot one of his most poisoned shafts of ridicule, has said of him, with some emphasis, "I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine,"—an impression all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the occasion of their being brought together had arisen out of the circumstance of Leigh Hunt having just then cut up rather smartly "M.P.; or, The Blue Stocking." Lord Jeffrey, who had begun by denouncing him in language so fierce as to be almost scurrilous, spoke of him, when he had come to know him personally, "as the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefullest creature that ever set fortune at defiance." What Sir Walter Scott admired Moore for most was a manly frankness, with a perfect ease and good-breeding, which he declared to be, in one word, delightful. Regarding him with the like clairvoyance, Sheridan, with his usual *felicitas verborum*, said that there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore. What manner of man he was, even those who never had the advantage of seeing him, may readily learn from the numerous effigies of him produced by some of the most eminent sculptors and painters who were his contemporaries. According to his own modest estimate of his lineaments, he had nothing upon his round potato-face but what artists could not catch—mobility of character. Not so, evidently thought the artists themselves, judging from their handiwork. Wonderfully animated portraits of him were painted by two Presidents of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Martin Archer Shee, and by no less than four other distinguished Academicians, Thomas Stothard, Gilbert Stuart Newton, Daniel Maclise, and George Richmond. Mulvany also portrayed him cleverly enough on canvas. A characteristic engraving by Meyer, from an original miniature, appeared in the August number for 1818 of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Another sketch of him, published in 1806, representing him with his hair down to his eyebrows, has Plimer pinxit in one corner and Scriven sculpsit in

the other. Besides these there is, preserved at the British Museum, a whimsical Deighton-like coloured profile full-length portraiture of Moore, showing him in the rather odd costume of a brown frock-coat and white trousers strapped down over tye-shoes, and with a white hat tilted back on his head, having anything but the jaunty cock with which he usually donned his silk or beaver. The busts of the Irish Poet are almost as numerous as the paintings, half a dozen sculptors of eminence producing his *vera effigies* in marble. These were, besides his namesake Moore, Sir Francis Chantrey, Kirk, Mossop, Pietro Tenerani, and Lorenzo Bartolini. Somewhere, also, probably, lies littered away on a dusty studio shelf or in a forgotten cupboard, the mask mentioned by Moore himself as having been taken from his face in 1821 by Philip Crampton, and of the taking of which he speaks with an evident sense of discomfort, as a "disagreeable operation." The only masks he wore with satisfaction to himself were the masks of literary pseudonyms, and those he always, so to speak, put on awry, so that he was readily detected underneath. An Irishman, An Irish Gentleman, Tom Crib, Thomas Little, Thomas Brown the Younger, One of the Fancy, Trismegistus Rustifustus.

Another and rather notable effigy of Moore has yet to be named, a statue in bronze, erected five years after his demise, upon an open space in front of Trinity College. Publicly unveiled on the 14th of October, 1857, by an illustrious Catholic, and one of the most gifted orators of our age, Baron O'Hagan, sometime Lord Chancellor of Ireland, it is a work so entirely artless, that only in a spirit of irony can it be spoken of as in any way a work of art. Yet, utterly unworthy though it is alike of the nation in whose name it was raised and of the Poet it was presumably designed to honour, it is in one particular, at least, truly remarkable, being actually the very first statue ever erected in Dublin of any Irishman. "It is the sorrow and the shame of Ireland—proverbially *incuriosa suorum*"—said Baron O'Hagan in the course of the noble address he delivered upon that most interesting occasion, "that she has been heretofore too much in this respect an exception among the civilized kingdoms of the earth. And the sorrow and the shame has not been less because she has been the parent of many famous men—of thinkers, and poets, and patriots, and warriors, and statesmen—whose memory should be to her a precious heritage, and of many of whom she might speak in the language of the Florentine of old, *Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium.*"

Thomas Moore's genial and animated countenance, depreciated though it was by himself, pronounced plain though it was by Sir Walter Scott, had always an exhilarating effect wherever it appeared. His sprightly little figure seemed ever in motion; his upturned nose appeared always, as it were, on the alert for a witticism; his clear dark eyes alternately sparkled with fun and beamed with kindness; the carriage of his head was not merely erect, but, probably from the smallness of his stature, uplifted; his forehead had bumps of wit upon it so conspicuously pronounced that, as Leigh Hunt remarked, they would have transported a phrenologist; his mouth, generous, dimpled, and radiant with good humour, had the very lips, you would have said, for pouring forth, with no great volume of sound but with infinite tenderness, one after another of his own delicious Melodies. To realize the effect they had upon an appreciative listener, it is only necessary to recall to mind for a moment Sydney Smith's memorable asseverations in a letter addressed to Moore himself:—"By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side-dishes, I swear that I would rather hear you sing than any other person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but beautiful poetry, floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling?" Very early in the century Lucy Aikin thus wrote of the young Poet, whom she had with delight seen overnight seated at the pianoforte:—"He sang us some of his own sweet little songs, set to his own music, and rendered doubly touching by a voice

the most dulcet, an utterance the most articulate, and expression the most deep and varied I have ever witnessed." It should be borne in mind, particularly, that, just as Charles Dickens read only his own writings, Thomas Moore sang only his own Melodies.

Nearly thirty years after Lucy Aikin spoke of him in the words above quoted, Moore in 1835 was by the skilled hand of N. P. Willis thus Pencilled by the Way: "His eyes sparkle like a champagne bubble; there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek; his lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; the slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, and radiates." Leigh Hunt said of his eyes that they were as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves, his manner being as bright as his talk, full of the wish to please, and to be pleased: the same genial observer adding that Moore's voice, which was a little hoarse in speaking, softened into a breath like that of a flute when singing. It is characteristic of him in every way—of his geniality, of his love of drollery, of his regard for the unsophisticated πολλοί (as typified literally in this instance by the Man in the Street), that Moore declared he had never derived so much pleasure from any public applause as he had when confronted one day upon one of the quays of Dublin by a tatterdemalion compatriot, who, adapting to his own purpose the words of my Lord Byron, yelled out, "Three cheers for Tommy Moore, the *pote* of all circles and the *darlint* of his own!" Whatever fame he had acquired, he himself attributed principally to the verses he had adapted to the delicious strains of Irish melody. Those verses in themselves he modestly insisted could boast of little merit, but, like flies in amber, were esteemed for the precious material in which they were embedded. According to his view, the vitality of the Melodies depended upon the music and poetry, being, as in the union of soul and body, indistinguishable in their combination. Separated from the music, the words, in Moore's estimation, at once became inanimate. Yet Jeffrey had a wiser sense of the intrinsic value of his friend's poetry *per se* when he compared it to the thornless rose, its touch velvet, its hue vermilion. Rung out musically, as it was, like sweet bells *never* jangled out of tune, it intermittently showered down upon Moore himself, in between whiles, at uncertain intervals, in golden coin of the realm, lumps of largess of varying bulk—£3,000, £1,000, £500, what not—amounting in the aggregate to upwards of £30,000 sterling. His political squibs and satires, contributed just as the whim or fancy of the moment prompted him, now to the *Times*, now to the *Morning Chronicle*, brought him in from £400 to £500 a year for several years together. In the midst of all his dazzling sword-play in the lists of satire, the forked lightnings of his sarcasm, the poignant lunges of his irony, the bewildering cut-and-thrust of his ever ready ridicule, his assaults were always as chivalrous as those, according to his own showing, of his friend and compeer, Richard Brinsley Sheridan—

Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every object, and shone as it play'd—
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

Living so much in the brilliant throng as Moore did, that to superficial observers he was apparently only happy when in its midst, he preserved throughout his whole life, on the contrary, the most tender devotion to his own homely hearth. Five years before his marriage, and when, therefore, as a bachelor, separated from his family by the distance between the two capitals, and by the intermediate waters of St. George's Channel, he might have been excused for yielding himself up a little more readily to the distractions of the radiant society by which he was so cordially welcomed, a keen-witted observer like Miss Godfrey could write to him even then, under

date the 2nd of October, 1806, "You have contrived, God knows how! amidst all the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you: and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all." If Moore was neither, he at least passed almost entirely scathless, through temptations which would have intoxicated or enervated most other men. As son, as husband, father, brother, friend, he was heart-whole and unmarred even to the very last. He is accused of having had a predilection for the aristocratic *salons*, the portals of which at his approach not merely stood ajar but were flung wide open for his reception. Yet the fact remains indisputable all through his brilliant career, that a labourer's cottage with a thatched roof, and latticed windows, and trellised porches, sufficed for his own home, and that to the shelter of that homeliest of homes it was the paramount delight and solace of his life to fly at any and every opportunity.

Surrounded at the very outset of his career by the courtliest throngs, he was as true as the magnet is to the north in his devotion to his unlettered and unsophisticated belongings—proud of the old shop in the little back street in Dublin from which he had taken his flight, as a skylark might be which, on soaring into the empyrean, looks back in the midst of its rapturous singing to the parent nest, dwindled by distance to a mere speck in the far-off furrow. Remembering how Moore at the dawn of this century first burst into song as—very literally indeed—the Harbinger of Catholic Emancipation, his advent as a lyrist, or rather it should be said by right of pre-eminence as the Great National Song-writer of Ireland, is like the realization of one of the most precious of all the snatches of melody in Shakspeare:

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.

His songs came to his beloved Ireland in exquisite consolation. But they came not merely laden with solace—they came weighted with a heartening influence that rose at moments into accents of distinct prophecy. The day arrived for him when, in the midst of the thundering applause of a vast concourse of his fellow-countrymen, he could remind them, while even yet in his mid career (it was on the 15th of August, 1835), that he had once ventured in one of his Melodies upon a prediction which had already been fulfilled:

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep,

Moore's genius, as the venerable Archbishop MacHale said in the Preface to his translation of the Melodies into Irish, must ever command the admiration—I hesitate not to interpolate here the grateful admiration—of his compatriots from generation to generation. "Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo," wrote that illustrious prelate, "he essayed the instrument of every Muse, and became master of them all; sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the East and listens with rapture to its poetical melodies; subdued by the strain he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and Erin at once, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of patriotism." Thomas Moore, it is no extravagance whatever to say, is the Laureate in perpetuity of Ireland. And every leaf of his umbrageous bay-garland bears indelibly emblazoned upon it the title of one or another of his

matchless Melodies. Those Melodies which, as the rainbow is born from sunshine and dew-drops, embody within them all that is joyous and pathetic in the most intensely patriotic and devotedly Catholic race upon the face of the earth, rose from the first like the harbinger of hope for Erin upon the dark background of her most sorrowful history, as the deluge was subsiding of three terrible centuries of persecution. That bow of mingled consolation and promise has been shining ever since over Ireland, and will shine there perennially. It is the aureole created by the genius of this peerless and patriotic lyrist, and suspended by his hand as one of her most enduring glories over his beloved Hibernia.





THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

Odes of Anacreon.

[As the Poetical Works of Moore are, in this Centenary Edition, arranged chronologically in the order of their publication, they lead off, by necessity, with his maiden work, the Odes translated into English verse from the Greek of Anacreon. The volume appeared in 1800, in the form of a handsome guinea quarto, printed for John Stockdale of Piccadilly. It was published by subscription, the list of 364 subscribers, which extended to sixteen full quarto pages, being headed by the names of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence. The notion of attempting to give a metrical version of the lyrical chants or odes of Anacreon had been among the earliest day-dreams of Moore, when he first began to wear the cap and gown as a student at Trinity College. Six years before that day-dream was realized he, in the February of 1794, contributed to the Dublin magazine called the *Anthologia*, a tentative paraphrase of the Fifth Ode, by way of preening his wings for the higher and more sustained flight he was even then meditating. At that time he was not quite fifteen. Already, even then, boy though he was, he had attracted the attention of the University authorities by giving in, contrary to all precedent, a copy of English verses which won for him a handsomely bound volume of the "Travels of Anacharsis," accompanied by a Latin certificate intimating that the recompense had been accorded *propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum*. Heartened on by the ambition to wrest, despite his being a Catholic, some higher and more substantial honour than this from the Protestant University, Moore, later on, submitted a selection from such of the Odes of Anacreon as he had by that time translated to Dr. Kearney, subsequently Provost of Trinity, and eventually Bishop of Ossory. That refined scholar, while realizing to the stripling's common sense the obvious fact that writings so erotic and convivial were scarcely of a kind to win recompense from the austere Board of the University, encouraged the young aspirant to persevere in the labour upon which he had adventured, with a view to its publication when completed. While engaged upon this, to him congenial task, Moore, with an eye to an elaborate scholarly annotation of the text, ransacked, in the course of his researches, a mass of almost forgotten lore in the ancient library of Archbishop Marsh, familiarly spoken of as Marsh's Library, adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral. Having fairly accomplished his purpose, though but still in his nineteenth year, he, in the early days of 1799, quitted Ireland for the first time in his life, and made his way across St. George's Channel in a sailing vessel, and so on by stage-coach to London, bent upon eating his terms there as a law student at the Middle Temple, and upon publishing, at as early a date as possible, by subscription, his translation of Anacreon. Winning his way rapidly in the highest circles of the metropolis by the glamour of his radiant face, his brilliant talk, his animated manner, and his seductive gift of song, he found no difficulty in arriving at the required quotient in the sum of his

subscribers. Introduced to the Earl of Moira shortly after his advent to Mayfair, he was by that nobleman presented before long to his Royal Highness the Heir Apparent, to whom Anacreon Moore, as the young Irishman presently got to be called by the fashionable world, soon offered the courtly tribute of his first Dedication.]

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

In allowing me to dedicate this Work to your Royal Highness you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly : and I have only to regret that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR, with every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ODE I.

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure ;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight ;
I heard his voice, and warmly press'd
The dear enthusiast to my breast,
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye ;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhaled, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide ;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue ;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him, and blush'd with
wine !
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah ! I feel its magic now !
I feel that e'en his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much !

ODE II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along ;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night ;

And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I !
And when the cluster's mellowing dew
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
O Bacchus ! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety !
And flash around such sparks of thought
As Bacchus could alone have taught !
Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along ;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing !

ODE III.

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire !
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray ;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain ;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the happy heaven of love
These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.

VULCAN ! hear your glorious task ;
I do not from your labours ask

In gorgeous panoply to shine,
 For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
 No—let me have a silver bowl,
 Where I may cradle all my soul :
 But let not o'er its simple frame
 Your mimic constellations flame ;
 Nor grave upon the swelling side
 Orion scowling o'er the tide.
 I care not for the glitt'ring wain,
 Nor yet the weeping sister train.
 But oh ! let vines luxuriant roll
 Their blushing tendrils round the bowl,
 While many a rosé-lipp'd bacchant maid
 Is culling clusters in their shade.
 Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
 Wildly press the gushing grapes ;
 And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
 Flit around on golden winglets ;
 While Venus, to her mystic bower,
 Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

ODE V.

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant grace,
 Deep as the rich and holy vase
 Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
 When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
 Grave it with themes of chaste design,
 Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.
 Display not there the barbarous rites,
 In which religious zeal delights ;
 Nor any tale of tragic fate,
 Which history trembles to relate !
 No—cull thy fancies from above,
 Themes of heaven and themes of love.
 Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
 Distil the grape in drops of joy,
 And while he smiles at every tear,
 Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,
 With spirits of the genial bed,
 The dewy herbage deftly tread.
 Let Love be there, without his arms,
 In timid nakedness of charms ;
 And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
 Blushing through the shadowy grove ;
 While rosy boys disporting round,
 In circlets trip the velvet ground ;
 But ah ! if there Apollo toys,
 I tremble for my rosy boys !

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
 To cull a wreath of matin flowers,

Where many an early rose was weeping
 I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
 I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
 Was richly mantling by my side ;
 I caught him by his downy wing,
 And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
 Oh ! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
 And Love now nestles in my soul !
 Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
 I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.

THE women tell me every day
 That all my bloom has pass'd away.
 " Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
 " Behold this mirror with a sigh ;
 The locks upon thy brow are few,
 And, like the rest, they're withering too !"
 Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
 I'm sure I neither know nor care ;
 But this I know, and this I feel,
 As onward to the tomb I steal,
 That still as death approaches nearer,
 The joys of life are sweeter, dearer ;
 And had I but an hour to live,
 That little hour to bliss I'd give !

ODE VIII.

I CARE not for the idle state
 Of Persia's king, the rich, the great !
 I envy not the monarch's throne,
 Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
 But oh ! be mine the rosy braid,
 The fervour of my brows to shade ;
 Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
 Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
 To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
 As if to-morrow ne'er should shine ;
 But if to-morrow comes, why then—
 I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
 And thus while all our days are bright,
 Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
 Let us the festal hours beguile
 With mantling cup and cordial smile ;
 And shed from every bowl of wine
 The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine !
 For Death may come, with brow un-
 pleasant,
 May come, when least we wish him pre-
 sent,
 And beckon to the sable shore,
 And grimly bid us—drink no more !

ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
 Give me the mighty bowl I love,
 And let me sing in wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night!"
 Alcæon once, as legends tell,
 Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
 Orestes too, with naked tread,
 Frantic paced the mountain head;
 And why? a murder'd mother's shade
 Before their conscious fancy play'd.
 But I can ne'er a murderer be,
 The grape alone shall bleed by me;
 Yet can I rave in wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night!"
 The son of Jove, in days of yore,
 Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
 And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
 The quiver of th' expiring boy:
 And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
 Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
 But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
 No weapon but this flask of gold;
 The trophy of whose frantic hours
 Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
 Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
 "I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.

TELL me how to punish thee,
 For the mischief done to me!
 Silly swallow! prating thing,
 Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
 Or, as Tereus did of old,
 (So the fabled tale is told,)
 Shall I tear that tongue away,
 Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
 How unthinking hast thou been!
 Long before the dawn was seen,
 When I slumber'd in a dream,
 Love was the delicious theme!
 Just when I was nearly blest,
 Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ODE XI.

"TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
 What in purchase shall I pay thee
 For this little waxen toy,
 Image of the Paphian boy?"
 Thus I said the other day,
 To a youth who pass'd my way:

"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
 Answer'd all in Doric style,)
 "Take it, for a trifle take it;
 Think not yet that I could make
 Pray, believe it was not I;
 No—it cost me many a sigh,
 And I can no longer keep
 Little gods, who murder sleep!"
 "Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)
 "Here is silver for the boy:
 He shall be my bosom guest,
 Idol of my pious breast!"
 Little Love! thou now art mine,
 Warm me with that torch of thine;
 Make me feel as I have felt,
 Or thy waxen frame shall melt:
 I must burn in warm desire,
 Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

ODE XII.

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
 Roams the mount and haunted grove;
 Cybele's name he howls around,
 The gloomy blast returns the sound!
 Oft too, by Claros' hallow'd spring,
 The votaries of the laurell'd king
 Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
 And rave in wild, prophetic dream.
 But frenzied dreams are not for me,
 Great Bacchus is my deity!
 Full of mirth, and full of him,
 While waves of perfume round me swim;
 While flavour'd bowls are full supplied,
 And you sit blushing by my side,
 I will be mad and raving too—
 Mad, my girl! with love for you!

ODE XIII.

I WILL; I will; the conflict's past,
 And I'll consent to love at last.
 Cupid has long, with smiling art,
 Invited me to yield my heart;
 And I have thought that peace of mind
 Should not be for a smile resign'd;
 And I've repell'd the tender lure,
 And hoped my heart should sleep secure.
 But, slighted in his boasted charms,
 The angry infant flew to arms;
 He slung his quiver's golden frame,
 He took his bow, his shafts of flame,

And proudly summon'd me to yield,
 Or meet him on the martial field.
 And what did I unthinking do?
 I took to arms, undaunted too;
 Assumed the corselet, shield, and spear,
 And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
 Then (hear it, all you powers above!)
 I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
 And now his arrows all were shed—
 And I had just in terror fled—
 When, heaving an indignant sigh,
 To see me thus unwounded fly,
 And having now no other dart,
 He glanced himself into my heart!
 My heart! alas, the luckless day!
 Received the god, and died away.
 Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
 Thy lord at length is forced to yield.
 Vain, vain is every outward care,
 My foe's within, and triumphs there.

ODE XIV.

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
 Every leaf that courts the breeze;
 Count me, on the foamy deep,
 Every wave that sinks to sleep;
 Then, when you have number'd these
 Billowy tides and leafy trees,
 Count me all the flames I prove,
 All the gentle nymphs I love.
 First, of pure Athenian maids
 Sporting in their olive shades,
 You may reckon just a score,
 Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
 In the sweet Corinthian grove,
 Where the glowing wantons rove,
 Chains of beauties may be found,
 Chains, by which my heart is bound,
 There indeed are girls divine,
 Dangerous to a soul like mine!
 Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
 Many in Ionia smile;
 Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
 Caria too contains a host.
 Sum these all—of brown and fair
 You may count two thousand there!
 What, you gaze! I pray you, peace!
 More I'll find before I cease.
 Have I told you all my flames
 'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
 Have I number'd every one
 Glowing under Egypt's sun?

Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
 Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
 Where the god, with festal play,
 Holds eternal holiday?
 Still in clusters, still remain
 Gades' warm, desiring train;
 Still there lies a myriad more
 On the sable India's shore;
 These, and many far removed,
 Are all loving—all are loved!

ODE XV.

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,
 Thus your humid pinions move,
 Shedding through the air in showers
 Essence of the balmiest flowers?
 Tell me whither, whence you rove,
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove.—
 Curious stranger! I belong
 To the bard of Teian song;
 With his mandate now I fly
 To the nymph of azure eye;
 Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
 But the poet more than any!
 Venus, for a hymn of love,
 Warbled in her votive grove,
 ('Twas in sooth a gentle lay,)
 Gave me to the Bard away.
 See me now his faithful minion,
 Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
 To his lovely girl I bear
 Songs of passion through the air.
 Oft he blandly whispers me,
 "Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
 But in vain he'll bid me fly,
 I shall serve him till I die.
 Never could my plumes sustain
 Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
 O'er the plains, or in the dell,
 On the mountain's savage swell;
 Seeking in the desert wood
 Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
 Now I lead a life of ease,
 Far from such retreats as these;
 From Anacreon's hand I eat
 Food delicious, viands sweet;
 Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
 Sip the foamy wine with him.
 Then I dance and wanton round
 To the lyre's beguiling sound;
 Or with gently-fanning wings
 Shade the minstrel while he sings:

On his harp then sink in slumbers,
 Dreaming still of dulcet numbers !
 This is all—away—away—
 You have made me waste the day.
 How I've chatter'd ! prating crow
 Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues
 Mimic form and soul infuse ;
 Best of painters ! come, portray
 The lovely maid that's far away.
 Far away, my soul ! thou art,
 But I've thy beauties all by heart.
 Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
 Silky twine in tendrils playing ;
 And, if painting hath the skill
 To make the spicy balm distil,
 Let every little lock exhale
 A sigh of perfume on the gale.
 Where her tresses' curly flow
 Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
 Let her forehead beam to light,
 Burnish'd as the ivory bright,
 Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
 In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
 Gently in a crescent gliding,
 Just commingling, just dividing.
 But hast thou any sparkles warm,
 The lightning of her eyes to form ?
 Let them effuse the azure ray
 With which Minerva's glances play,
 And give them all that liquid fire
 That Venus' languid eyes respire.
 O'er her nose and cheek be shed
 Flushing white and mellow'd red :
 Gradual tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose.
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses !
 Sweet petitioner for kisses !
 Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
 Ripely suing Love's invasion.
 Then beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple shades a love within,
 Mould her neck with grace descending,
 In a heaven of beauty ending ;
 While airy charms, above, below,
 Sport and flutter on its snow.
 Now let a floating, lucid veil,
 Shadow her limbs, but not conceal ;
 A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.

Enough—'tis she ! 'tis all I seek ;
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak !

ODE XVII.

AND now with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth !
 Let his hair, in lapses bright,
 Fall like streaming rays of light ;
 And there the raven's dye confuse
 With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
 Let not the braid, with artful twine,
 The flowing of his locks confine ;
 But loosen every golden ring,
 To float upon the breeze's wing.
 Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
 Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,
 Of ebon dyes, enrich'd by gold,
 Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
 Mingle in his jetty glances,
 Power that awes, and love that trances ;
 Steal from Venus bland desire,
 Steal from Mars the look of fire,
 Blend them in such expression here,
 That we by turns may hope and fear !
 Now from the sunny apple seek
 The velvet down that spreads his cheek ;
 And there let Beauty's rosy ray
 In flying blushes richly play ;
 Blushes, of that celestial flame
 Which lights the cheek of virgin shame,
 Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
 But let thy mind imagine them !
 Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
 Persuasion sleeping upon roses ;
 And give his lip that speaking air,
 As if a word was hovering there !
 His neck of ivory splendour trace,
 Moulded with soft but manly grace ;
 Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
 Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
 Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
 With which he waves his snaky wand ;
 Let Bacchus then the breast supply
 And Leda's son the sinewy thigh,
 But oh ! suffuse his limbs of fire
 With all that glow of young desire,
 Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
 Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
 Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
 Is envious of the eye's delight,

Or its enamour'd touch would show
 His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
 Which now in veiling shadow lies,
 Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
 Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
 I see a godlike portrait there ;
 So like Bathyllus ! sure there's none
 So like Bathyllus but the sun !
 Oh ! let this pictured god be mine,
 And keep the boy for Samos' shrine ;
 Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
 Bathyllus then the deity !

ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,
 Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
 Bring me wine in brimming urns,
 Cool my lip,—it burns, it burns !
 Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
 Panting, languid, I expire ! *cut*
 Give me all those humid flowers,
 Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
 Scarce a breathing chaplet now
 Lives upon my feverish brow ;
 Every dewy rose I wear
 Sheds its tears, and withers there.
 But for you, my burning mind !
 Oh ! what shelter shall I find ?
 Can the bowl, or flowret's dew,
 Cool the flame that scorches you ?

ODE XIX.

HERE recline you, gentle maid,
 Sweet is this embowering shade ;
 Sweet the young, the modest trees,
 Ruffled by the kissing breeze !
 Sweet the little founts that weep,
 Lulling bland the mind to sleep :
 Hark ! they whisper as they roll,
 Calm persuasion to the soul !
 Tell me, tell me, is not this
 All a stilly scene of bliss ?
 Who, my girl, would pass it by ?
 Surely neither you nor I !

ODE XX.

ONE day, the Muses twined the hands
 Of baby Love with flowery bands ;
 And to celestial Beauty gave
 The captive infant as her slave.

His mother comes with many a toy,
 To ransom her beloved boy ;
 His mother sues, but all in vain !
 He ne'er will leave his chains again,
 Nay, should they take his chains away,
 The little captive still would stay.
 " If this," he cries, " a bondage be,
 " Who could wish for liberty !"

ODE XXI.

OBSERVE, when mother earth is dry,
 She drinks the droppings of the sky ;
 And then the dewy cordial gives
 To every thirsty plant that lives.
 The vapours, which at evening weep,
 Are beverage to the swelling deep ;
 And when the rosy sun appears,
 He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
 The moon too quaffs her paly stream
 Of lustre from the solar beam.
 Then, hence with all your sober thinking !
 Since Nature's holy law is drinking :
 I'll make the laws of nature mine,
 And pledge the universe in wine !

ODE XXII.

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the
 storm,
 Was once a weeping matron's form ;
 And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
 Is now a swallow in the shade.
 Oh, that a mirror's form were mine,
 To sparkle with that smile divine !
 And like my heart I then should be,
 Reflecting thee, and only thee !
 Or were I, love, the robe which flows
 O'er every charm that secret glows,
 In many a lucid fold to swim,
 And cling and grow to every limb !
 Oh, could I, as the streamlet's wave,
 Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave !
 Or float as perfume on thy hair,
 And breathe my soul in fragrance there !
 I wish I were the zone, that lies
 Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs !
 Or like those envious pearls that show
 So faintly round that neck of snow.
 Yes, I would be a happy gem,
 Like them to hang, to fade like them.
 What more would thy Anacreon be ?
 Oh, anything that touches thee !

Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet !

ODE XXIII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone !"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell ;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre !
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet !"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow glory's theme ;
For thou, my lyre, and thou, my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part,
And thou the flame shall feel as well
As thou the flame shall sweetly tell !

ODE XXIV.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreath'd horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along ;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of heaven—a thinking mind !
And had she no surpassing treasure,
For thee, O woman, child of pleasure ?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies !
She gave thee beauty—flush of fire
That bids the flames of war retire !
Woman ! be fair, we must adore thee ;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee !

ODE XXV.

ONCE in each revolving year,
Gentle bird ! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest ;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves ;
Alas ! unlike the plum'd loves
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest !
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here ;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly ;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires ;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves ;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And still, as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these cupids from my heart ?
No, no ! I fear, alas ! I fear
They will for ever nestle here !

ODE XXVI.

THY harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms ;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart ;
Nor naval arms, nor mail'd steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed ;
No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew ;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes !

ODE XXVII.

WE read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame ;

And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies ;
Through them we see the small faint
mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning
spark !

ODE XXVIII.

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nursed Desire
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm ;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honey'd dews ;
And Love (alas the victim-heart !)
Tinges with gall the burning dart ;
Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested Lord of battles came ;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd !
He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
Derision on the archer-child.
"And dost thou smile?" said little Love ;
"Take this dart, and thou may'st prove,
That though they pass the breeze's flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."
He took the shaft—and oh ! thy look,
Sweet Venus ! when the shaft he took—
He sigh'd, and felt the urchin's art ;
He sigh'd, in agony of heart,—
"It is not light—I die with pain !
Take—take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be,
That little dart was made for thee !"

ODE XXIX.

YES—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still ;
But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love, and not be loved again !
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh ! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven !
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.

Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man ;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled !
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms ;
And oh ! the worst of all its art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart !

ODE XXX.

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied that I wing'd my flight
On pinions fleeter than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were twined
(I know not why) with chains of lead,
Pursued me as I trembling fled ;
Pursued—and could I e'er have
thought?—
Swift as the moment I was caught !
What does the wanton fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, my girl, have stol'n my rest ;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by love till now !

ODE XXXI.

ARM'D with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,)
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew, *scents*
My brow was chill with drops of dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying ;
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom ;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.

STREW me a breathing bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves ;

And while in luxury's dream I sink,
 Let me the balm of Bacchus drink !
 In this delicious hour of joy,
 Young Love shall be my goblet-boy ;
 Folding his little golden vest,
 With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
 Himself shall hover by my side,
 And minister the racy tide !
 Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
 Our life is hurrying to the goal :
 A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
 Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
 Why do we shed the rose's bloom
 Upon the cold, insensate tomb ?
 Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
 Affect the slumbering chill of death ?
 No, no ; I ask no balm to steep
 With fragrant tears my bed of sleep :
 But now, while every pulse is glowing,
 Now let me breathe the balsam flowing ;
 Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
 Upon my brow its scent expire ;
 And bring the nymph with floating eye,
 Oh ! she will teach me how to die !
 Yes, Cupid ! ere my soul retire,
 To join the blest elysian choir,
 With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
 I'll make my own elysium here !

ODE XXXIII.

'Twas noon of night, when round the
 pole
 The sullen Bear is seen to roll ;
 And mortals, wearied with the day,
 Are slumbering all their cares away :
 An infant, at that dreary hour,
 Came weeping to my silent bower,
 And waked me with a piteous prayer,
 To save him from the midnight air !
 " And who art thou," I waking cry,
 " That bidd'st my blissful visions fly ?"
 " O gentle sire !" the infant said,
 " In pity take me to thy shed ;
 Nor fear deceit : a lonely child,
 I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
 Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
 Illumes the drear and misty way !"
 I hear the baby's tale of woe ;
 I hear the bitter night-winds blow ;
 And, sighing for his piteous fate,
 I trimm'd my lamp and oped the gate.
 'Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite,
 His pinion sparkled through the night !

I knew him by his bow and dart ;
 I knew him by my fluttering heart !
 I take him in, and fondly raise
 The dying embers' cheering blaze ;
 Press from his dank and clinging hair
 The crystals of the freezing air,
 And in my hand and bosom hold
 His little fingers thrilling cold.
 And now the embers' genial ray
 Had warm'd his anxious fears away ;
 " I pray thee," said the wanton child,
 (My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
 " I pray thee let me try my bow,
 For through the rain I've wander'd so,
 That much I fear, the ceaseless shower
 Has injured its elastic power."
 The fatal bow the urchin drew ;
 Swift from the string the arrow flew ;
 Oh ! swift it flew as glancing flame,
 And to my very soul it came !
 " Fare thee well," I heard him say,
 As laughing wild he wing'd away ;
 " Fare thee well, for now I know
 The rain has not relax'd my bow ;
 It still can send a maddening dart,
 As thou shalt own with all thy heart !"

ODE XXXIV.

O THOU, of all creation blest,
 Sweet insect ! that delight'st to rest
 Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
 To drink the dew that morning drops,
 And chirp thy song with such a glee,
 That happiest kings may envy thee !
 Whatever decks the velvet field,
 Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
 Whatever buds, whatever blows,
 For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
 Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
 To him thy friendly notes are dear,
 For thou art mild as matin dew,
 And still, when summer's flowery hue
 Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
 We hear thy sweet prophetic strain ;
 Thy sweet, prophetic strain we hear,
 And bless the notes, and thee revere !
 The Muses love thy shrilly tone ;
 Apollo calls thee all his own ;
 'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
 'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
 Unworn by age's dim decline,
 The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.

Melodious insect ! child of earth !
 In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth ;
 Exempt from every weak decay,
 That withers vulgar frames away ;
 With not a drop of blood to stain
 The current of thy purer vein ;
 So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
 Thou seem'st—a little deity !

ODE XXXV.

CUPID once upon a bed
 Of roses laid his weary head ;
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee !
 The bee awaked—with anger wild
 The bee awaked, and stung the child.
 Loud and piteous are his cries ;
 To Venus quick he runs, he flies !
 "O mother!—I am wounded through—
 I die with pain—in sooth I do !
 Stung by some little angry thing,
 Some serpent on a tiny wing—
 A bee it was—for once, I know,
 I heard a rustic call it so."
 Thus he spoke, and she the while
 Heard him with a soothing smile ;
 Then said, "My infant, if so much
 Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
 How must the heart, ah, Cupid ! be,
 The hapless heart that's stung by thee !"

ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
 To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
 And purchase from the hand of death
 A little span, a moment's breath,
 How I would love the precious ore !
 And every day should swell my store ;
 That when the Fates would send their
 minion
 To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
 I might some hours of life obtain,
 And bribe him back to hell again.
 But, since we ne'er can charm away
 The mandate of that awful day,
 Why do we vainly weep at fate,
 And sigh for life's uncertain date ?
 The light of gold can ne'er illumine
 The dreary midnight of the tomb !
 And why should I then pant for trea-
 sures ?
 Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures ;

The goblet rich, the board of friends,
 Whose flowing souls the goblet blends !
 Mine be the nymph, whose form reposes
 Seductive on that bed of roses ;
 And oh ! be mine the soul's excess,
 Expiring in her warm caress !

ODE XXXVII.

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
 Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul,
 As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
 Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd !
 With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
 I seem'd to trace the opening lawn ;
 Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
 We flew, and sported as we flew !
 Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
 With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
 Saw me trip the flowery wild
 With dimpled girls, and slyly smiled ;
 Smiled indeed with wanton glee,
 But, ah ! 'twas plain they envied me.
 And still I flew—and now I caught
 The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
 To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
 Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
 All were gone ! "Alas !" I said,
 Sighing for th' illusions fled,
 "Sleep ! again my joys restore,
 Oh, let me dream them o'er and o'er !"

ODE XXXVIII.

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,
 Let us raise the song of soul
 To him, the god who loves so well
 The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell !
 Him, who instructs the sons of earth
 To thrud the tangled dance of mirth ;
 Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
 And cradled in the Paphian grove ;
 Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
 Has fondled in her twining arms.
 From him that dream of transport flows,
 Which sweet intoxication knows ;
 With him, the brow forgets to darkle,
 And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
 Behold ! my boys a goblet bear,
 Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
 Where are now the tear, the sigh ?
 To the winds they fly, they fly !

Grasp the bowl ; in nectar sinking,
 Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking !
 Oh ! can the tears we lend to thought
 In life's account avail us aught ?
 Can we discern, with all our lore,
 The path we're yet to journey o'er ?
 No, no ! the walk of life is dark ;
 'Tis wine alone can strike a spark !
 Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
 And through the dance meandering
 glide ;

Let me imbibe the spicy breath
 Of odours chafed to fragrant death ;
 Or from the kiss of love inhale
 A more voluptuous, richer gale ;
 To souls that court the phantom Care,
 Let him retire and shroud him there ;
 While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
 And swell the choral song of soul
 To him, the god who loves so well
 The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell !

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
 Tripping wild the dance of joy ;
 How I love the mellow sage,
 Smiling through the veil of age !
 And when'er this man of years
 In the dance of joy appears,
 Age is on his temples hung,
 But his heart—his heart is young !

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven ordains me here
 To run this mortal life's career ;
 The scenes which I have journey'd o'er
 Return no more—alas ! no more ;
 And all the path I've yet to go,
 I neither know nor ask to know.
 Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
 Thy fetters round a soul like mine ;
 No, no ! the heart that feels with me
 Can never be a slave to thee !
 And oh ! before the vital thrill,
 Which trembles at my heart, is still,
 I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
 And gild with bliss my fading hours ;
 Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
 And Venus dance me to the tomb !

ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring begems the dewy scene,
 How sweet to walk the velvet green,
 And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
 As o'er the scented mead he flies !
 How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
 Ready to fall in tears of wine ;
 And with the maid, whose every sigh
 Is love and bliss, entranced to lie
 Where the embowering branches meet—
 Oh ! is not this divinely sweet ?

ODE XLII.

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
 Where humour sparkles from the wine !
 Around me, let the youthful choir
 Respond to my beguiling lyre ;
 And while the red cup circles round,
 Mingle in soul as well as sound !
 Let the bright nymph, with trembling
 eye,

Beside me all in blushes lie ;
 And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
 Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
 Oh ! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
 And that shall be my bliss of blisses !
 My soul, to festive feeling true,
 One pang of envy never knew ;
 And little has it learn'd to dread
 The gall that envy's tongue can shed.
 Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
 Which steals to wound th' unwary heart ;
 And oh ! I hate, with all my soul,
 Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
 Where every cordial heart should be
 Attuned to peace and harmony.
 Come, let us hear the soul of song
 Expire the silver harp along ;
 And through the dance's ringlet move,
 With maidens mellowing into love :
 Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
 Sure such a life should never cease !

ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
 Blushes o'er each fervid head,
 With many a cup and many a smile
 The festal moments we beguile.
 And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
 Tuneful rapture from the strings,

Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
 Through the dance luxuriant swims,
 Waving, in her snowy hand,
 The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
 Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
 Shakes its tresses to her sighs !
 A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
 Floating on the listless air,
 Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
 A tale of woes, alas ! his own ;
 And then what nectar in his sigh,
 As o'er his lip the murmurs die !
 Surely never yet has been
 So divine, so blest a scene !
 Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
 To wave his golden tresses here ?
 Oh yes ! and Venus, queen of wiles,
 And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
 All, all are here, to hail with me
 The genius of festivity !

ODE XLIV.

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers,
 Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
 Till with crimson drops they weep !
 Twine the rose, the garland twine,
 Every leaf distilling wine ;
 Drink and smile, and learn to think
 That we were born to smile and drink.
 Rose ! thou art the sweetest flower
 That ever drank the amber shower ;
 Rose ! thou art the fondest child
 Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph
 wild !
 E'en the gods, who walk the sky,
 Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
 Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
 His hair with rosy fillet braids,
 When with the blushing, naked Graces,
 The wanton winding dance he traces.
 Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
 And shed them round me while I sing ;
 Great Bacchus ! in thy hallow'd shade,
 With some celestial, glowing maid,
 While gales of roses round me rise,
 In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
 I'll bill and twine in airy dance,
 Commingling soul with every glance !

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
 I cradle all my woes to sleep.
 Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
 Or pour the unavailing tear ?
 For death will never heed the sigh,
 Nor soften at the tearful eye ;
 And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
 Must all alike be seal'd in sleep ;
 Then let us never vainly stray,
 In search of thorns, from pleasure's way ;
 Oh, let us quaff the rosy wave,
 Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave,
 And in the goblet, rich and deep,
 Cradle our crying woes to sleep !

ODE XLVI.

SEE the young, the rosy Spring,
 Gives to the breeze her spangled wing ;
 While virgin Graces, warm with May,
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way !
 The murmuring billows of the deep
 Have languish'd into silent sleep ;
 And mark ! the flitting sea-birds lave
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave ;
 While cranes from hoary winter fly
 To flutter in a kinder sky.
 Now the genial star of day
 Dissolves the murky clouds away ;
 And cultured field, and winding stream,
 Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
 Now the earth prolific swells
 With leafy buds and flowery bells ;
 Gemming shoots the olive twine,
 Clusters ripe festoon the vine ;
 All along the branches creeping,
 Through the velvet foliage peeping,
 Little infant fruits we see
 Nursing into luxury !

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
 Yet I can quaff the brimming wine,
 As deep as any stripling fair,
 Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear.
 And if, amidst the wanton crew,
 I'm called to wind the dance's clue,
 Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
 Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
 But brandishing a rosy flask,
 The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask !

Let those who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms ;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honey'd wave !
For though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again !

ODE XLVIII.

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs ! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men :
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king ;
Gives me wealthy Croesus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more ?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me ?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away !
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight,
Let me, O my budding vine,
Spill no other blood than thine !
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me.
Oh ! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war !

ODE XLIX.

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul ;
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet ;
'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink ?
Sing, sing of love, let music's breath
Softly beguile our rapturous death,

While, my young Venus, thou and I
To the voluptuous cadence die !
Then waking from our languid trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.

WHEN I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal !
Warm with the goblet's freshening dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.
When I drink, my sorrow's o'er ;
I think of doubts and fears no more ;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind !
When I drink, the jesting boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy ;
And while we dance through breathing
bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him !
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begemm'd with tears of wine ;
And, while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest !
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,
Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus ! I breathe my vows to thee
In many a sigh of luxury !
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines ;
Rises in the genial flow
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bowl
Dilating, mingle soul with soul !
When I drink, the bliss is mine ;
There's bliss in every drop of wine !
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dared to call my own ;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy !

ODE LI.

FLY not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton ! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,

Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
 Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me !
 See, in yonder flowery braid,
 Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
 How the rose, of orient glow,
 Mingles with the lily's snow ;
 Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
 Just, my girl, like thee and me !

ODE LII.

AWAY, away, ye men of rules,
 What have I to do with schools ?
 They'd make me learn, they'd make me
 think,
 But would they make me love and drink ?
 Teach me this, and let me swim
 My soul upon the goblet's brim ;
 Teach me this, and let me twine
 My arms around the nymph divine !
 Age begins to blanch my brow,
 I've time for nought but pleasure now.
 Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
 At yonder fountain's gelid flow ;
 I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
 This soul to slumber as I drink !
 Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
 You'll deck your master's grassy grave ;
 And there's an end—for ah ! you know
 They drink but little wine below !

ODE LIII.

WHEN I behold the festive train
 Of dancing youth, I'm young again !
 Memory wakes her magic trance,
 And wings me lightly through the dance.
 Come, Cybeba, smiling maid !
 Cull the flower and twine the braid ;
 Bid the blush of summer's rose
 Burn upon my brow of snows,
 And let me, while the wild and young
 Trip the mazy dance along,
 Fling my heap of years away,
 And be as wild, as young as they.
 Hither haste, some cordial soul !
 Give my lips the brimming bowl ;
 Oh ! you will see this hoary sage
 Forget his locks, forget his age.
 He still can chant the festive hymn ;
 He still can kiss the goblet's brim ;
 He still can act the mellow raver,
 And play the fool as sweet as ever !

ODE LIV.

METHINKS, the pictured bull we see
 Is amorous Jove—it must be he !
 How fondly blest he seems to bear,
 That fairest of Phœnician fair !
 How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
 And spurns the billowy surge aside !
 Could any beast of vulgar vein,
 Undaunted thus defy the main ?
 No : he descends from climes above,
 He looks the god, he breathes of Jove !

ODE LV.

WHILE we invoke the wreathèd spring,
 Resplendent rose ! to thee we'll sing ;
 Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
 Whose wreath perfumes Olympus' bow-
 ers,
 Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
 Enchants so much our mortal eye.
 When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
 The Graces love to twine the rose ;
 The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
 And flushes like Dione's kiss !
 Oft has the poet's magic tongue
 The rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
 And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
 Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
 When, at the early glance of morn,
 It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
 'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
 To cull the timid flowret thence,
 And wipe with tender hand away
 The tear that on its blushes lay !
 'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
 Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
 And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
 That from the weeping buds arise.
 When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
 And Bacchus beams in every eye,
 Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
 And fill with balm the fainting gale !
 Oh ! there is nought in nature bright,
 Where roses do not shed their light !
 When morning paints the orient skies,
 Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;
 The nymphs display the rose's charms,
 It mantles o'er their graceful arms ;
 Through Cytherea's form it glows,
 And mingles with the living snows.
 The rose distils a healing balm,
 The beating pulse of pain to calm ;

Preserves the cold inurnèd clay,
 And mocks the vestige of decay :
 And when at length, in pale decline,
 Its florid beauties fade and pine,
 Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
 Diffuses odour e'en in death !
 Oh ! whence could such a plant have
 sprung ?

Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
 When humid, from the silvery stream,
 Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
 Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
 Mellow'd by ocean's briny daws ;
 When, in the starry courts above,
 The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
 Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
 The nymph who shakes the martial lance !
 Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
 The earth produced an infant flower,
 Which sprung, with blushing tinctures
 drest,

And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
 The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
 And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth !
 With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
 The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
 And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
 Of him who sheds the teeming vine ;
 And bade them on the spangled thorn
 Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.

HE, who instructs the youthful crew
 To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
 And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
 All the bliss that wine possesses !
 He, who inspires the youth to glance
 In wingèd circlets through the dance ;
 Bacchus, the god again is here,
 And leads along the blushing year ;
 The blushing year with rapture teems,
 Ready to shed those cordial streams,
 Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
 Illuminate the sons of earth !
 And when the ripe and vermil wine,
 Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
 Which now in mellow clusters swells,
 Oh ! when it bursts its rosy cells,
 The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
 To balsam every mortal woe !
 No youth shall then be wan or weak,
 For dimpling health shall light the cheek ;

No heart shall then desponding sigh,
 For wine shall bid despondence fly !
 Thus—till another autumn's glow
 Shall bid another vintage flow !

ODE LVII.

AND whose immortal hand could shed
 Upon this disk the ocean's bed ?
 And, in a frenzied flight of soul
 Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,
 Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
 The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
 Floating along the silvery sea
 In beauty's naked majesty ?
 Oh ! he has given the captured sight
 A witching banquet of delight ;
 And all those sacred scenes of love,
 Where only hallow'd eyes may rove,
 Lie, faintly glowing, half conceal'd,
 Within the lucid billows veil'd.
 Light as the leaf, that summer's breeze
 Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
 She floats upon the ocean's breast,
 Which undulates in sleepy rest,
 And stealing on, she gently pillows
 Her bosom on the amorous billows.
 Her bosom, like the humid rose,
 Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
 Illume the liquid path she traces,
 And burn within the stream's embraces !
 In languid luxury soft she glides,
 Encircled by the azure tides,
 Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
 Upon a bed of violets sleeping !
 Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
 The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
 Bearing in triumph young Desire,
 And baby Love with smiles of fire !
 While, sparkling on the silver waves,
 The tenants of the briny caves
 Around the pomp in eddies play,
 And gleam along the watery way.

ODE LVIII.

WHEN gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
 Escapes like any faithless minion,
 And flies me (as he flies me ever),
 Do I pursue him ? never, never !
 No, let the false deserter go,
 For who would court his direst foe ?

But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
 No more by ties of gold confined,
 I loosen all my clinging cares,
 And cast them to the vagrant airs.
 Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
 And wake to life the dulcet shell;
 The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
 And love dissolves along the strings!
 Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
 How little gold deserves a thought,
 The winged slave returns once more,
 And with him wafts delicious store
 Of racy wine, whose balmy art
 In slumber seals the anxious heart!
 Again he tries my soul to sever
 From love and song, perhaps for ever!
 Away, deceiver! why pursuing
 Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
 Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
 Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
 Oh, sweeter far than all the gold,
 The waftage of thy wings can hold!
 I well remember all thy wiles;
 They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,
 And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
 I thought its angel breath was fled!
 They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
 His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.
 Oh, fly to haunts of sordid men,
 But rove not near the bard again!
 Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
 Scares from her bower the tuneful maid,
 And not for worlds would I forego
 This moment of poetic glow,
 When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
 Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
 Away, away! to worldlings hence,
 Who feel not this diviner sense,
 And with thy gay, fallacious blaze
 Dazzle their unrefinèd gaze.

ODE LIX.

SABLED by the solar beam,
 Now the fiery clusters teem,
 In osier baskets, borne along
 By all the festal vintage throng
 Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
 Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
 Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
 And now the captive stream escapes,
 In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
 And for its bondage proudly blushing!

While round the vat's impurpled brim,
 The choral song, the vintage hymn
 Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
 Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
 Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
 The orient tide that sparkling flies;
 The infant balm of all their fears,
 The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
 When he, whose verging years decline,
 As deep into the vale as mine,
 When he inhales the vintage-spring,
 His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
 And as he flies, his hoary hair
 Plays truant with the wanton air!
 While the warm youth, whose wishing
 soul

Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
 Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
 Where, in the tempting guise of love,
 Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
 Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
 Blush through the bower, that, closely
 twined,

Excludes the kisses of the wind!
 The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
 Allures her to the embrace of joy;
 Swears that the herbage Heaven had
 spread

Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
 That laws should never bind desire,
 And love was nature's holiest fire!
 The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
 He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
 The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
 They only raised his flame anew.
 And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
 That ever bloom'd in any bower!
 Such is the madness wine imparts,
 Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

ODE LX.

AWAKE to life, my dulcet shell,
 To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
 And though no glorious prize be thine,
 No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
 Yet every hour is glory's hour
 To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
 Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
 Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
 Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
 Thy chord shall echo back as sweet.
 The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
 As down Cayster's tide he floats,

Plays with his snowy plumage fair
 Upon the wanton, murmuring air,
 Which amorously lingers round,
 And sighs responsive sound for sound !
 Muse of the Lyre ! illumine my dream,
 Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme ;
 And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
 And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
 Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
 Who modulates the choral maze !
 I sing the love which Daphne twined
 Around the godhead's yielding mind ;
 I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
 From this ethereal youth of light ;
 And how the tender, timid maid
 Flew panting to the kindly shade,
 Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
 And grew a verdant laurel there ;
 Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
 In terror seem'd to tremble still !
 The god pursued, with wing'd desire ;
 And when his hopes were all on fire,
 And when he thought to hear the sigh
 With which enamour'd virgins die,
 He only heard the pensive air
 Whispering amid her leafy hair !
 But, O my soul ! no more—no more !
 Enthusiast, whither do I soar ?
 This sweetly-maddening dream of soul
 Has hurried me beyond the goal.
 Why should I sing the mighty darts
 Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
 When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
 Can tell the darts that wound my own ?
 Still be Anacreon, still inspire
 The descant of the Teian lyre :
 Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
 Distilling love in every note !
 And when the youth, whose burning soul
 Has felt the Paphian star's control,
 When he the liquid lays shall hear,
 His heart will flutter to his ear,
 And drinking there of song divine,
 Banquet on intellectual wine !

ODE LXI.

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled ;
 Hoary locks deform my head.
 Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
 All the flowers of life decay.
 Withering age begins to trace
 Sad memorials o'er my face ;

Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
 All the future must be gloom !
 This awakes my hourly sighing ;
 Dreary is the thought of dying !
 Pluto's is a dark abode,
 Sad the journey, sad the road :
 And, the gloomy travel o'er,
 Ah ! we can return no more !

ODE LXII.

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught,
 As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd ;
 But let the water amply flow,
 To cool the grape's intemperate glow ;
 Let not the fiery god be single,
 But with the nymphs in union mingle.
 For though the bowl's the grave of sad-
 ness,
 Oh, be it ne'er the birth of madness !
 No, banish from our board to-night
 The revelries of rude delight !
 To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
 Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses !
 And while the temperate bowl we
 wreath,
 Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
 Beguiling every hour along
 With harmony of soul and song !

ODE LXIII.

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
 I touch the harp in descant wild ;
 To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
 The boy, who breathes and blushes
 flowers !
 To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
 And gods and mortals bow before him !

ODE LXIV.

HASTE thee, nymph, whose wing'd spear
 Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer !
 Dian, Jove's immortal child,
 Huntress of the savage wild !
 Goddess with the sun-bright hair !
 Listen to a people's prayer.
 Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
 There thy vanquish'd people mourn !
 Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
 There thy people's peace restore.

Thine their hearts, their altars thine ;
Dian ! must they—must they pine ?

ODE LXV.

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace ! thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly ! tell me why
Thou tripp'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doting heart
Is novice in the bridling art ?
Believe me, girl, it is not so ;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins upon that tender foam,
However wild, however warm !
Thou'lt own that I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though, wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wish'd-for goal !

ODE LXVI.

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine ;
To thee, thou blushing young Desire,
Who rul'st the world with darts of fire !
And O thou nuptial Power ! to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key ;
Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen ! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire !
And oh ! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illumine this genial hour.
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy !
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away !
O, Stratocles, impassion'd youth !
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own ;
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh !
To those bewitching beauties turn ;
For thee they mantle, flush, and burn !
Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses !

Oh, may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed ;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee !

ODE LXVII.

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn !
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own ;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity !

ODE LXVIII.

Now Neptune's sullen month appears,
The angry night-cloud swells with tears ;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven !
Now, now, my friends, the gathering
gloom
With roseate rays of wine illumine :
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn the almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine !

ODE LXIX.

THEY wove the lotus band to deck,
And fan with pensile wreath their neck ;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread ;
And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief !
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape !

ODE LXX.

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat :
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire !
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee !

ODE LXXI.

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind !

ODE LXXII.

FARE thee well, perfidious maid !
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl ! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here !

ODE LXXIII.

I BLOOM'D awhile, a happy flower,
Till love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I feel, like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow !

ODE LXXIV.

MONARCH Love ! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew ;
Propitious, oh, receive my sighs !
Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest ;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah ! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well !

ODE LXXV.

SPIRIT of Love, whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine ;
Come, within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud ;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away !
Love ! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.

But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe ;
Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas ! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms !

ODE LXXVI.

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold ;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold !

ODE LXXVII.

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre
Of burnish'd ivory fair ;
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear !

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold !

ODE LXXVIII.

WHEN Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching Time has taught to
flow ;

Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And fitting on he seems to say,
" Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day ! "

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray,
Which lightens our meandering way ;
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing !

LET me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death
To soothe my misery !

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host ;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care ;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there !

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep :
And there I'll float to waves resign'd,
For Love intoxicates my mind !

MIX me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine :
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul !

[The four subjoined epigrams are attributed to Antipater Sidonius.]

AROUND the tomb, O Bard divine !
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer pour her waste of roses !
And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers ;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure !

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee
streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming !

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied
shade ;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is
laid.
Cold, cold the heart, which lived but to
respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire !

And yet, O Bard ! thou art not mute in
death,
Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious
breath ;
And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering
tomb !

Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
Still, still it lights thee through th' Elysian
grove ;
And dreams are thine, that bless th' elect
alone,
And Venus calls thee even in death her
own !

O STRANGER ! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In exquisite libation here !
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
I cannot even in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When Harmony pursued my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh ! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed !
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine !

AT length thy golden hours have wing'd
their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth ;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each
lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth !
She too, for whom that harp profusely
shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, has
fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers !
Farewell ! thou hadst a pulse for every
dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver ;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst
give her !

Juvenile Poems.

[MOORE'S Subscription Quarto of Anacreon had scarcely gone to press when he made his second venture in authorship. Instead of appearing, in that instance, however, as a mere translator, he came before the world then with a collection of original effusions. They were comprised in a small volume of less than two hundred (175) pages, printed for J. and T. Carpenter of Old Bond Street. Issued from the press, in the first instance, anonymously, they purported to be, as set forth on the titlepage, "The Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little"—a pseudonym having facetious reference, of course, to the Author's diminutive stature. His identity was suspected by many, even from the outset. When, therefore, upon a republication of the volume, soon after the original imprint had been exhausted, the initials "T. M." were found appended to the preface of the second edition, any temporary doubt that might have remained was at once dissipated. The laughing mouth, from the first, had been all but recognized under the half-mask, and the sparkling eyes through its perforations; but when the half-mask itself dropped away and, indeed, nearly off, more than half the fashionable world of London upon the instant detected—well, it can hardly be said in anything but a merely figurative sense—the real Simon Pure. The book bore upon its front, as a motto, the two words from Horace, "Lusisse pudet." Had the whole verse been given instead of a broken fragment of it, its significance, as a motto, would have been far more appropriate. Thomas Little, or, in reality, Thomas Moore, would then have frankly acknowledged, I am not ashamed of my past follies, but I should be if I ended them not—

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

The poems were, many of them, erotic beyond the verge of indelicacy. As amatory lyrics they were often so impassioned in their suggestiveness that their author, at the next opportunity, was denounced in unmeasured terms by the *Edinburgh Review* as "the most licentious of modern versifiers." This was upon the occasion of Moore's issuing from the press his third volume of verse in 1806; eleven years after which, Lord Jeffrey, in his blue and buff quarterly for November, 1817, made the handsomest *amende* for that pitiless denunciation, when after remarking that in an earlier number of the *Edinburgh*, he had "reproved Mr. Moore, perhaps with unnecessary severity, for what appeared to us the licentiousness of some of his youthful productions," the master-critic added, "We think it a duty to say that he has long ago redeemed that error; and that in all his later works that have come under our observation, he appears to us the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honour." The indecorum into which Moore, no doubt most reprehensibly, had allowed his earlier imaginings to wander was, at the same time, so utterly untainted by the vile and more vicious element of a libertinism akin to that of a Charteris or a Rochester, that his compatriot Atkinson, hardly with extravagance compared him to "an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." To whatever extent he was blame-worthy in writing these earlier effusions in the form in which they were first published, it is consoling to know that he was profoundly repentant. This has been solemnly attested by his old and intimate friend Samuel Rogers, in words thus emphatic: "So heartily," says he, "has Moore repented of having published Little's Poems, that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them." On its reissue, when half acknowledged by Moore, the Little Collection was inscribed by T. M. to his friend, already mentioned, Joseph Atkinson.]

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

WHY, let the stingless critic chide
 With all that fume of vacant pride
 Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
 Like vapour on a stagnant pool !
 Oh ! if the song, to feeling true,
 Can please the elect, the sacred few,
 Whose souls, by Taste and Nature
 taught,
 Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—
 If some fond feeling maid like thee,
 The warm-eyed child of Sympathy,
 Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
 She languishes in Passion's dream,
 " He was, indeed, a tender soul—
 No critic law, no chill control,
 Should ever freeze, by timid art,
 The flowings of so fond a heart ! "
 Yes, soul of Nature ! soul of Love !
 That, hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,
 Breathed o'er my cradle warblings wild,
 And hail'd me Passion's warmest child !
 Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
 From Feeling's breast the votive sigh ;
 Oh ! let my song, my memory, find
 A shrine within the tender mind ;
 And I will scorn the critic's chide,
 And I will scorn the fume of pride,
 Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
 Like vapour on a stagnant pool !

—o—

TO A LADY, WITH SOME
 MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHEN, casting many a look behind,
 I leave the friends I cherish here—
 Perchance some other friends to find,
 But surely finding none so dear—
 Haply the little simple page,
 Which votive thus I've traced for thee,
 May now and then a look engage,
 And steal a moment's thought for me.
 But, oh ! in pity let not those
 Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
 Let not the eye that seldom flows
 With feeling tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
 With pity, never melt with love ;
 And they will frown at all I've felt,
 And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
 Which rather loves to praise than
 blame,
 Should in my page an interest find,
 And linger kindly on my name ;

Tell him,—or, oh ! if, gentler still,
 By female lips my name be blest—
 Ah ! where do all affections thrill
 So sweetly as in woman's breast ?—

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
 Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
 Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
 And bolder flights of fancy soar ;

That Glory oft would claim the lay,
 And Friendship oft his numbers move ;
 But whisper then, that, " Sooth to say,
 His sweetest song was given to LOVE ! "

—o—

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTI-
 FUL MISS ———.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A
 LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

— Ego pars.—VIRG.

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
 Where in blanks and in prizes we deal ;
 But how comes it that you, such a *capital*
prize,
 Should so long have remain'd in the
wheel ?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
 To me such a ticket should roll,
 A *sixteenth*, Heaven knows ! were suffi-
 cient for me ;
 For what could I do with the *whole* ?

—o—

INCONSTANCY.

AND do I then wonder that Julia deceives
me,

When surely there's nothing in nature
more common?

She vows to be true, and while vowing
she leaves me—

But could I expect any more from a
woman?

O woman! your heart is a pitiful trea-
sure;

And Mahomet's doctrine was not too
severe,

When he thought you were only materials
of pleasure,

And reason and thinking were out of
your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing
lover can win it,

He thinks that an age of anxiety's
paid;

But, oh! while he's blest, let him die on
the minute—

If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely be-
tray'd.

—o—

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

CEASE the sighing fool to play;

Cease to trifle life away;

Nor vainly think those joys thine own,

Which all, alas! have falsely flown!

What hours, Catullus, once were thine!

How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,

When lightly thou didst fly to meet

The girl, who smiled so rosy sweet—

The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain

Than e'er thy heart can feel again!

You met—your souls seem'd all in one—

Sweet little sports were said and done—

Thy heart was warm enough for both,

And hers, indeed, was nothing loath.

Such were the hours that once were thine;

But, ah! those hours no longer shine!

For now the nymph delights no more

In what she loved so dear before;

And all Catullus now can do,

Is to be proud and frigid too;

Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.

False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery.

The hey-day of his heart is o'er,

Nor will he court one favour more;

But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,

Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,

When none will seek the happy night,

Or come to traffic in delight!

Fly, perjured girl!—but whither fly?

Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?

Who now will drink the syren tone,

Which tells him thou art all his own?

Who now will court thy wild delights,

Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?

Oh! none.—And he who loved before

Can never, never love thee more!

—o—

TO JULIA.

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,

Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;

The heart will seek its kindred heart,

And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?

Is all our dream of rapture over?

And does not Julia's bosom bleed

To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn?—Perhaps she may;

Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting;

But why is Julia's eye so gay,

If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow

Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—

But can the bosom bleed with woe,

While joy is in the glance's beaming?

No, no!—Yet, love, I will not chide,

Although your heart *were* fond of

roving:

Nor that, nor all the world beside,

Could keep your faithful boy from

loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,

And, with you, all that's worth pos-

sessing,

Oh! then it will be sweet to die,

When life has lost its only blessing!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

IN vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face ;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis ;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite :
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and
dull !

Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman, from without,
(Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in
doubt,)

I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty short descriptions write,
In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—But stay—
As learned dialectics say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use, is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not arranged those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L-and-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrined
The purest, brightest gem of mind !
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes
throw

Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words—at least suppose
so—

And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I composed the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forced to use expedients.

I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning ;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with—froth and wind !
* * * * *

—o—

TO MRS. M——.

SWEET lady ! look not thus again :
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all !

Oh ! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh !

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, best deceiver !
And oft she swore she'd never rove !
And I was destined to believe her !

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray ;
Alas ! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell that stole my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee !

—o—

TO JULIA.

MOCK me no more with Love's beguiling
dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet ;
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold
esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland
deceit !

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare ;
Your heart was only mine, I once be-
lieved.

Ah ! shall I say that all your vows were
air ?

And must I say, my hopes were all
deceived ?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are
twined,
That all our joys are felt with mutual
zeal :

Julia ! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind ;
You know I love, and you would seem
to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no
part ?

No, no ! farewell ! you give me but your
charms,

When I had fondly thought you gave
your heart !

—o—

TO ROSA.

DOES the harp of Rosa slumber ?
Once it breathed the sweetest number !
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease ?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest !
Ah ! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er ;
And her harp neglected lies ;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over !

—o—

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

— sine me sit nulla Venus.—SULPICIA.

OUR hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy ;
They live with one sensation :
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving !
Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none :
Such sympathy in loving !

And, oh ! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd, like azure skies
In dewy vernal weather—
How often have I raptur'd read
The burning glance, that silent said,
“ Now, love, *we feel together* !”

—o—

TO JULIA.

I SAW the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever ;
They seem'd in very being twined ;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines :
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its bloom away !

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties :
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies !

—o—

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit ! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
Oh ! I will weep, in luxury weep,
Till the last heart's-drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery ;
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal—
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform :
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas ! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky ;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to
die !

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF

OF A LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free ;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh ! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there !

—o—

TO ROSA.

LIKE one who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost ;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost !

—o—

TO ROSA.

OH ! why should the girl of my soul be
in tears

At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the
sorrow of years,
Have been paid by a moment of bliss ?

Are they shed for that moment of bliss-
ful delight,

Which dwells on her memory yet ?
Do they flow, like the dews of the
amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has
set ?

Oh ! sweet is the tear on that languishing
smile,

That smile, which is loveliest then ;
And if such are the drops that delight
can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again !

RONDEAU.

“ Good night ! good night ! ”—And is it
so ?

And must I from my Rosa go ?
O Rosa ! say “ Good night ! ” once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, “ Good night ! ”

And still “ Good night, ” my Rosa, say—
But whisper still, “ A minute stay ; ”
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, “ Good
night ! ”

“ Good night ! ” you'll murmur with a
sigh,

And tell me it is time to fly :
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before ;
Till slumber seal our weary sight—
And then, my love, my soul, “ Good
night ! ”

—o—

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew ;
And when the shrieving casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of
clay ;

Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies !

O Rosa ! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then !

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime ;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray ;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem ;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them !

And, oh ! if airy shapes may steal
To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love !—but drop the veil ;
Hide, hide from Heaven the unholy
flame.

No ! when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free ;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity !

—o—

ANACREONTIQUE.

— in *lachrymas verterat omne merum.*

TIB. lib. i. eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower ;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine !
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on ; and, as my sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe* !

—o—

ANACREONTIQUE.

FRIEND of my soul ! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear ;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh ! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind :
But, like Affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind !

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to
shade :

These flow'rs were cull'd at noon :—
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah ! .not half so soon !
For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er ;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more !

CHARITY

"Neither do I condemn thee ; go and sin no
more !"

ST. JOHN, chap. viii.

O WOMAN ! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's
track,

'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee
sore ;

But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

—o—

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Equè brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.

SECUNDUS, eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove :
Where I love, I must not marry ;
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind ;
Learned without affectation ;
Not deceitful, yet refined ;

Wise enough, but never rigid ;
Gay, but not too lightly free ;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid ;
Warm, yet satisfied with me :

Were she all this ten times over,
All that Heaven to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving ;
Summer's garments suit him best ;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

TO MISS _____,

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips :

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That used to shade thy looks of light ;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting ;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done !

Then tell me, why, thou child of air !
Does slumber from her eyelids rove ?
What is her heart's impassion'd care ?—
Perhaps, O sylph ! perhaps 'tis *love*!

—o—

NONSENSE.

GOOD reader ! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow :
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore :
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green :—
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me ! what a deal you've seen !”

—o—

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHEN Time was entwining the garland
of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be
sullied with tears,
Yet the flowers were all gather'd in
heaven !

And long may this garland be sweet to
the eye,

May its verdure for ever be new !
Young Love shall enrich it with many a
sigh,
And Pity shall nurse it with dew !

—o—

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti.—*Past. Fid.*

AND are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all, and loving none ;
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own ?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which, powerless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many ?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of dangles run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one* ?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast ;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,—
Oh ! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be
mine !

—o—

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee
more.—

“What ! love no more ? Oh ! why this
alter'd vow ?”

Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than
now !

TO MRS. ———.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF
VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon âme sur mon lèvres étoit lors toute entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre étoit ;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce là restoit.

VOIT.

How heavenly was the poet's doom,
To breathe his spirit through a kiss ;
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss !

And, ah ! his soul return'd to feel
That it *again* could ravish'd be ;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal
His life and soul have fled to thee !

—o—

TO A LADY, ON HER SINGING.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly
love
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When listening to the spheres above !

When, tired of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
O Emma ! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death !

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which,—ah ! forgive a mind that's
weak,—
So oft has stolen my mind away ;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss.
I'll gaze and die—Who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this ?

—o—

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine :
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun ;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one !

—o—

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-
PLACE BOOK

CALLED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES:"

In which every one that opened it should con-
tribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself !
The book of life which I have traced,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they loved such follies dearly !
Yet still, O book ! the allusion stands ;
For these were penn'd by *female* hands :
The rest,—alas ! I own the truth,—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That Prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care ;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that heaven
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh ! such
The blast of Disappointment's touch !—
No longer now those hours appear ;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear :
Blank, blank is every page with care,
Not e'en a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten ?—Never, never !
Then *shut the book*, O God ! for ever !

—o—

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid ! it was her Lindor's tomb !

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
 Congeal'd it as it flow'd away :
 All night it lay an ice-drop there,
 At morn it glitter'd in the ray !

An angel, wandering from her sphere,
 Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
 To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
 And hung it on her diadem !

—o—

TO JULIA, WEEPING.

OH ! if your tears are given to care,
 If real woe disturbs your peace,
 Come to my bosom, weeping fair !
 And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
 With dreams of woe your bosom thrill,
 You look so lovely in your tears,
 That I must bid you drop them still !

—o—

SONG.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
 Steal trembling from mine eye ?
 Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
 Or caught the murmur'd sigh ?
 And can you think my love is chill,
 Nor fix'd on you alone ?
 And can you rend, by doubting still,
 A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul's affections move
 Devoutly, warmly true ;
 My life has been a task of love,
 One long, long thought of you.
 If all your tender faith is o'er,
 If still my truth you'll try ;
 Alas ! I know but *one* proof more,—
 I'll bless your name, and die !

—o—

THE SHIELD.

OH ! did you not hear a voice of death ?
 And did you not mark the paly form
 Which rode on the silver mist of the
 heath,
 And sung a ghostly dirge in the
 storm ?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
 Which shrieks on the house of woe all
 night ?

Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
 To howl and to feed till the glance of
 light ?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the
 wood,
 Nor shivering fiend that hung in the
 blast ;

'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of
 blood—
 It screams for the guilt of days that are
 past !

See ! how the red, red lightning strays,
 And scares the gliding ghosts of the
 heath !

Now on the leafless yew it plays,
 Where hangs the shield of this son of
 death !

That shield is blushing with murderous
 stains ;

Long has it hung from the cold yew's
 spray ;

It is blown by storms and wash'd by
 rains,

But neither can take the blood away !

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
 Demons dance to the red moon's
 light ;

While the damp boughs creak, and the
 swinging shield

Sings to the raving spirit of night !

—o—

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA, ON THE
 DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my
 heart ;

Though every day I've counted o'er
 Has brought a new and quickening smart
 To wounds that rankled fresh before ;

Though in my earliest life bereft
 Of many a link by nature tied ;
 Though hope deceived, and pleasure
 left ;

Though friends betray'd, and foes be-
 lied ;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
 After the sunset of delight ;
 So like the star which ushers day,
 We scarce can think it heralds night !

I hoped that, after all its strife,
 My weary heart at length should rest,
 And, fainting from the waves of life,
 Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with
 truth,
 Was bright with honour's purest ray ;
 He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
 Oh ! why then was he torn away ?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd
 here,
 To calm his Julia's every woe ;
 He should have chased each bitter tear,
 And not have caused those tears to
 flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
 In blooms of genius, nursed by taste ;
 While Science, with a fostering hand,
 Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw his gradual opening mind
 Enrich'd by all the graces dear ;
 Enlighten'd, social, and refined,
 In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well ;
 Such were the hopes that fate denied—
 We loved, but, ah ! we could not tell
 How deep, how dearly, till he died !

Close as the fondest links could strain,
 Twined with my very heart he grew ;
 And by that fate which breaks the chain,
 The heart is almost broken too !

—o—

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
 Obscures yon bashful light,
 Which seems so modestly to steal
 Along the waste of night !

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
 Obscure with malice keen
 Some timid heart, which only longs
 To live and die unseen !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
 How heavenly soft their slumbers lie !
 How sweet is death to those who weep,
 To those who weep and long to die !

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
 Where flow'rets deck the green earth's
 breast ?

'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
 'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest !

Oh ! let not tears embalm my tomb,
 None but the dews by twilight given !
 Oh ! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
 None but the whispering winds of
 heaven !

—o—

THE KISS.

GROW to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
 On which my soul's beloved swore
 That there should come a time of bliss,
 When she would mock my hopes no
 more ;

And fancy shall thy glow renew,
 In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
 And none shall steal thy holy dew
 Till thou'rt absolved by rapture's rite.
 Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
 Oh ! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
 And let my love, my more than soul,
 Come panting to this fever'd breast ;
 And while in every glance I drink
 The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
 Oh ! let her all impassion'd sink,
 In sweet abandonment resign'd,
 Blushing for all our struggles past,
 And murmuring, " I am thine at last ! "

—o—

TO ———.

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,
 Since both are anxious to be free,
 And I will send you home your heart,
 If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
 But joy must often change its wing ;
 And spring would be but gloomy
 weather,

If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
 A more devoted, fond, and true one,
 With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
 Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
 Where we have loiter'd long in bliss ;
 And you may down *that* pathway rove,
 While I shall take my way through
this.

Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
 In this short fever of desire ;
 You have not lost a single charm,
 Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stain'd the rose
 Which Nature hung upon your lip ;
 And still your sigh with nectar flows
 For many a raptur'd soul to sip.

Farewell ! and when some other fair
 Shall call your wanderer to her arms,
 'Twill be my luxury to compare
 Her spells with your remember'd
 charms.

“ This cheek,” I'll say, “ is not so bright
 As one that used to meet my kiss ;
 This eye has not such liquid light
 As one that used to talk of bliss ! ”

Farewell ! and when some future lover
 Shall claim the heart which I resign,
 And in exulting joys discover
 All the charms that once were mine ;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
 If, in a soft, imperfect sigh,
 You'd say, while to his bosom prest,
 “ He loves not half so well as I.”

—o—

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for a while,
 And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on Time's eventful sea,
 And, having swell'd a moment there,
 Thus melts into eternity !

A CHALLENGE.

COME, tell me where the maid is found,
 Whose heart can love without deceit,
 And I will range the world around,
 To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh ! tell me where's her sainted home,
 What air receives her blessed sigh,
 A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
 To catch one sparkle of her eye !

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
 While truth within her bosom lies,
 I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
 Till my heart leave me through my
 eyes !

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
 I'll own all miracles are true ;
 To make one maid sincere and fair,
 Oh ! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do !

—o—

SONG.

IF I swear by that eye, you'll allow
 Its look is so shifting and new,
 That the oath I might take on it now,
 The very next glance would undo !

Those babies that nestle so sly,
 Such different arrows have got,
 That an oath on the glance of an eye
 Such as yours, may be off in a shot !

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
 Though each moment the treasure
 renews,

If my constancy wishes to trip,
 I may kiss off the oath when I choose !

Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
 The dew and the oath that are there
 And I'd make a new vow every hour,
 To loose them so sweetly in air !

But clear up that heaven of your brow,
 Nor fancy my faith is a feather ;
 On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
 And they both must be broken to-
 gether !

—o—

TO ———.

REMEMBER him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tenderest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh ! I had long in freedom roved,
Though many seem'd my soul to
share ;

'Twas passion when I thought I loved,
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

E'en she, my muse's early theme,
Beguiled me only while she warm'd ;
'Twas young Desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou—ah ! better had it been
If I had still in freedom roved,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have loved !

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known ;
But, ah ! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own ?

Oh ! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest ! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain, is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy !

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my beloved ! still keep in mind,
However far removed from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respire for only thee !

And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care ;
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no ! that heart is only mine
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but
Love !

SONG.

FLY from the world, O Bessy ! to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer ;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy ! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer !
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a
sigh,

That our loves will be censured by
many ;
All, all have their follies, and who will
deny
That ours is the sweetest of any ?

When your lip has met mine, in abandon-
ment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?—
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them
to meet?—

No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it !
So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodged on
your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute !

Then come to your lover, oh ! fly to his
shed,
From a world which I know thou
despisest ;
And slumber will hover as light on our
bed,

As e'er on the couch of the wisest !
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is
driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of
Heaven,

'Tis only our lullaby, dearest !

And, oh ! when we lie on our death-bed,
my love,
Looking back on the scene of our
errors,

A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then
above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors !
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell ! let us hope we're for-
given !"

Thy last fading glance will illumine the
way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven !

SONG.

THINK on that look of humid ray,
Which for a moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love!

Oh! *not* to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destined still to win,
As I was destined to be won!

—o—

THE CATALOGUE.

"COME, tell me," says Rosa, as, kissing
and kiss'd,
One day she reclined on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me
the list
Of the nymphs you have loved and
caress'd."
O Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've
loved,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I loved like
a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore,
I have never forgot, I allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul
was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry
dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!

But Martha was not of this fanciful
school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little
knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she
thought me a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the
right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's
looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in
books,
That she gave me more logic than love!
So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd
to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling
eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss!

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto
me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we could never
agree
On the road that was shortest to
heaven!
"O Susan!" I've said in the moments of
mirth,
"What's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there's a heaven on
earth,
And believe that *that* heaven's in
thee!"

—o—

SONG.

WHERE is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear!
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here!

Was that her footstep on the hill—
Her voice upon the gale?—
No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
O maid of Marlivale!

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far,
'Tis past the promised hour;
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower.

SONG.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair !

Then talk no more of future gloom ;
Our joys shall always last ;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past !

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee :
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind !

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom !
Our joys shall always last ;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past !

But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl !

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet ;
Though tears may sometimes mingle
there,

The draught will still be sweet !

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom !
Our joys shall always last ;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past !

—o—

THE SHRINE.

TO ———.

MY fates had destined me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love ;
And many an altar on my way
Has lured my pious steps to stay ;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.

This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require :
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indeed !*
But trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion ;
And, every *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last !

—o—

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Will-
umberg's walls,
Has long been remember'd with awe
and dismay ;

For years not a sunbeam had play'd in
its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the
regions of day ;

Though the valleys were brighten'd by
many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle
illuminate ;

And the lightning, which flash'd on the
neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the
gloom !

“ Oh ! when shall this horrible darkness
disperse ? ”

Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of
the cave ;—

“ It can never dispel,” said the wizard of
verse,

“ Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk
in the wave ! ”

And who was the bright star of chivalry
then ?

Who could be but Reuben, the flower
of the age ?

For Reuben was first in the combat of
men,

Though Youth had scarce written his
name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom
had beat,

For Rose, who was bright as the spirit
of dawn,

When with wand dropping diamonds,
and silvery feet,

It walks o'er the flowers of the moun-
tain and lawn !

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally
sever?

Sad, sad were the words of the man
in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle
for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless
wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me,
oh tell!

Shall my Reuben no more be restored
to my eyes?"—

"Yes, yes,—when a spirit shall toll the
great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben
shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated, "Your Reuben
shall rise!"

And Rose felt a moment's release from
her pain;
She wiped, while she listen'd, the tears
from her eyes,
And she hoped she might yet see her
hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of
death,

When he felt that he died for the sire
of his Rose;

To the Oder he flew, and there plunging
beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found
his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny
falls!—

Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over
the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd
in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in
light,

There sorrow and terror lay gloomy
and blank:

Two days did she wander, and all the
long night,

In quest of her love, on the wide
river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the
bell,

And she heard but the breathings of
night in the air;

Long, long did she gaze on the watery
swell,

And she saw but the foam of the white
billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would
undraw,

And she look'd at the light of the
moon in the stream,

She thought 'twas his helmet of silver
she saw,

As the curl of the surge glitter'd high
in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming
the sky,

Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent
reclined,

There wept till the tear almost froze in
her eye,

When,—hark!—'twas the bell that came
deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glim-
mering shade,

A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his
cheek was decay'd,

And his helmet of silver was wash'd
by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had
foretold?—

Dim, dim through the phantom the
moon shot a gleam;

'Twas Reuben, but ah! he was deathly
and cold,

And fled away like the spell of a
dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often
she thought

From the bank to embrace him, but
never, ah! never!

Then springing beneath, at a billow she
caught,

And sunk to repose on its bosom for
ever!

THE RING.

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri.—OVID. *Amor.* lib. ii. eleg. 15.

THE happy day at length arrived
 When Rupert was to wed
 The fairest maid in Saxony,
 And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
 The feast and sports began ;
 The men admired the happy maid,
 The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
 The day was pass'd along ;
 And some the featly dance amused,
 And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
 Disported through the bowers,
 And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her
 head
 With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
 Within the castle walls,
 Sat listening to the choral strains
 That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
 Unto a spacious court,
 To strike the bounding tennis-ball
 In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
 The wedding-ring so bright,
 Which was to grace the lily hand
 Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
 Or lose it in the play,
 He look'd around the court, to see
 Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
 Which there full long had been ;
 It was a Heathen goddess, or
 Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
 He tried the ring to fit ;
 And, thinking it was safest there,
 Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
 Till they were wearied all,
 And messengers announced to them
 Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
 Unto the statue went ;
 But, oh ! how was he shock'd to find
 The marble finger bent !

The hand was closed upon the ring
 With firm and mighty clasp ;
 In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
 He could not loose the grasp !

How sore surprised was Rupert's mind,—
 As well his mind might be ;
 "I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
 When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
 He thought upon his ring ;
 And much he wonder'd what could mean
 So very strange a thing !

The feast was o'er, and to the court
 He went without delay,
 Resolved to break the marble hand,
 And force the ring away !

But mark a stranger wonder still—
 The ring was there no more ;
 Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd,
 And open as before !

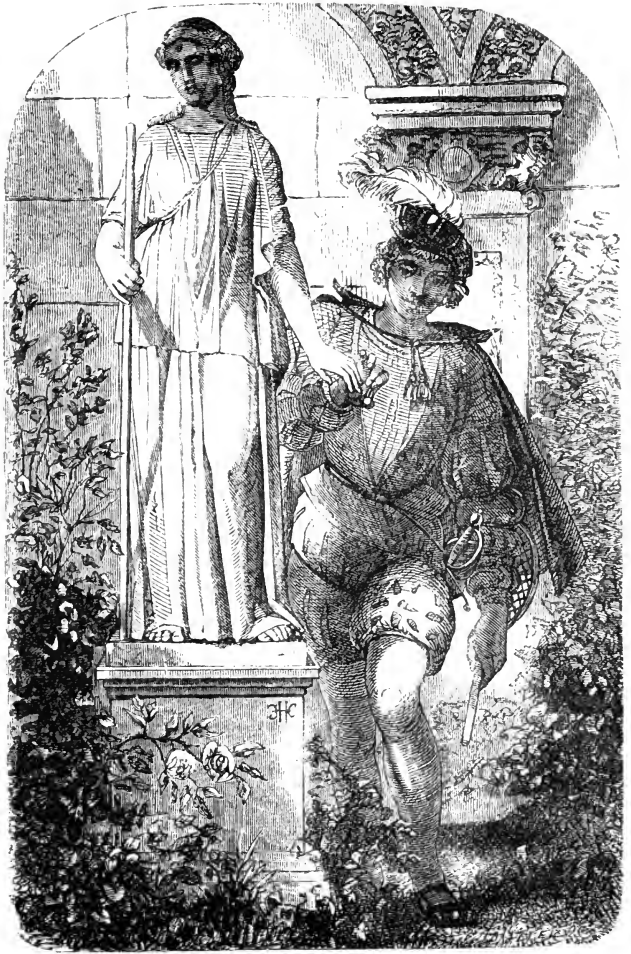
He search'd the base, and all the court,
 And nothing could he find,
 But to the castle did return
 With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
 The night in dancing flew ;
 The youth another ring procured,
 And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
 The hours of love advance !
 Rupert almost forgets to think
 Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
 In blushing sweetness lay,
 Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
 And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
 In youthful beauty glows,
 Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
 His beams upon a rose !



THE RING.

' Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit.'—P. 38.



And here my song should leave them
both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold !

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcass found ;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still ;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill !

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave ;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mouldering grave !

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud
Thou criest to thy wife,
" Oh ! save me from this horrid fiend,
My Isabel ! my life ! "

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain ;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came ;
(O God ! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame !)

" Husband ! husband ! I've the ring
Thou gav'st to-day to me ;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee ! "

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died !

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows ;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear :
Ah ! that he must with terror view
The bed that should be dear !

At length the second night arrived,
Again their couch they press'd ;
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But, oh ! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,—

" Husband ! husband ! I've the ring,
The ring thou gav'st to me ;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee ! "

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed ;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said :

" O Isabel ! dost thou not see
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly kiss,
And keeps me from my dear ? "

" No, no, my love ! my Rupert, I
No shape of horrors see ;
And much I mourn the phantasy
That keeps my dear from me ! "

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, " My Isabel,
Dear partner of my woe,
To Father Austin's holy cave
This instant will I go. "

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint,
Whom all the country round believed
A devil or a saint !

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retired awhile to pray ;
And having pray'd for half an hour,
Return'd, and thus did say :

" There is a place where four roads meet,
Which I will tell to thee ;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
And list what thou shalt see,

Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
 In strange disorder'd crowd,
 Travelling by torchlight through the
 roads,
 With noises strange and loud.

And one that's high above the rest,
 Terrific towering o'er,
 Will make thee know him at a glance,
 So I need say no more.

To him from me these tablets give,
 They'll soon be understood ;
 Thou need'st not fear, but give them
 straight,
 I've scrawl'd them with my blood !”

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
 In pale amazement went
 To where the cross-roads met, and he
 Was by the father sent.

And lo ! a group of figures came
 In strange disorder'd crowd,
 Travelling by torch-light through the
 roads,
 With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanced,
 Rupert beheld from far
 A female form of wanton mien
 Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gazed upon
 The loosely-vested dame,
 Thought of the marble statue's look,
 For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
 With eyeballs flashing death ;
 Whene'er he breathed, a sulphur'd smoke
 Came burning in his breath !

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
 Terrific towering o'er ;
 “Yes, yes,” said Rupert, “this is he,
 And I need ask no more.”

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
 The tablets trembling gave,
 Who look'd and read them with a yell
 That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd
 name,
 His eyes with fury shine ;
 “I thought,” cries he, “his time was out,
 But he must soon be mine !”

Then darting at the youth a look,
 Which rent his soul with fear,
 He went unto the female fiend,
 And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
 Than, with reluctant look,
 The very ring that Rupert lost,
 She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
 With eyes that breathed of hell,
 She said, in that tremendous voice,
 Which he remember'd well :

“In Austin's name take back the ring,
 The ring thou gav'st to me ;
 And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
 Nor longer I to thee.”

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
 He home return'd again ;
 His wife was then the happiest fair,
 The happiest he of men.

—o—

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. ———.

Written in Ireland.

OF all my happiest hours of joy,
 And even I have had my measure,
 When hearts were full, and every eye
 Has kindled with the beams of plea-
 sure !

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
 So dear to friendship, dear to blisses ;
 Young Love himself looks down from
 heaven,
 To smile on such a day as this is !

Then oh ! my friends, this hour im-
 prove,
 Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever ;
 And may the birth of her we love
 Be thus with joy remember'd ever !

Oh ! banish every thought to-night,
 Which could disturb our soul's com-
 munion !
 Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
 We'll e'en for once forget the Union !

On that let statesmen try their powers,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die
for;

The union of the soul be ours,
And every union else we sigh for!

Then oh! my friends, this hour im-
prove,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
From every soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing!

Oh! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose
'em;

And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

But oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Wherever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!

This day shall come with aspect kind,
Whatever fate may cast your rover;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over!

Then oh! my friends, this hour im-
prove,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!



TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss,
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of Fancy
brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to pon-
der,
If indolence or syren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander;

'Twill tell thee that the wingèd day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endea-
vour;

That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom for
ever!



FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE
EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est etque unica virtus.—Juv.

MARK those proud boasters of a splendid
line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they
shine,

How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose con-
trasting light

Throws back the native shades in deeper
night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade
pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory
grew?

The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient
blaze!

Where is the heart by chymic truth re-
fined,

The exploring soul, whose eye had read
mankind?

Where are the links that twined, with
heavenly art,

His country's interest round the patriot's
heart?

Where is the tongue that scatter'd words
of fire?
The spirit breathing through the poet's
lyre?
Do these descend with all that tide of
fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?
* * * * *

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia
arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes.
—LIVY.

* * * * *
Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heaven, ordain'd by Na-
ture's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners
play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's
breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in
death;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven
within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon
sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim
should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should
run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

—o—

SONG.

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt
thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without
thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is
broken!—
Fare thee well!

—o—

SONG.

WHY does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are Nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

—o—

MORALITY, A FAMILIAR
EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO J. ATKINSON, ESQ., M.R.I.A.

THOUGH long at school and college doz-
ing,
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages,
Fine recipes for forming sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long em-
ploy'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I only learn'd to *doubt* at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality !
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

“ Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy's the soul's perfection.
Like a dull lake the heart must lie,
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath
supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide ! ”

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man ;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind ;
They tore away *some weeds*, 'tis true,
But all the *flowers* were ravish'd too !

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyren's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd
zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne ;
Hear what the courtly sage's tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung :

“ Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make Pleasure please us more !
Wisdom and she were both design'd
To make the senses more refined,
That man might revel, free from cloying,
Then most a sage, when most enjoying ! ”

Is this morality ?—Oh, no !
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confined,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay ;
No, no ! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies !

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watch-words of morality !
Some cry out Venus, others Jove ;
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love !
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder ;
And some, in dialectics firm, †
Seek virtue in a middle term ;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's de-
fiance,

To chain morality with science ;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whispering in his breast :
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart ;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blamed that tear,
By Heaven approved, to virtue dear !

Oh ! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream ;
While Nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explored the *doctrine* of those rays ?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to separate hue from hue :
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heaven and Nature claim the
heart ;
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go—measure *angles of refraction* !
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wakening His world with looks of love !

—o—

THE NATAL GENIUS, A DREAM.

TO ———, THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dream'd I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smiled ;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
 Heart's-ease along thy path I shed,
 Which was to bloom through all thy
 years ;
 Nor yet did I forget to bind
 Love's roses, with his myrtle twined,
 And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
 Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
 Bade me to Nona's image pay—
 Oh ! were I, love, thus doom'd to be
 Thy little guardian deity,
 How blest around thy steps I'd play !

Thy life should softly steal along,
 Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
 That's heard at distance in the grove ;
 No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
 No thorns along thy pathway lie,
 But all be sunshine, peace, and
 love !

The wing of Time should never brush
 Thy dewy lip's luxuriant flush,
 To bid its roses withering die ;
 Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
 Should ever quench a single spark
 That flashes from my Nona's eye !



Odes and Epistles.

[A HANDSOME quarto volume of 341 pages, published in the spring of 1806 by James Carpenter of Old Bond Street, gave to the world Moore's third book, loosely entitled "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems." The work was inscribed, in courtly and grateful terms, to Francis, Earl of Moira, the Author dating his dedication on the 10th of April, 1806, from his then residence, 27, Bury Street, St. James's. As a whole the collection was a distinct advance upon its predecessors. Here and there it was so far tainted with something more than a suspicion of licentiousness that, as has been already shown, Jeffrey seized the occasion to pour out the vials of his wrath upon the delinquent lyrist. The Poems, generally Odes and Epistles for the most part, were the result of Moore's transatlantic wanderings. Nominated in 1803, through Lord Moira's influence, to the post of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda, he had set sail for the Summer Islands in the autumn of that year, on the 25th of September. Three months' residence within the rocky reef of the "still-vex'd Bermoothes" sufficed to disillusion Moore in regard to the anticipated charms, as of a halcyon place of rest, of the scene of his new appointment. Leaving a deputy in charge of his responsible post, a man through whose subsequent defalcations the affairs of the poet were, for three years together, plunged into an agonizing complication of embarrassments, Moore, little anticipating the miseries which were looming up for him in the future, started upon a holiday excursion through the United States and Canada—not finding his way back to London until the November of 1804, after an absence from England of fourteen months altogether. The calabash tree mentioned in the lines beginning "The daylight is gone," was for years pointed out at Bermuda, where it was known by the name of Moore's Calabash. More than one of these lovely effusions sprang into instant celebrity. Two of them especially, winged with music, won their way to an immediate and lasting popularity. These were the exquisite Ballad Stanzas beginning "I knew by the smoke," but better known as "The Woodpecker," and that delicious "Canadian Boat Song," the melody of which was caught up by Moore from an antique ditty sung to the sweep of their oars by the sailors on the St. Lawrence.]

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANG- FORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE
AZORES.

By Moonlight.

SWEET Moon! if like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes
there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend!

O Strangford! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh to-
gether,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather!
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was
shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world!
And yet 'twas time—in youthful days,
To cool the season's burning rays,

The heart may let its wanton wing
 Repose awhile in Pleasure's spring,
 But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
 The spring will dry, the heart will freeze!
 And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
 Oh! she awaked such happy dreams,
 And gave my soul such tempting scope
 For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
 That not Verona's child of song,
 When flying from the Phrygian shore,
 With lighter hopes could bound along,
 Or pant to be a wanderer more!

Even now delusive hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing, as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
 And lights them with consoling gleam,
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
 Oh! such a blessed night as this,
 I often think, if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with
 bliss

Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
 The sea is like a silvery lake,
 And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
 Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
 The slumber of the silent tides!
 The only envious cloud that lowers,
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
 Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
 And scowling at this heaven of light,
 Exults to see the infant storm
 Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
 Invisible at this soft hour,
 And see the looks, the melting smiles,
 That brighten many an orange bower;
 And could I lift each pious veil,
 And see the blushing cheek it shades,
 Oh! I should have full many a tale
 To tell of young Azorian maids.
 Dear Strangford! at this hour, per-
 haps,
 Some faithful lover (not so blest
 As they, who in their ladies' laps
 May cradle every wish to rest)
 Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
 Those madrigals, of breath divine,
 Which Camoens' harp from Rapture
 stole
 And gave, all glowing warm, to thine!

Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
 And breathe them with thy graceful
 tone,
 Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
 Would make the coldest nymph his
 own!

But, hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
 'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
 Eight bells:—the middle watch is set;
 Good night, my Strangford!—ne'er forget
 That, far beyond the western sea
 Is one whose heart remembers thee!

—o—

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμος
 με προσφωνει ταδε*
 Γινωσκε πανθρωπινα μη σεβειν σταν.
 ÆSCHYL. *Fragment.*

A BEAM of tranquillity smiled in the west,
 The storms of the morning pursued us
 no more,
 And the wave, while it welcomed the
 moment of rest,
 Still heaved, as remembering ills that
 were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the
 hour,
 Its passions were sleeping, were mute
 as the dead,
 And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd
 their power,
 As the billow the force of the gale that
 was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure
 alone
 My heart ever granted a wish or a
 sigh;
 When the saddest emotion my bosom
 had known,
 Was pity for those who were wiser
 than I!

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
 In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
 How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
 The pearl of the soul may be melted
 away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted
the flame,

That pleasure no more might its purity
dim ;

And that sullied but little, or brightly
the same,

I might give back the gem I have
borrow'd from Him !

The thought was ecstatic ! I felt as if
Heaven

Had already the wreath of eternity
shown ;

As if, passion all chasten'd and error
forgiven,

My heart had begun to be purely its
own !

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful
sky

Which morning had clouded, was
clouded no more :

"Oh ! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a
heavenly eye

Shed light on the soul that was
darken'd before !"

—o—

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard, there was in ancient days

A Lyre of most melodious spell ;

'Twas heaven to hear its fairy lays,

If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,

And to their breath it breathed again

In such entrancing melodies

As ear had never drunk till then !

Not harmony's serenest touch

So stilly could the notes prolong ;

They were not heavenly song so much

As they were dreams of heavenly song !

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air

Along the chords in languor stole,

The soothings it awaken'd there

Were eloquence from pity's soul !

Or if the sigh, serene and light,

Was but the breath of fancied woes,

The string, that felt its airy flight,

Soon whisper'd it to kind repose !

And oh ! when lovers talk'd alone,

If, mid their bliss the Lyre was near,

It made their murmurs all its own,

And echo'd notes that heaven might
hear !

There was a nymph, who long had loved,

But dared not tell the world how well ;

The shades, where she at evening roved,

Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole

So oft, to make the dear one blest,

Whom love had given her virgin soul,

And nature soon gave all the rest !

It chanced that, in the fairy bower

Where they had found their sweetest
shed,

This Lyre, of strange and magic power,

Hung gently whispering o'er their
head.

And while, with eyes of mingling fire,

They listen'd to each other's vow,

The youth full oft would make the Lyre

A pillow for his angel's brow !

And while the melting words she breathed

On all its echoes wanton'd round,

Her hair, amid the strings enwreathed,

Through golden mazes charm'd the
sound !

Alas ! their hearts but little thought,

While thus entranced they listening lay,

That every sound the Lyre was taught

Should linger long, and long betray !

So mingled with its tuneful soul

Were all their tender murmurs grown,

That other sighs unanswer'd stole,

Nor changed the sweet, the treasured
tone.

Unhappy nymph ! thy name was sung

To every passing lip that sigh'd ;

The secrets of thy gentle tongue

On every ear in murmurs died !

The fatal Lyre, by Envy's hand

Hung high amid the breezy groves,

To every wanton gale that fann'd

Betray'd the mystery of your loves !

Yet, oh !—not many a suffering hour
Thy cup of shame on earth was given ;
Benignly came some pitying Power,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven !

There as thy lover dries the tear
Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
Within his arms, thou lov'st to hear
The luckless Lyre's remember'd songs !

Still do your happy souls attune
The notes it learn'd, on earth, to move ;
Still breathing o'er the chords, commune
In sympathies of angel love !

—o—

TO THE FLYING-FISH.

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies ;
Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven !

But, when I see that wing so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again ;
Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink !

O Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below ;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there !

TO MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

IN days, my Kate, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made ;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorn'd bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour,
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose !
Then, haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from your arms away,
How long the little absence seem'd !
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while !
Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me ;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere e'en your seal can reach mine eye ;
And oh ! e'en then, that darling seal
(Upon whose print, I used to feel
The breath of home, the cordial air
Of lov'd lips, still freshly there !)
Must come, alas ! through every fate
Of time and distance, cold and late,
When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
The leaf with sweetness may be chill'd !
But hence, that gloomy thought ! at last,
Belov'd Kate ! the waves are past :
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes !
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul !
Far from the shocks of Europe ; far
From every wild, elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by Heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world !

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,

And glorying in the rights they won
 For hearth and altar, sire and son,
 Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
 His sleeping sword's remember'd pride !
 While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
 Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
 Effacing with her splendid share
 The drops that war had sprinkled there !
 Thrice happy land ! where he who flies
 From the dark ills of other skies,
 From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
 May shelter him in proud repose !
 Hope sings along the yellow sand
 His welcome to a patriot land ;
 The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
 The stranger, in its world of leaves,
 Which soon their barren glory yield
 To the warm shed and cultured field ;
 And he, who came, of all bereft,
 To whom malignant fate had left
 Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
 Finds home and friends and country here !

Such is the picture, warmly such,
 That long the spell of Fancy's touch
 Hath painted to my sanguine eye
 Of man's new world of liberty !
 Oh ! ask me not, if Truth will seal
 The reveries of Fancy's zeal ;
 If yet my charmed eyes behold
 These features of an age of gold—
 No—yet, alas ! no gleaming trace !
 Never did youth, who loved a face
 From portrait's rosy, flattering art,
 Recoil with more regret of heart,
 To find an owlet eye of grey,
 Where painting pour'd the sapphire's ray,
 Than I have felt, indignant felt,
 To think the glorious dreams should melt
 Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
 Have rapt me to this wondrous clime !

But, courage ! yet, my wavering heart !
 Blame not the temple's meanest part,
 Till you have traced the fabric o'er :—
 As yet, we have beheld no more
 Than just the porch to Freedom's fane,
 And, though a sable drop may stain
 The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
 To doubt there's holiness within !
 So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
 To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
 Can claim more interest in my soul
 Than all the Powers from pole to pole)

One word at parting ; in the tone
 Most sweet to you, and most my own.
 The simple notes I send you here,
 Though rude and wild, would still be
 dear,

If you but knew the trance of thought
 In which my mind their murmurs caught.
 'Twas one of those enchanting dreams
 That lull me oft, when music seems
 To pour the soul in sound along,
 And turn its every sigh to song !
 I thought of home, th' according lays
 Respired the breath of happier days ;
 Warmly in every rising note
 I felt some dear remembrance float,
 Till, led by music's fairy chain,
 I wander'd back to home again !
 Oh ! love the song, and let it oft
 Live on your lip, in warble soft !
 Say that it tells you, simply well,
 All I have bid its murmurs tell,
 Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
 The tinge of joy when joy is fled,
 And all the heart's illusive hoard
 Of love renew'd and friends restored !
 Now, sweet, adieu !—this artless air,
 And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
 Are all the gifts I yet can boast
 To send you from Columbia's coast ;
 But when the sun, with warmer smile,
 Shall light me to my destined isle,
 You shall have many a cowslip-bell
 Where Ariel slept, and many a shell
 In which the gentle spirit drew
 From honey flowers the morning dew !

—o—

TO CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

CONCEAL'D within the shady wood
 A mother left her sleeping child,
 And flew to cull her rustic food,
 The fruitage of the forest wild.
 But storms upon her pathway rise,
 The mother roams, astray and weeping ;
 Far from the weak appealing cries
 Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.
 She hopes, she fears ; a light is seen,
 And gentler blows the night wind's
 breath ;
 Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
 The baby may be chill'd to death !

Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
 Dim by death's eternal chill—
 And yet, perhaps, they are not faded ;
 Life and love may light them still.

Thus, when my soul, with parting sigh,
 Hung on thy hand's bewildering touch,
 And, timid, ask'd that speaking eye,
 If parting pain'd thee half so much :

I thought, and, oh, forgive the thought !
 For who, by eyes like thine inspired,
 Could e'er resist the flattering fault
 Of fancying what his soul desired ?

Yes—I *did* think, in Cara's mind,
 Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
 I left one infant wish behind,
 One feeling, which I call'd my own !

Oh, blest ! though but in fancy blest,
 How did I ask of pity's care,
 To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,
 The nursling I had cradled there.

And many an hour beguiled by pleasure,
 And many an hour of sorrow number-
 ing,

I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure
 I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
 Haply, it yet a throb may give—
 Yet no—perhaps a doubt has kill'd it !
 O Cara !—*does* the infant live ?

—o—

TO CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
 We sigh'd to think it thus should take
 The hours it gave us—hours as dear
 As sympathy and love could make
 Their blessed moments ! every sun
 Saw us, my love, more closely one !

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
 Which came another year to shed,
 The smile we caught from eye to eye
 Told us, those moments were not fled ;
 Oh, no !—we felt, some future sun
 Should see us still more closely one !

Thus may we ever, side by side,
 From happy years to happier glide ;
 And still, my Cara, may the sigh
 We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
 Be follow'd by the smiling eye
 That Hope shall shed on scenes before
 us !

—o—

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little
 sprite,
 That you are not a daughter of ether and
 light,
 Nor have any concern with those fanciful
 forms
 That dance upon rainbows and ride upon
 storms ;
 That, in short, you're a woman ; your lip
 and your breast
 As mortal as ever were tasted or press'd !
 But I will not believe them—no, Science !
 to you
 I have long bid a last and a careless
 adieu :
 Still flying from Nature to study her
 laws,
 And dulling delight by exploring its
 cause,
 You forget how superior, for mortals
 below,
 Is the fiction they dream to the truth that
 they know.
 Oh ! who, that has ever had rapture
 complete,
 Would ask how we feel it, or why it is
 sweet ;
 How rays are confused, or how particles
 fly
 Through the medium refined of a glance
 or a sigh ?
 Is there one, who but once would not
 rather have known it,
 Than written, with Harvey, whole
 volumes upon it ?
 No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
 I will swear, you are one of those spirits
 that rove
 By the bank where, at twilight, the poet
 reclines,
 When the star of the west on his solitude
 shines,

And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung
 Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue !
 Oh ! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
 Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone ;
 Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
 His song to the world let him utter unseen,
 And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
 Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears !
 Sweet spirit of mystery ! how I should love,
 In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
 To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
 Inhaling forever your song and your sigh !
 'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
 I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
 And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
 To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh ! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
 We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
 As sweet as, of old, was imagined to dwell
 In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
 And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
 When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelid is light,
 You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
 Such as angel to angel might whisper above !
 O spirit !—and then, could you borrow the tone
 Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
 The voice of the one upon earth who has twined
 With her essence for ever my heart and my mind !
 Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
 An exile, and weary and hopeless the while,

Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
 I will think at that moment my Cara is near,
 That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
 And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
 And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
 For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven, is nigh !

Sweet spirit ! if such be your magical power,
 It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour ;
 And let fortune's realities frown as they will,
 Hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me still !

—o—

PEACE AND GLORY.

WHERE is now the smile that lighten'd
 Every hero's couch of rest ?
 Where is now the hope that brighten'd
 Honour's eye and Pity's breast ?
 Have we lost the wreath we braided
 For our weary warrior men ?
 Is the faithless olive faded ?
 Must the bay be pluck'd again ?

Passing hour of sunny weather,
 Lovely, in your light awhile,
 Peace and Glory, wed together,
 Wander'd through the blessed isle.
 And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
 Dewy as a morning sun,
 When the timid maid would listen
 To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over ?
 Must the maiden's trembling feet
 Waft her from her warlike lover
 To the desert's still retreat ?
 Fare you well ! with sighs we banish
 Nymph so fair and guest so bright ;
 Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
 Leaves behind a soothing light !

Soothing light ! that long shall sparkle
 O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
 Through the field where horrors darkle,
 Shedding hope's consoling ray !
 Long the smile his heart will cherish,
 To its absent idol true,
 While around him myriads perish,
 Glory still will sigh for you !

—o—

TO ———, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
 The heart devotes to Fancy's power,
 When her soft magic fills the mind
 With friends and joys we've left behind,
 And joys return and friends are near,
 And all are welcomed with a tear !
 In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
 To be remember'd oft and well
 By one whose heart, though vain and
 wild,
 By passion led, by youth beguiled,
 Can proudly still aspire to know
 The feeling soul's divinest glow !
 If thus to live in every part
 Of a lone weary wanderer's heart ;
 If thus to be its sole employ
 Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
 Believe it, Mary ! oh, believe
 A tongue that never can deceive,
 When passion doth not first betray
 And tinge the thought upon its way !
 In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
 In crowded hall or lonely bower,
 The business of my life shall be,
 For ever to remember thee !
 And though that heart be dead to mine,
 Since love is life and wakes not thine,
 I'll take thy image, as the form
 Of something I should long to warm,
 Which, though it yield no answering
 thrill,
 Is not less dear, is lovely still !
 I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
 The bright, cold burthen of my way !
 To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
 My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
 And Love shall lend his sweetest care,
 With memory to embalm it there !

—o—

SONG.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art
 In passion's moment breathed to me ;
 Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
 'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
 And has become too pure for thee !

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
 With all the warmth of truth impress'd,
 Yet no—the fatal kiss may lie,
 Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
 Or bloom to make a rival blest !

Take back the vows that, night and day,
 My heart received, I thought, from
 thine ;
 Yet, no—allow them still to stay,
 They might some other heart betray,
 As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine !

—o—

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

Written at Norfolk, in Virginia.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—ANON.

La Poésie a ses monstres comme la Nature.—
 D'ALEMBERT.

"THEY made her a grave, too cold and
 damp,
 For a soul so warm and true ;
 And she's gone to the Lake of the Dis-
 mal Swamp,
 Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
 She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
 And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
 Long and loving our life shall be,
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
 When the footstep of Death is near !"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent
feeds,

And man never trod before !

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stir'd the
brake,

And the copper-snake breathed in his
ear,

Till he starting cried, from his dream
awake,

“Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear ?”

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—

“Welcome,” he said, “my dear one’s
light !”

And the dim shore echoed, for many a
night,

The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen
bark,

Which carried him off from shore ;

Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were
dark,

And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true

Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,

And paddle their white canoe !

—o—

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF
DONEGAL.

From Bermuda, January, 1804.

LADY ! where'er you roam, whatever
beam

Of bright creation warms your mimic
dream ;

Whether you trace the valley's golden
meads,

Where mazy Linth his lingering current
leads ;

Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that
sleep,

At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep ;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,

Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,
Where, many a night, the soul of Tell

complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's
chains ;

Oh ! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the tablet that creative eye,

And let its splendour, like the morning
ray

Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay !

Yet, Lady, no !—for song so rude as
mine,

Chase not the wonders of your dream
divine ;

Still, radiant eye ! upon the tablet dwell ;
Still, rosy finger ! weave your pictured

spell ;
And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,

Oh ! might the song awake some bright
design,

Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy
line,

Proud were my soul, to see its humble
thought

On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
And wondering Genius, as he lean'd to

trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark

they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to

you !

Have you not oft, in nightly vision,
stray'd

To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly magic,

placed
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste ?
There as eternal gales, with fragrance

warm,
Breathed from elysium through each
shadowy form,

In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless
hours along !

Nor yet in song that mortal ear may suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where virtue waken'd, with elysian
breeze,

Pure tones of thought and mental har-
monies !

Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs
bland

Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silvery zone ;
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy
gave

To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or
sublime,

Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime !

The morn was lovely, every wave was
still,

When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling
charms,

The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plaitain shades, that like an
awning twined

And kiss'd on either side the wanton
sails,

Breathing our welcome to these vernal
vales ;

While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
That the enamour'd keel, with whis-
pering play,

Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal
its way !

Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !

Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave ; in every myrtle
grove

Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the
shade ;

And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various
grace,

Fancy would love, in many a form, to
trace

The flowery capital, the shaft, the
porch,

And dream of temples, till her kindling
torch

Lighted me back to all the glorious
days

Of Attic genius ; and I seem'd to
gaze

On marble, from the rich Pentelic
mount,

Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's
fount.

Sweet airy being ! who, in brighter
hours,

Lived on the perfume of these honey'd
bowers,

In velvet buds, at evening, loved to
lie,

And win with music every rose's sigh !
Though weak the magic of my humble
strain,

To charm your spirit from its orb
again,

Yet, oh ! for her, beneath whose smile I
sing,

For her, (whose pencil, if your rainbow
wing

Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry
sky,

Could smooth its feather and relume its
dye,)

A moment wander from your starry
sphere,

And if the lime-tree grove that once was
dear,

The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy
hill,

The sparkling grotto can delight you
still,

Oh ! take their fairest tint, their softest
light,

Weave all their beauty into dreams of
night,

And, while the lovely artist slumbering
lies,

Shed the warm picture o'er her mental
eyes ;

Borrow for sleep her own creative
spells,

And brightly show what song but faintly
tells !

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam cānere mundum.
CICERO *de Nat. Deor.* lib. iii.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreathed,
Such as of old,
Echo'd the breath that warbling sea-
maids breathed ;
This magic shell
From the white bosom of a Syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sands of gold.
It bears,
Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs
The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their mid-
night music roll'd!

Oh ! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats :
And, if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy dreams,
As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on
his ear !
And thou shalt own,
That, through the circle of creation's zone,
Where matter darkles or where spirit beams
From the pellucid tides, that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o'er the beds of pearl ;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,
To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields ;

Oh ! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine !
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless
harmony !

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell !
Many a star has ceased to burn,
Many a tear has Satan's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept
Since the ærial spell
Hath in the waters slept.
I fly,
With the bright treasure, to my choral sky,
Where she, who waked its early swell,
The Syren, with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,
Or guides around the burning pole
The wingèd chariot of some blissful soul !

While thou,
O son of earth, what dreams shall rise
for thee !
Beneath Hispania's sun,
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
Which I have warm'd with dews of melody !
Listen !—when the night-wind dies
Down the still current, like a harp it sighs !
A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows !

There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy languid brow,
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
Such—mortal ! mortal ! hast thou heard
of him,
Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,
Sat on the chill Pangæan mount,
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
From which his soul had drunk its fire !

Oh! think what visions, in that lonely
hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast!
What pious ecstasy
Wafted his prayer to that eternal
Power,
Whose seal upon this world im-
press'd
The various forms of bright divinity!

Or, dost thou know what dreams I
wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent
bower,
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy
slumber?

When, free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from
bonds of pain,

His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of Nature's fontal
number,
And saw, in mystic choir, around him
move

The stars of song, Heaven's burning
minstrelsy!

Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
I swear

By the great diadem that twines my
hair,

And by the seven gems that sparkle
there,

Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
O mortal! such shall be thy radiant
dreams!

—o—

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

From Bermuda, January, 1804.

Κενη δ' ηνεμοσσα και ατροπος, οια θ' αλιπληξ,
Αιθνης και μαλλον επιδρομος ηπερ ιπποις,
Ποντω ερεστηρικται.

CALLIMACH. *Hymn in Del.* v. 11.

OH, what a tempest whirl'd us hither!
Winds, whose savage breath could wither
All the light and languid flowers
That bloom in Epicurus' bowers!

Yet think not, George, that fancy's charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm.

When close they reef'd the timid sail,
When, every plank complaining loud,
We labour'd in the midnight gale,
And e'en our haughty mainmast
bow'd;

The Muse, in that unlovely hour,
Benignly brought her soothing power,
And, midst the war of waves and wind,
In song elysian lapp'd my mind!

She open'd, with her golden key,
The casket where my memory lays
Those little gems of poesy,
Which time has saved from ancient
days!

Take one of these, to Lais sung;
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "suspended animation!"

—

SWEETLY you kiss, my Lais dear!
But while you kiss, I feel a tear
Bitter, as those when lovers part,
In mystery from your eyelid start!
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And round my neck in silence twine,
Your hair along my bosom spread,
All humid with the tears you shed!
Have I not kiss'd those lids of snow?
Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, when'er they meet—
Why is it thus? do tell me, sweet!
Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? 'is to-night
Our last—go, false to Heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

—

Such, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The Muse and I together sung,
With Boreas to make out the trio.

—

But, bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile,
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills!
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth,
Warm from the very lips of health!

Oh! could you view the scenery dear,
 That now beneath my window lies,
 You'd think, that Nature lavish'd here
 Her purest wave, her softest skies,
 To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
 For bards to live and saints to die in!
 Close to my wooded bank below,
 In glassy calm the waters sleep,
 And to the sunbeam proudly show
 The coral rocks they love to steep!

The fainting breeze of morning fails,
 The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
 And I can almost touch its sails
 That languish idly round the mast.
 The sun has now profusely given
 The flashes of a noontide heaven,
 And, as the wave reflects his beams,
 Another heaven its surface seems!
 Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
 So pictured o'er the waters lie,
 That every languid bark appears
 To float along a burning sky!

Oh! for the boat the angel gave
 To him who, in his heavenward flight,
 Sail'd o'er the sun's ethereal wave,
 To planet-isles of odorous light!
 Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
 Within thy orb's ambrosial round!
 There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
 That pant around thy twilight car;
 There angels dwell, so pure of form,
 That each appears a living star!

These are the sprites, O radiant queen!
 Thou send'st so often to the bed
 Of her I love, with spell unseen,
 Thy planet's brightening balm to shed;
 To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
 To give the cheek one rosebud more,
 And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
 Which had been, oh! too dear before!

But, whither means the Muse to roam?
 'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
 Who could have ever thought to search
 her
 Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
 So, health and love to all your mansion!
 Long may the bowl that pleasures
 bloom in,
 The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
 Mirth and song your board illumine!

Fare you well—remember too,
 When cups are flowing to the brim,
 That here is one who drinks to you,
 And oh!—as warmly drink to him.

—o—

THE WEDDING RING.

TO ————. 1801.

No—Lady! Lady! keep the ring;
 Oh! think, how many a future year,
 Of placid smile and downy wing,
 May sleep within its holy sphere!

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
 Though love hath ne'er the mystery
 warm'd,
 Yet Heaven will shed a soothing beam,
 To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye!
 Oh! it doth ask, with magic power,
 If Heaven can ever bless the tie,
 Where love inwreathes no genial
 flower!

Away, away, bewildering look!
 Or all the boast of virtue's o'er;
 Go—hie thee to the sage's book,
 And learn from him to feel no more!

I cannot warn thee; every touch,
 That brings my pulses close to thine,
 Tells me I want thy aid as much,
 Oh! quite as much, as thou dost mine!

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
 A moment turn those eyes away,
 And let me, if I can, forget
 The light that leads my soul astray!

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
 That our hearts bear one common seal:
 O Lady! think, how man's deceit
 Can seem to sigh and feign to feel!

When o'er thy face some gleam of
 thought,
 Like daybeams through the morning
 air,
 Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
 The feeling ere it kindled there:

The sympathy I then betray'd
 Perhaps was but the child of art;
 The guile of one who long hath play'd
 With all these wily nets of heart

Oh! thou hast not my virgin vow ;
 Though few the years I yet have told,
 Canst thou believe I live till now,
 With loveless heart or senses cold ?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain,
 For many a maid my soul hath proved ;
 With some I wanton'd wild and vain,
 While some I truly, dearly loved !

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
 To theirs hath been as fondly laid ;
 The words to thee I warmly say,
 To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a languid heart,
 Which long hath lost its early spring ;
 Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
 And—keep the ring, oh! keep the ring.

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again ;
 What, still that look and still that sigh !
 Dost thou not feel my counsel then ?
 Oh! no, beloved!—nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
 While thus our breaths commingling
 glow,

'Twere more than woman, to be wise,
 'Twere more than man, to wish thee so !

Did we not love so true, so dear,
 This lapse could never be forgiven ;
 But hearts so fond and lips so near—
 Give me the ring, and now—O Heaven !

—o—

TO ———,

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A
 RICH GIRDLE.

Μαργαριται δηλονσι δακρυων ροον.

Ap. NICEPHOR. in *Oncirocritico*.

PUT off the vestal veil, nor, oh !
 Let weeping angels view it ;
 You cheeks belie its virgin snow,
 And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear ;
 The lucid pearls around it
 Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
 The hour that Love unbound it.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

—————vo cercand' io,
 Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui
 La desiata vostra forma vera.

PETRAR. *Sonett.* 14.

YES, if 'twere any common love,
 That led my pliant heart astray,
 I grant, there's not a power above
 Could wipe the faithless crime away !

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
 In every look so like to thee,
 That, oh, beneath the blessed sun,
 So fair there are but thou and she !

Whate'er may be her angel birth,
 She was thy lovely, perfect twin,
 And wore the only shape on earth
 That could have charm'd my soul to
 sin !

Your eyes!—the eyes of languid doves
 Were never half so like each other !
 The glances of the baby loves
 Resembleless their warm-eyed mother !

Her lip!—oh, call me not false-hearted,
 When such a lip I fondly press'd ;
 'Twas Love some melting cherry parted,
 Gave thee the half and her the rest !

And when, with all thy murmuring tone,
 They sued half-open to be kiss'd,
 I could as soon resist thine own,
 And them, Heaven knows, I ne'er resist.

Then, scorn me not, though false I be,
 'Twas love that waked the dear excess ;
 My heart had been more true to thee
 Had mine eye prized thy beauty less !

—o—

TO ———.

WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow
 I had many an exquisite minute ;
 But the scorn that I feel for you now
 Hath even more luxury in it !

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
 Some witchery seems to await you ;
 To love you is pleasant enough,
 And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you !

FROM THE GREEK OF MELE-
AGER.

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name !
Repeat his magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
Or every bowl's voluptuous brim !

Give me the wreath that withers there,
It was but last delicious night,
It hung upon her wavy hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light !
Oh ! haste, and twine it round my brow ;
It breathes of Heliodora now !

The loving rosebud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer, where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh !

—o—

LINES.

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in transport's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh ! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To rapture's thrill ;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still !

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep !

Well !—there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure ;
Oh ! most to him
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of plea-
sure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round misery's brim.

Yes—he can smile serene at death :
Kind Heaven ! do Thou but chase the
weeping
Of friends who love him ;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

—o—

ODES TO NEA.

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

Nea tupavvel.—EURIP. *Medea*, v. 967

NAY, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet ;
Dear Nea ! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet !
But, oh ! this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not even for thee, thou lovely one !
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, their
pain,
Or fetter me to earth again !

Dear absent girl ! whose eyes of light,
Though little prized when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone !
How many hours of idle waste,
Within those witching arms embraced,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolved life's dream away !
O bloom of time profusely shed !
O moments ! simply, vainly fled,

Yet sweetly too—for Love perfumed
The flame which thus my life consumed ;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours !

Say, Nea dear ! couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander,—

Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till all my heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever ?
No, no—on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast :
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last !

Nea ! the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
Oh ! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign ;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

Tale iter omne cave.—*PROPERT.* lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd ;
'Twas not for us, whom Heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where, winding in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
(As lovers steal to bliss,)
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
As though they did not kiss !

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove
That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
No eye but Nature's o'er us !

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All that we wish'd and thought ;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
But all that passion ought !

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleam'd ;
I raised it to your lips of dew,
You kiss'd the shell, I kiss'd it too—
Good Heaven ! how sweet it seem'd !

Oh ! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
Could tangle me or you in !
Sweet Nea ! let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks will be our ruin !

YOU read it in my languid eyes,
And there alone should love be read ;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more ; I will not speak ;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still !

Heard you the wish I dared to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight ?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
As if to light your steps along !

Oh ! how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but heaven and me !

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turn'd,
My soul forgot—nor, oh ! condemn,
That when such eyes before me burn'd,
My soul forgot all eyes but them !

I dared to speak in sobs of bliss,
Rapture of every thought bereft me,
I would have clasp'd you—oh, even
this!—

But, with a bound, you blushing left
me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;

'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and
sense—

'Twas all the best and worst of man!

That moment, did the mingled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and
skies,

But you alone—but only you!

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;

I should have—oh, my only love!

My life!—what should I *not* have
done?

—

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
And traced that happy period over,
When love could warm the proudest sage,
And wisdom grace the tenderest lover!

Before I laid me down to sleep,
Upon the bank awhile I stood,
And saw the vestal planet weep
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of fancy's dream,
And, as I watch'd the playful stream,
Entangling in its net of smiles

So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there

Were lighted by a Grecian sky—

As if I breathed the blissful air

That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh!

And now, the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes impress'd,
And still the bright and balmy spell,
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell!

I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,
Where Epicurus taught the Loves

To polish virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playful doves

Can give to pearls a smoother white-
ness!

'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace!
And thou wert there, my own beloved!
And dearly by thy side I roved
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where beauty blush'd and wisdom taught,
Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
And all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love!

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around!

Oh! 'twas a bright, bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning
flowers,

And scented and illumed the bowers,
Seem'd as to him who darkling roves,
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear the countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way!

'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul is doom'd to
roam,

When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home!
And, Nea, thou didst look and move,
Like any blooming soul of bliss,

That wanders to its home above
Through mild and shadowy light like
this!

But now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous
glory

Than ever lived in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story!
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;

Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,
As if with soul and passion fill'd!
Some flew, with amber cups, around,
Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,
And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx shone beneath their feet!

While others, waving arms of snow
 Entwined by snakes of burnish'd gold,
 And showing limbs, as loath to show,
 Through many a thin Tarentian fold,
 Glided along the festal ring,
 With vases, all respiring spring,
 Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
 And the young bee-grape, round them
 wreathing,
 Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
 Like curls upon a rosy cheek.
 O Nea ! why did morning break
 The spell that so divinely bound me ?
 Why did I wake ? how *could* I wake,
 With thee my own and heaven around
 me !

WELL — peace to thy heart, though
 another's it be,
 And health to thy cheek, though it
 bloom not for me !
 To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon
 groves
 Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee
 roves,
 And, far from thine eye, oh ! perhaps, I
 may yet
 Its seduction forgive and its splendour
 forget !
 Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the
 bloom
 Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys
 perfume ;
 May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
 Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has
 stray'd !
 And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt
 happen to roam
 Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads
 to thy home,
 Where oft, when the dance and the revel
 were done,
 And the stars were beginning to fade in
 the sun,
 I have led thee along, and have told by
 the way
 What my heart all the night had been
 burning to say—
 Oh ! think of the past—give a sigh to
 those times,
 And a blessing for me to that alley of
 limes !

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
 And thou the isle it clasps around,
 I would not let a foot come near
 My land of bliss, my fairy ground !
 If I were yonder conch of gold,
 And thou the pearl within it placed,
 I would not let an eye behold
 The sacred gem my arms embraced !
 If I were yonder orange-tree,
 And thou the blossom blooming there
 I would not yield a breath of thee,
 To scent the most imploring air !
 Oh ! bend not o'er the water's brink,
 Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
 Nor let its burning mirror drink
 The soft reflection of thine eye.
 That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
 Upon the billows pour their beam
 So warmly, that my soul could seek
 Its Nea in the painted stream.
 The painted stream my chilly grave
 And nuptial bed at once may be,
 I'll wed thee in that mimic wave,
 And die upon the shade of thee !
 Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
 O'er the waters blue and bright,
 Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
 Shadow to her eyes of light !
 O my beloved ! where'er I turn,
 Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
 In every star thy glances burn,
 Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.
 But then thy breath !—not all the fire,
 That lights the lone Semenda's death,
 In eastern climes, could e'er respire
 An odour like thy dulcet breath !
 I pray thee, on those lips of thine
 To wear this rosy leaf for me,
 And breathe of something not divine,
 Since nothing human breathes of thee !
 All other charms of thine I meet
 In nature, but thy sigh alone ;
 Then take, oh ! take, though not so sweet,
 The breath of roses for thine own !
 So, while I walk the flowery grove,
 The bud that gives, through morning
 dew,
 The lustre of the lips I love,
 May seem to give their perfume to !

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

Tu potes insolitas Cynthia, ferre nives?

PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 8.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element
steep

An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the
deep,

Like Hebe in Hercules' arms!
The tint of your bowers is balm to the
eye,

Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow-Spirit never comes
here!

The down from his wing is as white as
the pearl

Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melt-
ing, my girl,

As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh! fly to the clime where he pillows
the death,

As he cradles the birth, of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their
breath,

But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

How sweet to behold him, when, borne
on the gale,

And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!

Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly
casts

Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it
lasts

Should the Snow-Spirit ever come
here!

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,

To think that a bosom, as white as his
own,

Should not melt in the daybeam like
him!

Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—

Fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

Ἐνταυθα δε καθαρμισται ἡμιν, καὶ ὁ, τι μεν
ονομα τη νησω, ουκ οίδα' χρυση δ' αν προς γε ενου
ονομαζουτο.

PHILOSTRAT. *Icon.* 17, lib. 2.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh! for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, Love had sent
This snowy bird of blandishment,
To lead me where my soul should
meet—

I knew not what, but something sweet!

Blest be the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by love,
To guide me to a scene so dear,
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
Which, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span!

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird reposed his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
O vision bright! O spirit fair!
What spell, what magic raised her there?
'Twas Nea! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child,
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps!

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
It glanced around a fiery kiss,
All trembling, as it went, with bliss!

Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek, of vermil tinge,
Like the first ebon cloud, that closes
Dark on evening's heaven of roses !
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through their ivory lid,
And o'er her lips reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some belovèd saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath !

Was ever witchery half so sweet !
Think, think how all my pulses beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole—
O you, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you to dream the bliss,
The tremblings of an hour like this !

A KISS À L'ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold ;
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
Who lived in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that Time's eternal lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid !

Look, darling, what a sweet design !
The more we gaze, it charms the more :
Come,—closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou see'st, it is a simple youth
By some enamour'd nymph em-
braced—

Look, Nea, love ! and say in sooth
Is not her hand most dearly placed ?

Upon his curlèd head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,
Yet presses gently, half inclined
To bring his lip of nectar nigh !

O happy maid ! too happy boy !
The one so fond and faintly loth,
The other yielding slow to joy—
Oh, rare indeed, but blissful both !

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling ;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
But quite as cold, as she is willing :

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twined,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed hair behind :

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move ;
And thus our lips together meet,
And—thus I kiss thee—O my love !

... λιβανωτω εικασεν, οτι απολλυμενον ευφρανει.
ARISTOT. *Rhetor.* lib. iii. cap. 4.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine
My soul hath e'er forgot ;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not !

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmèd senses dwell,
Like something heaven had sung !

Ah ! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl!—and yet,
To die were sweeter, than to let
The loved remembrance go !

No ; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh ! let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consumed in sweets away !

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

“THE daylight is gone—but before we
depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of
my heart,
To the kindest, the dearest—oh ! judge
by the tear
That I shed while I name him, how kind
and how dear !”

'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash
tree,
With a few who could feel and remember
like me,
The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I
threw,
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on
you !

Oh ! say, do you thus, in the luminous
hour
Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in
flower,
And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's
dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing
and new—
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow
the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it
to him
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so
fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends
were not there ?

Last night, when we came from the
calabash tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit
was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of
the day
Put the magical springs of my fancy in
play ;
And, oh ! such a vision as haunted me
then
I could slumber for ages to witness again !
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends, who were dear and beloved
before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my fancy surrounded me
here !
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their
smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little
isle ;
Serenes the wave, as they look'd on it,
flow'd,
And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it,
glow'd !
Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd
by rills
Of the pearllest flow, from those pastoral
hills,

Where the song of the shepherd, primæ-
val and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mys-
tical child)
Could display such a bloom of delight, as
was given
By the magic of love, to this miniature
heaven !

Oh, magic of love ! unembellish'd by
you,
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a
hue ?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or
art,
Like the vista that shines through the
eye to the heart ?

Alas ! that a vision so happy should
fade !
That, when morning around me in bril-
liancy play'd,
The rose and the stream I had thought of
at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly
bright ;
While the friends, who had seem'd to
hang over the stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with
my dream !

But see, through the harbour, in float-
ing array,
The bark that must carry these pages
away
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel
behind !
What billows, what gales is she fated to
prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that
I love !
Yet pleasant the swell of those billows
would be,
And the sound of those gales would be
music to me !
Not the tranquillest air that the winds
ever blew,
Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve
dew,
Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright
as the foam
Of the wave that would carry your wan-
derer home !

LOVE AND REASON.

Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

TWAS in the summer-time, so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in
season,

That—who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason !

Love told his dream of yester-night,
While Reason talked about the wea-
ther ;

The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him !

“This must not be,” said little Love—
“The sun was made for more than
you.”

So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu !

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream,
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded !

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parch'd plains ;
Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins !

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smiled—
Oh ! where was tranquil Reason now
To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning !

“Oh ! take me to that bosom cold,”
In murmurs at her feet he said ;
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest ;
For, ah ! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired on Reason's breast !

—o—

TO FANNY.

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear !
While in these arms you lie,
The world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to claim one precious tear
From that beloved eye !

The world !—ah, Fanny ! love must shun
The path where many rove ;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart, to be his only one,
Are quite enough for love !

What can we wish, that is not here
Between your arms and mine ?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear
As that within the blessed sphere
Two loving arms entwine ?

For me, there's not a lock of jet,
Along your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
All, all the worthless world !

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love !
My only worlds I see ;
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile for me !

—o—

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning, many an hour,
In dalliance met, and Learning smiled
With rapture on the playful child,
Who wanton stole, to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning's vest !

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh, happy time ! when laws of state,
When all that ruled the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snowy arms !

Sweet times ! you could not always
last—

And yet, oh ! yet, you *are* not past ;
Though we have lost the sacred mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies !

Fanny, my love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away ;
No—give the universe a soul
Attuned to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill
To wield a universe at will !

—o—

THE GRECIAN'S GIRL'S DREAM

OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.

TO HER LOVER.

..... ἦχι τε καλος
Πυθαγορης, οσσοι τε χορον στηριξαν ερωτος.
Απολλων περι Πλωτινου.

Oracul. Metric. a Joan. Opsop. collecta.

WAS it the moon, or was it morning's
ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms
away ?
I linger'd still, in all the murmuring rest,
The languor of a soul too richly blest !

Upon my breath the sigh yet faintly
hung ;
Thy name yet died in whispers o'er my
tongue ;
I heard thy lyre, which thou hadst left
behind,
In amorous converse with the breathing
wind ;
Quick to my heart I press'd the shell
divine,
And, with a lip yet glowing warm from
thine,
I kiss'd its every chord, while every kiss
Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of
bliss.
Then soft to thee I touch'd the fervid
lyre,
Which told such melodies, such notes of
fire,
As none but chords, that drank the burn-
ing dews
Of kisses dear as ours, could e'er dif-
fuse !
O love ! how blissful is the bland repose,
That soothing follows upon rapture's
close,
Like a soft twilight, o'er the mind to
shed
Mild melting traces of the transport fled !

While thus I lay, in this voluptuous
calm,
A drowsy languor steep'd my eyes in
balm,
Upon my lap the lyre in murmurs fell,
While, faintly wandering o'er its silver
shell,
My fingers soon their own sweet requiem
play'd,
And slept in music which themselves had
made !
Then, then, my Theon, what a heavenly
dream !
I saw two spirits, on the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, descending from
above,
And gliding to my bower with looks of
love,
Like the young genii, who repose their
wings
All day in Amatha's luxurious springs,
And rise at midnight from the tepid rill,
To cool their plumes upon some moon-
light hill !

Soft o'er my brow, which kindled with
 their sighs,
 Awhile they play'd ; then gliding through
 my eyes,
 (Where the bright babies, for a moment,
 hung,
 Like those thy lip hath kiss'd, thy lyre
 hath sung,)
 To that dim mansion of my breast they
 stole,
 Where, wreathed in blisses, lay my cap-
 tive soul.
 Swift at their touch dissolved the ties
 that clung
 So sweetly round her, and aloft she
 sprung !
 Exulting guides, the little genii flew
 Through paths of light, refresh'd with
 starry dew,
 And fann'd by airs of that ambrosial
 breath,
 On which the free soul banquets after
 death !

Thou know'st, my love, beyond our
 clouded skies,
 As bards have dream'd, the spirits' king-
 dom lies.
 Through that fair clime a sea of ether rolls,
 Gemm'd with bright islands, where the
 hallow'd souls,
 Whom life hath wearied in its race of
 hours,
 Repose for ever in unfading bowers !
 That very orb, whose solitary light
 So often guides thee to my arms at night,
 Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
 Floating in splendour through those seas
 above !
 Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy
 way,
 Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery
 day,
 While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
 Reclined the spirits of the immortal
 blest !
 Oh ! there I met those few congenial
 maids,
 Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic
 shades ;
 There still Leontium, on her sage's
 breast,
 Found lore and love, was tutor'd and
 caress'd ;

And there the twine of Pythia's gentle
 arms
 Repaid the zeal which deified her
 charms !
 The Attic Master in Aspasia's eyes
 Forgot the toil of less endearing ties ;
 While fair Theano, innocently fair,
 Play'd with the ringlets of her Samian's
 hair,
 Who, fix'd by love, at length was all her
 own,
 And pass'd his spirit through her lips
 alone !

O Samian sage ! whate'er thy glowing
 thought
 Of mystic numbers so divinely wrought ;
 The One that's form'd of Two who
 dearly love,
 Is the best number heaven can boast
 above !

But think, my Theon, how this soul
 was thrill'd,
 When near a fount, which o'er the vale
 distill'd,
 My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
 Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,
 That, oh !—'twas but fidelity in me,
 To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee !
 No aid of words the unbodied soul re-
 quires,
 To waft a wish or embassy desires ;
 But, by a throb to spirits only given,
 By a mute impulse only felt in heaven,
 Swifter than meteor shaft through sum-
 mer skies,
 From soul to soul the glanced idea
 flies !

We met—like thee the youthful vision
 smiled !
 But not like thee, when, passionately
 wild,
 Thou wak'st the slumbering blushes of
 my cheek
 By looking things thyself would blush
 to speak !
 No ! 'twas the tender, intellectual smile,
 Flush'd with the past, and yet serene the
 while,
 Of that delicious hour, when, glowing
 yet,
 Thou yield'st to nature with a fond re-
 gret,

And thy soul, waking from its wilder'd
dream,
Lights in thine eye a mellow, chaster
beam!

O my beloved! how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits
meet!

Th' Elean god, whose faithful waters
flow,
With love their only light, through caves
below,

Wafting in triumph all the flowery
braids,

And festal rings, with which Olympic
maids

Have deck'd their billow, as an offering
meet

To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet!

Think, when he mingles with his foun-
tain-bride,

What perfect rapture thrills the blended
tide!

Each melts in each, till one pervading
kiss

Confound their currents in a sea of
bliss!

'Twas thus—

But, Theon, 'tis a weary
theme,

And thou delight'st not in my lingering
dream.

Oh! that our lips were at this moment
near,

And I would kiss thee into patience,
dear!

And make thee smile at all the magic
tales

Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul, inspired by thee
and love,

In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.

But no; no more—soon as to-morrow's
ray

O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away,
I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,

And there in murmurs tell thee all the
rest;

Then if too weak, too cold the vision
seems,

Thy lip shall teach me something more
than dreams!

—o—

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

Written aboard the Boston Frigate.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails, and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

—o—

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However warm I've twined about it;
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not
whether

I might not bring myself at last,
To—do without you altogether!

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

THIS morning, when earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their
bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

—o—

THE VASE.

THERE was a vase of odour lay
For many an hour on Beauty's shrine,
So sweet that Love went every day
To banquet on its breath divine.

And not an eye had ever seen
The fragrant charm the vase conceal'd;
O Love! how happy 'twould have been
If thou hadst ne'er that charm reveal'd!

But Love, like every other boy,
Would know the spell that lurks within;
He wish'd to break the crystal toy,
But Beauty murmur'd "'twas a sin!"

He swore, with many a tender plea,
That neither Heaven nor earth forbid
it;

She told him, Virtue kept the key,
And look'd as if—she wish'd he had it.

He stole the key when Virtue slept
(Even she can sleep, if Love but ask it),
And Beauty sigh'd, and Beauty wept,
While silly Love unlock'd the casket.

O dulcet air that vanish'd then!
Can Beauty's sigh recall thee ever?
Can Love himself inhale again
A breath so precious?—never, never!

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe
By Beauty to repentance given,
Though bitterly on earth they flow,
Shall turn to fragrant balm in heaven!

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee, too, a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flow'rets long shall sweetly
breathe!

Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is of a splendid thread,
Stolen from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting sun had shed
The sober beam of evening there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loth,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended oft;
The Chain would make the Wreath so
strong!
The Wreath would make the Chain so
soft!

Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season!
Whether the Chain may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
And all their glow, their tints, are
faded!

Sweet Fanny, what would Rapture do,
When all her blooms had lost their
grace?

Might she not steal a rose or two,
From other Wreaths to fill their place?
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
Along her brow's divine expanse.

Just then, the garland's dearest rose
 Gave one of its seducing sighs—
 Oh ! who can ask how Fanny chose,
 That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes !
 "The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall
 be
 The tie to bind my soul to thee !"

—o—

TO ——— ———.

AND hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
 That many a time obscures my brow,
 'Midst all the blisses, darling maid,
 Which thou canst give, and only thou ?

Oh, 'tis not that I then forget
 The endearing charms that round me
 twine—

There never throb'd a bosom yet
 Could feel their witchery like mine !

When bashful on my bosom hid,
 And blushing to have felt so blest,
 Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
 Again to close it on my breast !

Oh ! these are minutes all thine own,
 Thine own to give, and mine to feel ;
 Yet e'en in them, my heart has known
 The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
 When he who first thy soul possess'd,
 Like me awak'd its witching powers,
 Like me was loved, like me was blest !

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
 Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt ;
 For him that snowy lid hath hung
 In ecstasy, as purely felt !

For him—yet why the past recall
 To wither blooms of present bliss ?
 Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
 And Heaven can grant no more than
 this !

Forgive me, dearest, oh ! forgive ;
 I would be first, be sole to thee,
 Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
 The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effaced,
 Love should have kept that leaf alone,
 On which he first so dearly traced
 That thou wert, soul and all, my own !

TO LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

From the City of Washington.

Και μη θαυμασης μητ' ει μακροτεραν γεγραφα
 την επιστολην, μηδ' ει τε περιεργωτερον η προ-
 βτικωτερον ειρηκαμεν εν αυτη.

ISOCRATES, *Epist.* iv.

IF former times had never left a trace
 Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
 Nor o'er their pathway written, as they
 ran,

One dark memorial of the crimes of
 man ;

If every age, in new unconscious prime,
 Rose, like a phoenix, from the fires of
 time,

To wing its way unguided and alone,
 The future smiling, and the past un-
 known ;

Then ardent man would to himself be
 new,

Earth at his foot and heaven within his
 view :

Well might the novice hope, the san-
 guine scheme.

Of full perfection prompt, his daring
 dream,

Ere cold experience, with her veteran
 lore,

Could tell him, fools had dream'd as
 much before !

But, tracing as we do, through age and
 clime,

The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of
 crime,

The thinking follies and the reasoning
 rage

Of man, at once the idiot and the sage ;
 When still we see, through every varying
 frame

Of arts and polity, his course the same,
 And know that ancient fools but died, to
 make

A space on earth for modern fools to
 take ;

'Tis strange, how quickly we the past
 forget ;

That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd
 yet,

Nor tire of watching for the monstrous
 birth

Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of
 earth !

Oh! nothing but that soul which God
has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for
heaven;
O'er dress without to shed the flame
within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on
sin!

Even here, beside the proud Potow-
mac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering
theme
Of days to come, when man shall con-
quer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at
last!

"Here," might they say, "shall power's
divided reign

Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtured up by
truth

To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that bestride man-
kind!

Here shall religion's pure and balmy
draught,
In form no more from cups of state be
quaff'd,

But flow for all, through nation, rank,
and sect,
Free as that heaven its tranquil waves
reflect.

Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath
entwine,

Nor breathe corruption from their flower-
ing braid,
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom
to shade.

No longer here shall Justice bound her
view,
Or wrong the many, while she rights the
few;

But take her range through all the social
frame,

Pure and pervading as that vital flame,
Which warms at once our best and
meanest part,

And thrills a hair while it expands a
heart!"

O golden dream! what soul that loves
to scan

The brightness rather than the shades of
man,

That owns the good while smarting with
the ill,

And loves the world with all its frailty
still—

What ardent bosom does not spring to
meet

The generous hope with all that heavenly
heat

Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth,
divine?

Yes, dearest Forbes, I see thee glow to
think

The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has
known,

And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne!

But, is it thus? doth even the glorious
dream

Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain
gleam,

Which bids us give such dear delusion
scope,

As kills not reason, while it nurses
hope?

No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even
now,

While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption
plays,

Her bloom is poison'd and her heart de-
cays!

Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly
breath

Burns with the taint of empires near their
death,

And, like the nymphs of her own wither-
ing clime,

She's old in youth, she's blasted in her
prime!

Already has the child of Gallia's
school

The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning
arts,

Begot by brilliant heads on worthless
hearts,

Like things that quicken, after Nilus'
flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of
mud !
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence
dear ;
Already blighted, with her blackening
trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her
fruit !

Oh ! were these errors but the wanton
tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd
pride ;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too
much ;
Then might experience make the fever
less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess :
But no ; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's
chill.
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice !

Long has the love of gold, that meanest
rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated
strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and
fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear !
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering
land ;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad, that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are
made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade !

Already in this free, this virtuous State,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd
by fate,
To show the world what high perfection
springs
From rabble senators and merchant
kings—

Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public
weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred
fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for
hire !
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly
rose
From England's debtors to be England's
foes,
Who could their monarch in their purse
forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,
Have proved at length the mineral's
tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him
too.
O Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy
cant !
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage
rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd
all
From Roman Nero down to Russian
Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so
base,
As the rank jargon of that factious
race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be
lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn
control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their
soul !
Who can, with patience, for a moment
see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and
rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains ?
To think that man, thou just and gentle
God !
Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's
rod,
O'er creatures like himself, with souls
from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty ;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,

In climes, where liberty has scarce been
named,

Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom
waves

Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves ;
Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slaved and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit
The brute made ruler and the man made
brute !

But, O my Forbes ! while thus, in
flowerless song,

I feebly paint, while yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world,
were nursed !

Where treason's arm by royalty was
nerved,

And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the
throne they served—

Thou, gently lull'd in dreams of classic
thought,

By bards illumined and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard had fancied, or that sage hath
been—

Why should I wake thee ? why severely
chase

The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures
spread

By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of
thy heart !

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the
song destroy

One generous hope, one throb of social
joy,

One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few
who can !

Oh ! turn to him, beneath whose kindred
eyes

Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or
dim,

And proudly study all her lights in him !
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection
yet !

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you
wove,

Is fair—but oh ! how fair,
If pity's hand had stolen from love
One leaf to mingle there !

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf, where love had sigh'd,
Were sweetly worth them all !

The wreath you wove, the wreath you
wove

Our emblem well may be ;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
Must keep its tears for me !



LYING.

Che con le lor bugie pajon divini.

Mauro d'Arcano.

I DO confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breathed you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two ?

Nay—look not thus, with brow re-
proving ;

Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving !
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange con-
fusion !

If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes !
Oh, no !—believe me, lovely girl,
When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing
sworn !

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear !

Whenever you may chance to meet
 A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
 Long as you're false, and he believes you,
 Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
 So long the blissful bond endures ;
 And while he lies, his heart is yours :
 But, oh ! you've wholly lost the youth
 The instant that he tells you truth !



ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
 I nothing did but drink and fill ;
 The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
 'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still !

At length I bid an artist paint
 Thy image in this ample cup,
 That I might see the dimpled saint
 To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
 Is blushing through the wave at me !
 Every roseate drop I sip
 Is just like kissing wine from thee !

But, oh ! I drank the more for this ;
 For, ever when the draught I drain,
 Thy lip invites another kiss,
 And in the nectar flows again !

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear !
 And may that eye for ever shine
 Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
 As bathes it in this bowl of mine !



TO _____'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she whose shade thou art
 No more will let thee soothe my pain—
 You tell her, it has cost this heart
 Some pangs, to give thee back again !

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
 With which she made thy semblance
 mine,

As bitter is the burning tear,
 With which I now the gift resign !

Yet go—and could she still restore,
 As some exchange for taking thee,
 The tranquil look which first I wore,
 When her eyes found me wild and free !

Could she give back the careless flow,
 The spirit which my fancy knew—
 Yet, ah ! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
 Smile at me once, and then—adieu !



FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.

BLEST infant of eternity !
 Before the day-star learn'd to move,
 In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
 Glancing the beamy shafts of light
 From his rich quiver to the farthest
 sphere,
 Thou wert alone, O Love !
 Nestling beneath the wings of ancient
 Night,
 Whose horrors seem'd to smile in
 shadowing thee !

No form of beauty soothed thine eye,
 As through the dim expanse it wan-
 der'd wide ;
 No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
 As o'er the watery waste it lingering
 died !

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
 That latent in his heart was sleeping ;
 O sympathy ! that lonely hour
 Saw Love himself thy absence weep-
 ing !

But look, what glory through the dark-
 ness beams !

Celestial airs along the water glide :
 What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
 So lovely ? Art thou but the child
 Of the young godhead's dreams,
 That mock his hope with fancies strange
 and wild ?

Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
 Collected in so bright a form,
 Till, kindled by the ardent spell
 Of his despairing eyes,
 And all impregnate with his sighs,
 They spring to life in shape so fair and
 warm !

'Tis she !
 Pysche, the first-born spirit of the air :
 To thee, O Love ! she turns,
 On thee her eye-beam burns :
 Blest hour of nuptial ecstasy !
 They meet—
 The blooming god—the spirit fair—
 Oh, sweet ! oh, heavenly sweet !
 Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine ;
 All nature feels the thrill divine,
 The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
 And their first kiss is great Creation's
 dawn !

* * * * *
 * * * * *

—o—

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS
 THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE
 FORBES.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
 Howe'er remote, howe'er refined,
 And o'er the magic tablet tell
 The silent story of the mind ;

O'er Nature's form to glance the eye,
 And fix, by mimic light and shade,
 Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
 Her evening blushes, ere they fade !

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
 Divinest of the powers divine,
 That light the Muse's flowery dream,
 And these, O prince, are richly thine !

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
 In emanating soul express'd,
 The sweet memorial of a face
 On which her eye delights to rest ;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
 The smile of peace, the bloom of
 youth,
 The cheek that blushes to be seen,
 The eye that tells the bosom's truth ;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
 Her soul with fond attention roves,
 Blessing the hand whose various hue
 Could imitate the form it loves ;

She feels the value of thy art,
 And owns it with a purer zeal,
 A rapture, nearer to her heart,
 Than critic taste can ever feel !

—o—

THE PHILOSOPHER ARIS-
 TIPPUS

TO A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY LIAS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli lucerna.

MARTIAL, lib. xiv. epig. 8.

“OH ! love the Lamp” (my mistress
 said)

“The faithful Lamp that, many a
 night,

Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
 Has kept its little watch of light !
 Full often has it seen her weep,
 And fix her eye upon its flame,
 Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
 Repeating her beloved's name !

“Oft has it known her cheek to burn
 With recollections, fondly free,
 And seen her turn, impassion'd turn,
 To kiss the pillow, love ! for thee,
 And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
 That kiss to feel, that thought to share !

“Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
 Thy step through learning's sacred
 way ;

And, lighted by its happy ray,
 When'er those darling eyes shall read
 Of things sublime, of Nature's birth,
 Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
 Oh ! think that she, by whom 'twas
 given,
 Adores thee more than earth or heaven !”

Yes—dearest Lamp ! by every charm
 On which thy midnight beam has
 hung ;

The neck reclined, the graceful arm
 Across the brow of ivory flung ;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
 The sever'd lip's delicious sighs,
 The fringe, that from the snowy lid
 Along the cheek of roses lies ;

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
My Lamp and I shall never part !

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze !

Thy flame shall light the page refined,
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his burning soul behind !
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
O man of Ascra's dreary glades !
To whom the nightly warbling Nine
A wand of inspiration gave,
Pluck'd from the greenest tree that shades
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages' heavenly store ;
From Science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,
Through labyrinths of wonder flies !

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
The passing world's precarious flight,
Where all, that meets the morning glow,
Is changed before the fall of night !

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
Will also quench yon heaven of suns !"

Oh ! then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour ;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away ;
Who pauses, to inquire of Heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which Heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it guilt to lose ?
Who, that has cull'd a weeping rose,
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away ;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
On which it dies and loves to die ?

Pleasure ! thou only good on earth !
Our little hour resign'd to thee—
Oh ! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth
The sage's immortality !

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
And all the lore, whose tame control
Would wither joy with chill delays !
Alas ! the fertile fount of sense
At which the young, the panting soul
Drinks life and love, too soon decays !

Sweet Lamp ! thou wert not form'd to shed
Thy splendour on a lifeless page—
Whate'er my blushing Lais said
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,
'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ !

And, soon as night shall close the eye
Of heaven's young wanderer in the west ;
When seers are gazing on the sky,
To find their future orbs of rest ;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear !
Nor let her dream of bliss so near ;
Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,
And I shall lift the locks, that flow
Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
And softly kiss those sealed eyes,
And wake her into sweet surprise !

Or, if she dream, oh ! let her dream
Of those delights we both have known
And felt so truly, that they seem
Form'd to be felt by us alone !
And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
Shall see her bosom warmly move,
And hear her faintly, lowly speak
The murmur'd sounds so dear to love !
Oh ! I shall gaze, till e'en the sigh
That wafts her very soul be nigh,
And when the nymph is all but blest,
Sink in her arms and share the rest !
Sweet Lais ! what an age of bliss
In that one moment waits for me !
O sages !—think on joy like this,
And where's your boast of apathy !

TO MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

ΤΟΥΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΙ ΕΣΤΙ ΤΟ ΠΟΤΟΝ; ΠΛΑΝΗ, ΕΦΗ.

THEY say that Love had once a book
(The urchin likes to copy you),
Where all who came the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line
Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before !

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran !
Till Fear would come, alas ! as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again !

But, oh ! there was a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more !

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book !

For still she saw his playful fingers
Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys,
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys !

And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and marge and all !

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink !

Oh ! it would make you weep to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud !

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced !

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas ! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away !

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure !

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long are faded !

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated ;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related !

—o—

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M.D.

From the City of Washington.

Διηγησομαι διηγηματα ισως απιστα, κωμικων
ων πεποιθα ουκ εχειν.

XENOPHONT. *Ephesiac.* lib. v.

'Tis evening now ; the heats and cares of
day

In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet
cigar,

And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and
constancy !

The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,
Where blest he woos some black Aspa-
sia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's
embrace !

In fancy now, beneath the twilight
gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern
Rome!
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi
bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber
now!
This famed metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazettiers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet
unborn,
Though nought but wood and *****
they see
Where streets should run and sages *ought*
to be!

And look, how soft in yonder radiant
wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden
grave!—
O great Potowmac! O you banks of
shade!
You mighty scenes, in Nature's morning
made,
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with
humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to
fair!
Say, where your towering hills, your
boundless floods
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes
rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her
love?
Oh! was a world so bright but born to
grace
Its own half-organized, half-minded race
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its
breast,
Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil
their home,
Where none but demi-gods should dare
to roam?
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh!
doubly worse,
Did Heaven design thy lordly land to
nurse

The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime,
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed
sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?
But hush!—observe that little mount of
pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-
fly shines,
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptured image of that veteran
chief,
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot
train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob
might reign!

How shall we rank thee upon glory's
page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than
sage!
Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's
part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's
art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow
cold!

While warmer souls command, nay,
make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forced thee to be
great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest
heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's
claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the
aim;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on
thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the
moonlight falls
On yonder dome—and in those princely
halls,

If thou canst hate, as, oh ! that soul must
 hate,
 Which loves the virtuous and reveres the
 great,
 If thou canst loathe and execrate with
 me
 That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
 That nauseous slaver of these frantic
 times,
 With which false liberty dilutes her
 crimes !
 If thou hast got, within thy free-born
 breast,
 One pulse that beats more proudly than
 the rest,
 With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
 Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's
 control,
 Which courts the rabble's smile, the
 rabble's nod,
 And makes, like Egypt, every beast its
 god !
 There, in those walls—but, burning
 tongue, forbear !
 Rank must be revered, e'en the rank
 that's there :
 So here I pause—and now, my Hume !
 we part ;
 But oh ! full oft, in magic dreams of
 heart,
 Thus let us meet, and mingle converse
 dear
 By Thames at home, or by Potowmac
 here !
 O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and
 through fogs,
 Midst bears and yankees, democrats and
 frogs,
 Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and
 eyes
 With me shall wonder, and with me de-
 spise !
 While I, as oft, in witching thought shall
 rove
 To thee, to friendship, and that land I
 love,
 Where, like the air that fans her fields of
 green,
 Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and
 serene ;
 Where sovereign man can condescend to
 see
 The throne and laws more sovereign still
 than he !

THE SNAKE.

1801.

MY love and I, the other day,
 Within a myrtle arbour lay,
 When near us, from a rosy bed,
 A little Snake put forth its head.
 "See," said the maid with laughing
 eyes—
 "Yonder the fatal emblem lies !
 Who could expect such hidden harm
 Beneath the rose's velvet charm?"
 Never did mortal thought occur
 In more unlucky hour than this ;
 For oh ! I just was leading her
 To talk of love and think of bliss.
 I rose to kill the snake, but she
 In pity pray'd it might not be.
 "No," said the girl—and many a spark
 Flash'd from her eyelid as she said it—
 "Under the rose, or in the dark,
 One might, perhaps, have cause to
 dread it ;
 But when its wicked eyes appear,
 And when we know for what they
 wink so,
 One must be very simple, dear,
 To let it sting one—don't you think
 so?"

—o—

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING
PHILADELPHIA.

..... τηνδε την πολιν φιλωσ
 Ειπων' επαξια γαρ.
 SOPHOCLE. *Edip. Colon.* v. 759.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer
 roved,
 And bright were its flowery bank to his
 eye,
 But far, very far were the friends that he
 loved,
 And he gazed on its flowery banks with
 a sigh !
 O Nature ! though blessed and bright
 are thy rays,
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly
 thrown,
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that
 plays
 In a smile from the heart that is dearly
 our own !

Nor long did the soul of the stranger
remain

Unblest by the smile he had languish'd
to meet ;

Though scarce did he hope it would
soothe him again,

Till the threshold of home had been
kiss'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stolen to
their ear,

And they loved what they knew of so
humble a name,

And they told him, with flattery welcome
and dear,

That they found in his heart something
sweeter than fame !

Nor did woman—O woman ! whose form
and whose soul

Are the spell and the light of each
path we pursue,

Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd
at the pole,

If woman be there, there is happiness
too !—

For did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd

so long,

Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent
eye,

Like them did it soften, and weep at
his song !

Oh ! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his

wandering dream !

Oh ! blest be that eye, and may passion
as soft,

As free from a pang, ever mellow its
beam !

The stranger is gone—but he will not
forget,

When at home he shall talk of the toil
he has known,

To tell, with a sigh, what endearments
he met,

As he stray'd by the wave of the
Schuykill alone !

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.

'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet
lay ;

The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of
light,

Within whose orbs, the almighty
Power,

At Nature's dawning hour,
Stored the rich fluid of ethereal soul !

Around
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing
their flight

From eastern isles
(Where they have bathed them in the
orient ray,

And with fine fragrance all their bosoms
fill'd)

In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd !

All, all was luxury !
All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus
smiles !

His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of
vine,

Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils
play'd !

While 'mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,

A thousand clustering blooms of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy !

Upon his bosom Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung

Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, un-
drawn,

Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity

Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstasy !

Now, on his arm,
In blushes she reposed,

And, while her zone resign'd its every
charm,

To shade his burning eyes her hand in
dalliance stole.

And now she raised her rosy mouth to
sip

The nectar'd wave

Lyæus gave,

And from her eyelids, gently closed,

Shed a dissolving gleam,

Which fell, like sun-dew, in the
bowl,

While her bright hair, in mazy flow

Or gold descending

Along her cheek's luxurious glow,

Waved o'er the goblet's side,

And was reflected by its crystal tide,

Like a sweet crocus flower,

Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour,

With roses of Cyrene blending,

Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream !

The Olympian cup

Burn'd in the hands

Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her
feet.

Up

The empyreal mount,

To drain the soul-drops at their stellar
fount ;

And still,

As the resplendent rill

Flamed o'er the goblet with a man-
tling heat,

Her graceful care

Would cool its heavenly fire

In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd
air,

Such as the children of the pole
respire,

In those enchanted lands,

Where life is all a spring, and north
winds never blow !

But, oh !

Sweet Hebe, what a tear,

And what a blush were thine,

When, as the breath of every
Grace

Wasted thy fleet career

Along the studded sphere,

With a rich cup for Jove himself to
drink,

Some star, that glitter'd in the way,

Raising its amorous head

To kiss so exquisite a tread,

Check'd thy impatient pace !

And all heaven's host of eyes

Saw those luxuriant beauties sink

In lapse of loveliness, along the azure
skies !

Upon whose starry plain they
lay,

Like a young blossom on our meads of
gold,

Shed from a vernal thorn

Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn !

Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,

The myrtled votaries of the queen
behold

An image of their rosy idol, laid

Upon a diamond shrine !

The wanton wind,

Which had pursued the flying fair,

And sweetly twined

Its spirit with the breathing rings

Of her ambrosial hair,

Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling
wings,

(O wanton wind !)

Wasted the robe, whose sacred flow

Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,

Pure, as an Eleusinian veil

Hangs o'er the mysteries !

* * * * *

The brow of Juno flush'd—

Love bless'd the breeze !

The Muses blush'd,

And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through
the strings,

Drops of ethereal dew

That burning gush'd,

As the great goblet flew

From Hebe's pearly fingers through
the sky !

Who was the spirit that remember'd
Man

In that voluptuous hour ?

And with a wing of Love

Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,

As o'er the spangled heaven they
ran,

And sent them floating to our orb
below ?

Essence of immortality !

The shower

Fell glowing through the
spheres,

While all around new tints of
bliss,

New perfumes of delight,
Enrich'd its radiant flow!

Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of heaven's illumined lyre,

Stealing the soul of music in its flight!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they
roll,

The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole!

They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the rill of flame

Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupen-
dous frame

Had kindled, as it rapidly revolved
Around its fervid axle, and dissolved

Into a flood so bright!

The child of day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping

On the flush'd bosom of a lotus flower;
When round him, in profusion weep-
ing,

Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping

The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,

Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid
shed!

But, when the waking boy
Waved his exhaling tresses through the
sky

O morn of joy!

The tide divine,

All glittering with the vermilion dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly
WINE!

Blest be the sod, the flow'ret blest,
That caught, upon their hallow'd
breast,

The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial
springs!

Less sweet the flow'ret, and less
sweet the sod,

O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow
flings

The magic mantle of her solar god!

TO — — —.

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good-night to her sins!

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another!

—o—

ANACREONTIC.

"SHE never look'd so kind before—
Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said, and, sighing, sipp'd
The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
The breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung—
On whom but Lamia *could* they hang?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were
mine,

A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes, that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
In which luxurious Heaven hath cast
her,

Through which her soul doth beam as
white

As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet, as if 'twas Lamia's hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
And Lamia's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
The chord beneath my finger broke!

False harp ! false woman !—such, oh !
such

Are lutes too frail and maids too will-
ing !

Every hand's licentious touch

Can learn to wake their wildest thrill-
ing !

And when that thrill is most awake,

And when you think heaven's joys
await you,

The nymph will change, the chord will
break—

O Love ! O Music ! how I hate you !

—o—

TO MRS. ———.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind ?

Is not thy heart a heart refined ?

Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love or Heaven can
trace ?

And oh ! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in ?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—

Though some thy heart hath harbour'd
near,

May now repay its love with blame ;
Though man, who ought to shield thy
fame,

Ungenerous man, be first to wound thee ;
Though the whole world may freeze
around thee.

Oh ! thou'lt be like that lucid tear,
Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congeal'd around ;
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still !

—o—

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF
DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

OH ! lost, for ever lost !—no more
Shall vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day !

No more to Tempé's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's
gale,

To bear the mystic chaplets home !

'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warm'd and led by thee,

In every breeze was taught to feel

The breathings of a Deity !

Guide of my heart ! to memory true,

Thy looks, thy words are still my
own—

I see thee raising from the dew

Some laurel, by the wind o'erthrown,

And hear thee say, "This humble
bough

Was planted for a dome divine ;

And, though it weep in languor now,

Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine !

Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,

Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,

A viewless hand shall cull it thence,

To bloom immortal in the skies !"

Thy words had such a melting flow,

And spoke of truth so sweetly well,

They dropp'd like heaven's serenest
snow,

And all was brightness where they
fell !

Fond soother of my infant tear !

Fond sharer of my infant joy !

Is not thy shade still lingering here ?

Am I not still thy soul's employ ?

And oh ! as oft, at close of day,

When, meeting on the sacred mount,

Our nymphs awaked the choral lay,

And danced around Cassotis' fount ;

As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,

That mine should be the simplest mien,

My lyre and voice the sweetest there,

My foot the lightest o'er the green :

So still, each little grace to mould,

Around my form thine eyes are shed,

Arranging every snowy fold,

And guiding every mazy tread !

And when I lead the hymning choir,

Thy spirit still, unseen and free,

Hovers between my lip and lyre,

And weds them into harmony !

Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave

Shall never drop its silvery tear

Upon so pure, so blest a grave,

To memory so divinely dear

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὅσπερ σφραγίδες τα φίληματα.

ACHILLES TATIUS, lib. ii.

“Go!” said the angry, weeping maid,
 “The charm is broken!—once betray’d,
 Oh! never can my heart rely
 On word or look, on oath or sigh.
 Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
 With promised faith and vows to Heaven;
 That little ring which, night and morn,
 With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
 That seal which oft, in moments blest,
 Thou hast upon my lip impress’d,
 And sworn its dewy spring should be
 A fountain seal’d for only thee!
 Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
 All sullied, lost, and hateful now!”

I took the ring—the seal I took,
 While oh! her every tear and look
 Were such as angels look and shed,
 When man is by the world misled!
 Gently I whisper’d, “Fanny, dear!
 Not half thy lover’s gifts are here:
 Say, where are all the seals he gave
 To every ringlet’s jetty wave,
 And where is every one he printed
 Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted,
 Seals, of the purest gem of bliss,
 Oh! richer, softer far than this!

“And then the ring—my love! recall
 How many rings, delicious all,
 His arms around that neck hath twisted,
 Twining warmer far than this did!
 Where are they all, so sweet, so many?
 Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!”

While thus I murmur’d, trembling too
 Lest all the nymph had vow’d was true,
 I saw a smile relenting rise
 ’Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
 Like daylight o’er a sea of blue,
 While yet the air is dim with dew.
 She let her cheek repose on mine,
 She let my arms around her twine—
 Oh! who can tell the bliss one feels
 In thus exchanging rings and seals!

—o—

TO

MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
 A song, like those thy lips have given,
 And it was sung by shapes of light,
 Who seem’d, like thee, to breathe of
 heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
 And I have said, when morning shone,
 “Oh! why should fairy fancy keep
 These wonders for herself alone?”

I knew not then that fate had lent
 Such tones to one of mortal birth;
 I knew not then that Heaven had sent
 A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze
 Through which my life has loved to
 tread,
 When I have heard the sweetest lays
 From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
 From beauty’s mouth of perfume sigh-
 ing,
 Sweet as music’s hallow’d bird
 Upon a rose’s bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combined
 Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
 My heart hath sigh’d, my heart hath
 pined
 For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all, at last,
 In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
 Through which the soul hath ever
 pass’d
 Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
 In fancy’s hour, could hear or see
 Of music’s sigh or beauty’s beam
 Are realized, at once, in thee!

—o—

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE
MOHAWK RIVER

Già era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo
Dell'acqua

DANTE.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass ;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers
that smiled,

Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind !
Oh ! I have thought, and thinking
sigh'd—

How like to thee, thou restless tide !
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim !
Through what alternate shades of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go !
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest !
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run !
Oh, may my falls be bright as thine !
May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee !

—o—

CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS ! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee ;
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it—
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid !

—o—

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT
OF THE WOODS.

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla
OVID, *Metam.* lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads ;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill !
Hark ! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along !
Christian ! 'tis the song of fear ;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild, thou dar'st to roam—
Oh ! 'twas once the Indian's home !
Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep :
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,
Lone beneath a roof of blood ;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew !

Hither bend you, turn you hither
Eyes that blast and wings that wither !
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error,
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying !
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cottage cordial light ;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood !
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,

Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there !
Then, when night's long labour past,
Wild'er'd, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting ;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let mosquitos hover,
In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires !

—o—

TO MRS. HENRY T—GHE,

ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear !

Say, Love ! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine ;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine !

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
A glory round thy temples spread ?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altars shed ?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreathed—
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd, as she breathed !

O you, that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow !

Love sweetest lies, conceal'd in night,
The night where Heaven has bid him
lie ;

Oh ! shed not there unhallow'd light,
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly !

Dear Psyche ! many a charmed hour,
Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower
Thy mazy foot my soul hath traced !

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow
Has chain'd thee to thy Cupid's breast ;

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray,
Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
Half brighten'd by the eternal ray,

Thou risest to a cloudless pole !
Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
The twilight walk of many a soul
Through sunny good and evil dark ;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
The song, whose dulcet tide was given
To keep her name as fadeless here,
As nectar keeps her soul in heaven !

—o—

IMPROMPTU,

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valetæ cœtus !

CATULLUS.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted ;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted !

Oh ! if regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away !

Long be the flame of memory found,
Alive, within your social glass ;
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which oblivion dares not pass !

—o—

TO THE HONOURABLE W. R.
SPENCER.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.
OVID, *ex Ponto*, lib. i. ep. 5.

From Buffalo, upon Lake Erie.

THOU oft hast told me of the fairy hours
Thy heart has number'd, in those classic
bowers,
Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
'Mid cowl and cardinals profanely flit,
And Pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaid,
Haunt every stream, and sing through
every shade !
There still the bard, who (if his numbers
be
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd
like thee,
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind
has caught
Those playful, sunshine holidays of
thought,
In which the basking soul reclines and
glows,
Warm without toil, and brilliant in
repose,—
There still he roves, and laughing loves
to see
How modern monks with ancient rakes
agree ;
How mitres hang, where ivy wreaths
might twine,
And heathen Massic's damn'd for stronger
wine !
There, too, are all those wandering souls
of song,
With whom thy spirit hath communed so
long,
Whose rarest gems are, every instant,
hung
By Memory's magic on thy sparkling
tongue.
But here, alas ! by Erie's stormy lake,
As, far from thee, my lonely course I take,
No bright remembrance o'er the fancy
plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Has left that visionary glory here,
That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest
scene,
The humblest shed, where genius once
has been !

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and
blooms ;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gar-
dens glow,
Bright lakes expand and conquering
rivers flow ;
Mind, mind alone, without whose quick-
ening ray
The world's a wilderness and man but
clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor
flows !
Take Christians, mohawks, democrats,
and all
From the rude wigwam to the congress-
hall,
From man the savage, whether slaved or
free,
To man the civilized, less tame than
he !
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife,
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous
life ;
Where every ill the ancient world can
brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the
new ;
Where all corrupts, though little can
entice,
And nothing's known of luxury but vice !

Is this the region then, is this the
clime
For golden fancy? for those dreams sub-
lime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that
feel ?
No, no—the Muse of Inspiration plays
O'er every scene ; she walks the forest
maze,
And climbs the mountain ; every bloom-
ing spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it
not !
She whispers round, her words are in the
air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing
there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely
strong,
One ray of heart to thaw them into song !

Yet, yet forgive me, O you sacred few !
 Whom late by Delaware's green banks I
 knew ;
 Whom, known and loved through many
 a social eve,
 'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain
 to leave !
 Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore
 The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
 When his lone heart but faintly hoped to
 find
 One print of man, one blessed stamp of
 mind !
 Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
 The strength to reason and the warmth
 to feel,
 The manly polish and the illumined
 taste,
 Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless
 waste
 My foot has wander'd, O you sacred few !
 I found by Delaware's green banks with
 you.
 Long may you hate the Gallic dross that
 runs
 O'er your fair country, and corrupts its
 sons ;
 Long love the arts, the glories which
 adorn
 Those fields of freedom where your sires
 were born !
 Oh ! if America can yet be great,
 If neither chain'd by choice, nor damn'd
 by fate
 To the mob-mania which imbrutes her
 now,
 She yet can raise the bright but temperate
 brow
 Of single majesty, can grandly place
 An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
 Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler
 prove
 For the fair capital that flowers above !—
 If yet, released from all that vulgar
 throng,
 So vain of dulness and so pleased with
 wrong,
 Who hourly teach her, like themselves,
 to hide
 Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
 She yet can rise, can wreathe the Attic
 charms
 Of soft refinement round the pomp of
 arms,

And see her poets flash the fires of song,
 To light her warriors' thunderbolts
 along !—
 It is to you, to souls that favouring
 Heaven
 Has made like yours, the glorious task
 is given.
 Oh ! but for *such*, Columbia's days were
 done ;
 Rank without ripeness, quicken'd with-
 out sun,
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
 Her fruits would fall, before her spring
 were o'er !
 Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the
 hours
 Where Schuylkill undulates through
 banks of flowers,
 Though few the days, the happy evenings
 few,
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind
 they flew,
 That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
 And rested there, as in a dream of home !
 And looks I met, like looks I loved
 before,
 And voices too, which, as they trembled
 o'er
 The chord of memory, found full many a
 tone
 Of kindness there in concord with their
 own !
 Oh ! we had nights of that communion
 free,
 That flush of heart, which I have known
 with thee
 So oft, so warmly ; nights of mirth and
 mind,
 Of whims that taught, and follies that
 refined !
 When shall we both renew them ? when,
 restored
 To the pure feast and intellectual board,
 Shall I once more enjoy with thee and
 thine
 Those whims that teach, those follies that
 refine ?
 Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's
 shore,
 I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
 I sigh for England—oh ! these weary feet
 Have many a mile to journey, ere we
 meet !

A WARNING TO ——— ———.

OH! fair as heaven and chaste as light!
 Did Nature mould thee all so bright,
 That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
 O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
 O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
 Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?
 No, no! a star was born with thee,
 Which sheds eternal purity!
 Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
 So fair a transcript of the skies,
 In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
 That man should read them and adore!
 Yet have I known a gentle maid
 Whose early charms were just array'd
 In Nature's loveliness like thine,
 And wore that clear, celestial sign,
 Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
 For destiny's peculiar care!
 Whose bosom, too, was once a zone
 Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
 Whose eyes were talismans of fire
 Against the spell of man's desire!
 Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour
 Her charms have shed their radiant
 flower;

The gem has been beguiled away;
 Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
 The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
 The smiles that from reflection came,
 All, all have fled, and left her mind
 A faded monument behind!
 Like some wave-beaten, mouldering
 stone,

To memory raised by hands unknown,
 Which, many a wintry hour, has stood
 Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
 To tell the traveller, as he cross'd,
 That there some lov'd friend was lost!
 Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
 Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee!

—o—

TO ——— ———.

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
 While yet my soul is something free;
 While yet those dangerous eyes allow
 One moment's thought to stray from
 thee!

Oh! thou art every instant dearer;
 Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
 Brings my ruin nearer, nearer,—
 I am lost, unless I fly thee!

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
 Wish me not so soon to fall,
 Duties, fame, and hopes await me,
 Oh! that eye would blast them all!

Yes, yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
 As ever yet allured or sway'd,
 And wouldst, without a sigh, behold
 The ruin which thyself had made!

Yet—*could* I think that, truly fond,
 That eye but once would smile on me,
 Good Heaven! how much, how far
 beyond
 Fame, duty, hope, that smile would be!

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
 Inglorious at thy feet reclined,
 I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
 The world for thee forgot, resign'd!

But no, no, no—farewell—we part,
 Never to meet, no, never, never—
 O woman! what a mind and heart
 Thy coldness has undone for ever!

—o—

FROM THE HIGH-PRIEST OF
 APOLLO TO A VIRGIN OF
 DELPHI.

Cum digno digna

SULPICIA.

“WHO is the maid, with golden hair,
 With eyes of fire and feet of air,
 Whose harp around my altar swells,
 The sweetest of a thousand shells?”

'Twas thus the deity who treads
 The arch of heaven, and grandly sheds
 Day from his eyelids!—thus he spoke,
 As through my cell his glories broke.

“Who is the maid, with golden hair,
 With eyes of fire and feet of air,
 Whose harp around my altar swells,
 The sweetest of a thousand shells?”

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,
 With eyes of fire and golden hair,

Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And hers the harp divinely sweet ;
For foot so light has never trod
The laurell'd caverns of the god,
Nor harp so soft has ever given
A strain to earth or sigh to heaven !

“ Then tell the virgin to unfold,
In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
And bid those eyes with fonder fire
Be kindled for a god's desire ;
Since he who lights the path of years—
Even from the fount of morning's tears,
To where his setting splendours burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
Cannot, in all his course, behold
Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold !
Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
His lip yet sparkling with the tide,
That mantles in Olympian bowls,
The nectar of eternal souls !
For her, for her he quits the skies,
And to her kiss from nectar flies.
Oh ! he would hide his wreath of rays,
And leave the world to pine for days,
Might he but pass the hours of shade,
Imbosom'd by his Delphic maid,
She, more than earthly woman blest,
He, more than god on woman's breast !”

There is a cave beneath the steep,
Where living rills of crystal weep
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begemm'd with dew :
There oft the green bank's glossy tint
Is brighten'd by the amorous print
Of many a faun and naiad's form,
That still upon the dew is warm,
When virgins come, at peep of day,
To kiss the sod where lovers lay !
“ There, there,” the god, impassion'd
said,
“ Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
And the dim orb of lunar souls
Along its shadowy pathway rolls—
There shall we find our bridal bed,
And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
Not even in Jove's voluptuous bowers,
A bridal bed so blest as ours !
Tell the imperial god, who reigns,
Sublime in oriental fanes,
Whose towering turrets paint their pride
Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide ;
Tell him, when to his midnight loves
In mystic majesty he moves,

Lighted by many an odorous fire,
And hymn'd by all Chaldæa's choir—
Oh ! tell the godhead to confess,
The pompous joy delights him less
(Even though his mighty arms unfold
A priestess on a couch of gold)
Than when, in love's unholier prank,
By moonlight cave or rustic bank,
Upon his neck some wood-nymph lies,
Exhaling from her lip and eyes
The flame and incense of delight,
To sanctify a dearer rite—
A mystery, more divinely warm'd
Than priesthood ever yet perform'd !”

Happy the maid, whom Heaven allows
To break for Heaven her virgin vows !
Happy the maid !—her robe of shame
Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race !

O virgin ! what a doom is thine !
To-night, to-night a lip divine
In every kiss shall stamp on thee
A seal of immortality !
Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly ;
There lose the world and wed the sky !
There all the boundless rapture steal
Which gods can give or woman feel !

—o—

WOMAN.

AWAY, away—you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng !
Oh ! by my soul I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long !

Slow to be warm'd and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loth,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true manly lover blest !

Away, away—your smile's a curse—
Oh ! blot me from the race of men,
Kind, pitying Heaven ! by death or
worse,
Before I love such things again !

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully
curl'd

Above the green elms, that a cottage
was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found
in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope
for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd
around

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a
sound

But the woodpecker tapping the hollow
beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I
exclaim'd,

"With a maid who was lovely to soul
and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her,
and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm
could I die !

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose
red berry dips

In the gush of the fountain, how sweet
to recline,

And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent
lips,

Which had never been sigh'd on by
any but mine !"

—o—

TO _____.

Νοσεῖ τὰ φίλτατα.
EURIPIDES.

1803.

COME, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see ;
Oh ! take the harp, and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee !

Sing to me, love !—though death were
near,

Thy song could make thy soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet !

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh !

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
We used to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas ! they bleed to know !

Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh ! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again !

Art thou, too, wretched ? yes, thou art ;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine !

—o—

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas on the Red Sea coast, at morn,
we met

The venerable man ; a virgin bloom
Of softness mingled with the vigorous
thought

That tower'd upon his brow ; as when
we see

The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he
spoke

'Twas language sweeten'd into song—
such holy sounds

As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
Prelude to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh ! and still, as he
unclosed

His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
As ocean breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elysium, breathed
around !

With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
Of the dark veil, which many an age had
hung

O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of
time

The mystic shroud grew thin and lumi-
nous,

And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses
through it !

Of magic wonders that were known and
taught

By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mused, amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,
Nor let the living star of science sink
Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd the
world!—

Of visions by Calliope revealed
To him, who traced upon his typic lyre
The diapason of man's mingled frame,
And the grand Doric heptachord of
heaven!

With all of pure, of wondrous and
arcane,

Which the grave sons of Mochus, many
a night,

Told to the young and bright-hair'd visi-
tant

Of Carmel's sacred mount!—Then, in a
flow

Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
Through many a maze of garden and of
porch,

Through many a system, where the scat-
ter'd light

Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken
beam

From the pure sun, which, though re-
fracted all

Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,
And bright through every change!—he
spoke of Him

The lone, eternal One, who dwells
above,

And of the soul's untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through
the grades

Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and
dark;

Nor even then, though sunk in earthly
dross,

Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain
still!

As some bright river, which has roll'd
along

Through meads of flowery light and
mines of gold,

When pour'd at length into the dusky
deep,

Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
But keeps awhile the pure and golden
tinge,

The balmy freshness of the fields it left!

And here the old man ceased—a winged
train

Of nymphs and genii led him from our
eyes.

The fair illusion fled! and, as I waked,
I knew my visionary soul had been
Among that people of aerial dreams
Who live upon the burning galaxy!

—o—

TO ——— ———.

THE world had just begun to steal
Each hope, that led me lightly on,
I felt not, as I used to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone!

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No tongue to call me kind and dear—
'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death!

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom
again!

With every beamy smile that cross'd
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling which my heart had lost,
And peace, which long had learn'd to
roam!

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,
That, though I weep, I still forgive
The ruin which they've left behind!

I could have loved you—oh, so well!—
The dream, that wishing boyhood
knows,

Is but a bright beguiling spell,
Which only lives while passion glows:

But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets!

Yes, yes, I could have loved, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments
fall,

Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all!

* * * *

DREAMS.

TO ———.

In slumber, I prithee, how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are — Heaven knows
where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk'd and they kiss'd the
time through,
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no knowing what they mayn't
do!

And *your* little Soul — Heaven bless her! —
Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress
her
By keeping her prison'd all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
For a peep now and then to her eye,
Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
Just venture abroad on a sigh;

"In an instant she frightens me in,
With some phantom of prudence or
terror,
For fear I should stray into sin,
Or, what is still worse, into error!

"So, instead of displaying my graces
Through look, and through words, and
through mien,
I am shut up in corners and places
Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declared, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter;

"But to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
I will come when your lady's in bed,
And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And — just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO MRS. ———.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign, consoling Dear!
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chased,
Is now a lone and loveless waste. —
Where are the chords she used to touch?
Where are the songs she loved so much?
The songs are hush'd, the chords are
still,

And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of friendship soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I waked in Anna's breast!
Yet no — the simple notes I play'd
On memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna loved to hear,
May all be lost on Anna's ear;
But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain;
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies which tremble there!

—o—

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Written on the River St. Lawrence.

Et remigem cantus hortatur.—QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep
time.

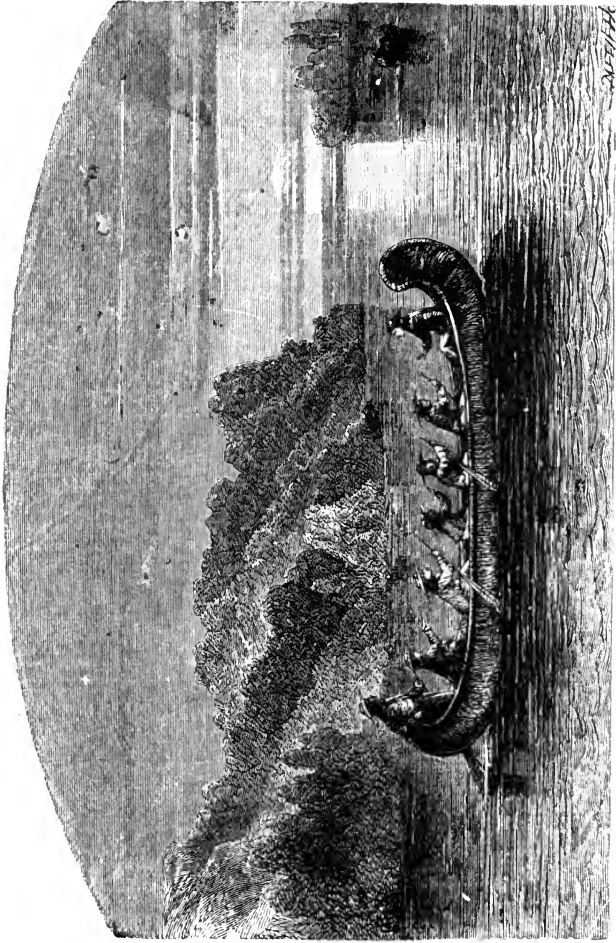
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs
fast,

The rapids are near, and the daylight's
past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to
curl!

But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs
fast,

The rapids are near, and the daylight's
past!



A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

" Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past. " --P. 94



Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
 Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favouring
 airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs
 fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's
 past !

—o—

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE
 R—WD—N.

From the Barks of the St. Lawrence.

NOT many months have now been
 dream'd away
 Since yonder sun (beneath whose evening
 ray
 We rest our boat among these Indian
 isles)
 Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely
 smiles
 Through many an oak, as sacred as the
 groves
 Beneath whose shade the pious Persian
 roves,
 And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
 Or loved mistress, sigh'd in every leaf !
 There listening, Lady ! while thy lip hath
 sung
 My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've
 hung
 On every mellow'd number ! proud to
 feel
 That notes like mine should have the fate
 to steal,
 As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd
 along,
 Such breath of passion and such soul of
 song.
 Oh ! I have wonder'd, like the peasant
 boy
 Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of
 joy,
 And when he hears the rude, luxuriant
 note
 Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
 Believes it still some answering spirit's
 tone,
 And thinks it all too sweet to be his
 own !

I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling
 year
 Had fill'd its circle, I should wander
 here
 In musing awe ; should tread this won-
 drous world,
 See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
 In one vast volume down Niagara's
 steep,
 Or calm behold them, in transparent
 sleep,
 Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
 Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's
 bed !—
 Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and
 glide
 Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
 Through massy woods, through islets
 flowering fair,
 Through shades of bloom, where the first
 sinful pair
 For consolation might have weeping
 trod,
 When banish'd from the garden of their
 God !
 O Lady ! these are miracles, which man,
 Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy
 plan,
 Can scarcely dream of ; which his eye
 must see
 To know how beautiful this world can
 be !

But soft !—the tinges of the west de-
 cline,
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of
 pine.
 Among the reeds, in which our idle
 boat
 Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining
 note
 Dies, like a half-breathed whispering of
 flutes ;
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise
 shoots,
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,
 Down the steep current ; till he fades
 afar
 Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
 Where yon rough rapids sparkle through
 the night !
 Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
 And the smooth glass-snake, gliding o'er
 my way,

Shows the dim moonlight through his
scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment
warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly
breeze
Some Indian Spirit warble words like
these :—

From the clime of sacred doves,
Where the blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing as white
As the spirit-stones of light,
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Appalachian mounts !
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air !

Then, when I have stray'd awhile
Through the Manataulin isle,
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon Bird I fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves.
Then I chase the flow'ret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring ;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink :
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip !
Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,

Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers !

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes ;
When the grey moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird soft and fair
As the fleece that Heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears !
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,—
Virgins, who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest !

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary
lay,
The lonely moments of the night away ;
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water
beams !
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering
streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic
bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky
flood,
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light un-
furl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world !

Yet oh ! believe me, in this blooming
maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays

From charm to charm, where every
flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf
is new !

I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or
hill,

Or veteran oak, like those remember'd
well,

Or breeze or echo or some wild flower's
smell,

(For who can say what small and fairy ties
The mem'ry flings o'er pleasure, as it
flies ?)

Reminds my heart of many a sylvan
dream

I once indulged by Trent's inspiring
stream ;

Of all my sunny morns and moonlight
nights

On Donington's green lawns and breezy
heights !

Whether I trace the tranquil moment
o'er

When I have seen thee cull the blooms
of lore,

With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy
side,

A sister's idol and a nation's pride ;
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied
high

In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,

For pure and bright'ning comments on
the dead ;

Or whether mem'ry to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,

When guests have met around the spark-
ling board,

And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury
pour'd ;

When the bright future Star of England's
Throne,

With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet
shone,

Winning respect, nor claiming what he
won,

But tempering greatness, like an evening
sun

Whose light the eye can tranquilly
admire,

Glorious but mild, all softness yet all
fire !—

Whatever hue my recollections take,
E'en the regret, the very pain they wake
Is dear and exquisite !—but oh !—no
more—

Lady ! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
These vanish'd times, till all that round
me lies,

Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded
on my eyes !

—o—

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ———, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that
time

She crowded th' impressions of many
an hour ;

Her eye had a glow like the sun of her
clime,

Which waked every feeling at once
into flower !

Oh ! could we have stolen but one rap-
turous day,

To renew such impressions again and
again,

The things we should look and imagine
and say

Would be worth all the life we had
wasted till then !

What we had not the leisure or language
to speak,

We should find some more exquisite
mode of revealing,

And, between us, should feel just as much
in a week

As others would take a millennium in
feeling !

—o—

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD- MAN'S ISLAND,

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

Late in the Evening, September, 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark ?

Her sails are full, though the wind is
still,

And there blows not a breath her sails to
fill !

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness
bear?

The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails, with night-fog
hung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts
of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that
wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her
deck,

Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew!

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the
blast,

To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this
world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be
gone,

Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

—o—

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND.

October, 1804.

Νοστου πρόφασσις γλυκερου.

PINDAR, *Pyth.* 4.

WITH triumph this morning, O Boston!
I hail

The stir of thy deck and the spread of
thy sail,

For they tell me I soon shall be wafted,
in thee,

To the flourishing isle of the brave and
the free,

And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising
strand

Is the last I shall tread of American
land.

Well—peace to the land! may the
people, at length,

Know that freedom is bliss, but that
honour is strength;

That though men have the wings of the
fetterless wind,

Of the wantonest air that the north can
unbind,

Yet if health do not sweeten the blast
with her bloom,

Nor virtue's aroma its pathway per-
fume,

Unblest is the freedom and dreary the
flight,

That but wanders to ruin and wantons
to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with
regret;

May they sometimes recall, what I can-
can forget,

That communion of heart and that
parley of soul,

Which has lengthen'd our nights and
illumined our bowl,

When they've ask'd me the manners,
the mind, or the mien

Of some bard I had known or some
chief I had seen,

Whose glory, though distant, they long
had adored,

Whose name often hallow'd the juice of
their board!

And still as, with sympathy humble but
true,

I told them each luminous trait that I
knew,

They have listen'd and sigh'd that the
powerful stream

Of America's empire should pass like a
dream,

Without leaving one fragment of genius,
to say

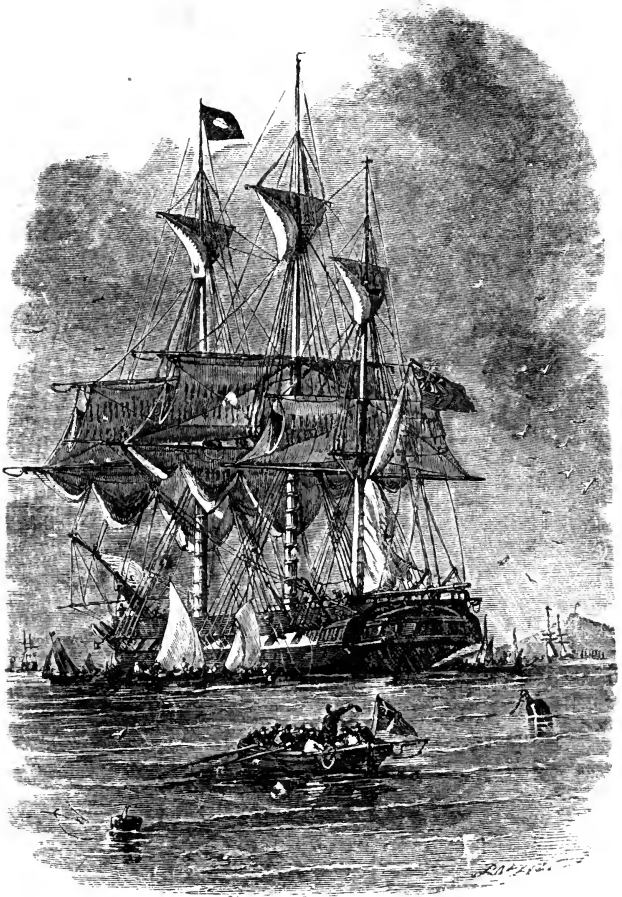
How sublime was the tide which had
vanish'd away!

Farewell to the few—though we never
may meet

On this planet again, it is soothing and
sweet

To think that, whenever my song or my
name

Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me
the same



ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND

“ But see ! the bent topsails are ready to swell.—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell ! ”—P. 99.



I have been to them now, young, un-
thoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow
depress'd !

But, Douglas ! while thus I endear to
my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave
behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of
thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the
sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair
for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling
of night.
Dear Douglas ! thou knowest, with thee
by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy
courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summer-
less seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or
shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous
shore,
That I could not with patience, with
pleasure explore !
Oh ! think then how happy I follow
thee now,
When hope smooths the billowy path of
our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-
springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my
heart is enshrined !
Where the smile of a father shall meet
me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into
pain !
Where the kind voice of sisters shall
steal to my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could
part !—

But see !—the bent topsails are ready
to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia,
farewell !

—o—

TO LADY H——,

ON AN OLD-RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE
WELLS.

Tunbridge Wells, August, 1805.

WHEN Grammont graced these happy
springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever ruled these gay gallant isles ;
Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart smiled like you !

The only different trait is this,
That women then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying " Yes,"
Because as yet she knew no better !

Each night they held a coterie,
Where, every fear to slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd !

They call'd up all their school-day
pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense be-
neath

To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As — " Why are husbands like the
Mint ? "

Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is just to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

" Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
Like a young widow, fresh and fair ? "
Because it wants some hand to raise
The weeds, which " have no business
there ! "

And thus they miss'd, and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they
parried ;

And some lay-in of full-grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring,
For breaking grave conundrum rites,
Or punning ill, or—some such thing !

From whence it can be fairly traced
Through many a branch and many a
bough ;

From twig to twig, until it graced
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then—to you,
O Tunbridge ! and your springs iron-
ical,

I swear by H—thc—te's eye of blue,
To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give,
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's love in H—thc—te live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers !

Let no pedantic fools be there,
For ever be those fops abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, Heaven knows ! not half so
polish'd.

But still receive the mild, the gay,
The few who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night !

—o—

TO ——— ———.

NEVER mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip, that's so scented by roses,
Oh ! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science !

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
O Fanny ! they're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages !

Astronomy finds in your eye
Better light than she studies above,
And music must borrow your sigh.
As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
In a minute, their doubts and their
quarrels ;

Oh ! show but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill soon put an end to their
morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endea-
vour ;

But Eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me
for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through !

And, oh ! if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts !

—o—

I FOUND her not—the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odious trace !

It felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there.

I saw the veil, which, all the day,
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose ;
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose ;
And I could trace the hallow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
And Love himself had stamp'd the
form.

Oh, my sweet mistress, where wert thou ?
In pity fly not thus from me ;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS.

A FRAGMENT.

Τι κακόν ὁ γελῶς ;

CHRYSOST. *Homil. in Epist. ad Hebræos.*

* * *

BUT, whither have these gentle ones,
 These rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
 With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
 Led my truant brains a dancing?
 Instead of studying tomes scholastic,
 Ecclesiastic, or monastic,
 Off I fly, careering far
 In chase of Pollys, prettier far
 Than any of their namesakes are,—
 The Polymaths and Polyhistor's,
 Polyglots and all their sisters.
 So have I known a hopeful youth
 Sit down in quest of lore and truth,
 With tomes sufficient to confound him,
 Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him,—
 Mamurra stuck to Theophrastus,
 And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus.
 When lo! while all that's learn'd and
 wise
 Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,
 And through the window of his study
 Beholds some damsel fair and ruddy,
 With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him as
 The angel's were on Hieronymus.
 Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
 Old Homer's laurel'd brow is batter'd,
 And Sappho, headlong sent, flies just in
 The reverend eye of St. Augustin.
 Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
 Oh, woman, for thy lovelier page :
 Sweet book!—unlike the books of art,—
 Whose errors are thy fairest part ;
 In whom the dear errata column
 Is the best page in all the volume !

But to begin my subject rhyme—
 'Twas just about this devilish time,
 When scarce there happen'd any frolics
 That were not done by Diabolics,
 A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
 Who woman scorn'd, nor saw the use of
 her,
 A branch of Dagon's family,
 (Which Dagon, whether He or She,
 Is a dispute that vastly better is
 Referr'd to Scaliger *et ceteris*.)

Finding that, in this cage of fools,
 The wisest sots adorn the schools,
 Took it at once his head Satanic in,
 To grow a great scholastic manikin,—
 A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
 Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,
 Lully, Hales Irrefragabilis,
 Or any doctor of the rabble is.
 In languages, the Polyglots,
 Compar'd to him, were Babel sots ;
 He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,
 Sanhedrim and Priest included ;—
 Priest and holy Sanhedrim
 Were one-and-seventy fools to him.
 But chief the learned demon felt a
 Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
 That, all for Greek and learning's glory,
 He nightly tipp'd "Græco morê,"
 And never paid a bill or balance
 Except upon the Grecian Kalends :—
 From whence your scholars, when they
 want tick,
 Say, to be *Artic's* to be *on* tick,
 In logics he was quite Ho Panu—
 Knew as much as ever man knew.
 He fought the combat syllogistic
 With so much skill and art eristic,
 That though you were the learn'd Sta-
 girite,
 At once upon the hip he had you right.
 In music, though he had no ears
 Except for that amongst the spheres,
 (Which most of all, 'cause no one heard
 it,)
 Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
 Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
 And find, by Euclid's corollaria,
 The ratios of a jig or aria.
 But, as for all your warbling Delias,
 Orpheuses and Saint Cecilians,
 He own'd he thought them much sur-
 pass'd
 By that redoubted Hyaloclast
 Who still contrived, by dint of throttle,
 Where'er he went to crack a bottle.

Likewise to show his mighty know-
 ledge, he,
 On things unknown in physiology,
 Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
 (Like that great little man Albertus,)
 Wherein he show'd the reason why,
 When children first are heard to cry,

If boy the baby chance to be,
 He cries O A !—if girl, O E !—
 Which are, quoth he, exceeding fair
 hints
 Respecting their first sinful parents ;
 “Oh Eve !” exclaimeth little madam,
 While little master cries “Oh Adam !”

But 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics,
 Our dæmon play'd his first and top
 tricks.

He held that sunshine passes quicker
 Through wine than any other liquor ;
 And though he saw no great objection
 To steady light and clear reflection,
 He thought the aberrating rays,
 Which play about a bumper's blaze,
 Were by the doctors look'd, in common,
 on,

As a more rare and rich phenomenon.
 He wisely said that the sensorium
 Is for the eyes a great emporium,
 To which these noted picture-stealers
 Send all they can and meet with dealers.
 In many an optical proceeding
 The brain, he said, show'd great good-
 breeding.

For instance, when we ogle women
 (A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in),
 Although the dears are apt to get in a
 Strange position on the retina,
 Yet instantly the modest brain
 Doth set them on their legs again !

Our doctor thus, with “stuff'd suffi-
 ciency”

Of all omnigenous omnisciciency,
 Began (as who would not begin
 That had, like him, so much within ?)
 To let it out in books of all sorts ;
 Folios, quartos, large and small sorts ;
 Poems, so very deep and sensible
 That they are quite incomprehensible.
 Prose, which had been at Learning's

Fair,

And bought up all the trumpery there,
 The tatter'd rags of every vest,
 In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
 And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic
 Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
 That those who saw what fits she
 had,

Declared unhappy Prose was mad !
 Epics he wrote and scores of rebusses,
 All as neat as old Turnebus's ;
 Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
 Grammars, prayer-books — oh ! 'twere
 tedious,

Did I but tell the half, to follow me :
 Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
 No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,
 (Whose writings all, thank Heaven ! have
 miss'd us,)

E'er fill'd with lumber such a ware-
 room

As this great “porcus literarum !”

* * * *



Corruption and Intolerance.

[UNDER the title of "Corruption and Intolerance: Two Poems: Addressed to an Englishman by an Irishman," Moore issued from the press in 1808, through the hands of James Carpenter of Old Bond Street, a metrical epistle and a satire in verse which proved, not merely then but afterwards, the least successful of all his productions. Printed as a thin pamphlet of sixty-four octavo pages, wrapped in a flimsy violet cover, these effusions dropped like a plummet into the stream, and would long ago, for certain, have been utterly forgotten but that their author has so many other and more valid claims upon the world's remembrance even of his intellectual bagatelles. A second edition of the little brochure appeared, it is true, in 1809, several months having elapsed since the date of its original appearance. The serious tone of the satirist was not adapted to the laughing lips of the persifleur. Gravity in no way became his blithe visage. Those who had the most eagerly hung upon his accents as a wit and a lyrist, as a Pasquin and a Troubadour, turned with indifference from him when, as in this instance, he came forward for once masquerading in their midst as a Square-toes and a Sober-sides. Moore himself recognized soon enough—in fact after one other minor failure—the incongruity of his attempt to wield the scorpion scourge of Juvenal.]

CORRUPTION.

AN EPISTLE.

Νυν δ' ἀπανθ' ὡσπερ ἐξ αγορας εκπεπραται
ταυτα' αντεισηκται δε αντι τουτων, ὑφ' ὧν απολωλε
και νεοσηκεν ἡ Ἑλλας. Ταυτα δ' εστι τι; ζήλος,
ει τις ειληφε τι' γελως αν ὁμολογη' συγγνωμη τοις
ελεγχομενος' μισος, αν τουτοις τις επιτιμα' ταλλα
παντα, ὅσα εκ του δωροδοκειν ηρηται.

DEMOSTH. *Philipp.* iii.

BOAST on, my friend—though stript of
all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her
pride:
That pride, which once in genuine glory
woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant
St. John spoke;
That pride which still, by time and shame
unstung,
Outlives even Wh—tel—cke's sword and
H—wk—sb'ry's tongue!

Boast on, my friend, while in this
humbled isle
Where Honour mourns and Freedom
fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame
is known
But by the shadow o'er our fortunes
thrown;
Where, doom'd ourselves to nought but
wrongs and slights,
We hear you boast of Britain's glorious
rights,
As wretched slaves, that under hatches
lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Boast on, while wandering through my
native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts;
And feel, though close our wedded
countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from
thine.

Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
 Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
 Which hears no news but W—rd's
 gazetted lies,
 And loves no politics in rhyme but
 Pye's—
 If aught can please thee but the good
 old saws
 Of "Church and State," and "William's
 matchless laws,"
 And "Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-
 eight,"—
 Things which, though now a century out
 of date,
 Still serve to ballast, with convenient
 words,
 A few crank arguments for speeching
 lords,—
 Turn, while I tell how England's free-
 dom found,
 Where most she look'd for life, her dead-
 liest wound ;
 How brave she struggled, while her foe
 was seen,
 How faint since Influence lent that foe a
 screen ;
 How strong o'er James and Popery she
 prevail'd,
 How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold
 assail'd.

While kings were poor, and all those
 schemes unknown
 Which drain the people, to enrich the
 throne ;
 Ere yet a yielding Commons had sup-
 plied
 Those chains of gold by which them-
 selves are tied ;
 Then proud Prerogative, untaught to
 creep
 With Bribery's silent foot on Freedom's
 sleep,
 Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving
 plan,
 And claim'd a right from God to trample
 man !
 But Luther's schism had too much rous'd
 mankind
 For Hampden's truths to linger long
 behind ;
 Nor then, when king-like popes had
 fallen so low,

Could pope-like kings escape the levelling
 blow.
 That ponderous sceptre (in whose place
 we bow
 To the light talisman of influence now),
 Too gross, too visible to work the spell
 Which modern power performs, in
 fragments fell :
 In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted
 o'er
 With fleur-de-lys, it shone and scourged
 once more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling
 nation quaff'd
 Long, long and deep, the churchman's
 opiate draught
 Of passive, prone obedience—then took
 flight
 All sense of man's true dignity and
 right ;
 And Britons slept so sluggish in their
 chain,
 That Freedom's watch-voice call'd almost
 in vain.
 Oh England ! England ! what a chance
 was thine,
 When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd
 line
 Fled from his sullied crown, and left
 thee free
 To found thy own eternal liberty !
 How nobly high, in that propitious
 hour,
 Might patriot hands have raised the triple
 tower
 Of British freedom, on a rock divine
 Which neither force could storm nor
 treachery mine !
 But, no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
 Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for
 man :
 The curse of jarring tongues again was
 given
 To thwart a work which raised men
 nearer heaven,
 While Tories marr'd what Whigs had
 scarce begun,
 While Whigs undid what Whigs them-
 selves had done,
 The hour was lost, and William, with a
 smile,
 Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd
 pile !

Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence
 remain
 Such galling fragments of that feudal
 chain,
 Whose links, around you by the Norman
 flung,
 Though loosed and broke so often, still
 have clung.
 Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
 Has turn'd his thunder into showers of
 gold,
 Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,
 Taints by degrees, and ruins without
 noise.
 While parliaments, no more those sacred
 things
 Which make and rule the destiny of
 kings,
 Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
 And each new set of sharpers cog their
 own.
 Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury
 steals,
 Drips smooth o'er all the Constitution's
 wheels,
 Giving the old machine such pliant play,
 That Court and Commons jog one jolt-
 less way,
 While Wisdom trembles for the crazy
 car,
 So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far ;
 And the duped people, hourly doom'd to
 pay
 The sums that bribe their liberties
 away,—
 Like a young eagle, who has lent his
 plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets
 his doom,
 See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing
 the dart
 Which rank corruption destines for their
 heart !
 But soft ! methinks I hear thee proudly
 say,
 "What ! shall I listen to the impious
 lay,
 That dares, with Tory licence, to profane
 The bright bequests of William's glorious
 reign ?
 Shall the great wisdom of our patriot
 sires,
 Whom H—wk—sb'ry quotes and savoury
 B—rch admires,

Be slander'd thus ? Shall honest St—le
 agree
 With virtuous R—se to call us pure and
 free,
 Yet fail to prove it ? Shall our patent
 pair
 Of wise state-poets waste their words in
 air,
 And P—e unheeded breathe his prosper-
 ous strain,
 And C—nn—ng *take the people's sense in
 vain ?*"

The people !—ah, that Freedom's form
 should stay
 Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd
 away !
 That a false smile should play around the
 dead,
 And flush the features when the soul hath
 fled !
 When Rome had lost her virtue with her
 rights,
 When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's
 heights,
 Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to
 death
 Each noble name they blasted with their
 breath,—
 Even then, (in mockery of that golden
 time,
 When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
 And her proud sons, diffused from zone
 to zone,
 Gave kings to every nation but their own,)
 Even then the senate and the tribunes
 stood,
 Insulting marks, to show how high the
 flood
 Of Freedom flow'd, in glory's by-gone
 day,
 And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away !

Look but around—though yet a tyrant's
 sword
 Nor haunts our sleep nor glitters o'er our
 board,
 Though blood be better drawn, by modern
 quacks,
 With Treasury leeches than with sword or
 axe ;
 Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's
 power
 Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,

Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,

As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves ;—

That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm

But rank corruption's heat—whose quicken'd swarm

Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,

Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die ;—

That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb

Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom

Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains

A people's blood to feed its putrid veins !

Thou start'st, my friend, at picture drawn so dark—

“ Is there no light ? ” thou ask'st—“ no ling'ring spark

Of ancient fire to warm us ? Lives there none

To act a Marvell's part ? ”—alas ! not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,

In place and power all public spirit ends ;

Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,

When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die !

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung

From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,

Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,

While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light,

While debts at home excite their care for those

Which, dire to tell, their much-loved country owes.

And loud and upright, till their prize be known,

They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own ;

But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—

So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

And, though most base is he who, 'neath the shade

Of Freedom's ensign plies corruption's trade,

And makes the sacred flag he dares to show

His passport to the market of her foe,
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear

Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,

That I enjoy them, though by traitors sung,

And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue.

Nay, when the constitution has expired,
I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired

To chant old “ Habeas Corpus ” by its side,

And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died ?

See yon smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains

Would seem to've fashion'd for those Eastern reigns

When eunuchs flourish'd, and such nerveless things

As men rejected were the chosen of Kings ;—

Even *he*, forsooth, (oh fraud, of all the worst !)

Dared to assume the patriot's name at first—

Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes ;

Thus devils, when *first* raised, take pleasing shapes.

But oh, poor Ireland ! if revenge be sweet

For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
And with'ring insult—for the Union thrown

Into thy bitter cup, when that alone
Of slavery's draught was wanting—if for this

Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that dæmon's bliss ;

For, sure, 'tis more than hell's revenge to see

That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee ;—

That, in these awful days, when every
hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient
power,
When proud Napoleon, like th' enchanted
shield
Whose light compell'd each wond'ring
foe to yield,
With baleful lustre blinds the brave and
free,
And dazzles Europe into slavery,—
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal
should guide,
When Mind should rule, and—Fox should
not have died,
All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made fiends and friends made
foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
Of that un pitying power, whose whips
and chains
Drove Ireland first to turn, with harlot
glance,
Tow'rd's other shores, and woo th' embrace
of France ;—
Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully
fit
For the grand artisan of mischief, P—tt,
So useless ever but in vile employ,
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy—
Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd
shore,
Oh England ! sinking England ! boast no
more.

—o—

INTOLERANCE,

A SATIRE.

“This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.”

ADDISON, *Freeholder*, No. 37.

START not, my friend, nor think the Muse
will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, decrees, and all those thun-
d'ring scrolls,
Which took such freedom once with royal
souls,

When heaven was yet the Pope's exclu-
sive trade,
And kings were *damn'd* as fast as now
they're *made*.
No, no—let D—gen—n search the papal
chair
For fragrant treasures long forgotten
there ;
And, as the witch of sunless Lapland
thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in
stinks,
Let sallow P—rc—v—I snuff up the gale
Which wizard D—gen—n's gather'd
sweets exhale.
Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd
to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it
springs,
From popes or lawyers, pastry-cooks or
kings,—
Enough for me to laugh and weep by
turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
As C—nn—ng vapours, or as France
succeeds,
As H—wk—sb'ry proses, or as Ireland
bleeds !

And thou, my friend, if, in these head-
long days,
When bigot Zeal her drunken antics
plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while
they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to
look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling
nook
Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous
things in vain,
While G—ff—rd's tongue and M—s-
gr—ve's pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted
spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the
world they be,
Placemen alone are privileged *not* to
see—
Oh ! turn awhile, and, though the sham-
rock wreathes

My homely harp, yet shall the song it
breathes
Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's
woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
Embalm'd in hate and canonized by
scorn.
When C—stl—r—gh, in sleep still more
profound
Than his own opiate tongue now deals
around,
Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful
day
Which even *his* practised hand can't bribe
away.

Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but
near me now,
To see how Spring lights up on Erin's
brow
Smiles that shine out unconquerably fair,
Even through the blood-marks left by
C—md—n there,—
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints
the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves
have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and
brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted
slave,
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath
his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France
forgot,—
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy
Pittite heart
Would burn, to think that such a bloom-
ing part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's
charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous
arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish
too ;
Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books
and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on
their lips,
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the
next!

Your R—desd—les, P—rc—v—ls, great,
glorious Heaven,
If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue for-
given,
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of
rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was
blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's
light,
Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan
night,
And take my chance with Socrates for
bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like
this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly
sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey ;
Which grasping human hearts with
double hold,—
Like Danæ's lover mixing god and
gold,—
Corrupts both state and church, and
makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into
both ;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to
know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's
fear,
And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him
here !
But no—far other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's
dreams ;
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
By the pure hands of all-atoning Love ;
He weeps to see abused Religion twine
Round Tyranny's coarse brow her wreath
divine ;
And *he*, while round him sects and nations
raise
To the one God their varying notes of
praise,
Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may
be,
That serves to swell the general harmony.

Such was the spirit, gently, grandly
bright,
That fill'd, O Fox ! thy peaceful soul
with light ;

While free and specious as that ambient air Which folds our planet in its circling care, The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind Embraced the world, and breath'd for all mankind.	Last of the great, farewell!—yet <i>not</i> the last— Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past, Ierne still one ray of glory gives, And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.
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The Sceptic.

[ANOTHER thin octavo of twenty-six pages stitched in a flimsy violet wrap, exactly resembling in its general appearance the twin poems anonymously given to the world by Moore during the previous twelvemonth, was issued from the press by James Carpenter of Old Bond Street in 1809, as a philosophical satire by the author of Corruption and Intolerance. Its preface frankly insisted that the sceptics of antiquity were, in reality, seekers after truth rather than champions of infidelity. Their doubts, as the author maintained, were restricted to the wisdom of this world, while they never presumed, as a rule, to trench upon the mysteries of theology. "There is nothing," it was argued, "more consistent with the humble spirit of Christianity than the scepticism of him who professes not to extend his distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits and the pretensions of human knowledge." Reasoning thus he arrives, by an ingenious paradox, at the conclusion that a rational and well-regulated scepticism is the only daughter of the schools worthy of being selected as a handmaid to piety. Those, Moore insists, who distrust the light of reason will be the first to follow a more luminous guide. Doubting in Time, they will turn all the more eagerly with hope and faith to Eternity. For, as he finely expresses it, there is no parallax at the zenith, it being only upon the plane of our own clouded horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations. The well-balanced lines of the poem rang harmoniously but without resonance. Had Moore written nothing better, "The Sceptic" would long ago have been forgotten.]

<p>As the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose, Not in the flower, but in our vision glows ; As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides Not in the wine, but in our taste re- sides ; So when, with heartfelt tribute, we de- clare That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair, 'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies ; For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here ; And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome.</p>	<p>There's no deformity so vile, so base, That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace ; No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam From other suns, to bleach it to esteem. Ask, who is wise?—you'll find the self- same man A sage in France, a madman in Japan ; And <i>here</i> some head beneath a mitre swells, Which <i>there</i> had tingled to a cap and bells ; Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be, Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free, Where C—stl—r—gh would for a patriot pass, And mouthing M——ve scarce be deem'd an ass !</p>
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“List not to reason (Epicurus cries),
But trust the senses, *there* conviction
lies:”—

Alas! *they* judge not by a purer light,
Nor keep their fountains more untinged
and bright:

Habit so mars them, that the Russian
swain

Will sigh for train-oil, while he sips
champagne;

And health so rules them, that a fever's
heat

Would make even Sh—r—d—n think
water sweet.

Just as the mind the erring sense be-
lieves,

The erring mind, in turn, the sense de-
ceives;

And cold disgust can find but wrinkles
there,

Where passion fancies all that's smooth
and fair.

P * * * *, who sees, upon his pillow
laid,

A face for which ten thousand pounds
were paid,

Can tell, how quick before a jury flies
The spell that mock'd the warm se-
ducer's eyes.

Self is the medium through which
Judgment's ray

Can seldom pass without being turn'd
astray.

The smith of Ephesus thought Dian's
shrine,

By which his craft most thrived, the most
divine;

And ev'n the *true* faith seems not half so
true,

When link'd with *one* good living as with
two.

Had W—l—t first been pension'd by
the throne,

Kings would have suffer'd by his praise
alone;

And P—ine perhaps, for something snug
per ann.,

Had laugh'd, like W—ll—sley, at all
Rights of Man.

But 'tis not only individual minds,—
Whole nations, too, the same delusion
blinds.

Thus England, hot from Denmark's
smoking meads,

Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty
deeds;

Thus, self-pleas'd still, the same dis-
honouring chain

She binds in Ireland, she would break in
Spain;

While praised at distance, but at home
forbid,

Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.

If Grotius be thy guide, shut, shut the
book,

In force alone for Laws of Nations look.
Let shipless Danes and whining Yankees
dwell

On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,
While C—bb—t's pirate code alone ap-
pears

Sound moral sense to England and
Algiers.

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party
days,

Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of
praise!

For him no pension pours its annual
fruits,

No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;
Not *niz* the meed that crown'd Don

H—kh—m's rhyme,
Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future
time,

Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions
rise,

So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted
eyes.

Yet who that looks to History's damning
leaf,

Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to
thief,

On either side in lofty shame are seen,
While Freedom's form hangs crucified

between—

Who, B—rd—t, who such rival rogues
can see,

But flies from *both* to Honesty and
thee?

If, weary of the world's bewild'ring
maze,

Hopeless of finding, through its weedy
ways,

One flower of truth, the busy crowd we
 shun,
 And to the shades of tranquil learning
 run,
 How many a doubt pursues ! how oft we
 sigh,
 When histories charm, to think that his-
 tories lie !
 That all are grave romances, at the best,
 And M—sgr—ve's but more clumsy than
 the rest.
 By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
 We fancy Charles was just and Strafford
 mild ;
 And Fox himself, with party pencil,
 draws
 Monmouth a hero, "for the good old
 cause !"
 Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are
 defeats,
 As French or English pride the tale re-
 peats ;
 And, when they tell Corunna's story o'er,
 They'll disagree in all, but honouring
 Moore :
 Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,
 May cite perhaps the Park-guns' gay re-
 ports,
 To prove that England triumph'd on
 the morn
 Which found her Junot's jest and
 Europe's scorn.

In Science, too—how many a system,
 raised
 Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath
 blazed
 With lights of fancy and with forms of
 pride,
 Then, melting, mingled with the oblivious
 tide !
Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,
Now Newton puts the paltry planet by ;
Now whims revive beneath Descartes'
 pen,
 Which *now*, assail'd by Locke's, expire
 again.
 And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic
 powers,
 We think the keys of Nature's kingdom
 ours,
 Some Davy's magic touch the dream un-
 settles,
 And turns at once our alkalies to metals.

Or, should we roam, in metaphysic
 maze,
 Through fair-built theories of former
 days,
 Some Dr—mm—d from the north, more
 ably skill'd,
 Like other Goths, to ruin than to build,
 Tramples triumphant through our fanes
 o'erthrown,
 Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his
 own.
 Oh Learning, whatsoe'er thy pomp and
 boast,
 Unletter'd minds have taught and charm'd
 men most,
 The rude, unread Columbus was our
 guide
 To worlds, which learn'd Lactantius had
 denied ;
 And one wild Shakspeare, following
 Nature's lights,
 Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagy-
 rites.

See grave Theology, when once she
 strays
 From Revelation's path, what tricks she
 plays ;
 What various heav'ns,—all fit for bards
 to sing,—
 Have churchmen dream'd, from Papias
 down to King !
 While hell itself, in India nought but
 smoke,
 In Spain's a furnace, and in France—a
 joke.

Hail, modest Ignorance, thou goal and
 prize,
 Thou last, best knowledge of the simply
 wise !
 Hail, humble Doubt, when error's waves
 are past,
 How sweet to reach thy shelter'd port at
 last,
 And, there, by changing skies nor lured
 nor awed,
 Smile at the battling winds that roar
 abroad.
There gentle Charity, who knows how
 frail
 The bark of Virtue, even in summer's
 gale,

Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows
For all who wander, whether friends or
foes.

There Faith retires, and keeps her white
sail furl'd,

Till call'd to spread it for a better
world;

While Patience, watching on the weedy
shore,

And mutely waiting till the storm be
o'er,

Oft turns to Hope, who still directs her
eye

To some blue spot, just breaking in the
sky!

Such are the mild, the blest associates
given

To him who doubts,—and trusts in
nought but Heaven!



The Twopenny Post-bag.



[UNDER the title of "Intercepted Letters," or the "Twopenny Post-bag," by Thomas Brown the younger, Moore issued from the press, in the early part of 1813, through the hands of S. Carr, of 56, Paternoster Row, a small octavo of 124 pages, consisting, for the most part, of eight rhymed epistles. These purported to be selections from the contents of a bag dropped, about two months previously, by a Twopenny Postman. The motto from Ovid inscribed upon the title-page was, not infelicitously, "Elapsæ manibus cecidère tabellæ." Writing, again, under the half-mask of a pseudonym, the Author affected, in his preface, the diffidence of a beginner, facetiously intimating that this was the first time his Muse had ventured out of the go-cart of a newspaper, and observing, that though he felt all a parent's delight at seeing little miss go alone, he was also not without a parent's anxiety lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment. The book was eked out, even to the extent of its modest dimensions, by the addition to the eight epistles of nineteen jeux d'esprit, reprinted from the periodicals. These trifles, besides, were supplemented by an appendix, which set forth, in the first place, some ribald verses, purporting to be excerpts from the translation of a supposititious poem in Latin heroics by Pope Joan, and, in the second place, of a laughter-provoking extravaganza about Lord Eldon and the Prince Regent's Whiskers. The dedicatory pages, it may be interesting to remark here, were dated by the Author on the 4th of March, 1813, from 245, Piccadilly.]

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH—E OF W—S TO
THE LADY B—RB—A ASHL—Y.

MY dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd,
I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your
Ponies have made ;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long
out of date),
No nags ever made such a stir in the
State !
Lord Eld—n first heard—and as instantly
pray'd he
To God and his King—that a Popish
young lady
(For though you've bright eyes and
twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist,
my dear)

Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish
groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed
from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical
tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce
safe from their kicks !
Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he
flies—
For Papa always does what these states-
men advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so
polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him
too right—
"Pretty doings are here, sir," he angrily
cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he
strives to look wise ;

“’Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so
help me God!

To ride over your most Royal Highness
rough-shod—

Excuse, sir, my tears—they’re from
loyalty’s source—

Bad enough ’twas for Troy to be sack’d
by a *Horse*,

But for us to be ruin’d by *Ponies* still
worse!”

Quick a Council is call’d—a whole Cabi-
net sits—

The Archbishops declare, frighten’d out
of their wits,

That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at
my manger,

From that awful moment the Church is
in danger!

As, give them but stabling, and shortly
no stalls

Will suit their proud stomachs but those
at St. Paul’s.

The Doctor and he, the devout Man of
Leather,

V—ns—tt—t, now laying their Saint-
heads together,

Declare that these skittish young a-
bominations

Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revela-
tions—

Nay, they verily think they could point
out the one

Which the Doctor’s friend Death was to
cantor upon!

Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no one
imputes

To the Court any fancy to persecute
brutes,

Protests, on the word of himself and his
cronies,

That had these sad creatures been Asses,
not Ponies,

The Court would have started no sort of
objection,

As Asses were, *there*, always sure of pro-
tection.

“If the Pr—nc—ss *will* keep them,”
says Lord C—stl—r—gh,

“To make them quite harmless, the only
true way

Is (as certain Chief Justices do with their
wives)

To flog them within half an inch of their
lives;

If they’ve any bad Irish blood lurking
about,

This (he knew by experience) would soon
draw it out.”

Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lord-
ship proposes

“The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down
their noses—

A pretty contrivance, made out of old
chains,

Which appears to indulge, while it doubly
restrains;

Which, however high-mettled, their game-
someness checks,”

Adds his Lordship, humanely, “or else
breaks their necks!”

This proposal received pretty general
applause

From the statesmen around—and the
neck-breaking clause

Had a vigour about it, which soon re-
conciled

Even Eld—n himself to a measure so
mild.

So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to,
nem. con.,

And my Lord C—stl—r—gh, having so
often shone

In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them
on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos*,
some day,

But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry
away

To go see my Mamma, as I’m suffer’d to
meet her

For just half an hour by the Qu—n’s
best repeater.

C——E.

—o—

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M’M—H—N TO G—LD
FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR sir, I’ve just had time to look
into your very learned book,
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne’er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,

Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself !

All that can well be understood
In this said book is vastly good :
And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The P——e, good sir, the P——e, has
read it ;

(The only book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's,)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announced by trump and
drum,
Thebest-wigg'd P——e in Christendom !

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They e'en must have a King and Co. ;
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era ;
When England's monarch need but say,
“ Whip me those scoundrels, C—stl—
r—gh ! ”
Or— “ Hang me up those Papists,
Eld—n ! ”
And 'twill be done—ay, faith, and well
done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, sir, from your travell'd hand
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A plan of radical Reform ;
Compiled and chosen, as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot !

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—rt-
wr—ght ;

Else, though the P——e be long in rig-
ging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wig-
ging,—

Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk !
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen
how

He scared the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd)
he

Slapp'd his back and call'd him “ Mufti ! ”

The tailors, too, have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of dulimans and pouches,
With sashes, turbans, and paboutches,
While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*,
And all things fitting and expedient
To *turkify* our gracious R—g—nt !

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
So, send your System.—

Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flat-
ters,

Would fill his haram (tasteless fool !)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from
school ;

But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand ;
Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions ;
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age ;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them !

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E— OF Y—.

WE miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
 Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
 His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
 His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
 In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
 Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E—
 —gh,
 Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
 And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He-Cook*, of course!—
 "While you live—(What's there under that cover? pray, look)—
 While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a *She-Cook*.
 'Tis a sound *Salic Law*—(a small bit of that toast)—
 Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
 For *Cookery's* a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
 Like *Masonry*, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
 Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
 A compliment, too, to his Lordship the J—e
 For his speech to the J—y—and zounds!
 who would grudge
 Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
 To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
 We were all in high gíg—Roman punch and Tokay
 Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way;
 And we cared not for juries or libels—no—damme! nor
 E'en for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said—
 but Tom T—rrh—t
 In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
 And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"—
 Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
 "I fear 'twill be *hung-beef*, my Lord, if YOU *try* it!"

And C—md—n was there, who, that morning, had gone
 To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
 And the dish set before him—oh, dish well-devised!—
 Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, "a calf's-head surprised!"
 The *brains* were near——! and *once* they'd been fine,
 But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
 That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
 Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
 In a bumper, "the venial delights of *Crim. Con.*"
 At which H—d—t with warm reminiscences gloated,
 And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
 For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—
 To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
 Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their dears:
 This museum of wittols was comical rather;
 Old H—d—t gave M—y, and I gave —.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
 We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J—e

Laid aside, for the time, his juridical
fashion,
And through the whole night was *not*
once in a passion !

I write this in bed, while my whiskers
are airing,
And M—c has a sly dose of jalap
preparing
For poor T—mmy T—rr—t at breakfast
to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a
laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old
T—mmy, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a
dose !

—o—

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N,
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.
Dublin.

LAST week, dear N—ch—l, making
merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near
(The time for doing business here),
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom !
These Papist dogs—hiccup—'od rot 'em !
Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
With all the dirt e'en *you* can pick up—
But, as the P—e—(here's to him—
fill—
Hip, hip, hurra !)—is trying still
To humbug them with kind professions,
And, as you deal in *strong* expressions—
'*Rogue*,' '*traitor*'—hiccup—and all
that—
You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat !—
You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."—

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, Sir
John—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore !—
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again?—

The silent victim still to sit
Of Gr—tt—n's fire and C—nn—g's wit,
To hear e'en noisy M—th—w gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon ?
Oh ! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery ?
What courtier, saint, or even bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up ?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, Sir John—
Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right
Hon.,

Like me, too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil !

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should Patrick his portfolio send ?
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd portfolio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman—
Of Doctrines, now believed by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that, since the world's
creation,

Your priests, whate'er their gentle sham-
ming,
Have always had a taste for damning)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long proved per-
haps)
That, mad as Christians used to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad !

Farewell—I send with this, dear
N—ch—l !
A rod or two I've had in pickle—
Wherewith to trim old Gr—tt—n's
jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

*Among the inclosures in the foregoing
Letter was the following "Unanswer-
able Argument against the Papists."*

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration.—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—
i.e., you need not *read* but *see* 'em)

Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising !)
 Make use of spittle in baptizing,
 Which proves them all, O'Finns,
 O'Fagans,
 Connors, and Tooles, all downright
 Pagans !
 This fact's enough—let no one tell us
 To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
 No—no—the man, baptized with spittle,
 Hath no truth in him—not a tittle !

* * *

—o—

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C—— TO
 LADY ——.

My dear Lady —— ! I've been just
 sending out
 About five hundred cards for a snug little
 rout—
 (By the bye, you've seen Rokeby?—this
 moment got mine—
 The Mail-Coach edition—prodigiously
 fine !)
 But I can't conceive how, in this very
 cold weather,
 I'm ever to bring my five hundred toge-
 ther ;
 As, unless the thermometer's near boiling
 heat,
 One can never get half of one's hundreds
 to meet—
 (Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see
 Townsend, last night,
 Escort to their chairs, with his staff so
 polite,
 The "three maiden Miseries," all in a
 fright !
 Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling
 two posts,
 Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief usher of
ghosts !)

But, my dear Lady —— ! can't you hit
 on some notion,
 At least for one night to set London in
 motion?—
 As to having the R—g—nt, *that* show is
 gone by—
 Besides, I've remark'd that (between you
 and I)

The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in
 more ways,
 Have taken much lately to whispering in
 doorways ;
 Which—considering, you know, dear, the
size of the two—
 Make's a block that one's company *can-*
not get through,
 And a house such as mine is, with door-
 ways so small,
 Has no room for such cumbersome love-
 work at all !—
 (Apropos, though, of love-work—you've
 heard it, I hope,
 That Napoleon's old Mother's to marry
 the Pope,—
 What a comical pair !)—but, to stick to
 my rout,
 'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be
 struck out.
 Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan,
 arrived?
 No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-
 wived?
 No Russian, whose dissonant consonant
 name
 Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet
 of Fame?

I remember the time, three or four win-
 ters back,
 When—provided their wigs were but de-
 cently black—
 A few patriot monsters, from Spain, were
 a sight
 That would people one's house for one,
 night after night.
 But—whether the Ministers *par'd* them
 too much—
 (And you know how they spoil whatso-
 ever they touch)
 Or whether Lord G—rge (the young man
 about town)
 Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them
 down—
 One has certainly lost one's *peninsular*
 rage,
 And the only stray patriot seen for an
 age
 Has been at such places (think, how the
 fit cools)
 As old Mrs. V——n's or Lord L—v—r—
 p—I's !

But, in short, my dear, names like Wint-
ztschitstopschinzoudhoff
Are the only things now make an evening
go smooth off—
So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your
debtor—
If he brings the whole alphabet, so much
the better.
And—Lord ! if he would but, *in charac-
ter*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite
set me up !
Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave
you in haste—
Little Gunter has brought me the liqueurs
to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend
that can construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a
Monster ?
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing*
in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring
that in.

—o—

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH, IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN,
IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, Mohassan, (happy thou !)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure !
Nutmeg of Comfort ! Rose of Plea-
sure !—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses ;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's bor-
ders,
And but left on till further orders !—
Through London streets, with turban
fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd na-
tion—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches !

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans
fetter

(They're Christians, and they know no
better),

In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,

I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right !

You know our Sunnites, hateful dogs !
Whom every pious Shiite flogs

Or longs to flog—'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way,

With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places !

'Tis true, they worship Ali's name—
Their heaven and *ours* are just the same—

(A Persian's heaven is easily made,
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade).

Yet—though we've tried for centuries
back—

We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,

To wear th' establish'd pea-green slip-
pers !

Then—only think—the libertines !

They wash their toes, they comb their
chins—

With many more such deadly sins !

And (what's the worst, though last I rank
it)

Believe the Chapter of the Blanket !

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious ;

As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous

views,

Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the Government !)

Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day

(According to a form that's set),
And, far from torturing, only let

All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they
meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whatever their fancy prompts them to,

Provided they make nothing of it
Towards rank or honour, power or profit ;

Which things, we naturally expect,
Belong to US, the Establish'd sect,

Who disbelieve (the Lord be thank'd !)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as given to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we pass'd,
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
United live and die—
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye!

—o—

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO. TO
———, ESQ.

PER post, sir, we send your MS.—look'd
it through—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—
'twouldn't do.
Clever work, sir!—would *get up* prodigi-
ously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in be-
ing *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, sir, that's *rather*
a fault.

Hard times, sir,—most books are too dear
to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good Sense and Wit's
small change are fled,
Yet the *paper* we publishers pass, in their
stead,

Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful
to think it)
Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's
can sink it!

However, sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are
your men.

Since the Chevalier C—rr took to marry-
ing lately,
The trade is in want of a *Traveller*
greatly—
No job, sir, more easy—your *Country*
once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on
land
Puts your quarto of Travels, sir, clean
out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that
would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell
well.

Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in
you—
Write Parodies, sir, and such fame it will
win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of
Alb—n—a!

(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand*
Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with
the *Blues*.)

Or—in case nothing else in this world you
can do—

The deuce is in't, sir, if you cannot
review!

Should you feel any touch of *poetical*
glow,

We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. 'Sc—tt,
you must know

(Who, we're sorry to say, now works for
the Row),

Having quitted the borders, to seek new
renown,

Is coming, by long quarto stages, to
town;

And beginning with Rokeby (the job's
sure to pay)

Means to *do* all the gentlemen's seats on
the way.

Now, the scheme is (though none of our
hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh poet through Highgate
to meet him ;

Who, by means of quick proofs—no
revises—long coaches—
May do a few villas, before Sc—tt ap-
proaches—
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not cursèd
shabby,
He'll reach, without foundering, at least
Woburn Abbey.

Such, sir, is our plan—if you're up to the
freak,
'Tis a match ! and we'll put you *in train-*
ing next week—
At present, no more—in reply to this
letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

—o—

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ————,
ESQ.

COME to our fête, and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery !
Come to our fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink-of men !
Which charm'd all eyes, that last sur-
vey'd it ;
When B——l's self inquired " who made
it ?"—
When cits came wondering, from the
East,
And thought thee Poet Pye *at least* !

Oh ! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek ;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips e'en thy whisker-tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying day
That o'er some darkling grove delay !

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander !
(That lace, like H—rry Al—x—nd—r,
Too precious to be wash'd !)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things !

Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—g—t's self alone !

Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire—
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket !
Hail, first of actors ! best of R—g—ts !
Born for each other's fond allegiance !
Both gay Lotharios—*both* good dressers—
Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Profes-
sors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go !

Thou know'st the time, thou man of
lore !

It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day !
It takes to dance that chalk away.
The ball-room opens—far and high
Comets and suns beneath us lie ;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk !
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet
That sparkle in the lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like nymphs along the Milky Way !—
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread !
So passeth life — (thus Sc—tt would
write,
And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone !

But, hang this long digressive flight !
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P——e neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts !—no St——g ! no ;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so :"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well !
Shine as thou may'st in French ver-
milion,

Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion ;
And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a waltz !
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate—

While *some* chef-d'œuvres live to weary
one,

Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive fête, in fact, will be
The former fête's *fac-simile*;
The same long masquerade of rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—rt—r, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and
Turks,

Bearing good taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a pic-nic palace;
And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a state-room as a present!—

The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
The same gold asses, pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!
The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret kill'd the old
ones!—

So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days),
Some Sprats have been, by Y—rm—th's
wish,

Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—ns—tt—t told
The R—g—t) are as good as *Gold*!

So, prythee, come—our fête will be
But half a fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.



Songs from *M. P.*; or, the *Blue-Stocking*.

[ON Monday, the 4th of September, 1811, Moore's only dramatic production was first performed on the boards of the Theatre Royal Lyceum, then known as the English Opera House. It was a comic opera in three acts, entitled "*M. P.*; or, the *Blue-Stocking*." The music was announced as composed and selected by the Author of the piece, the overture and the arrangements for the orchestra being by Mr. Horn. Upon the morrow of its representation, the play was issued from the press, in a half-crown octavo of 100 pages, by James Power, of 34, Strand, the musical publisher. Moore, in his Preface, which he dates on the 9th of October, 1811, from Bury Street, St. James's, gives, as his sole reason for consenting to allow the Dialogue to be printed, the pleasure he had felt in presenting the copyright of the words to Mr. Power, as some trifling acknowledgment for the liberality shown by the latter in the purchase of the music. In a footnote to this Preface, it is amusing to find the future Pasquin of *Fum the Fourth* thus, with the courtliest air, laughing to scorn the imputation of political servility directed against him, with especial reference to this play, by some of the journalists. "This extraordinary charge," quoth he, "was, I believe, founded upon the passage which alludes to the Regent; and if it be, indeed, servility to look up with hope to the Prince as the harbinger of better days to my wronged and insulted country, and to expect that the friend of a Fox and a Moira will also be the friend of Liberty and of Ireland—if *this* be servility, in common with the great majority of my countrymen, I am proud to say I plead guilty to the charge." As for the literary value of the piece, the author pretty accurately appraised that in the very first sentence of his Preface, where he spoke of it as "among those light summer productions which are laughed at for a season, and then forgotten." Its fate was little better than that of Mr. H., seeing that it was all but damned. It roused for the time a storm of angry controversy in the newspapers. Writing about it three years afterwards, on the 23rd of November, 1814, to his friend Dalton, Moore says he strongly suspects himself to have very little aptitude or ability for anything relating to the drama, feeling sure that in any case he should always fail in a knowledge of stage effect. The original cast of the play, as a matter of dramatic interest, is here subjoined.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Charles Canvas	Mr. OXBERRY.
Captain Canvas	Mr. HORN.
Henry de Rosier	Mr. PHILLIPS.
Mr. Hartington	Mr. RAYMOND.
Leatherhead	Mr. LOVEGROVE.
Davy	Mr. KNIGHT.
La Fosse	Mr. WEWITZER.
Lady Bab Blue	Mrs. SPARKS.
Madame de Rosier	Mrs. HAMILTON.
Miss Selwyn	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Miss Hartington	Miss KELLY.
Susan	Mrs. BLAND.

Peasants, &c. &c.

SONG.

SUSAN.

YOUNG Love lived once in a humble shed,
 Where roses breathing,
 And woodbines wreathing
 Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
 As wild and sweet as the life he led.
 His garden flourish'd,
 For young Hope nourish'd
 The infant buds with beams and
 showers;
 But lips, though blooming, must still be
 fed,
 And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
 Should e'er come hither,
 Such sweets to wither!
 The flowers laid down their heads to die,
 And Hope fell sick as the witch drew
 nigh.
 She came one morning,
 Ere Love had warning,
 And raised the latch, where the young
 god lay;
 "Oh ho!" said Love—"is it you? good-
 by;"
 So he oped the window, and fled away!

—o—

TRIO.

MISS HARTINGTON, SUSAN, AND DE
ROSIER.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
 To weep, yet scarce know why;
 To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
 Then throw it idly by.
 To kneel at many a shrine,
 Yet lay the heart on none;
 To think all other charms divine,
 But those we just have won.
 This is love, faithless love,
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
 Through life unchill'd, unmoved,
 To love, in wintry age, the same
 As first in youth we loved,

To feel that we adore,
 Ev'n to such fond excess,
 That, though the heart would break, with
more,
 It could not live with *less.*
 This is love, faithful love,
 Such as saints might feel above.

—o—

SONG.

HENRY DE ROSIER.

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies
 In youthful hearts that hope like mine;
 And 'tis the light of laughing eyes,
 That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
 There if we find the sigh, the tear,
 They are not those to sorrow known;
 But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
 That Bliss may claim them for her own.
 Then give me, give me, while I weep,
 The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
 And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
 The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
 Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
 Attempts to catch the drops of light,
 But wounds his finger with the thorn.
 Thus oft the brightest joys we seek,
 Are lost, when touch'd, and turn'd to
 pain;
 The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,
 The tears they waken long remain,
 But give me, give me, &c.

—o—

SONG.

MISS HARTINGTON.

WHEN Leila touch'd the lute,
 Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
 But, when the sounds were mute,
 In memory still they dwell.
 Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
 Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh?

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

—o—
BOAT GLEE.

THE song that lightens the languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so
clear,
Illumine its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way,
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing:
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

—o—
OH think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman can dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her?
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of Glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him;
For, oh, neither smiling nor weeping
Have power at those moments to rouse
him.

But though he was sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake
him,
Even then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of Glory would wake
him.

—o—
CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,
In Cupid's court there used to be;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery;
And kisses, too,
As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery;
For hearts, we're told,
In *shares* he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
In sixteen parts,
So well each thought the whole his own.
Chor.—A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

—o—
SONG.

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country
entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance
remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty
shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery
stains.
Oh thou who wert born in the cot of the
peasant,
But diest of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory,
when present—
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is
my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood
I wander'd!

In vain is she mighty, in vain is she
brave;

Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is
squander'd,

And fame has no wreaths for the brow
of the slave.

But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st
the commotion

Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet
the foam;

With no bonds but the law, and no slave
but the ocean,

Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my
home.

—o—

WHEN Charles was deceived by the maid
he loved,

We saw no cloud his brow o'ercast-
ing,

But proudly he smiled, as if gay and un-
moved,

Though the wound in his heart was
deep and lasting.

And often at night, when the tempest
roll'd,

He sung, as he paced the dark deck
over—

“Blow wind, blow! thou art not so
cold

As the heart of a maid that deceives
her lover.”

Yet he lived with the happy, and seem'd
to be gay,

Though the wound but sunk more
deep for concealing;

And Fortune threw many a thorn in his
way,

Which, true to one anguish, he trod
without feeling!

And still, by the frowning of Fate un-
subdued,

He sung, as if sorrow had placed him
above her—

“Frown, Fate, frown! thou art not so
rude

As the heart of a maid that deceives
her lover.”

At length his career found a close in
death,

The close he long wish'd to his cheer-
less roving,

For victory shone on his latest breath,
And he died in a cause of his heart's

approving.

But still he remember'd his sorrow,—
and still

He sung, till the vision of life was
over—

“Come, death, come! thou art not so
chill

As the heart of a maid that deceived
her lover.”

—o—

WHEN life looks lone and dreary,

What light can dispel the gloom?

When Time's swift wing grows weary,

What charm can refresh his plume?

'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth

O'er all that we feel or see;

And if man of heav'n e'er dreameth,

'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,

Oh, woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,

Too dearly the meed they gain;

Let patriots live in story—

Too often they die in vain;

Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,

This world can offer to me

No throne like beauty's bosom,

No freedom like serving thee,

Oh, woman!

—o—

MR. Orator Puff had two tones in his
voice,

The one squeaking thus, and the other
down so!

In each sentence he utter'd he gave you
your choice,

For one half was B, alt, and the rest G,
below.

Oh! oh! Orator Puff!

One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs
and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and
his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator
say
My voice is for war, ask'd him, which of
them, pray?
Oh! oh! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-
heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight
of the crown,
He tripp'd near a sawpit, and tumbled
right in,
"Sinking Fund" the last words as his
noddle came down.
Oh! oh! &c.

"Help! help!" he exclaim'd, in his he
and she tones,
"Help me out! help me out! I have
broken my bones!"
"Help you out," said a Paddy, who
pass'd, "what a bother!
Why, there's two of you there, can't you
help one another?"
Oh! oh! &c.

—o—

DEAR aunt, in the olden time of love,
When women like slaves were spurn'd,
A maid gave her heart, as she would her
glove,

To be teased by a fop, and return'd!
But women grow wiser as men improve,
And, though beaux like monkeys amuse
us,
Oh! think not we'd give such a delicate
gem
As the heart, to be play'd with, or sullied
by them;
No, dearest aunt! excuse us.

We may know, by the head on Cupid's
seal,
What impression the heart will take;
If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel
What a poor impression 'twill make!
Though plagued, Heaven knows! by the
foolish zeal
Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
Oh, think not I'd follow their desperate
rule,
Who get rid of the folly, by wedding the
fool;
No, dearest aunt! excuse us.

—o—

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows
are sleeping,
Some gay-colour'd bark moving grace-
fully by;
No damp on her deck but the even-tide's
weeping,
No breath in her sails but the summer-
wind's sigh.

Yet, who would not turn with a fonder
emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, though rug-
ged and worn,
Which often hath wafted o'er hills of the
ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman
forlorn!

Oh! grant that of those, who in life's
sunny slumber,
Around us like summer-barks idly have
play'd,
When storms are abroad, we may find in
the number
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to
our aid.



Irish Melodies.

[At eighteen, according to his own statement, Moore first awakened to the beauties of the national music of Ireland. Mr. Bunting's book then, in 1797, directed his attention to the peculiar, and in many respects, surpassing excellence of those native melodies. It was like the revelation, to him, of a new, and, until that moment, an unimagined sense. Thenceforth, at every opportunity, his hands were upon the keyboard of a piano, while his newly-kindled passion for song was heightened in a remarkable way by the sympathetic enthusiasm of one or two among his personal intimates. Robert Emmet, especially, would often sit by the instrument, listening with keen delight to the younger stripling's performance, the latter having already acquired considerable facility of improvisation. Upon one of these occasions, when Moore had been pouring his whole soul into the impassioned tune of "Red Fox," familiar to all now from its association with the rapturous melody, "Let Erin remember the Days of Old," Emmet, starting abruptly, as if from a reverie, leaped to his feet, exclaiming, "O! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!" Ten years' practice for Moore, as a song writer, as a singer, and as a performer, rendered him, in those three characters to so rare a degree a proficient, that his capacity, as the interpreter of his own Muse, came at last to be recognized on all hands, not merely as exceptional, but as consummate. The happy idea then occurred to Mr. James Power, the musical publisher, that Moore should adapt words to the choicest of those delicious native melodies which had been hitherto, as it were, vaguely afloat in the atmosphere. The poet at once heartily entered into the project, which, under his direct inspiration, was gradually and, from first to last, triumphantly accomplished. The work appeared in twelve folio numbers, each, at a cost to subscribers, of 15s., and each containing twelve melodies. The first instalment appeared in 1807, the last in 1834. Its title-page announced it to be "A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and Characteristic Words by Thomas Moore, Esq." It was further announced as "Printed and Sold at J. Power's Music and Instrument Warehouse, 34, Strand, and at W. Power's Music Warehouse, 4, Westmoreland Street, Dublin." The Melodies have since then been published in countless editions, while the words have been translated into nearly all the civilized languages. Nicholas Torre's Latin version of them was published in 1835, on the very morrow of their completion, under the title of "Cantus Hibernici." They were reproduced in Italian, the year afterwards, at Turin by G. Flechia, and at Milan by Adele Custi. Two French translations of the work appeared at Paris, one of them in 1823, by Madame Belloc, and the other in 1829 by Loeve Viemars. Kozlof, the northern poet, turned many of them into Russian. Maclise, in a wonderful *edition de luxe*, squandered upon them the loveliest embellishments, drawings, alternately ideal and realistic, not unworthy of the genius of that past master among our Royal Academicians. The concluding number of the original folio issue of the work was inscribed to the Marchioness of Headfort, under date Sloperton Cottage, May, 1834; but the Melodies in their entirety were, it should be borne in mind, inscribed to another Marchioness, as will be seen immediately from the subjoined dedication.]

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character

reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,
Your Ladyship's ever attached Friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN
THE BRAVE.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the
brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the
grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
That star of the field, which so often
hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each
sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the
tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so
fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should
print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall
never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at
thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who
stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red
with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and
died.
That sun which now blesses our arms
with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves
us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE
SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine
eyes

Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy
skies!

Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall in-
crease,

Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

—o—

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep
in the shade,

Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are
laid;

Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we
shed,

As the night-dew that falls on the grass
o'er his head,

But the night-dew that falls, though in
silence it weeps,

Shall brighten with verdure the grave
where he sleeps;

And the tear that we shed, though in
secret it rolls,

Shall long keep his memory green in our
souls.

—o—

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but
the name

Of his fault and his sorrows behind,

Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they
darken the fame

Of a life that for thee was resign'd?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may
condemn,

Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty
to them,

I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest
love;

Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit
above,

Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who
shall live

The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven
can give

Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

—o—

THE HARP THAT ONCE
THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:

The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives

Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

—o—

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet; 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower

That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,

And maids who love the moon.

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made ;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh ! stay,—oh ! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh ! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet ; the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near,
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh ! stay,—oh ! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here ?



OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

OH ! think not my spirits are always as
light,

And as free from a pang, as they seem
to you now :

Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile
of to-night

Will return with to-morrow to brighten
my brow.

No ;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment
adorns,

And the heart that is soonest awake to
the flowers,

Is always the first to be touch'd by the
thorns.

But send round the bowl, and be happy
awhile :—

May we never meet worse, in our pil-
grimage here,

Than the tear that enjoyment may gild
with a smile,

And the smile that compassion can turn
to a tear !

The thread of our life would be dark,
Heaven knows !

If it were not with friendship and love
intertwined ;

And I care not how soon I may sink to
repose,

When these blessings shall cease to be
dear to my mind.

But they who have lovèd the fondest, the
purest,

Too often have wept o'er the dream
they believed ;

And the heart that has slumber'd in
friendship securest

Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl ; while a relic
of truth

Is in man or in woman, this prayer
shall be mine,—

That the sunshine of love may illumine
our youth,

And the moonlight of friendship con-
sole our decline.



THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with
sorrow I see,

Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to
me ;

In exile thy bosom shall still be my
home,

And thine eyes make my climate wher-
ever we roam.

To the 'gloom of some desert or cold
rocky shore,

Where the eye of the stranger can haunt
us no more,

I will fly with my Coulin, and think the
rough wind

Less rude than the foes we leave frowning
behind.

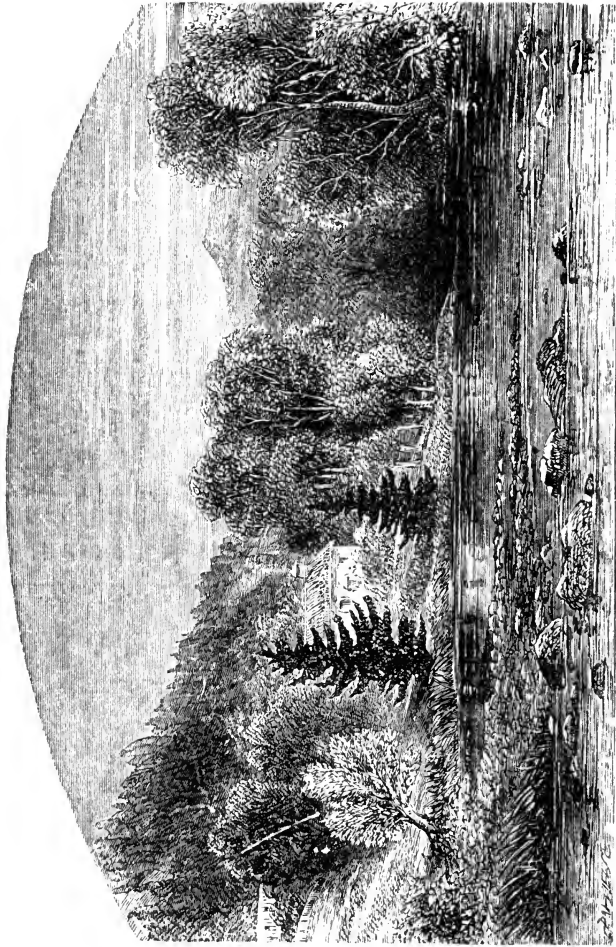
And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as grace-
ful it wreathes,

And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it
breathes ;

Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon
will tear

One chord from that harp, or one lock
from that hair.

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THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

“There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.”—P. 133.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE
GEMS SHE WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she
bore ;

But, oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

“Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak
way ?

Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or
gold ?”

“Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :
For, though they love women and golden
store,

Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue
more.”

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green
isle ;

And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride.

—o—

AS A BEAM O’ER THE FACE
OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o’er the face of the waters
may glow,

While the tide runs in darkness and cold-
ness below,

So the cheek may be tinged with a warm
sunny smile,

Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly
the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
throws

Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and
our woes,

To which life nothing darker or brighter
can bring,

For which joy has no balm and affliction
no sting :

Oh ! this thought in the midst of enjoy-
ment will stay,

Like a dead leafless branch in the sum-
mer’s bright ray,

The beams of the warm sun play round
it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms
not again.

—o—

THE MEETING OF THE
WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley
so sweet,

As that vale in whose bosom the bright
waters meet ;

Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must
depart,

Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade
from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o’er
the scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of
green ;

’Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or
hill,

Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite
still.

’Twas that friends, the beloved of my
bosom, were near,

Who made every dear scene of enchant-
ment more dear,

And who felt how the best charms of
Nature improve,

When we see them reflected from looks
that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I
rest

In thy bosom of shade, with the friends
I love best,

Where the storms that we feel in this
cold world should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be
mingled in peace.

—o—

ST. SENANUS AND THE
LADY.

ST. SENANUS.

“OH ! haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile ;

For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see ;

And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

"O Father! send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds and billows dark;
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and evening prayer:
Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint!
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

—o—

HOW DEAR TO ME THE
HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight
dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent
sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days
arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh
to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that
plays
Along the smooth wave t'ward the
burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright
isle of rest.

—o—

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN
PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require;
But oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
T'wards you and home;
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.

—o—

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my mistress
dear!
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd
here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape bor-
row,
To bathe the relic from morn till
night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient
hall,
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of
song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest ;
Never, oh ! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom
bless'd,

But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for
him.

—o—

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried !
How oft has death united
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by Love !
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth ;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave !
We're fallen upon gloomy days !
Star after star decays,
Every bright name that shed
Light o'er the land is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth ;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

(Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights !
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung !
Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

—o—

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

WE may roam through this world, like a
child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies
to the rest ;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull
in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off
to the west ;

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that
smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven sup-
plies,

We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright
eyes.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is
crown'd,

Through this world, whether eastward
or westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman
goes round,

Oh ! remember the smile that adorns
her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is
kept

By a dragon of prudery, placed within
call ;

But so oft this unamiable dragon has
slept,

That the garden's but carelessly watch'd
after all.

Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery
fence

Which round the flowers of Erin
dwells ;

Which warms the touch, while winning
the sense,

Nor charms us least when it most re-
pels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is
crown'd,

Through this world, whether eastward
or westward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman
goes round,

Oh ! remember the smile that adorns
her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman
sets sail

On the ocean of wedlock its fortune
to try,

Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids
her good-bye.

While the daughters of Erin keep the
boy,

Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,

Through billows of woe and beams of
joy,

The same as he look'd when he left
the shore.

Then, remember, wherever your goblet
is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward
or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman
goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns
her at home.



EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH! weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows
came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the
maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal
flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's
fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd
over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eve-
leen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false
Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's
fame.



LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud in-
vader;
When her kings, with standard of green
unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to dan-
ger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western
world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman
strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams
sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are
over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of
time
For the long-faded glories they cover.



THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy
water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of
repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's
lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note
singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ring-
ing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?
Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave
weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie
sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning
delay.

When will that day-star, mildly spring-
ing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ring-
ing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

—o—

COME, SEND ROUND THE
WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave
points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning
fools ;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust
of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may
be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same
bright bowl,
The fool, that would quarrel for differ-
ence of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er
the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights
by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds
agree ;
Shall I give up the friend I have valued
and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar
with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should
I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more ortho-
dox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that
try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard
like this!

—o—

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty
spoke,
And grand was the moment when
Spaniards awoke

Into life and revenge from the con-
queror's chain.
O Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves
of the west ;
Give the light of your look to each
sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the
Olive of Spain !

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed
with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home
its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a
stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the
same.
And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and
a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier
death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's
breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive
of Spain !

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers
resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among
strangers to find
That repose, which at home they had
sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame which
you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as
bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing
she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-
sighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of
Spain !

God prosper the cause !—oh, it cannot
but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is
alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to
maintain.
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs
will die !
The finger of Glory shall point where
they lie ;

While far from the footstep of coward or
 slave,
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter
 their grave,
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives
 of Spain!

—o—

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE
 ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young
 charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet
 in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this
 moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of
 my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine
 own,

And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can
 be known,

To which time will but make thee more
 dear;
 No, the heart that has truly loved never
 forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when
 he sets,

The same look which she turn'd when
 he rose.

—o—

ERIN, O ERIN!

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in
 Kildare's holy fane,
 And burn'd through long ages of dark-
 ness and storm,

Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd
 on in vain,

Whose spirit outlives them, unfading
 and warm.

Erin, O Erin! thus bright through the
 tears

Of a long night of bondage thy spirit
 appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still
 art young,

Thy sun is but rising, when others are
 set :

And though slavery's cloud o'er thy
 morning hath hung,

The full noon of freedom shall beam
 round thee yet.

Erin, O Erin! though long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out when the proudest
 shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwoke by
 the wind,

The lily lies sleeping through winter's
 cold hour,

Till Spring's light touch her fetters un-
 bind,

And daylight and liberty bless the
 young flower.

Thus Erin, O Erin! *thy* winter is past,
 And the hope that lived through it shall
 blossom at last.

—o—

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long

Hath waked the poet's sigh,

The girl who gave to song

What gold could never buy.

Oh! woman's heart was made

For minstrel hands alone;

By other fingers play'd,

It yields not half the tone.

Then here's to her who long

Hath waked the poet's sigh,

The girl who gave to song

What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,

When Wit and Wealth once stood,

They ask'd her, "which might pass?"

She answer'd, "he who could."

With golden key Wealth thought

To pass—but 'twould not do :

While Wit a diamond brought,

Which cut his bright way through.

So here's to her who long

Hath waked the poet's sigh,

The girl who gave to song

What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home.
 Where wealth and grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.



OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the
 bowers,
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling
 at Fame,
 He was born for much more, and in
 happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a
 holier flame;
 The string that now languishes loose o'er
 the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the
 warrior's dart;
 And the lip, which now breathes but the
 song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a
 patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country!—her pride has
 gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never
 would bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must
 sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death
 to defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd
 to betray;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame
 not their sires;
 And the torch, that would light them
 through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where
 their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's
 soft dream
 He should try to forget what he never
 can heal;
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but
 gleam
 Through the gloom of his country,
 and mark how he'll feel!
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it
 adored,
 That instant, his heart at her shrine
 would lay down;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined
 with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should
 cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though
 hope fade away,
 Thy name, lovèd Erin, shall live in
 his songs;
 Not even in the hour, when his heart is
 most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee
 and thy wrongs.
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on
 his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er
 the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they
 rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their cap-
 tive, and weep!



WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
 A moment from her smile I turn'd,
 To look at orbs, that, more bright,
 In lone and distant glory burn'd.
 But, too far
 Each proud star,
 For me to feel its warming flame;
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere,
 Which near our planet smiling came;
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,
 Illumed all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
 "The moon looks
 On many brooks,
 The brook can see no moon but this ;"
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

—o—

ILL OMENS.

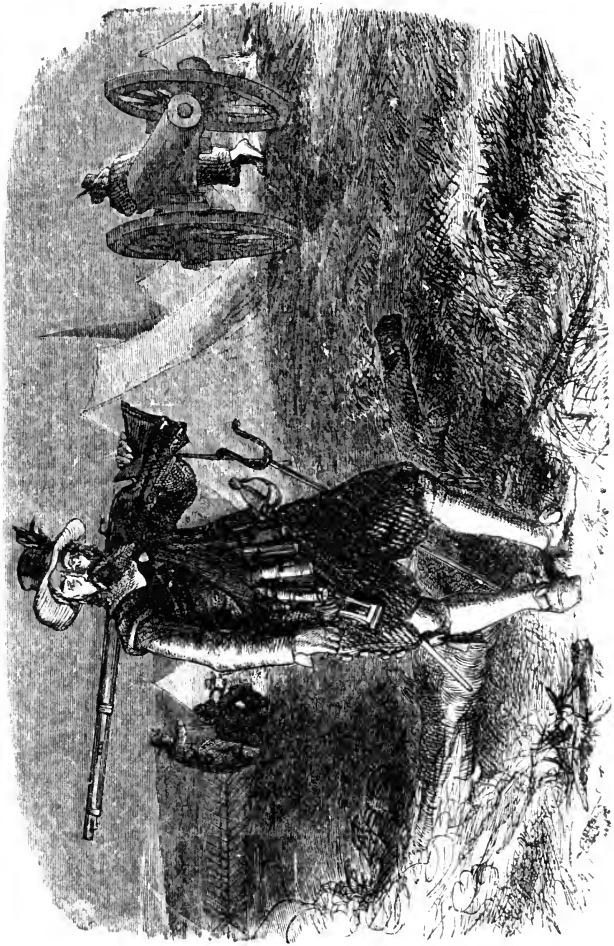
WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under
 the pillow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering
 shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from
 her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it
 alone.
 For the youth whom she treasured her
 heart and her soul in,
 Had promised to link the last tie
 before noon ;
 And when once the young heart of a
 maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it
 soon.
 As she look'd in the glass which a woman
 ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance
 or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's
 kisses,
 Flew over the mirror and shaded her
 view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her
 graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never
 to rise—
 "Ah ! such," said the girl, "is the pride
 of our faces,
 For which the soul's innocence too
 often dies."

While she stole through the garden,
 where heart's-ease was growing,
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its
 night-fallen dew ;
 And a rose further on look'd so tempting
 and glowing,
 That, spite of her haste, she must
 gather it too ;
 But, while o'er the roses too carelessly
 leaning,
 Her zone flew in two and the heart's-
 ease was lost ;
 "Ah ! this means," said the girl (and
 she sigh'd at its meaning),
 "That love is scarce worth the repose
 it will cost !"

—o—

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh ! remember life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free !
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
 Happy is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing
 shine,
 And light him down the steep of years—
 But oh ! how bless'd they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on Victory's
 breast !
 O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we tamed his tyrant might !
 Never let him bind again
 A chain, like that we broke from then.
 Hark ! the horn of combat calls—
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph
 round !
 Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound—
 But oh ! how bless'd that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wondering world shall
 weep !



BEFORE THE BATTLE

"O'er his watch-fire's falling embers,
Now the foe's cheek turns white."—P. 140.

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AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,

And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam

Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?



'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,

We are sure to find something blissful and dear,

And that, when we're far from the lips we love,

We've but to make love to the lips we are near!

The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,

Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,

But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing

It can twine in itself, and make closely its own.

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,

To be sure to find something still that is dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,

We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,

To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;

And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,

'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,

They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,

And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,

It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,

To be sure to find something still that is dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,

We've but to make love to the lips we are near.



THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,

Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;

The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd;

Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;

Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,

And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,

Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn'd;

She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,

Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;

Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,

Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy
vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek
had look'd less pale,
They say too, so long thou hast worn
those lingering chains;
That deep in thy heart they have printed
their servile stains—
Oh! foul is the slander—no chain could
that soul subdue—
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty
shineth too!



ON MUSIC.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have
slept!
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier
hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in
death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so
well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!



IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

IT is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid
o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend
that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore
him.
'Tis the tear, through many a long day
wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve
them,
For worth shall look fairer and truth
more bright,
When we think how he lived but to
love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening
bloom
From the image he left there in dying!



THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'TIS believed that this Harp, which I
now wake for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the
sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright
waters roved,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom
she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her
to weep,
And in tears, 'all the night, her gold
tresses to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love
so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-
maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks
smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd
the light frame;

And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white
arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords, uttering
melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so
long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's
sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach
the fond lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and
grief when away !

—o—

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! the days are gone, when Beauty
bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life from morn till
night

Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come

Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream :
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd
before,

To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,

In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.

'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed ;

'Twas morning's wing'd dream ;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream :
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine
again

On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day
we'll forget them,

And smile through our tears, like a
sunbeam in showers ;

There never were hearts, if our rulers
would let them,

More form'd to be grateful and blest
than ours.

But just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,

And hope has enwreath'd it round
with flowers,

There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light
of the poles,

Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant
to stay ;

But, though 'twere the last little spark in
our souls,

We must light it up now, on our
Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you
disloyal !

Though fierce to your foe, to your
friends you are true ;

And the tribute most high to a head that
is royal,

Is love from a heart that loves liberty
too.

While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the
battle array,

The standard of Green
In front would be seen—

Oh! my life on your faith! were you
summon'd this minute,

You'd cast every bitter remembrance
away,

And show what the arm of old Erin has
in it,

When roused by the foe, on her
Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is
recorded

In hearts which have suffer'd too much
to forget :

And hope shall be crown'd, and attach-
ment rewarded,

And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.

The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray,
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last,—
 And thus Erin, my country, though
 broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er
 will decay ;
 A spirit which beams through each
 suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on the
 Prince's Day.

—o—

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more.
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in
 vain ;—
 O Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
 They'll learn to love your name ;
 When many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame.
 And when they tread the ruin'd aisle
 Where rest at length the lord and
 slave,
 They'll wondering ask, how hands so
 vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?

“'Twas fate,” they'll say, “a wayward
 fate,
 Your web of discord wove ;
 And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 You never join'd in love.
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
 And man profaned what God had
 given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to Heaven.”

—o—

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
 Few its looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises.
 O my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath laced
 it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed
 it.

Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming
 round us,

Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.

O my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

—o—

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTH- FUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of Time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary !

Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath ;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary !
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes
Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere ;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary !



BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
“ Here, at least,” he calmly said,
“ Woman ne'er shall find my bed.”
Ah ! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue !
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh ;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last ;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be :
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet,
To this rocky, wild retreat ;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah ! your Saints have cruel hearts !
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough ! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave !
Soon the Saint (yet ah ! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, “ Heaven rest her soul !”
Round the Lake light music stole ;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide !



SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young
hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and
weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear
native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking :—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her
strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is
breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country
he died,
They were all that to life had entwined
him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country
be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sun-
beams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile
from the West,
From her own lovèd island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet
drowns

One charm of feeling, one fond regret ;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream

That ever was shed from thy form or
soul ;

The spell of those eyes,
The balm of thy sighs,

Still float on the surface, and hallow
my bowl.

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can
steal

One blissful dream of the heart from
me ;

Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower,
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's
shower,

But bathed the other with mantling
wine.

Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods

Distill'd by the rainbow decline and
fade ;

While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed

All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet
maid !

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can
steal

One blissful dream of the heart from
me ;

Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for
thee.

—o—

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword
of Erin

On him who the brave sons of Usna
betray'd—

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a
tear in,

A drop from his heart-wounds shall
weep c'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's
dark dwelling,

When Ulad's three champions lay
sleeping in gore—

By the billows of war, which so often,
high swelling,

Have wafted these heroes to victory's
shore—

We swear to revenge them !—no joy shall
be tasted,

The harp shall be silent, the maiden
unwed,

Our halls shall be mute and our fields
shall lie wasted,

Till vengeance is wreak'd on the mur-
derer's head !

Yes, monarch ! though sweet are our
home recollections,

Though sweet are the tears that from
tenderness fall ;

Though sweet are our friendships, our
hopes, our affections,

Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all !

—o—

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE
FLOWERET.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,

Through the leaves that close
embower it,

That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glow-
ing,

Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're
going,

That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly when sweets are
gone ;

And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,

'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while
they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

“HERE we dwell in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons
bend,
Where sighs of devotion and breathings
of flowers
To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
Do not disturb our calm, O Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs
above,
It well might deceive such hearts as
ours.”

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a
hint;

His laughing blue eyes soon with piety
glisten'd,

His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own
tint.

“Who would have thought,” the
urchin cries,

“That Love could so well, so
gravely disguise

His wandering wings and wounding
eyes?”

Love now warms thee, waking and
sleeping,

Young Novice, to him all thy orisons
rise.

He tinges the heavenly fount with his
weeping,

He brightens the censer's flame with
his sighs.

Love is the saint enshrined in thy
breast,

And angels themselves would admit
such a guest,

If he came to them clothed in Piety's
vest.

—o—

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D
WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures
and woes,

That chase one another like waves of
the deep—

Each brightly or darkly, as onward it
flows,

Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or
weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries
tread,

That the laugh is awaked ere the tear
can be dried;

And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is
shed,

The goose-plumage of Folly can turn
it aside.

But pledge me the cup—if existence
would cloy,

With hearts ever happy, and heads
ever wise,

Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to
Joy,

And the light brilliant Folly that flashes
and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the
fount,

Through fields full of light, with heart
full of play,

Light rambled the boy, over meadow and
mount,

And neglected his task for the flowers
on the way.

Thus many, like me, who in youth should
have tasted

The fountain that runs by Philosophy's
shrine,

Their time with the flowers on the margin
have wasted,

And left their light urns all as empty
as mine.

But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness
weaves

These flowerets together, should Wis-
dom but see

One bright drop or two that has fallen on
the leaves

From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient
for me.

—o—

O THE SHAMROCK!

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,

As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,

Whose quiver bright

A thousand arrows squander'd;

Where'er they pass,

A triple grass

Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-
ing,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, " See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning !"—

Says Love, " No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."

But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, " Oh ! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,

Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !"

O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall

On Wit's celestial feather !
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,

Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear

Against the cause of Freedom !

O the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock !

Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

—o—

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are
weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life
shone warm in thine eye ;

And I think oft, if spirits can steal
from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou
wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd,
even in the sky !

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once
such pleasure to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breathed,
like one, on the ear ;

And, as Echo far off through the vale
my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice,
from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that
once were so dear.

—o—

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting !—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come—may our life's happy mea-
sure

Be all of such moments made up ;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries " Onward !" and spurs the gay
hours—

Ah, never doth time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up ;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright,
And now let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.

You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full, liquid glory, like him.
 And oh! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up;
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

—o—

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF
 SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

—o—

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,
 When the drowsy world is dreaming,
 love!

Then awake!—the heavens look bright,
 my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night,
 my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping,
 love.

Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one,
 my dear.

—o—

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall
 guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's
 chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its cords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and
 free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

—o—

THE SONG OF O'RUARK.

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

THE valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er
 me
 That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

I look'd for the lamp which, she told
me,
Should shine when her pilgrim re-
turn'd ;
But, though darkness began to enfold
me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead ;—
Ah, would it were death, and death
only !
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could
soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so
often
Now throb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women !
When Breffni's good sword would have
sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in*
thought !
While now—O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame !
And through ages of bondage and
slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward !—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

—o—

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT
LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

OH! had we some bright little isle of
our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and
alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-bloom-
ing bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole
year of flowers ;

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day ;
Where simply to feel that we breathe,
that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere
can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as
the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first
golden time ;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of
the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all
summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the Bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of
light,
And our death come on holy and calm
as the night.

—o—

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER
YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome
the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in
your bower,
Then think of the friend who once wel-
comed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy
with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may
remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his path-
way of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision
that threw
Its enchantment around him, while
lingering with you.
And still on that evening, when pleasure
fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and
each cup,

Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or
bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you
that night ;
Shall join in your revels, your sports,
and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with
your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the
gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish
he were here !"

Let Fate do her worst ; there are relics
of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she
cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow
and care,
And bring back the features that joy used
to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memo-
ries fill'd !
Like the vase, in which roses have once
been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase
if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round
it still.

—o—

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH ! doubt me not—the reason
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by
Love.

Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by
Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by
thee.

—o—

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made
her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly
cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and
rains,
Till William at length in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other
plains ;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at
ease,
When now, at the close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the
trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll
shelter there ;
The wind blows cold, and the hour is
late :"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd as they pass'd
the gate.

"Now, welcome, lady," exclaim'd the
youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark
woods all !"
She believed him crazed, but his words
were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and
wed ;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly
groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too ;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee,
 Were worth a long, an endless year,
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam—
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks around in fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds.

—o—

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and
 snows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part
 not ;
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where
 thou art not.

Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind
 blows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea,
 Made for the Free,
 Land for courts and chains alone ?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound
 us,—
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around
 us—

Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and
 snows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

—o—

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG
DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet ?
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear ?—
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine ?
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee ?

On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away ?

If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself look'd bright ;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light ;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear :—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

—o—

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slum-
bers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is
near—
Then came that voice when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever
waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet 'voice of comfort ! 'twas like the
stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathèd
shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell !—
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine
spoken !—
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

—o—

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver ! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could
make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break
it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story ;
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver ! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has
shed,
No lights of age adorn thee :
The few, who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it ;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
When even those ties shall sever ;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever ;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made
thee.

—o—

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial
 was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny
 weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood
 weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the
 leaves.
 But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew
 bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and
 shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illumed the whole volume, her
 Wellington's name !

"Hail, Star of my Isle !" said the Spirit,
 all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her
 own dewy skies—
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and
 darkling,
 I've watch'd for some glory like thine
 to arise.
 For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest
 was their lot,
 And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-
 ways of Fame ;—
 But oh ! there is not
 One dishonouring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Well-
 ington's name !

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is
 remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even *thou*
 hast yet known ;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations
 unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds
 of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal
 thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled
 thy fame—
 And, bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wel-
 ington's name !"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOO-
ING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the Sprite
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going ?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing ?
 No—vain, alas ! th' endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever ;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

—o—

OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

OH, where's the slave so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly ?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it ?
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
 Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing.
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us.
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall.

—o—

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken
 deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy
 home is still here :
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can
 o'er cast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to
 the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not
 the same
 Through joy and through torment,
 through glory and shame ?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that
 heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever
 thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments
 of bliss,
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors
 of this,
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy
 steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish
 there too.

—o—

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw
 breaking,
 Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep
 of the dead—
 When Man, from the slumber of ages
 awaking,
 Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure
 ray, ere it fled.

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of
 its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and
 mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is
 returning,
 And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er
 thee.

For high was thy hope, when those
 glories were darting
 Around thee through all the gross
 clouds of the world,
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly
 starting,
 At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner
 unfurl'd.
 Oh ! never shall earth see a moment so
 splendid—
 Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliver-
 ance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet
 had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin, from
 thee !

But shame on those tyrants who envied
 the blessing !
 And shame on the light race unworthy
 its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies
 caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptized
 it in blood !
 Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny
 vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold
 heart's derision,
 Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright,
 and elysian,
 As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

—o—

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning
 was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously
 on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was
 declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters
 were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early
 promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we
 have known ;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morn-
 ing, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak
 shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorn-
 ing
 The close of our day, the calm eve of
 our night :—
 Give me back, give me back the wild
 freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth
 Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that
 moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life
 through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that grows
 precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's ex-
 quisite flame !

—o—

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when through the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.
 Fill the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominions :—
 So we, Sages, sit
 And 'mid bumpers brightening,
 From the heaven of Wit
 Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit ?

It chanced upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us.

The careless Youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
 But oh, his joy ! when, round
 The halls of heaven spying,
 Among the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the Sparks of Soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure.
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us ;
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

—o—

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country ! in darkness
 I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung
 o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I
 unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, free-
 dom, and song !
 The warm lay of love and the light note
 of gladness [thrill ;
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest
 But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh
 of sadness,
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from
 thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to
 thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last
 we shall twine !
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on
 thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less un-
 worthy than mine :

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or
lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory
alone ;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly
over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked
was thy own.

—o—

MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring
strain ;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those Harps whose heav'nly
skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to
shame.

Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like
thine ?

Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline !
Or how shall I, who love, who bless
thee,

Invoke thy breath for Freedom's
strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress
thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half
chains ?

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and
sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be ;

How gaily, e'en 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's
thrill—

Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still !

—o—

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

IN the morning of life, when its cares are
unknown,

And its pleasures in all their new lustre
begin,

When we live in a bright-beaming world
of our own,

And the light that surrounds us is all
from within ;

Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy
time

We can love, as in hours of less trans-
port we may ;—

Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay
sunny prime,

But affection is truest when these fade
away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass
us by,

Like a leaf on the stream that will
never return ;

When our cup, which had sparkled with
pleasure so high,

First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flow-
ing urn ;

Then, then is the time when affection
holds sway

With a depth and a tenderness joy
never knew ;

Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless
as they,

But the love born of Sorrow, like
Sorrow, is true.

IN climes full of sunshine, though splendid
the flowers,

Their sighs have no freshness, their
odour no worth ;

'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own
Isle of showers,

That call the rich spirit of fragrancy
forth.

So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity,
 mirth,
 That the depth of Love's generous
 spirit appears ;
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe
 its birth,
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn
 out by tears.

—o—

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling penant still look'd back
 To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.
 So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us ;
 So turn our hearts as on we rove,
 To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
 We talk, with joyous seeming,—
 With smiles that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming ;
 While mem'ry brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle, or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting ;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If Heav'n had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us !

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

—o—

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend
 thou hast loved,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by
 thee then ;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be
 removed,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it
 again.
 And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how
 far
 From the pathways of light he was
 tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert
 the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided
 him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first
 came
 The revealings, that taught him true
 love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him
 with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to
 before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted
 and wild,
 Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm
 o'er the sea ;
 And if happiness purely and glowingly
 smiled
 On his ev'ning horizon, the light was
 from thee.

And though, sometimes, the shades of
 past folly might rise,
 And though falsehood again would
 allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in
 those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon
 vanish'd away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their
 altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre
 repair,
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in
 him,
 He but flew to that smile, and re-
 kindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE.

REMEMBER thee? yes, while there's life
in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou
art ;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and
thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sun-
niest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great,
glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem
of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with
happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply
than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood
as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy
sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the
desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows
from thy breast.

—o—

WREATHE THE BOWL.

WREATHE the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us ;
Then, wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows :
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid !
So wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time,
His glass sublime,
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever !
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

—o—

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE
SMILING EYES.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
 The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
 And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
 A chill'd or burning heart behind :—
 While youth, that now like snow ap-
 pears,
 Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
 When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's
 tears,
 Can never shine so bright again.

—o—

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
 Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy
 feet ;
 Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
 Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most*
 sweet,
 Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine,
 love !

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we
 rove,
 A voice divine shall talk in each
 stream ;
 The stars shall look like worlds of love,
 And this earth be all one beautiful
 dream
 In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine,
 love !

And thoughts, whose source is hidden
 and high,
 Like streams, that come from heaven-
 ward hills,
 Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that
 lie
 To be bathed by those eternal rills,
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine,
 love !

All this and more the Spirit of Love
 Can breathe o'er them, who feel his
 spells ;
 That heaven, which forms his home
 above,
 He can make on earth, wherever he
 dwells,
 As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be
 mine, love !

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may
 fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but giv'n, they seem but
 giv'n,
 As shining beacons, solely,
 To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
 While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them !)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may
 fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portray'd, Love seems
 portray'd,
 But shun the flatt'ring error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling—
 So here they go ! so here they go !
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may
 fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

—o—

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they
perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we
cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their
grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, though blazon'd in
story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of 'all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.



THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life—from the
hour I began it,
I found it a life full of kindness and
bliss;
And, until they can show me some
happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me
with this.
As long as the world has such lips and
such eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured
I see,
They may say what they will of their
orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you,
love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment
can bring them

New sunshine and wit from the foun-
tain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier
poets to sing them,
They've none, even there, more ena-
mour'd than I.

And, as long as this harp can be waken'd
to love,

And that eye its divine inspiration shall
be,

They may talk as they will of their Edens
above,

But this earth is the planet for you,
love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose
shadowy splendour,

At twilight so often we've roam'd
through the dew,

There are maidens, perhaps, who have
bosoms as tender,

And look, in their twilights, as lovely
as you.

But though they were even more bright
than the queen

Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's
blue sea,

As I never those fair young celestials
have seen,

Why—this earth is the planet for you,
love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of
creation,

Where sunshine and smiles must be
equally rare,

Did they want a supply of cold hearts
for that station,

Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth
we could spare.

Oh! think what a world we should have
of it here,

If the haters of peace, of affection,
and glee,

Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless
sphere,

And leave earth to such spirits as you,
love, and me.



OH FOR THE SWORDS OF
FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!

Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sub-
lime,

And tyrants crouch'd before them :
When free yet, ere courts began

With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.

Oh for the swords, &c. &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !

Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.

When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !

Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them !

—o—

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures ?
The golden moments lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but *Pleasure's*.

If counting them o'er could add to their
blisses,

I'd number each glorious second :
But moments of joy are, like *Lesbia's*
kisses,

Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures ?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand, but *Pleasure's*.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting
hours,

Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the
shadows stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures ?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand, but *Pleasure's*.

—o—

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
“ Though death beneath our smile may
be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and
thee.”

Sail on, sail on,—through endless
space—

Through calm—through tempest—stop
no more :
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on
shore.

Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

—o—

THE PARALLEL.

YES, sad one of Sion, if closely resem-
bling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-
up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the same “cup
of trembling”
Could make us thy children, our parent
thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd
and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once
royal crown ;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation
hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath
gone down."

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams
of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to
behold ;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of
their mourning,
Remember the bright things that
bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the
Forsaken,"
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her
proudest are slaves ;
And the harps of her minstrels, when
gayest they waken,
Have tones 'mid their mirth, like the
wind over graves !

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came
there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest
dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with
slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in
thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the
proud Golden City
Had brimm'd full of bitterness,
drench'd her own lips ;
And the world she had trampled on
heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from
her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the
haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers
unjust,
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to
cover,
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the
dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup ; you'll find there's a
spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mor-
tality ;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for
Helen !
Her cup was a fiction, but this is
reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Just taste of the bubble that gleams on
the top of it ;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must
drain every drop of it ;
Send round the cup—for oh, there's a
spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mor-
tality ;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for
Helen !
Her cup was a fiction, but this is
reality.
Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are
quaffing ;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich
hour,
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood
laughing.
There having, by Nature's enchantment,
been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her
kindest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was
distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here
brought together.
Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's
a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mor-
tality ;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for
Helen !
Her cup was a fiction, but this is
reality.
And though, perhaps—but breathe it to
no one—
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight
so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to
flow on,
Yet 'tishn't less potent for being unlawful.

And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke
 of that flame,
 Which in silence extracted its virtue
 forbidden—
 Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I
 could name,
 Which may work too its charm, though
 as lawless and hidden.
 So drink of the cup—for oh there's a
 spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mor-
 tality ;
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for
 Helen !
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is
 reality.

—o—

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

DOWN in the valley come meet me to-
 night,
 And I'll tell you your fortune truly
 As ever was told, by the new moon's
 light,
 To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
 Lest haply the stars should deceive
 me ;
 Such secrets between you and me and
 the sky
 Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
 My science shall call up before you
 A male apparition,—the image of him
 Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
 So fondly around you he'll hover,
 You'll hardly, my dear, any difference
 find
 'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moon-
 light,
 He'll kneel, with a warmth of devo-
 tion—
 An ardour, of which such an innocent
 sprite
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may
 arise,
 As in destiny's book I've not seen
 them,
 Must only be left to the stars and your
 eyes
 To settle, ere morning, between them.

—o—

OH, YE DEAD !

OH, ye Dead ! oh, ye Dead ! whom we
 know by the light you give
 From your cold gleaming eyes, though
 you move like men who live,
 Why leave you thus your graves,
 In far-off fields and waves,
 Where the worm and the sea-bird only
 know your bed,
 To haunt this spot where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall,
 And the hearts that wail'd you, like your
 own, lie dead ?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold
 and wan ;
 And the fair and the brave whom we
 loved on earth are gone ;
 But still thus ev'n in death,
 So sweet the living breath
 Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth
 we wander'd o'er,
 That ere, condemn'd, we go
 To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
 We would taste it awhile, and think we
 live once more !

—o—

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

OF all the fair months, that round the
 sun
 In light-link'd dance their circles run,
 Sweet May, shine thou for me ;
 For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
 That youth, who beneath the blue lake
 lies,
 Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight
leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me ;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee ;
Who still, with the first young glance of
spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark un-
furls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane
curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free ;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep
bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering
flowers,
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's
light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to
sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

—o—

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she
wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again !

—o—

OH BANQUET NOT.

OH banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts, but come to me :
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of
tears,
And many a cup in silence pour ;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering
boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the
dead.

Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

—o—

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

THE dawning of morn, the daylight's
sinking,
The night's long hours still find me think-
ing
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets
crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once en-
chanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is
haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could
waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.

Like shores, by which some headlong
bark

To th' ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when spring-
ing

From thee, thee, only thee.

Like spells, that nought on earth can
break,

Till lips, that know the charm, have
spoken,

This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.



SHALL THE HARP, THEN, BE SILENT.

SHALL the Harp, then, be silent, when
he who first gave

To our country a name, is withdrawn
from all eyes?

Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by
the grave,

Where the first—where the last of her
Patriots lies?

No—faint though the death-song may fall
from his lips,

Though his Harp, like his soul, may
with shadows be crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's
eclipse,

And proclaim to the world what a star
hath been lost ;—

What a union of all the affections and
powers

By which life is exalted, embellish'd,
refined,

Was embraced in that spirit—whose cen-
tre was ours,

While its mighty circumference circled
mankind !

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can
see,

Through the waste of her annals, that
epoch sublime—

Like a pyramid raised in the desert—
where he

And his glory stand out to the eyes of
all time ;

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the
gloom

And the madness of ages, when fill'd
with his soul,

A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of
her doom,

And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd
Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath
drank at the source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's
own,

In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire,
and the force,

And the yet untamed spring of her
spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with

thoughts that shone through,

As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre,"
and gave,

With the flash of the gem, its solidity
too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when
free from the crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to
tread

'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n,
and which bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown
for his head—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his
orbit of life

But at distance observed him—through
glory, through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of
strife,

Whether shining or clouded, still high
and the same,—

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him,
but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such
glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve,
'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of
mankind!



OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

OH, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
Oh the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd,
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.
Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
Oh that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing,
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!



SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,—
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Through crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis heav'n's own glance when it
appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE
DREAMS.

'T WAS one of those dreams, that by
music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the
poet's warm thought—

When, lost in the future, his soul wanders
on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is
gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water
were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bond-
age and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted
them o'er
From Dinis' green isle, to Glenà's
wooded shore.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's
rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved
to rest ;
And the echoes sung back from their full
mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting
expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that
died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier
sphere,
Some heav'n in those hills, where the
soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking
again !

Oh forgive, if, while list'ning to music,
whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm
against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him
proclaim,
“ Even so shalt thou live in the echoes
of Fame :

“ Even so, though thy mem'ry should
now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some
happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin
prolong,
Through the answering Future, thy name
and thy song.”

—o—

FAIREST ! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST ! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own Green Isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her,
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning ;
Like some bold warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air
He hath been won down by them ;—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
Bright as the tears thy lid
Lets fall in lonely weeping.
Glens, where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And Harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious—
Thinking how man hath curst
What Heaven had made so glorious.

—o—

QUICK ! WE HAVE BUT A
SECOND.

QUICK ! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may ;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away !

Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
 For oh, not Orpheus' strain
 Could keep sweet hours from dying,
 Or charm them to life again.
 Then, quick! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup, while you
 may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
 Like some young Hebe's lip,
 And half meets thine, and blushes
 That thou shouldst delay to sip.
 Shame, oh shame unto thee,
 If ever thou see'st that day,
 When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
 And turn untouch'd away!
 Then, quick! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round, while you
 may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!



AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make
 amends,
 For all the long years I've been wan-
 d'ring away—
 To see thus around me my youth's early
 friends,
 As smiling and kind as in that happy
 day?
 Though haply o'er some of your brows,
 as o'er mine,
 The snow-fall of time may be stealing,
 —what then?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by
 wine,
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's
 roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er
 the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to
 so long!
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once
 they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yester-
 day, throng.

As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
 When held to the flame will steal out on
 the sight,
 So many a feeling, that long seem'd
 effaced,
 The warmth of a moment like this
 brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall
 glide,
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
 Though oft we may see, looking down on
 the tide,
 The wreck of full many a hope shining
 through;
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the
 flowers,
 That once made a garden of all the
 gay shore,
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them
 still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of life's
 morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the
 most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold
 dear;
 And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
 For want of some heart, that could
 echo it, near.
 Ah, well may we hope, when this short
 life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more per-
 manent bliss,
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand,
 hast'ning on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights
 to the heart,
 The more we should welcome and bless
 them the more;
 They're ours, when we meet,—they are
 lost when we part,
 Like birds that bring summer, and fly
 when 'tis o'er.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere
 we drink,
 Let Sympathy pledge us, through plea-
 sure, through pain,
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one
 link,
 Her magic shall send it direct through
 the chain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

IN yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had calmly
flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and
night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Moun-
tain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain
Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of
light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain
Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled!—and the youth but
heard

Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Moun-
tain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright
look,

The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Moun-
tain Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's
delight

Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain
Sprite.

"Of all the spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's none
like thee,

And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain
Sprite!"

—o—

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.

"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd
darts,

Where mortal eye may shun you ;
Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts,
That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
As Time too well hath taught her—
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water ;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than
death,
Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river—
Unwearing still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of
Good?"

She weeping asks for ever ;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never."

—o—

DESMOND'S SONG.

BY the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train ;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth ?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth ?

No—Man for his glory
 To ancestry flies ;
 But Woman's bright story
 Is told in her eyes.
 While the Monarch but traces
 Through mortals his line,
 Beauty, born of the Graces,
 Ranks next to Divine !

—o—

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe
 there can be
 One stain of this earth in its feelings for
 thee ;
 Who think, while I see thee in beauty's
 young hour,
 As pure as the morning's first dew on
 the flow'r,
 I could harm what I love,—as the sun's
 wanton ray
 But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it
 away.

No—beaming with light as those young
 features are,
 There's a light round thy heart which is
 lovelier far :
 It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawn-
 ing clear
 Through its innocent blush makes thy
 beauty so dear ;
 As the sky we look up to, though
 glorious and fair,
 Is look'd up to the more, because
 heaven lies there !

—o—

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM
LAKE.

I WISH I was by that dim Lake,
 Where sinful souls their farewell take
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie
 In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
 There, there, far from thee,
 Deceitful world, my home should be ;
 Where, come what might of gloom and
 pain,
 False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
 Of unseen waters falling round ;
 The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
 Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead !
 These, ay, these shall wean
 My soul from life's deluding scene,
 And turn each thought, o'charged with
 gloom,
 Like willows, downward tow'rds the
 tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
 Would win repose, first quench the light,
 So must the hopes, that keep this breast
 Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
 Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
 Unmoved by either joy or woe,
 Like freezing founts, where all that's
 thrown
 Within their current turns to stone.

—o—

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

SHE sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
 The rosy rays of evening fell,
 As if to feed, with their soft fire,
 The soul within that trembling shell.
 The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
 And play'd around those lips that sung
 And spoke, as flowers would sing and
 speak,
 If Love could lend their leaves a
 tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
 Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew ;
 And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
 The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
 As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
 The glory all had left that frame ;
 And from her glimmering lips the tone,
 As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
 That he and all he loved must part ?
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
 The fading image to my heart—
 And cried, " Oh Love ! is this thy doom ?
 " Oh light of youth's resplendent day !
 Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
 And thus, like sunshine, die away ? "

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS
GIVEN.

SING—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the
loving ;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept
moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her
cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery
wings ;
And she, who but feathers the dart when
she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart
when she sings.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle
the loving ;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept
moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could
make him,
“Hush, hush,” said Venus, “no other
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to
wake him.”
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the
while,
Till faint from his lip a soft melody
broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a
smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing
awoke.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle
the loving ;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept
moving.

—o—

SING, SWEET HARP.

SING, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise ;—

Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone ;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me ;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by ;—
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame ;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.—
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh ;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sat listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mould'ring all ;—
But, no ; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery ;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free !—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day ;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

—o—

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BAN-
QUET.

THOUGH humble the banquet to which
I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard
can command :
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng
round, to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own
willing hand.
And though Fortune may seem to have
turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her trea-
sures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled
his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no
vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure con-
science approves ;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no
chain on the pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light
which it loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble
retreat,
And, with this, though of all other
treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more
sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp
e'er received.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting
hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best
shall be thine ;
And there's one, long the light of the
bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright
welcome with mine.

—o—

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY.

TO-MORROW, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
There to conquer, or both lie low !
The morning star is up,—
But there's wine still in the cup,
And we'll take another quaff, ere we
go, boy, go ;
We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise,
When we think of the friends we leave
lone ;
But what can wailing do?
See, our goblet's weeping too !
With its tears we'll chase away our
own boy, our own ;
With its tears we'll chase away our
own.

But daylight's stealing on ;—
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us play ;
The next—ah ! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be ?
But—no matter—grasp thy sword and
away, boy, away ;
No matter—grasp thy sword and
away !

Let those, who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by their firesides stay ;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to Heaven,
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy,
hurra ! hurra ! hurra !
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra !

—o—

THE WANDERING BARD.

WHAT life like that of the bard can
be,—
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or
goes,—
A fount that for ever flows !
The world's to him like some play-
ground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight
round ;—
If dimm'd the turf where late they
trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod ;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he !

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's
doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom ?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found ;
So charms, on earth long pass'd and
gone,
In the poet's lay live on.—
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow
dim ?
You've only to give them all to him.

Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die!

Then, welcome the bard where'er he
comes,—
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given,—
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

—o—

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WAN- DER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where'er we roved—
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would
stay
For ever near them, die away.

Though fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice—where are they
now?

Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no,—her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the
grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I'VE a secret to tell thee, but hush! not
here,—
Oh! not where the world its vigil
keeps:
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence
sleeps;
Where summer's wave unurm'ring
dies,
Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush;
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush,
sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that
hour,

When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy, who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream
blush,
Sits ever thus,—his only song
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all,
hush!"

—o—

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in
dreams,
Our destined home or grave?"
Thus sung they as, by the morning's
beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald
mines,
Whose light through the wave was
seen.

"'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors
hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
 Where now their Day-God's eye
 A look of such sunny omen gave
 As lighted up sea and sky.
 Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
 Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
 When first on their Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod.



THE NIGHT DANCE.

STRIKE the gay harp ! see the moon is
 on high,

And, as true to her beam as the tides
 of the ocean,

Young hearts, when they feel the soft
 light of her eye,

Obeys the mute call, and heave into
 motion.

Then, sound notes—the gayest, the
 lightest,

That ever took wing, when heav'n
 look'd brightest !

Again ! Again !

Oh ! could such heart-stirring music be
 heard

In that City of Statues, described by
 romancers,

So wak'ning its spell, even stone would
 be stirr'd,

And statues themselves all start into
 dancers !

Why then delay, with such sounds in our
 ears,

And the flower of Beauty's own gar-
 den before us,—

While stars overhead leave the song of
 their spheres,

And list'ning to ours, hang wondering
 o'er us ?

Again, that strain !—to hear it thus sound-
 ing

Might set even Death's cold pulses
 bounding—

Again ! Again !

Oh ! what delight when the youthful and
 gay,

Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot
 like a feather,

Thus dance, like the Hours to the music
 of May,

And mingle sweet song and sunshine
 together !

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-
 air ringing,

And lamps from every casement shown ;
 While voices blithe within are singing,

That seem to say "Come," in every
 tone.

Ah ! once how light, in Life's young
 season,

My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay ;
 Nor paused to ask of greybeard Reason
 Should I the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
 The syren lips more fondly sound ;

No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
 To sink in your rosy bondage bound.

Shall a bard, whom not the world in
 arms

Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
 Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
 And yield to a smile his freeborn soul ?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
 The nymphs their fetters around him
 cast,

And,—their laughing eyes, the while,
 concealing,—

Led Freedom's Bard their slave at
 last.

For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
 Was like that rock of the Druid race,

Which the gentlest touch at once set
 moving,

But all earth's power couldn't cast
 from its base.



OH ! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

OH ! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,

How oft I dream of thee,
 And of those days when, by thy shore,
 I wander'd young and free.

Full many a path I've tried, since then,
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,

But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs
 That danced along thy flood ;
 Or, when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have sought that Eden in its light
 Which dreaming poets sing ;—

That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene, —
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
 At sunset, oft are seen.
 Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth !
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth, —
 As sunny and as vain !

—o—

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side, it hath served
 him too well

Not to rest near his pillow below ;
 To the last moment true, from his hand
 ere it fell,

Its point was still turn'd to a flying
 foe.

Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber
 in death,
 Side by side, as becomes the reposing
 brave, —

That sword which he loved still unbroke
 in its sheath,
 And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I
 hear,

As if breathed from his brave heart's
 remains ;—

Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's
 ear,

Once sounded the war-word, “Burst
 your chains !”

And it cries, from the grave where the
 hero lies deep,

“Though the day of your Chieftain
 for ever hath set,

O leave not his sword thus inglorious to
 sleep, —

It hath victory's life in it yet !

“Should some alien, unworthy such
 weapon to wield,

Dare to touch thee, my own gallant
 sword,

Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman
 seal'd,

Or return to the grave of thy chainless
 lord.

But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd
 the proud use

Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-
 plain, —

Then, at Liberty's summons, like light-
 ning let loose,

Leap forth from thy dark sheath
 again !”

—o—

OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS
WORLD OF OURS.

OH, could we do with this world of ours
 As thou dost with thy garden bowers,

Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
 What a heaven on earth we'd make it !

So bright a dwelling should be our own,
 So warranted free from sigh or frown,

That angels soon would be coming down,
 By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through
 air,

And in themselves a lustre bear,
 A stock of light, still ready there,

Whenever they wish to use it ;
 So, in this world I'd make for thee,

Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
 And the flash of wit or poesy

Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
 Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,

In this new world of ours, my dear,
 Such shadows will all be omitted :—

Unless they're like that graceful one,
 Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,

Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
 Each spot where it hath flitted !

—o—

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

THE wine-cup is circling in Almhín's hall,
 And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
 Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
 Where his sword hangs idly shining.
 When, hark ! that shout
 From the vale without,—
 "Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane
 is nigh !"
 Ev'ry Chief starts up
 From his foaming cup,
 And "To battle, to battle !" is the
 Finian's cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
 And they sing such thrilling numbers,
 'Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,
 Breaking forth from their place of slumbers !
 Spear to buckler rang,
 As the minstrels sang,
 And the Sun-burst o'er them floated wide ;
 While rememb'ring the yoke
 Which their fathers broke,
 "On for liberty, for liberty !" the
 Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
 O'er the valley of Almhín lowering ;
 While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
 That banner of Erin, towering.
 With the mingling shock
 Rung cliff and rock,
 While, rank on rank, the invaders die :
 And the shout, that last
 O'er the dying pass'd,
 Was "Victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

THE dream of those days when first I
 sung thee is o'er,
 Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy
 sorrows then wore ;
 And ev'n of the light which Hope once
 shed o'er thy chains,
 Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom
 remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in
 thy heart,
 That still the dark brand is there, though
 chainless thou art ;
 And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which
 thy spirit long burn'd,
 Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes
 hath turn'd ?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Elo-
 quence led,
 With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud
 was thy tread !
 Ah, better thou ne'er hadst lived that
 summit to gain,
 Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour
 the fane.

—o—

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE
IS GIVEN.

FROM this hour the pledge is given,
 From this hour my soul is thine :
 Come what will, from earth or heaven,
 Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.
 When the proud and great stood by thee,
 None dared thy rights to spurn ;
 And if now they're false and fly thee,
 Shall I, too, basely turn ?
 No ;—whate'er the fires that try thee,
 In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
 Offers now a friendly shore,
 Light may come where all looks darkest,
 Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
 And, of those past ages dreaming,
 When glory deck'd thy brow,
 Oft I fondly think, though seeming
 So fall'n and clouded now,
 Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,—
 None so bright, so blest as thou !

SILENCE, IS IN OUR FESTAL
HALLS.

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—
Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er ;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no
more ;—
All silent as th' Eolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise ;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies :
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting
lay,
His skillless voice with thine allied ;
And sung those songs whose every
tone,
When bard and minstrel long have
past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last?

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the
crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.



National Airs.

[ANOTHER collection of songs, not unworthy of being placed in companionship with the Irish Melodies, appeared from the hand of Moore, in 1815, under the title of "National Airs." Almost every country, except England, as he took occasion to point out in his prefatory Advertisement, possesses an abundance of indigenous melodies, vaguely floating about, as it were, in the atmosphere. These he likened to the half creatures, spoken of by Plato, as wandering about the universe, each in quest of its missing moiety. His ambition in taking possession of them, was to satisfy their want by coupling them with appropriate words and giving them a distinctive appellation. Without restricting his choice, however, to National Melodies, he adapted to his purpose every hitherto unappropriated and really beautiful air, claiming it, as he fantastically expressed it, as an estray swan, with the dying notes of which he enriched his humble Hippocrene. Several of his most celebrated effusions will be found included in this collection. "Flow on, thou Shining River," derived a rippling cadence that has proved perennial from a melody, until then, popular alone in Portugal. "Those Evening Bells" caught their haunting chime from a far-off tintinnabulation in Russia, to the tune of "The Bells of St. Petersburg." An Indian air sighed forth tenderly "All that's Bright must Fade," and a Scotch one, exquisitely adapted by Sir John Stevenson to some of the loveliest verses Moore ever penned, told in notes, like trickling tears, how "Oft, in the stilly night," the loved and lost are held in fond remembrance.]

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC.

HAYDN.

There breathes the language, known and felt

Far as the pure air spreads its living zone,

Wherever rage can rouse or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.

From those meridian plains
(Where oft, of old, on some high tower,

The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,

And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,

That when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away)

To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,

And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,

As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow,

O Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same!

And faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm
presides,

The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.

LIST ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
 While from Ilissus' silvery springs
 She draws the cool nymph in her graceful
 urn ;
 And by her side, in music's charm dis-
 solving,
 Some patriot youth, the glorious past
 revolving,
 Dreams of bright days that never can
 return ;
 When Athens nursed her olive bough
 With hands, by tyrant power unchain'd,
 And braided for the Muse's brow
 A wreath, by tyrant touch unstain'd.
 When heroes trod each classic field,
 Where coward feet now faintly falter ;
 When every arm was Freedom's
 shield,
 And every heart was Freedom's altar.

—o—

FLOURISH OF TRUMPET.

HARK ! 'tis the sound that charms
 The war-steed's wakening ears !—
 Oh ! many a mother folds her arms
 Round her boy-soldier, when that call
 she hears,
 And though her fond heart sink with fears,
 Is proud to feel his young pulse
 bound
 With valour's fervour at the sound !
 See ! from his native hills afar,
 The rude Helvetian flies to war,
 Careless for what, for whom he fights,
 For slave or despot, wrongs or
 rights ;
 A conqueror oft—a hero never—
 Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
 As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
 And gush'd for ever !
 O Music ! here, even here,
 Amid this thoughtless wild career,
 Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous
 power.
 There is an air, which oft among the
 rocks
 Of his own loved land, at evening
 hour,
 Is heard when shepherds homeward pipe
 their flocks :

Oh ! every note of it would thrill his
 mind
 With tenderest thoughts—would bring
 around his knees
 The rosy children whom he left behind,
 And fill each little angel eye
 With speaking tears that ask him
 why
 He wander'd from his hut for scenes like
 these ?
 Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen
 roar,
 Sweet notes of home—of love—are all
 he hears,
 And the stern eyes, that look'd for
 blood before,
 Now melting mournful lose themselves in
 tears !

—o—

SWISS AIR.

BUT wake the trumpet's blast again,
 And rouse the ranks of warrior men !
 O War ! when Truth thy arm employs,
 And Freedom's spirit guides the labour-
 ing storm,
 'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd
 form,
 And like heaven's lightning sacredly
 destroys !
 Nor, Music ! through thy breathing
 sphere,
 Lives there a sound more grateful to the
 ear
 Of him who made all harmony,
 Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
 And the first hymn that man, awaking
 From Slavery's slumber, breathes to
 Liberty !

—o—

SPANISH AIR.

HARK ! from Spain, indignant Spain,
 Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
 Like morning's music on the air,
 And seems in every note to swear,
 By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
 By brave Gerona's deathful story,
 That while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
 That blood shall stain the Conqueror's
 glory !

But ah ! if vain the patriot's zeal,
 If neither valour's force nor wisdom's
 light
 Can break or melt that blood-cemented
 seal,
 Which shuts so close the book of Europe's
 right—

What song shall then in sadness tell
 Of broken pride, of prospects shaded ;
 Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
 Of ardour quench'd and honour faded ?

What muse shall mourn the breathless
 brave,

In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine ?
 What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's
 grave ?

O Erin ! thine !

IRISH AIR.—*Gramachree.*

—o—

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Spanish Air.

“A TEMPLE to Friendship,” said Laura,
 enchanted,

“I'll build in this garden,—the thought
 is divine !”

Her temple was built, and she now only
 wanted

An image of Friendship to place on
 the shrine.

She flew to a sculptor, who set down
 before her

A Friendship, the fairest his art could
 invent ;

But so cold and so dull, that the youthful
 adorer

Saw plainly this was not the idol she
 meant.

“Oh ! never,” she cried, “could I think
 of enshrining

An image whose looks are so joyless
 and dim ;—

But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
 We'll make, if you please, sir, a

Friendship of him !”

So the bargain was struck ; with the little
 god laden

She joyfully flew to her shrine in the
 grove :

“Farewell,” said the sculptor, “you're
 not the first maiden

Who came but for Friendship and
 took away Love.”

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING
 RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

FLOW on, thou shining river ;

But, ere thou reach the sea,
 Seek Ella's bower, and give her
 The wreaths I fling o'er thee.

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
 The current of our lives shall be,
 With joys along their course to shine,
 Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
 Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
 Then leave those wreaths to wither
 Upon the cold bank there ;
 And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be
 Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.

—o—

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST
 FADE.

Indian Air.

ALL that's bright must fade,—
 'The brightest still the fleetest ;
 All that's sweet was made,
 But to be lost when sweetest.

Stars that shine and fall ;—
 The flower that drops in springing ;—
 These, alas ! are types of all
 To which our hearts are clinging.

All that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest ;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest !

Who would seek or prize
 Delights that end in aching ?
 Who would trust to ties
 That every hour are breaking ?

Better far to be
 In utter darkness lying,
 Than to be bless'd with light, and see
 That light for ever flying.

All that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest ;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest !

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,

That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell,—

That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,

Or that tear of passion, which bless'd our farewell.

To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—

Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss ;

Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other

In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like daybreak, new, sudden, delicious,—

The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet ;

The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,

More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.

Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow

To think that such happiness could not remain ;

While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow

Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again.

—o—

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Air—The Bells of St. Petersburg.

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !

How many a tale their music tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,

When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away ; And many a heart, that then was gay, Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ; That tuneful peal will still ring on, While other bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

—o—

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Portuguese Air.

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,

Which now so sweetly thy heart employ ;

Should the cold world come to wake thee From all thy visions of youth and joy ;

Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish

Him who once thought thy young heart his own,

All, like spring birds, falsely vanish, And leave thy winter unheeded and lone ;

Oh ! 'tis then that he thou hast slighted Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er ;

Then the truant, lost and blighted, Would to his bosom be taken once more.

Like that dear bird we both can remember,

Who left us while summer shone round, But, when chill'd by bleak December,

On our threshold a welcome still found.

—o—

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Italian Air.

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,

Went on a party of pleasure one day : Folly play'd

Around the maid,

The bells of his cap rung merrily out ; While Reason took

To his sermon book—

Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,

Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very
sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull
page.

Till Folly said,

"Look here, sweet maid!"—

The sight of his cap brought her back to
herself;

While Reason read

His leaves of lead,

With no one to mind him, poor sensible
elf!

No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible
elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's
gay cap;

Had he that on, he her heart might
entrap—

"There it is,"

Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"

(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis
said,)

"Under the sun

There's no such fun,

As Reason with my cap and bells on his
head,

Reason with my cap and bells on his
head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly
wore,

That Beauty now liked him still less than
before;

While Folly took

Old Reason's book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such
ton,

That Beauty vow'd

(Though not aloud),

She lik'd him still better in that than his
own,

Yes,—liked him still better in that than
his own.

—o—

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

Sicilian Air.

FARE thee well, thou lovely one:

Lovely still, but dear no more;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er.

Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;

But eyes that acted truth so well

Were sure to be believed.

Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!

Lovely still, but dear no more;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,

True as stars they keep their light;

Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil

Of blushing always bright.

'Tis only on thy changeful heart

The blame of falsehood lies;

Love lives in every other part,

But there, alas! he dies.

Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!

Lovely still, but dear no more;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love's sweet life is o'er.

—o—

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

Portuguese Air.

DOST thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,

Where first I told thee all my secret
sighs?

When, as the moonbeam, that trembled
o'er thee,

Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in
those eyes?

Then, then, while closely heart was
drawn to heart,

Love bound us—never, never more to
part!

And when I call'd thee by names the
dearest

That love could fancy, the fondest,
nearest,—

"My life, my only life!" among the
rest;

In those sweet accents that still enthrall
me,

Thou saidst, "Ah! wherefore thy life
thus call me?"

Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I
love best;

For life soon passes,—but how bless'd to
be
That Soul which never, never parts from
thee ! ”

—o—

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAY- LIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

OH, come to me when daylight sets ;
Sweet ! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets ;
Sweet ! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet ! like thee and me ;
When all's so calm below, above,
In heav'n and o'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets ;
Sweet ! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

—o—

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Scotch Air.

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one
Who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—o—

HARK ! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Russian Air.

HARK ! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear ;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear :
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear :
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along ;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song :
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush ! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along :
Jubilate, Amen.

—o—

LOVE AND HOPE.

Swiss Air.

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined ;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
 Across this sunny main ;"
 And then so sweet his parting smile,
 That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
 Believed he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
 Along the waters lay ;
 And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
 Oft traced his name, which still the stream
 As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
 And tow'rd the maiden moves !
 'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and
 bright
 His golden bark reflects the light,
 But ah ! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
 Her night-lamp o'er the sea ;
 And calm the light that lamp bestow'd ;
 But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
 And where, alas ! was he ?

Now fast around the sea and shore
 Night threw her darkling chain ;
 The sunny sails were seen no more,
 Hope's morning dreams of bliss were
 o'er,—
 Love never came again.

—o—

THERE COMES A TIME.

German Air.

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
 To him whose heart hath flown
 O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
 And made each flower its own.
 'Tis when his soul must first renounce
 Those dreams so bright, so fond ;
 Oh ! then's the time to die at once,
 For life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
 That instant all is night ;
 And so should life at once be o'er,
 When Love withdraws his light ;—
 Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
 Through twilight's dim delay,
 The cold remains of lustre gone,
 Of fire long pass'd away.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANG-
ING THEME.

Swedish Air.

My harp has one unchanging theme,
 One strain that still comes o'er
 Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
 Of joy that's now no more.
 In vain I try, with livelier air,
 To wake the breathing string ;
 That voice of other times is there,
 And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid
 strain,
 Henceforth be all my own ;
 Though thou art oft so full of pain,
 Few hearts can bear thy tone.
 Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
 The breath that Pleasure's wings
 Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
 Were still upon thy strings.

—o—

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN
FIRST WE LOVED.

Cashmerian Air.

OH, no—not ev'n when first we loved,
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art ;
 Thy beauty then my senses moved,
 —But now thy virtues bind my heart.
 What was but Passion's sigh before,
 Has since been turn'd to Reason's
 vow ;
 And, though I then might love thee
 more,
 Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
 Might kindle with more wild desire,
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
 Much more than it has lost in fire.
 The flame now warms my inmost core,
 That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
 And, though I seem'd to love thee
 more,
 Yet, oh, I love thee *better* now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Scotch Air.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou
rov'st ;

May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that
thou lov'st,

Come smiling around thy sunny way !
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more
brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower be-
neath.

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

—o—

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

French Air.

WHILE I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,

For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles.
While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying ;
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him ;
T'other idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river ;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever ;

While the boy, whose look
Was in heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it !
While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current !
Sense went home to bed ;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river !
While I touch the string, &c.

—o—

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

Old English Air.

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear love !
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numb'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this,
Dear love !
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love !
And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love !
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets ;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love !
Like them in tears it sets.

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTA-
NET.

Maltese Air.

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh, then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh, then, how sweet to say
Into some loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, too, the farewell kiss—
The words, whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

—o—

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY

Languedocian Air.

LOVE is a hunter-boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey;
And, in his nets of joy,
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie—
Love tracks them everywhere;
In vain aloft they fly—
Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chase.
And if, through virgin snow,
He tracks her footsteps fair,
How sweet for Love to know
None went before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT START-
ING TEAR AWAY.

French Air.

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.
Like sunset gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from
Fate—

The brightest, and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now.
Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore!
Come, chase that starting tear, &c.

—o—

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEET-
ING!

Portuguese Air.

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us;
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us,

Hearts beating,
At meeting;
Tears starting,
At parting;

Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

Wand'rings far away from home,
With life all new before us;
Greetings warm, when home we come,
From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er
us.

Tears starting,
At parting;
Hearts beating,
At meeting;

Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some!
To some, how bright and fleeting!

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

French Air.

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our Love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?

Hear me but once, &c.

—o—

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

Swedish Air.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath;—
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and, at *his* weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

Sicilian Air.

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I loved, each hour—I scarce knew whom—
And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

Ay—those were days when life had wings,
And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light.
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

—o—

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

Welsh Air.

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thou hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still as she was—no charm forgot—
No lustre lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in heaven!

—o—

GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

Sicilian Air.

Go, then—'tis vain to hover
 Thus round a hope that's dead ;
 At length my dream is over ;
 'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled !
 Farewell ! since nought it moves thee,
 Such truth as mine to see—
 Some one, who far less loves thee,
 Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
 New life around me shed ;
 Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
 Now leaves me death instead.
 Go, now, those charms surrender
 To some new lover's sigh—
 One who, though far less tender,
 May be more bless'd than I.

—o—

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

O'ER mountains bright
 With snow and light,
 We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
 While rocks and caves,
 And icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song ;
 And, when we meet with store of gems,
 We grudge not kings their diadems.
 O'er mountains bright
 With snow and light,
 We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
 While grotts and caves,
 And icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
 Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
 As we of those refreshing gleams
 That tell where deep the crystal lies ;
 Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
 That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
 O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
 The golden sunset leaves its ray,
 So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
 We thither bend our headlong way ;

And, though we find no treasure there,
 We bless the rose that shines so fair.

O'er mountains bright
 With snow and light,
 We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
 While rocks and caves,
 And icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song.

—o—

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Venetian Air.

Row gently here,
 My gondolier,
 So softly wake the tide,
 That not an ear,
 On earth, may hear,
 But hers to whom we glide.
 Had heaven but tongues to speak, as
 well
 As starry eyes to see,
 Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell
 Of wandering youths like me !

Now rest thee here,
 My gondolier,
 Hush, hush, for up I go,
 To climb yon light
 Balcony's height,
 While thou keep'st watch below.
 Ah ! did we take for heaven above
 But half such pains as we
 Take, day and night, for woman's love,
 What Angels we should be !

—o—

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

French Air.

OH, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
 Why thus for ever haunt my view ?
 When in the grave your light lay
 shrouded,
 Why did not Memory die there too ?
 Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
 Telling of joys that yet remain—
 No, never more can this life bring me
 One joy that equals youth's sweet
 pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
 Cold winds of Time blow round my
 brow ;
 Sunshine of youth ! that once fell o'er
 me,
 Where is your warmth, your glory
 now ?
 'Tis not that then no pain could sting
 me ;
 'Tis not that now no joys remain ;
 Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
 One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

—o—

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

WHEN first that smile, like sunshine,
 bless'd my sight,
 Oh what a vision then came o'er me !
 Long years of love, of calm and pure
 delight,
 Seem'd in that smile to pass before
 me.
 Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer
 skies,
 Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,
 With fonder hope than I of those sweet
 eyes,
 And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly promised
 hours ?
 Ah ! woman's faith is like her bright-
 ness—
 Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-
 flowers,
 Or aught that's known for grace and
 lightness.
 Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of
 day,
 Should be each vow of Love's repeat-
 ing ;
 Quick let him worship Beauty's precious
 ray—
 Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is fleet-
 ing !

—o—

PEACE TO THE SLUMB'RERS !

Catalonian Air.

PEACE to the slumb'ers !
 They lie on the battle-plain,
 With no shroud to cover them ;
 The dew and the summer rain
 Are all that weep over them.
 Peace to the slumb'ers !

Vain was their brav'ry—
 The fallen oak lies where it lay
 Across the wintry river ;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
 Are gone, alas ! for ever.
 Vain was their brav'ry !

Woe to the conq'ror !
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
 Of whom his sword bereft us,
 Ere we forget the deep arrears
 Of vengeance they have left us !
 Woe to the conq'ror !

—o—

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

Sicilian Air.

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet
 light
 We used to gaze on so many an eve,
 When love was new and hope was bright,
 Ere I could doubt, or thou deceive—
 Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went
 by
 Those hours of transport, even *thou*
 may'st sigh.

Yes, proud one ! even thy heart may
 own
 That love like ours was far too sweet
 To be, like summer garments, thrown
 Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat ;
 And wish in vain to know again
 Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee
 then.

—o—

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

Portuguese Air.

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,
None could doubt, who saw or knew
them,

Hymen's call was welcome to them.

"Who'll buy my love-knots?

Who'll buy my love-knots?"

Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;—

"Who'll buy my love-knots?

Who'll buy my love-knots?"

All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some
trembled.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own
making;

Here are gold ones—you may trust
'em"—

(These, of course, found ready custom).

"Come, buy my love-knots!

Come, buy my love-knots!

Some are labell'd 'Knots to tie men—
Love the maker—Bought of Hymen.'"

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, "We're
cheated!

See these flowers—they're drooping
sadly;

This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—

Who'd buy such love-knots?

Who'd buy such love-knots?

Even this tie, with Love's name round
it—

All a sham—He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good-breed-
ing;

While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose
to—

"Take back our love-knots!

Take back our love-knots!"

Coolly said, "There's no returning
Wares on Hymen's hands — Good
Morning!"



SEE, THE DAWN FROM
HEAVEN.

To an Air sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,

And Earth, from sin awaking,

Hails the light!

See those groups of angels, winging

From the realms above,

On their brows, from Eden, bringing

Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark, their hymns of glory pealing

Through the air,

To mortal ears revealing

Who lies there!

In that dwelling, dark and lowly,

Sleeps the Heavenly Son,

He, whose home's above,—the Holy,

Ever Holy One!



NETS AND CAGES.

Swedish Air.

COME, listen to my story, while

Your needle's task you ply;

At what I sing some maids will smile,

While some, perhaps, may sigh.

Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom
blames

Such florid songs as ours,

Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.

Then listen, maids, come listen, while

Your needle's task you ply;

At what I sing there's some may smile,

While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,

Such nets had learn'd to frame,

That none, in all our vales and groves,

E'er caught so much small game:

But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
While Cloe's nets were taking
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
One little Love-cage making.

Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task ;
But mark how things went on :
These light-caught Loves, ere you could
ask

Their name and age, were gone !
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.

Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was
wrought

Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there for ever ;
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
'Tis wiser to make Cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply.—
May all who hear like Susan smile,
And not, like Cloe, sigh !

—o—

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

Venetian Air.

WHEN through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
“ Our bark, love, is near :
Now, now, while there hover
Those clouds o'er the moon,
'Twill waft thee safe over
Yon silent Lagoon.”

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

Sicilian Air.

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy
slumber—
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou
number.

Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er
flies,

While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip
ere it dies.

Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your part-
ing, so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then
did—

But, never more will the beam she saw
burn

In those happy eyes, at your meeting,
return,

Go, then, and dream, &c.

—o—

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

TAKE hence the bowl ;—though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh, it but sets me dreaming
Of happy days now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some scene of bliss gone by ;—
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die.
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Alas ! the wine before me
Seems turning all to tears !

—o—

FAREWELL, THERESA!

Venetian Air.

FAREWELL, Theresa! yon cloud that
over
Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we
see,
Will scarce from that pure orb have
pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander
from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung
around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy
brow;

With gay heart, Theresa, and bright
cheek I found thee;

Oh, think how changed, love, how
changed art thou now!

But here I free thee: like one awaking
From fearful slumber, thou break'st
the spell;

'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage is
breaking—

Past are the dark clouds; Theresa,
farewell!

—o—

OFT, WHEN THE WATCHING
STARS.

Savoyard Air.

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight
scene,

To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.

"Come, come, my love!" each note then
seems to say,

"Oh, come, my love! the night wears
fast away!"

Never to mortal ear

Could words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so
clear

As do those notes to me!

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest
swell;

And, though they nought to others
speak,

He knows their language well.

"I come, my love!" each note then
seems to say,

"I come, my love!—thine, thine till
break of day."

Oh, weak the power of words,

The hues of painting dim,

Compared to what those simple
chords

Then say and paint to him!

—o—

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER
BEE.

German Air.

WHEN the first summer bee

O'er the young rose shall hover,

Then, like that gay rover,

I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to
the brim—

What a meeting, what a meeting for me
and for him!

When the first summer bee, &c.

Then, to every bright tree

In the garden he'll wander;

While I, oh, much fonder,

Will stay with thee.

In search of new sweetness through
thousands he'll run,

While I find the sweetness of thousands
in one.

Then, to every bright tree, &c.

—o—

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A
DREAM.

French Air.

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,

Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd

Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.

The bosom that opes

With earliest hopes,

The soonest finds those hopes untrue;

As flowers that first

In spring-time burst

The earliest wither too!

Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

Though by Friendship we oft are deceived
 And find Love's sunshine soon o'ercast,
 Yet Friendship will still be believed,
 And Love trusted on to the last.
 The web 'mong the leaves
 The spider weaves
 Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er
 men ;
 Though often she sees
 'Tis broke by the breeze,
 She spins the bright tissue again.
 Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

—o—

WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.

Italian Air.

WHEN the wine-cup is smiling before us,
 And we pledge round to hearts that are
 true, boy, true,
 Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
 And heaven gives a glimpse of its
 blue.
 Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
 We are better, far better off thus, boy,
 thus ;
 For *him* but *two* bright eyes were shin-
 ing—
 See, what numbers are sparkling for
 us !
 When on *one* side the grape-juice is
 dancing,
 While on t'other a blue eye beams,
 boy, beams,
 'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the
 glancing,
 To disturb ev'n a saint from his
 dreams.
 Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
 I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
 So the grape on its bank is still grow-
 ing,
 And Love lights the waves as they
 run.

—o—

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Neapolitan Air.

WHERE shall we bury our shame?
 Where, in what desolate place,
 Hide the last wreck of a name
 Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
 Death may dissever the chain,
 Oppression will cease when we're
 gone ;
 But the dishonour, the stain,
 Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
 Liberty's cry from our shore?
 Was it for this that her shout
 Thrill'd to the world's very core?
 Thus to live cowards and slaves !—
 Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
 Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
 Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

—o—

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

Maharatta Air.

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
 Give me the sage who's able
 To draw his moral thoughts and rules
 From the study of the table ;—
 Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
 This world and all that's in it,
 From the bumper that but crowns his
 glass,
 And is gone again next minute !

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
 The pearl beneath the water ;
 While Truth, more precious, dwells in
 wine,
 The grape's own rosy daughter.
 And none can prize her charms like
 him,
 Oh, none like him obtain her,
 Who thus can, like Leander, swim
 Through sparkling floods to gain her !

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

Highland Air.

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
 All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell ;
 Whether its music roll'd like torrents
 near,
 Or died, like distant streamlets, on the
 ear.
 Sleep, sleep, mute bard ; alike unheeded
 now
 The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless
 brow ;—
 That storm, whose rush is like thy mar-
 tial lay ;
 That breeze which, like thy love-song,
 dies away !



DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS
 WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
 Or that Hope's sweet day is set ;
 While I've thee and love remaining,
 Life is in th' horizon yet.
 Do not think those charms are flying,
 Though thy roses fade and fall ;
 Beauty hath a grace undying,
 Which in thee survives them all.
 Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
 That on other cheeks may shine,
 Would I change the least, the slightest,
 That is ling'ring now o'er thine.



THE GAZELLE.

DOST thou not hear the silver bell,
 Through yonder lime-trees ringing ?
 'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
 To me her love thoughts bringing,—
 All the while that silver bell
 Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath
 My love hath kiss'd in tying ;
 Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
 Those silent flowers are lying,—
 Hid within the mystic wreath,
 My love hath kiss'd in tying !

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest,
 Who thus hath breath'd her soul to me,
 In every leaf thou bearest ;
 Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest !

Hail, ye living, speaking flowers,
 That breathe of her who bound ye :
 Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,
 'Twas on her lips, she found ye ;—
 Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
 'Twas on her lips she found ye.



NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO
 REST.

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it
 may,
 When youth, and love, and hope, have
 pass'd away.
 Couldst thou, when summer hours are
 fled,
 To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
 Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it
 shed ?
 No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it
 may,
 When youth, and love, and hope, have
 pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was
 bright,
 Thy smile might still have fed its tran-
 quil light ;
 But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
 Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
 When wreck'd and lost his bark before
 him lies !
 No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it
 may,
 Since youth, and love, and hope, have
 pass'd away.



WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.

"WHERE are the visions that round me
once hover'd,
Forms that shed grace from their sha-
dows alone ;
Looks fresh as light from a star just dis-
cover'd,
And voices that Music might take for
her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings
resting o'er me,
Heard me say, "Where are those
visions, oh where?"
And pointing his wand to the sunset be-
fore me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow
wind, "There."

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had
spoken,
And there, 'mid the dim shining ruins
of day,
Saw, by their light, like a talisman
broken,
The last golden fragments of hope
melt away.

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER
BOY.

WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs ;
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies.
Hark ! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods
repeat,

Hilli-ho ! Hilli-ho !

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with ans'ring, dies :
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild boar lies.
Hark ! the cry, "He's found, he's
found,"
While hill and valley our shouts resound,
Hilli-ho ! Hilli-ho !

OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

OH, guard our affection, nor e'er let it
feel
The blight that this world o'er the
warmest will steal :
While the faith of all round us is fading
or past,
Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to
the last.

Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to
weep,
As he used in his prime, than go smiling
to sleep ;
For death on his slumber, cold death
follows fast,
While the love that is wakeful lives on
to the last.

And though, as Time gathers his clouds
o'er our head,
A shade somewhat darker o'er life they
may spread,
Transparent, at least, be the shadow they
cast,
So that Love's soften'd light may shine
through to the last.



SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

"SLUMBER, oh slumber ; if sleeping
thou mak'st
My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou
wak'st."
Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds,
o'er her cheeks ;
If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost
when she speaks."
Thus sing I, while, awaking
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS
HITHER.

BRING the bright garlands hither,
Ere yet a leaf is dying ;
If so soon they must wither,
Ours be their last sweet sighing.
Hark, that low dismal chime !
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,
Bring all that yet is ours ;
Let life's day, as it closes,
Shine to the last through flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never ;
Now, while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost for ever.
Hark ! again that dull chime,
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing !

—o—

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

IF in loving, singing, night and day
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetness out, and die—
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes
glide
No atoms ever glanced so bright,
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,
So close, as thou and I !

—o—

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas ! my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er ;
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken ;
Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no
more.

Though kindly still those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone, which once they
wore ;
Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no
more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou wert before ;
But now—alas ! there's no deceiving,
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.

—o—

WHEN ABROAD IN THE
WORLD.

WHEN abroad in the world thou ap-
pearest,
And the young and the lovely are
there,
To my heart while of all thou'rt the
dearest,
To my eyes thou'rt of all the most
fair.

They pass, one by one,
Like waves of the sea,
That say to the Sun,
" See, how fair we can be,"
But where's the light like thine,
In sun or shade to shine ?

No—no, 'mong them all, there is nothing
like thee,
Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the
skies ;

Fling a mist round her head, some fine
morning,

And post down to earth in disguise ;
But, no matter what shroud
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd, "'Tis She."

So thou, where thousands are,
Shin'st forth the only star,—
Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing
like thee,
Nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL
PURELY MINE.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,
Though far off I be :
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turn'd on me.
Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breath'd for me.
Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.



HOPE COMES AGAIN.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a
stranger,
Once more she sings me her flattering
strain ;
But hush, gentle syren—for, ah, there's
less danger
In still suff'ring on, than in hoping
again.
Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for
repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath
lain ;
And joy coming now, like a sudden light
shining
O'er eyelids long dark'ned, would
bring me but pain.
Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would
shed o'er me ;
Lost to the future, my sole chance of
rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's
before me,
But, ah—in forgetting how once I was
blest.



O SAY, THOU BEST AND
BRIGHTEST.

O SAY, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath past,

Will kinder thoughts then move thee ?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying, loved thee still ?

If when, that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows :
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living,
With all its faults, was mine."



WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE
HOUR.

WHEN night brings the hour
Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy ;
With eyes so bright,
So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts ;
With lips, in whose keeping
Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flow'rs there are found
Most shining and sweet :
His looks, as soft
As lightning in May,
Though dangerous oft,
Ne'er wound but in play :
And oh, when his wings
Have brush'd o'er my lyre
You'd fancy its strings
Were turning to fire.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim,

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home at length, with fav'ring
breeze,

He brings the far-sought treasure ;
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted ;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.

FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE
AROUND THEE.

FEAR not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.

No, dead and cold for ever
Let our past love remain ;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet ;
But, how this heart is breaking
For thy own peace forget.



WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

WHEN Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things—
Love may go hang !

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
Then—good-bye, Love !

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care—
To Jericho.



THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from
those bowers
Where thou and I wander'd in long
vanish'd hours ;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here
displays,
But bears some remembrance of those
happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden
gate,
Where our meetings, though early,
seem'd always too late ;
Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-
night's moon,
Our partings, though late, appear'd
always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks
of that glade,
Where, watching the sunset, so often
we've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time went, that
Love had no power
To bind in his chain even one happy
hour.

HOW SHALL I WOO?

IF I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
 Thou think'st I speak too coldly ;
 If I mention Love's devoted flame,
 Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
 Between these two unequal fires,
 Why doom me thus to hover ?
 I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,
 If more thou seek'st, a lover.
 Which shall it be ? How shall I woo ?
 Fair one, choose between the two.

Though the wings of Love will brightly
 play,
 When first he comes to woo thee,
 There's a chance that he may fly away
 As fast as he flies to thee.
 While Friendship, though on foot she
 come,
 No flights of fancy trying,
 Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
 When Love abroad is flying.
 Which shall it be ? How shall I woo ?
 Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
 Let's see, to please thee, whether
 We may not learn some precious art
 To mix their charms together ;
 One feeling, still more sweet, to form
 From two so sweet already—
 A friendship that like love is warm,
 A love like friendship steady.
 Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
 Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

—o—

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

EV'RY season hath its pleasures ;
 Spring may boast her flow'ry prime,
 Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
 Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
 So Life's year begins and closes ;
 Days, though short'ning, still can
 shine ;
 What though youth gave love and roses,
 Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phyllis, when she might have caught
 me,
 All the Spring look'd coy and shy,
 Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
 When the flowers were all gone by.
 Ah, too late ;—she found her lover
 Calm and free beneath his vine,
 Drinking to the Spring-time over
 In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
 To their flight our pleasures suit,
 Nor regret the blossoms dying,
 While we still may taste the fruit.
 Oh, while days like this are ours,
 Where's the lip that dares repine ?
 Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
 So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

—o—

LOVE ALONE.

IF thou wouldst have thy charms enchant
 our eyes,
 First win our hearts, for there thy
 empire lies :
 Beauty in vain would mount a heartless
 throne,
 Her Right Divine is given by Love
 alone.

What would the rose with all her pride
 be worth,
 Were there no sun to call her brightness
 forth ?
 Maidens, unloved, like flowers in dark-
 ness thrown,
 Wait but that light, which comes from
 Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass
 appear,
 Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from
 year to year :
 Wouldst thou they still should shine as
 first they shone,
 Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.





THOU ART, O GOD.

“Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see.”—P. 201.

Sacred Songs.

[WHILE residing at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, during the May of 1816, Moore began to publish a collection of "Sacred Songs," which ran on to the number of three-and-thirty. By reason of their pure and devotional character, they help to counterbalance, if not to expiate, those impassioned effusions which had been issued from the press by him, some of them ten, others as many as fifteen years, previously. They were inscribed by the lyrist to his friend Edward Tuite Dalton, and embalmed verses which were better than straws and flies in the amber of melodies composed, among others, by Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Novello, Sir John Stevenson, and Lord Mornington. Not the least lovely among these airs was one by the songwriter himself—for the idea and feeling expressed in which he was indebted to a hint caught from a passage in Saint Augustine's tender treatise, addressed to his sister on the advantages of a solitary life, "De Vita Eremit. ad Sororem." But for Moore's own parenthetic acknowledgment of the source of the air to which Miriam lifts up her voice in the noble chant of "Sound the Loud Timbrel," it could never have been recognized (he has so transformed the whole character of the melody) that he had gone, in any way for inspiration, to Charles Avison's old-fashioned concertos. Though the air, to which the first of these Sacred Songs is adapted, is spoken of by Moore as unknown, it is reputed by some to have been composed by Mrs. Sheridan. In the second stanza of "This World is all a Fleeting Show," allusion was made, by the lyrist, to the fact that the amiable and lovely daughter of Colonel Bainbrigge, who had been married on the 31st of October, 1815, died of a fever but a few weeks afterwards. During her final delirium she sang, as he relates, several hymns, with a voice clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them this very one—the first and last verse of which had only very recently been composed, but with which she had already become familiar.]

THOU ART, O GOD.

Air—Unknown.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—PSALM LXXIV. 16, 17.

I.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are
thine.

II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes:—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

IV.

When youthful Spring around us
breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

—o—

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEET-
ING SHOW.*Air*—STEVENSON.

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but heaven !

II.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's
bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but heaven !

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but heaven !

—o—

FALL'N IS THY THRONE.

Air—MARTINI.

I.

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel !
Silence is o'er thy plains ;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore ?
That fire from heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord ! thou didst love Jerusalem ;—
Once, she was all thy own ;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne,
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree ;
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee !

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma ;—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away,
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reign'd as God !

IV.

“Go,”—said the Lord—“ye con-
querors !
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's !
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead !”

—o—

WHO IS THE MAID ?

Air—BEETHOVEN.

I.

WHO is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's
blight,
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks ?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light ?
No, wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love ;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's
shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine !

No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil ;
And she, who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

III.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone ;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away !

—o—

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

Air—BEETHOVEN.

I.

THE bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and
light
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

II.

So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee !
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings !

—o—

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE
MOURNER'S TEAR !*Air*—HAYDN.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth
up their wounds."—PSALM cxlvii. 3.

I.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear !
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown :
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !
Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows
bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day !

—o—

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

Air—AVISON.

I.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of
the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from
our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's
young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born
for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow
had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its
course,
And but sleeps, till the sunshine of
heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden, where first was
its source !
Weep not for those whom the veil of the
tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from
our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's
young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born
for the skies.

II.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of
the vale,

Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us
now ;

Ere life's early lustre had time to grow
pale

And the garland of love was yet fresh
on her brow ;

Oh ! then was her moment, dear spirit,
for flying

From this gloomy world, while its
gloom was unknown ;—

And the wild hymns she warbled so
sweetly, in dying,

Were echo'd in heaven by lips like her
own !

Weep not for her,—in her spring-time
she flew

To that land where the wings of the
soul are unfurl'd,

And now, like a star beyond evening's
cold dew,

Looks radiantly down on the tears of
this world.

—o—

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

Air—STEVENSON.

I.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

II.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their
caves,

Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music, breathes of
Thee !

III.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne !
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

IV.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

V.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through !

VI.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that
glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy deity !

VII.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

—o—

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Air—AVISON.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of
Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the
women went out after her with timbrels and
with dances."—EXOD. xv. 20.

I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea !

Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are
free.

Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is
broken,

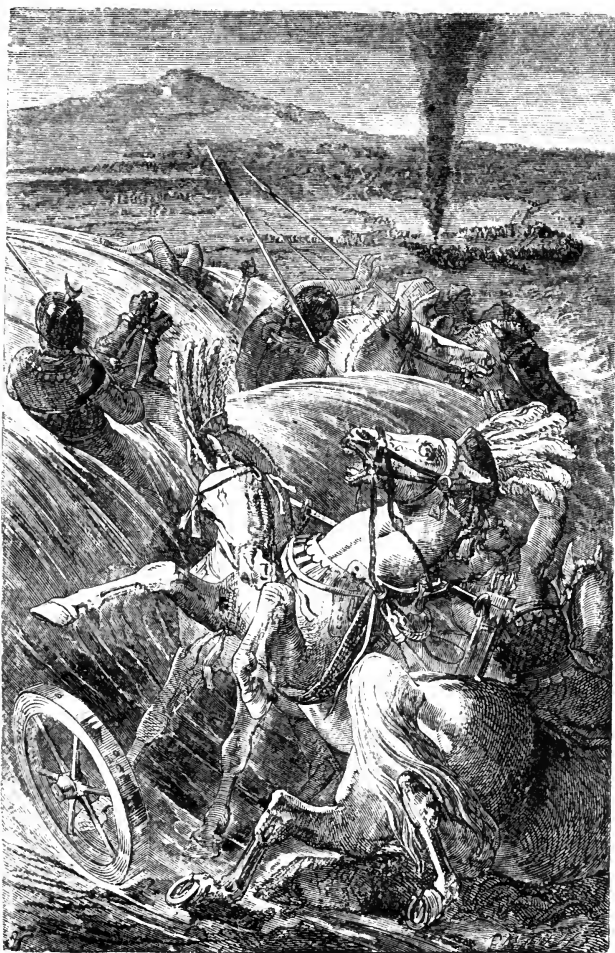
His chariots, his horsemen, all splen-
did and brave,

How vain was their boasting !—the Lord
hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk
in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea !

Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are
free.



MIRIAM'S SONG.

"How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave."—P. 204.



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II.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the
Lord,

His word was our arrow, his breath was
our sword !—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of
her pride ?

For the Lord hath look'd out from his
pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dash'd
in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea !

Iehovah has triumph'd, his people are
free.

—o—

GO, LET ME WEEP.

Air—STEVENSÓN.

I.

GO, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.

The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth, and never rise ;

While tears, that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalation reach the skies.

Go, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, inly feels

Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance
threw,

But left no trace of sweets behind.—
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves

O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well !
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew

More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance
threw,

But left no trace of sweets behind.

COME NOT, O LORD !

Air—HAYDN.

I.

COME not, O Lord ! in the dread robe of
splendour

Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day
of thine ire,

Come veil'd in those shadows, deep,
awful, but tender,

Which Mercy flings over thy features
of fire !

II.

Lord ! Thou rememberest the night,
when thy nation

Stood fronting her foe by th: red-
rolling stream ;

On Egypt thy pillar frown'd dark deso-
lation,

While Israel bask'd all the night in its
beam.

III.

So, when the dread clouds of anger en-
fold Thee,

From us, in thy mercy, the dark side
remove ;

While shrouded in terrors the guilty be-
hold Thee,

Oh ! turr. upon us the mild light of
thy love !

—o—

WERE NOT THE SINFUL
MARY'S TEARS.*Air—STEVENSÓN.*

I.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears

An offering worthy Heaven,

When o'er the faults of former years

She wept—and was forgiven ?

II.

When, bringing every balmy sweet

Her day of luxury stored,

She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet

The precious perfume pour'd ;—

III.

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were
there
Which shine for God alone !

IV.

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

V.

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh ! wouldest thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much,"—and be forgiven !

—o—

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS
RETREATS.*Air*—HAYDN.

I.

As down in the sunless retreats of the
ocean,
Sweets flowers are springing no mortal
can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of
devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to
Thee !

My God ! silent to Thee ;
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.—
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of
devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to
Thee !

II.

As still, to the Star of its Worship,
though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the
dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling
to Thee ;
My God ! trembling to Thee ;
True, fond, trembling to Thee !—

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling
to Thee !

—o—

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

Air—STEVENSON.

I.

BUT who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now ?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie ;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from ev'ry eye !

II.

Then, Judah ! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain ;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come ;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

—o—

ALMIGHTY GOD !

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Air—MOZART.

I.

ALMIGHTY GOD ! when round thy shrine
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we
twine,
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that "fadeth not away,")
We bless the flowers, expanded all,
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say,—"In Eden thus
The Tree of Life may flower for us !"

II.

When round thy Cherubs—smiling calm,
Without their flames—we wreath the
Palm,
Oh God ! we feel the emblem true—
Thy Mercy is eternal too.

Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of Palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above—
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

—o—

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

Air—MOORE.

I.

OH fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hov'ring hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear,
Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.

Be thou this dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;—
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows
lie

Between Heaven and thee, and trembling
fly!

Be thou that dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

—o—

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

Air—HANDEL.

I.

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

II.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on His throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shall dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side!

—o—

BEHOLD THE SUN.

Air—LORD MORNINGTON.

I.

BEHOLD the Sun, how bright
From yonder East he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

II.

So bright the Gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In Truth's full radiance then.

III.

Before yon Sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But oh, how dim! how pale were those,
To His one burning eye!

IV.

So Truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night—
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were
they
To Thy One glorious Light!

—o—

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR
THAT DAY.

Air—DR. BOYCE.

I.

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread,
so splendid,
When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring
o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heav'n
extended,
And hear him swear by Thee that
Time's no more?
When Earth shall feel thy fast consum-
ing ray—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear
that day?

II.

When through the world thy awful call
hath sounded—
“Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment
wake, ye Dead!”
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes
surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant
head;
While Earth and Heav'n before Him
pass away—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear
that day?

III.

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge
shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and
bright,
And say to *those*, “Depart from me for
ever!”
To *these*, “Come, dwell with me in
endless light!”
When each and all in silence take their
way—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear
that day?

—o—

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE
THEE.

Air—HAYDN.

I.

OH, teach me to love Thee, to feel what
thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my
heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

II.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and
through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the
same,
In *Thy* service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

III.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd
by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and
dearth,
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

—o—

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

Air—STEVENSON.

I.

WEEP, weep for him, the Man of God—
In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
But none of earth can point the sod
That flowers above his sacred breast.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

II.

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain,
His words refresh'd like Heaven's
dew—
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A Chief, to God and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

III.

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land—and died.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

IV.

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning, pass'd away.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

—o—

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER
EARLY BREEZE.

Air—BEETHOVEN.

I.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in those furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

II.

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before,
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there.

III.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en Angels stoop'd to hear that song.

IV.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies!

—o—

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Air—Cerman.

I.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you
languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven
cannot heal.

II.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and
pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's
name saying—
“Earth has no sorrow that Heaven
cannot cure.”

III.

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings
us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can
reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope
sings us—
“Earth has no sorrow that God can-
not heal.”

—o—

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT
IS COME.

Air—STEVENSON.

I.

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come;
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the Lord is on thee!

II.

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,
From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.

III.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daugh-
ters.

IV.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before
thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

V.

See, who are these that, like a cloud,
Are gathering from all earth's do-
minions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling
pinions.

VI.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
The ships of Tarshish round will
hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

VII.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on
glorious.

VIII.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
Nor Ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salva-
tion.

IX.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

X.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown—
Thy days of mourning all are ended.

XI.

My own, elect, and righteous Land!
The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand—
Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.

—o—

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

Air—CRESCENTINI.

I.

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight
grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so
dreary—

What may that desert be?

'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few
joys that come
Are lost like that daylight, for 'tis not
their home.

II.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose
faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and
flies—

Who may that Pilgrim be?

'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life
tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are
gone.

III.

There is a bright Fountain, through that
Desert stealing
To pure lips alone its refreshment reveal-
ing—

What may that Fountain be?

'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs
under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be
found.

IV.

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath
the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy
dwell—

Who may that Spirit be?

'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath
learn'd that, where'er
Her wand bends to worship, the Truth
must be there!

—o—

SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

Air—NICHOLAS FREEMAN.

I.

SINCE first thy Word awaked my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel, or hear or see—
All bonds of earth I sever—
Thee, O God, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

II.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.

And shall a soul Thou bidst be free,
Return to bondage?—never!
Thee, O God, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

—o—

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

Air—ROUSSEAU.

I.

HARK! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
Earth's weary children to repose;
While, round the couch of Nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.

II.

Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
From out the veils that hid the Ark.

III.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
Thou who, in silence throned above,
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.

IV.

Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

—o—

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING,
YE SAINTED?*Air—HASSE.*

I.

WHERE is your dwelling, ye Sainted?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light?
Who the same kingdom inherits?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of Spirits,
Or hope to dwell with you there?

II.

Sages! who, ev'n in exploring
Nature through all her bright ways,
Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—

Martyrs! who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood—
Sinners! whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good—

III.

Maidens! who, like the young Crescent,
Turning away your pale brows
From earth, and the light of the Present,
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—
Say, through what region enchanted,
Walk ye, in heaven's sweet air?
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

—o—

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE
MUSE'S WING.*Air—Anonymous.*

I.

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
Whose theme is in the skies—
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
The nearer heav'n they rise.

II.

Though Love his magic lyre may tune,
Yet ah, the flow'rs he round it wreathes
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's
moon,
Whose madness in their odour
breathes.

III.

How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,
And palm that never dies.

IV.

Though War's high-sounding harp may
be
Most welcome to the hero's ears,
Alas, his chords of victory
Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.

V.

How far more sweet their numbers run,
Who hymn, like Saints above,
No victor, but th' Eternal One,
No trophies but of Love!

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

Air—STEVENSON.

I.

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-
branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom
is come !

From that time, when the moon upon
Ajalon's vale,
Looking motionless down, saw the
kings of the earth,

In the presence of God's mighty
Champion, grow pale—

Oh, never had Judah an hour of such
mirth !

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-
branch home,

And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom
is come !

II.

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs
of each tree

That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of
the Free.

From that day, when the footsteps of
Israel shone,

With a light not their own, through
the Jordan's deep tide,

Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark
glided on—

Oh, never had Judah an hour of such
pride !

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-
branch home,

And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom
is come !

—o—

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK,
HEREAFTER.*Air*—HAYDN.

I.

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the Spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourn'd for
here ?

II.

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

III.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n, where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay ?

IV.

Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

V.

Alas, alas !—doth Hope deceive us ?
Shall friendship—love—shall all those
ties

That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies ?

VI.

Oh, if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven
Where all we love shall live again ?

—o—

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

Air—NOVELLO.

I.

“WAR against Babylon !” shout we
around,

Be our banners through earth unfurl'd ;
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the
sound—

“War against Babylon !” shout through
the world !

Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,
Thy day of pride is ended now ;
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy
brow !

War, war, war against Babylon !

II.

Make bright the arrows, and gather the
shields,

Set the standard of God on high ;
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
“Zion” our watchword, and “venge-
ance” our cry !

Woe ! woe !—the time of thy visitation
Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last !

War, war, war against Babylon !

Lalla Rookh.

[MOORE'S Oriental romance of "Lalla Rookh" was published in the spring of 1817, having been then five years in preparation. It appeared in the form of a handsome quarto volume of 405 pages, beautifully printed, but upon very thin paper, and was issued from the press by the Messrs. Longman. The large sum of three thousand guineas was paid for it by the publishers, but heavy though the amount was, it soon proved to have been for them a wise and even splendid investment. Editions passed into circulation almost as rapidly as they could be printed. The work was translated into most of the European, and into more than one of the Oriental languages. It was variously adapted to the stage, besides, as a lyrical, an equestrian, and a spectacular drama. Moore, as far back as in 1812, had been urged, by several of his intimates, to write a poem upon an Eastern subject, and at first, almost reluctantly, turned his thoughts in that direction. By way of preparative, he read up voraciously and omnivorously, disdaining no Oriental work that was accessible. Before putting pen to paper in the matter, he saturated his mind, as far as he could, with Asiatic knowledge. His reward came to him in the fact that even experts recognized the verisimilitude of his descriptions. Travellers from the far East, on reading his book, would hardly believe that he had never in his life been upon the back of a camel—instead of that, contenting himself, in slippered ease, with turning the pages of writers like D'Herbelot. So brilliant and rapid was the success achieved by "Lalla Rookh," far beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, that five years after its original publication it was represented in a series of magnificent *tableaux vivants*, in the Royal Palace at Berlin, upon the occasion of the reception there, in 1822, of the Grand Duke (afterwards the Czar) Nicholas. The caste of this Divertissement of "Lalla Rookh," *mêlé de chants et de danse*, was as follows:—

Fadladin, Grand Nasir	COMTE HAACK, MARÉCHAL DE COUR.
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie	SON ALTESSE IMPÉRIAL LE GRAND DUC.
Lalla Rookh	SON ALTESSE IMPÉRIALE LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.
Aurunzebe, le Grand Mogul	SON ALTESSE ROYALE LE PRINCE GUILLAUME FRÈRE DU ROI.
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris	SON ALTESSE LE DUC DE CUMBERLAND.
La Reine, son épouse	SON ALTESSE ROYALE LA PRINCESSE LOUISE RADZIVILL.

Besides these high personages, two of whom, in the future, became Emperors, one Empress, and another a King, 150 of the leading members of the Russian and Prussian courts appeared upon the mimic scene as Seigneurs et Dames de Bucharie, Dames de Cachemire, Seigneurs et Dames dansans à la Fête des Roses, and in other capacities. Fresh from witnessing this sumptuous spectacle, the Baron de la Motte Fouqué undertook the task of producing his now well-known translation into German of Moore's masterpiece. Under what circumstances he was induced to perform that task, he has himself related in his dedicatory poem to the Czarina. No sooner was the enacting of the Divertissement completed—no sooner had the curtain fallen upon the concluding *tableau*—than the future Empress, arrayed in her exquisite costume as Lalla Rookh, exclaimed, with a sigh, "Is it, then, all over? Are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight? Lives there no poet who will impart to others and to future times some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?" Whereupon, following the impulse of the moment, a Knight of Cashmere, who was no other than the Baron de la Motte Fouqué himself, stepped forward with a promise that he would attempt to present to the world a German version of the Poem in the measure of the original—a promise at once sealed and rewarded by the impersonator of Lalla Rookh with a smile of approval.]

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh;—a princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony,

the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan, in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples on the tops of the palankeens; the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were, enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen, immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the Prince at noon-day say, ‘It is night,’ declare that you behold the moon and stars.”

And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladeen (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra, the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that

the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

IN that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his
beam,
Flowerets and fruits blush over every
stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga
roves
Among Merou's bright palaces and
groves;—
There, on that throne to which the blind
belief
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-
Chief,
The Great Mokanna. O'er his features
hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had
flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal
sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear
its light.
For far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were e'en the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's cheek, when down the
Mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his
God!

On either side, with ready hearts and
hands,
His chosen guard of bold believers
stands;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem
their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than
words;
And such their zeal, there's not a youth
with brand
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's com-
mand.

Would make his own devoted heart its
sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a
death!
In hatred to the caliph's hue of night,
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy
white;
Their weapons various—some, equipp'd
for speed,
With javelins of the light Kathaian
reed;
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining
quivers
Fill'd with the stems that bloom on Iran's
rivers;
While some, for war's more terrible
attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous
battle-axe;
And, as they wave aloft in morning's
beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms,
they seem
Like a chenar-tree grove, when winter
throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering
snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that
uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of
gold,
Aloft the haram's curtain'd galleries
rise,
Where, through the silken network,
glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams
that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the
pomp below.—
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints,
would dare
To hint that aught but Heaven hath
placed you there?

Or that the loves of this light world
 could bind,
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring
 ing mind?
 No—wrongful thought!—commission'd
 from above
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of
 love
 (Creatures so bright, that the same lips
 and eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise),
 There to recline among heaven's native
 maids,
 And crown th' elect with bliss that never
 fades—
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding
 done ;
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those who kneel at Brahma's burn-
 ing founts,
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er
 Yemem's mounts ;
 From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like
 ray,
 To the small, half-shut glances of
 Kathay ;
 And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker
 smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western
 Isles ;
 All, all are there ;—each land its flower
 hath given,
 To form that fair young Nursery for
 Heaven !

But why this pageant now ? this arm'd
 array ?
 What triumph crowds the rich divan to-
 day
 With turban'd heads, of every hue and
 race,
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds, of different shape and
 dyes,
 Bending beneath th' invisible west-wind's
 sighs !
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith
 to sign,
 And blood to seal, as genuine and
 divine ?—
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own
 power
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace
 this hour ?

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

Though few his years, the West already
 knows
 Young Azim's fame ;—beyond th' Olym-
 pian snows,
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy
 cheek,
 O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the
 Greek,
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolved
 his chains ;—
 Oh ! who could, e'en in bondage, tread
 the plains
 Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
 Kindling within him ? who, with heart
 and eyes,
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor
 see
 The shining footprints of her Deity,
 Nor feel those god-like breathings in the
 air,
 Which mutely told her spirit had been
 there ?
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too
 well
 For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening
 spell !
 And now, returning to his own dear land,
 Full of those dreams of good that,
 vainly grand,
 Haunt the young heart ;—proud views of
 human-kind,
 Of men to gods exalted and refined ;—
 False views, like that horizon's fair
 deceit,
 Where earth and heaven but seem, alas !
 to meet ;—

Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was
 raised
 To right the nations, and beheld,
 emblazed
 On the white flag Mokanna's host
 unfurl'd,
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to
 the World,"
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul
 obey'd
 Th' inspiring summons; every chosen
 blade,
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred
 text,
 Seem'd doubly edged, for this world and
 the next;
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth
 bandage bind
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
 In virtue's cause;—never was soul in-
 spired
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneel-
 ing, pale
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
 Believes the form, to which he bends his
 knee,
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
 This fetter'd world from every bond and
 stain,
 And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley
 crowd
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and
 bow'd,
 With shouts of "Alla!" echoing long
 and loud;
 While high in air, above the Prophet's
 head,
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam
 spread,
 Waved, like the wings of the white birds
 that fan
 The flying throne of star-taught Soli-
 man!
 Then thus he spoke:—"Stranger,
 though new the frame
 Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its
 flame
 For many an age, in every chance and
 change,
 Of that existence, through whose varied
 range—

As through a torch-race, where, from
 hand to hand,
 The flying youths transmit their shining
 brand—
 From frame to frame th' unextinguish'd
 soul
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!
 "Nor think 'tis only the gross spirits,
 warm'd
 With duskier fire and for earth's medium
 form'd,
 That run this course;—beings, the most
 divine,
 Thus deign through dark mortality to
 shine.
 Such was the essence that in Adam
 dwelt,
 To which all heaven, except the Proud
 One, knelt:
 Such the refined intelligence that glow'd
 In Moussa's frame;—and, thence de-
 scending, flow'd
 Through many a Prophet's breast;—in
 Issa shone,
 And in Mohammed burn'd; till, hasten-
 ing on,
 (As a bright river that, from fall to fall
 In many a maze descending, bright
 through all,
 Finds some fair region where, each laby-
 rinth past,
 In one full lake of light it rests at last!)
 That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
 From lapse or shadow, centres all in
 me!"
 Again, throughout th' assembly, at
 these words,
 Thousands of voices rung; the warriors'
 swords
 Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden
 wind
 In th' open banners play'd, and from
 behind
 Those Persian hangings, that but ill
 could screen
 The haram's loveliness, white hands were
 seen
 Waving embroider'd scarves, whose
 motion gave
 A perfume forth;—like those the Houris
 wave
 When beckoning to their bowers th' Im-
 mortal Brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime,
 That claim a holier mood and calmer time
 Than earth allows us now;—this sword
 must first
 The darkling prison-house of mankind
 burst,
 Ere peace can visit them, or truth let in
 Her wakening daylight on a world of sin!
 But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
 Earth's shrines and thrones before our
 banner fall;
 When the glad slave shall at these feet
 lay down
 His broken chain, the tyrant lord his
 crown,
 The priest his book, the conqueror his
 wreath,
 And from the lips of Truth one mighty
 breath
 Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its
 breeze
 That whole dark pile of human mock-
 eries;—
 Then shall the reign of Mind commence
 on earth,
 And starting fresh, as from a second
 birth,
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new
 spring,
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy
 thing!
 Then, too, your Prophet from his angel
 brow
 Shall cast the Veil, that hides its splen-
 dours now,
 And gladden'd earth shall, through her
 wide expanse,
 Bask in the glories of this countenance!
 "For thee, young warrior, welcome!—
 thou hast yet
 Some tasks to learn, some frailties to
 forget,
 Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow
 can wave;—
 But, once my own, mine all till in the
 grave!"
 The pomp is at an end,—the crowds
 are gone—
 Each ear and heart still haunted by the
 tone
 Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like
 Alla's own!

The young all dazzled by the plumes and
 lances,
 The glittering throne, and haram's half-
 caught glances;
 The old deep pondering on the promised
 reign
 Of peace and truth; and all the female
 train
 Ready to risk their eyes, could they but
 gaze
 A moment on that brow's miraculous
 blaze!

But there was one, among the chosen
 maids,
 Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken
 shades—
 One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
 Has been like death;—you saw her pale
 dismay,
 Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the
 burst
 Of exclamation from her lips, when
 first
 She saw that youth, too well, too dearly
 known,
 Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah, Zelica! there *was* a time, when
 bliss
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of
 his;
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe
 the air
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest
 prayer!
 When round him hung such a perpetual
 spell,
 What'er he did, none ever did so well.
 Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a
 flower
 Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that
 hour;
 When thou didst study him, till every
 tone
 And gesture and dear look became thy
 own,—
 Thy voice like his, the changes of his
 face
 In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
 Like echo, sending back sweet music,
 fraught
 With twice th' aerial sweetness it had
 brought!

Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
 E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright
 for thee;
 No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
 From th' other world, he comes as if to
 haunt
 Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost del-
 light,
 Long lost to all but memory's aching
 sight:—
 Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our
 youth
 Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the
 truth
 And innocence once ours, and leads us
 back,
 In mournful mockery, o'er the shining
 track
 Of our young life, and points out every
 ray
 Of hope and peace we've lost upon the
 way!

Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's
 groves,
 Who had not heard of their first youthful
 loves?
 Born by that ancient flood, which from
 its spring
 In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
 Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that
 shines
 With relics from Bucharua's ruby mines,
 And, lending to the Caspian half its
 strength,
 In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at
 length;—
 There, on the banks of that bright river
 born,
 The flowers, that hung above its wave at
 morn,
 Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd
 by,
 With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
 And virgin glance of first affection cast
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it
 pass'd!
 But war disturb'd this vision—far away
 From her fond eyes, summon'd to join
 th' array
 Of Persia's warriors on the hills of
 Thrace,
 The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-
 place

For the rude tent and war-field's deathful
 clash;
 His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
 Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle
 chains
 For bleeding boneage on Byzantium's
 plains.
 Month after month, in widowhood of
 soul
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers
 roll
 Their suns away—but, ah! how cold and
 dim
 Even summer suns, when not beheld with
 him!
 From time to time ill-omen'd rumours
 came,
 (Like spirit tongues, muttering the sick
 man's name,
 Just ere he dies),—at length, those sounds
 Of dread
 Fell withering on her soul, “Azim is
 dead!”
 O grief, beyond all other griefs, when
 fate
 First leaves the young heart lone and
 desolate
 In the wide world, without that only tie
 For which it loved to live or fear'd to
 die;—
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath
 spoken
 Since the sad day its master-chord was
 broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was
 such,
 E'en reason sunk blighted beneath its
 touch;
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit
 rose
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
 Though health and bloom return'd, the
 delicate chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd
 again.
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest
 day,
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd
 astray;—
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway
 shone
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding
 one!



THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

“Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
E'en reason sunk blighted beneath its touch.”—P. 220.

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Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly
 smiled,
 But 'twas a lustre strange, unreal, wild ;
 And when she sung to her lute's touching
 strain,
 'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half
 pain,
 The bulbul utters, ere her soul depart,
 When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's
 powerful art,
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness
 broke her heart !

Such was the mood in which that
 mission found
 Young Zelica,—that mission, which
 around
 The eastern world, in every region blest
 With woman's smile, sought out its love-
 liest,
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for
 the skies !—
 And such quick welcome as a spark re-
 ceives
 Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd
 leaves,
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
 In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted
 mind.
 All fire at once the maddening zeal she
 caught ;—
 Elect of Paradise ! blest, rapturous
 thought ;
 Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal
 dome,
 Of some brave youth—ha ! durst they
 say “ of some ? ”
 No—of the one, one only object traced
 In her heart's core too deep to be
 effaced ;
 The one whose memory, fresh as life, is
 twined
 With every broken link of her lost mind ;
 Whose image lives, though reason's self
 be wreck'd,
 Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect !

Alas, poor Zelica ! it needed all
 The fantasy, which held thy mind in
 thrall,
 To see in that gay haram's glowing maids
 A sainted colony for Eden's shades ;

Or dream that he,—of whose unholy
 flame
 Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining
 came
 From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
 With souls like thine, which he hath
 ruin'd here !
 No—had not reason's light totally set,
 And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
 In the loved image, graven on thy heart,
 Which would have saved thee from the
 tempter's art,
 And kept alive, in all its bloom of
 breath,
 That purity, whose fading is love's
 death !—
 But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took
 place
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine
 grace ;—
 First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly
 first
 In zeal and charms,—too well th' im-
 postor nursed
 Her soul's delirium, in whose active
 flame,
 Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant
 frame,
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er
 twined.
 No art was spared, no witchery ;—all the
 skill
 His demons taught him was employ'd to
 fill
 Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by
 turns—
 That gloom, through which frenzy but
 fiercer burns ;
 That ecstasy, which from the depth of
 sadness
 Glares like the maniac's moon, whose
 light is madness !

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where
 the sound
 Of poesy and music breathed around,
 Together picturing to her mind and ear
 The glories of that heaven, her destined
 sphere,
 Where all was pure, where every stain
 that lay
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,

And, realizing more than youthful love
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for
 ever rove
 Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's
 side,
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
 'Twas from a scene, a witching trance
 like this,
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
 To the dim charnel-house ;—through all
 its steams
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with
 design
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can
 shine !—
 And, passing on through upright ranks
 of dead,
 Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by
 dread,
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light
 round them cast,
 To move their lips in mutterings as she
 pass'd—
 There, in that awful place, when each
 had quaff'd
 And pledged in silence such a fearful
 draught,
 Such—oh ! the look and taste of that
 red bowl
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her
 soul
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language
 framed,
 Never, while earth his mystic presence
 claim'd,
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er
 them both,
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
 She swore, and the wide charnel echo'd,
 “never, never !”

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly
 given
 To him and—she believed, lost maid !—
 to Heaven ;
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all in-
 flamed,
 How proud she stood, when in full haram
 named
 The Priestess of the Faith !—how flash'd
 her eyes
 With light, alas ! that was not of the skies,

When round in trances only less than
 hers,
 She saw the haram kneel, her prostrate
 worshippers !
 Well might Mokanna think that form
 alone
 Had spells enough to make the world
 his own :—
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's
 play
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
 When from its stem the small bird wings
 away !
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she
 smiled,
 The soul was lost ; and blushes, swift
 and wild
 As are the momentary meteors sent
 Across th' uncalm but beauteous firma-
 ment.
 And then her look !—oh ! where's the
 heart so wise,
 Could unbewilder'd meet those match-
 less eyes ?
 Quick, restless ; strange, but, exquisite
 withal,
 Like those of angels, just before their
 fall ;
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth
 —now cross'd
 By glimpses of the heaven her heart had
 lost ;
 In every glance there broke, without
 control,
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had
 made !

And such was now young Zelica—so
 changed
 From her who, some years since, de-
 lighted ranged
 The almond groves, that shade Bokhara's
 tide,
 All life and bliss, with Azim by her
 side !
 So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
 When, 'mid the proud divan's dazzling
 array,
 The vision of that youth, whom she had
 loved,
 And wept as dead, before her breathed
 and moved ;—

When—bright, she thought, as if from
Eden's track
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd
back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's
light—
Her beauteous Azim shone before her
sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells
renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken
clew?
Through what small vistas o'er the
darken'd brain
Thy intellectual daybeam bursts again?
And how, like forts, to which beleaguers
win
Unhoped-for entrance through some
friend within,
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the
rest?
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with
thee!
But, though light came, it came but
partially;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy
sense
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it
thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning
wave,
But not to point the harbour which might
save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left
behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er
her mind;
But oh! to think how deep her soul had
gone
In shame and falsehood since those mo-
ments shone;
And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay
again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her
chain
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was
agony!
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former
years
Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears,
floods of tears.

Long frozen at her heart, but now like
rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy
hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had
long been lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her
frame
Trembled with horror, when the sum-
mons came
(A summons proud and rare, which all
but she,
And she, till now, had heard with
ecstasy),
To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close
of day
The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray;
Sometimes alone—but oftener far with
one,
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his
sight
As the young Priestess; and though,
since that night,
When the death-caverns echo'd every
tone
Of the dire oath that made her all his
own,
Th' impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
Had, more than once, thrown off his
soul's disguise,
And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous
things,
As e'en across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was
out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and
doubt;—
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that
bright brow,
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye con-
ceal'd,
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her
revealed,
To her alone;—and then the hope, most
dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression
here

Was but a passage through earth's grosser
fire,
From which the spirit would at last
aspire,
Even purer than before,—as perfumes
rise
Through flame and smoke, most welcome
to the skies—
And that when Azim's fond, divine
embrace
Should circle her in heaven, no darken-
ing trace
Would on that bosom he once loved
remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his*
again!—
These were the wildering dreams, whose
curst deceit
Had chain'd her soul beneath the temp-
ter's feet,
And made her think even damning false-
hood sweet.
But now that Shape, which had appall'd
her view,
That Semblance—oh, how terrible, if
true!—
Which came across her frenzy's full
career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep,
severe,
As when, in northern seas, at midnight
dark,
An isle of ice encounters some swift
bark,
And, startling all its wretches from their
sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the
deep;—
So came that shock not frenzy's self could
bear,
And waking up each long-lull'd image
there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink
it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening
dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious
schemes,
Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in
dreams
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,

That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd
now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose
light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing
ground,—
From that wild Zelica, whose every
glance
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought
a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd Mokanna
lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend
their ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who
nightly pray
In holy Koom, or Mecca's dim ar-
cades,—
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely
maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious
glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering
flow.
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of
prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he
mused on there,
Stood vases, fill'd with Kishmee's golden
wine,
And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a
draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they
quaff'd,
Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness, had
power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
And still he drank and ponder'd—nor
could see
Th' approaching maid, so deep his
reverie;
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that
which broke
From Eblis at the Fall of Man, he
spoke:—
“Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement
given,
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin
with Heaven;
God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity;—

Ye creatures of a breath, proud things
 of clay,
 To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
 Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's
 light,
 To bend in worship, Lucifer was right !—
 Soon shall I plant this foot upon the
 neck
 Of your foul race, and without fear or
 check,
 Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
 My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's
 name !—
 Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and
 fierce
 As hooded falcons, through the universe
 I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
 Weak man my instrument, curst man my
 prey !

“Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your
 dull way on
 By the dim twinkling gleams of ages
 gone,
 Like superstitious thieves, who think the
 light
 From dead men's marrow guides them
 best at night—
 Ye shall have honours—wealth,—yes,
 sages, yes—
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's
 nothingness ;
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
 But a gilt stick, a bauble, blinds it here.
 How I shall laugh, when trumpeted
 along,
 In lying speech, and still more lying song,
 By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of
 the throng ;
 Their wits bought up, their wisdom
 shrunk so small,
 A sceptre's puny point can wield it all !

“Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
 Whose faith enshrines the monsters
 which it breeds ;
 Who, bolder even than Nemrod, think
 to rise,
 By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the
 skies ;
 Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones
 too,
 Seen, heard, attested, everything—but
 true.

Your preaching zealots, too inspired to
 seek
 One grace of meaning for the things they
 speak ;
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their
 blood,
 For truths too heavenly to be under-
 stood ;
 And your state priests, sole venders of
 the lore,
 That works salvation ;—as on Ava's
 shore,
 Where none *but* priests are privileged to
 trade
 In that best marble of which Gods are
 made ;—
 They shall have mysteries—aye, precious
 stuff
 For knaves to thrive by—mysteries
 enough ;
 Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud
 can weave,
 Which simple votaries shall on trust
 receive,
 While craftier feign belief, till they
 believe.
 A heaven too ye must have, ye lords of
 dust,—
 A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye
 must :
 That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
 Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes
 of all ;
 Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
 And wings and glories for all ranks and
 ages.
 Vain things !—as lust or vanity inspires,
 The heaven of each is but what each
 desires,
 And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
 Man would be man to all eternity !
 So let him—Eblis ! grant this crowning
 curse,
 But keep him what he is, no hell were
 worse.”—

“O my lost soul !” exclaim'd the
 shuddering maid,
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he
 said ;—
 Mokassa started—not abash'd, afraid,—
 He knew no more of fear than one who
 dwells
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles !

But, in those dismal words that reach'd
 his ear,
 "O my lost soul!" there was a sound so
 dear,
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
 In which the legend o'er hell's gate is read
 That, new as 'twas from her, whom
 nought could dim
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with
 ready wile,
 Th' impostor turn'd to greet her—"thou,
 whose smile
 Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
 Beyond th' enthusiast's hope or prophet's
 dream!
 Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's
 zeal
 So close with love's, men know not which
 they feel,
 Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of
 heart,
 The heaven thou preachest or the heaven
 thou art!
 What should I be without thee? without
 thee
 How dull were power, how joyless
 victory!
 Though borne by angels, if that smile
 of thine
 Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half
 divine.
 But—why so mournful, child? those eyes,
 that shone
 All life last night—what!—is their glory
 gone?
 Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath
 made them pale,
 They want rekindling—suns themselves
 would fail;
 Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
 From Light's own fount supplies of
 brilliancy!
 Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is
 here,
 But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
 Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
 Catching the gem's bright colour, as they
 go.
 Nightly my Genii come and fill these
 urns—
 Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence
 burns;

'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes
 all light—
 Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles
 to-night:
 There is a youth—why start?—thou
 saw'st him then;
 Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like
 men
 Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers
 above;—
 Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too
 stern for love,
 Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
 The world calls virtue—we must conquer
 this;—
 Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for
 thee
 To scan the maze of heaven's mystery.
 The steel must pass through fire, ere it
 can yield
 Fit instruments for mighty hands to
 wield.
 This very night I mean to try the art
 Of powerful beauty on that warrior's
 heart.
 All that my haram boasts of bloom and
 wit,
 Of skill and charms, most rare and
 exquisite,
 Shall tempt the boy; young Mirzala's
 blue eyes,
 Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets
 lies;
 Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day
 sun,
 And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
 Have magic in their pressure; Zeba's lute,
 And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and
 shoot
 Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the
 deep!—
 All shall combine their witching powers
 to steep
 My convert's spirit in that softening
 trance,
 From which to heaven is but the next
 advance—
 That glowing, yielding fusion of the
 breast,
 On which Religion stamps her image best.
 But hear me, Priestess!—though each
 nymph of these
 Hath some peculiar, practised power to
 please,

Some glance or step, which, at the mirror
tried,
First charms herself, then all the world
beside ;
There still wants *one* to make the victory
sure,
One who in every look joins every lure ;
Through whom all beauty's beams con-
centred pass,
Dazzling and warm, as through love's
burning-glass ;
Whose gentle lips persuade without a
word,
Whose words, even when unmeaning,
are adored,
Like inarticulate breathings from a
shrine,
Which our faith takes for granted are
divine !
Such is the nymph we want, all warmth
and light,
To crown the rich temptations of to-
night ;
Such the refined enchantress that must
be
This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art
she !”

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart
and pale,
The maid had stood, gazing upon the
Veil
From which these words, like south-
winds through a fence
Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pes-
tilence :
So boldly utter'd too ! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns,
were fled,
And the wretch felt assured that, once
plunged in,
Her woman's soul would know no pause
in sin !

At first, though mute she listen'd, like
a dream
Seem'd all he said ; nor could her mind,
whose beam
As yet was weak, penetrate half his
scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd “Thou
art she !”
All flash'd at once, and, shrieking pite-
ously,

“ Oh, not for worlds !” she cried—
“ Great God ! to whom
I once knelt innocent, is this my doom ?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly
bliss,
My purity, my pride, then come to
this ?—
To live, the wanton of a fiend ! to be
The pander of his guilt—O infamy !
And sunk, myself, as low as hell can
steep
In its hot flood, drag others down as
deep !
Others ?—ha ! yes—that youth who came
to-day—
Not him I loved—not him—oh, do but
say,
But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
And I will serve, dark fiend ! will wor-
ship even thee !”

“ Beware, young raving thing !—in
time beware,
Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
Even from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute,
thy voice ;
The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
To see those fires, no matter whence they
rise,
Once more illuming my fair Priestess
eyes ;
And should the youth, whom soon those
eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
So much the happier wilt thou find thy
doom,
As one warm lover, full of life and
bloom,
Excels ten thousand cold ones in the
tomb.
Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet !—those
eyes were made
For love, not anger—I must be obey'd.”

“ Obey'd !—'tis well—yes, I deserve
it all—
On me, on me Heaven's vengeance can-
not fall
Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true
And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too ?
Must *he*, too, glorious as he is, be driven,
A renegade, like me, from love and
heaven ?

Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—
 not like me ;
 No—he's all truth and strength and
 purity !
 Fill up your maddening hell-cup to the
 brim,
 Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm
 for him.
 Let loose your glowing wantons from
 their bowers,
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their
 powers !
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign,
 Pure as when first we met, without a
 stain !
 Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a
 charm
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from
 harm.
 Oh ! never let him know how deep the
 brow
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—
 Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is
 she,
 Whom once he loved !—once !—*still* loves
 dotingly !
 Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what !—
 thou'lt brand my name ?
 Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my
 shame—
 He thinks me true—that nought beneath
 God's sky
 Could tempt or change me, and—so once
 thought I.
 But this is past—though worse than death
 my lot,
 Than hell—'tis nothing, while *he* knows
 it not.
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
 Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die ;
 Where none will ask the lost one whence
 she came,
 But I may fade and fall without a name !
 And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er
 thou art,
 Who found'st this burning plague-spot in
 my heart,
 And spread'st it—oh, so quick !—through
 soul and frame,
 With more than demon's art, till I be-
 came
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all
 flame !—
 If, when I'm gone ——”

“ Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
 Nor tempt my rage !—by Heaven ! not
 half so bold
 The puny bird that dares, with teasing
 hum,
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to
 come !
 And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what !—
 give up all
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
 Where now to Love and now to Alla
 given,
 Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st
 as even
 As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and
 heaven !
 Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run
 The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes
 upon ;
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be
 Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou
 from me.
 No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
 Thou'rt mine till death, till death Mo-
 kanna's bride !
 Hast thou forgot thy oath? ”—

At this dread word,
 The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts
 had stirr'd
 Through all its depths, and roused an
 anger there,
 That burst and lighten'd even through her
 despair ;—
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the
 breath
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd,
 pale as death.

“ Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek
 in bowers
 Their bridal place—the charnel vault was
 ours !
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and
 me
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality ;—
 Gay, flickering death-lights shone while
 we were wed,
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly
 dead
 (Immortal spirits in their time no doubt),
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd
 out !

That oath thou heard'st more lips than
 thine repeat—
 That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it
 sweet ?
 That cup we pledged, the charnel's
 choicest wine,
 Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul
 all mine ;
 Bound thee by chains that, whether blest
 or curst
 No matter now, not hell itself shall
 burst !
 Hence, woman, to the haram, and look
 gay,
 Look wild, look—anything but sad ; yet
 stay—
 One moment more—from what this night
 hath pass'd,
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well*
 at last.
 Ha, ha ! and so, fond thing, thou
 thought'st all true,
 And that I love mankind !—I do, I do—
 As victims, love them ; as the sea-dog
 doats
 Upon the small sweet fry that round him
 floats ;
 Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that
 gives
 That rank and venomous food on which
 she lives !—

“ And, now thou see'st my *soul's* an-
 gelic hue,
 'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd
 too ;—
 This brow, whose light—O rare celestial
 light !
 Hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd
 sight ;
 These dazzling eyes, before whose
 shrouded might
 Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down
 and quake—
 Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings
 for his sake !
 But turn and look—then wonder, if thou
 wilt,
 That I should hate, should take revenge,
 by guilt,
 Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose
 mirth
 Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon
 earth ;

And on that race who, though more vile
 they be
 Than mowing apes, are demigods to me !
 Here—judge if hell, with all its power
 to damn,
 Can add one curse to the foul thing I
 am ! ”—

He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd
 slowly round,
 Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon
 the ground !

On their arrival, next night, at the place
 of encampment, they were surprised and
 delighted to find the groves all round
 illuminated ; some artists of Yamtcheou
 having been sent on previously for the
 purpose. On each side of the green
 alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion,
 artificial sceneries of bamboo work were
 erected, representing arches, minarets,
 and towers, from which hung thousands
 of silken lanterns, painted by the most
 delicate pencils of Canton.—Nothing
 could be more beautiful than the leaves
 of the mango-trees and acacias, shining
 in the light of the bamboo scenery, which
 shed a lustre round as soft as that of the
 nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too
 much occupied by the sad story of Zelica
 and her lover, to give a thought to any-
 thing else, except, perhaps, him who re-
 lated it, hurried on through this scene of
 splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the
 mortification of the poor artists of Yam-
 tcheou,—and was followed with equal
 rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, curs-
 ing, as he went, the ancient Mandarin,
 whose parental anxiety in lighting up the
 shores of the lake, where his beloved
 daughter had wandered and been lost,
 was the origin of these fantastic Chinese
 illuminations.

Without a moment's delay young
 Feramorz was introduced, and Fad-
 ladeen, who could never make up his
 mind as to the merits of a poet till he
 knew the religious sect to which he
 belonged, was about to ask him whether
 he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla

Rookh impatiently clapped her hands
for silence, and the youth, being seated
upon the musnud near her, proceeded :—

PREPARE thy soul, young Azim !—thou
hast braved
The bands of Greece, still mighty,
though enslaved ;
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all
its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of
flame ;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and
brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee
now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of
eyes
From every land where woman smiles or
sighs ;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to
raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze ;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from
the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy
lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost
hid,
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the
downcast lid.
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee ; and, let con-
querors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue
arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's
charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her
thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the harami chambers,
moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's
rites ;—
From room to room the ready hand-
maids hie,
Some skill'd to wreath the turban taste-
fully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful
maid,

Who, if between the folds but *one* eye
shone,
Like Seba's Queen could vanquish with
that one :—
While some bring leaves of henna, to
imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate
hue,
So bright, that in the mirror's depths they
seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream ;
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the
eye,
Which makes the maids, whom kings
are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful !

All is in motion ; rings and plumes and
pearls
Are shining everywhere :—some younger
girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden
beds
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their
heads ;
Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful,
'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that
tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's
innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far
away.
The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of
gold,
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges'
flood,
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy
gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated
stream ;
While the young Arab, haunted by the
smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a
spell,—
The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy—
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic
scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's
tents ;

Sighs for the home she left with little
pains,
And wishes even its sorrows back again !

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated
halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the
falls—

Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool
sound

From many a jasper fount is heard
around,

Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can
guess

What means this maze of light and lone-
liness.

Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, ranged in cassolets and silver
urns,

Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;
And spicy rods, such as illuminate at
night

The bowers of Tibet, send forth odorous
light,

Like Peris' wands, when pointing out
the road

For some pure spirit to its blest abode !—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright
as noon ;

Where, in the midst, reflecting back the
rays

In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain
plays

High as th' enamell'd cupola, which
towers

All rich with arabesques of gold and
flowers :

And the mosaic floor beneath shines
through

The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery
dew,

Like the wet, glistening shells, of every
dye,

That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living
things

Of land and wave, whose fate,—in bon-
dage thrown

For their weak loveliness—is like her
own !

On one side gleaming with a sudden
grace

Through water, brilliant as the crystal
vase

In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;—

While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,

Each brilliant bird that wings the air is
seen ;—

Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam
between

The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :

Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the
thrush

Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings
gush,

At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ;—
Those golden birds that, in the spice
time, drop

About the gardens, drunk with that
sweet food

Whose scent hath lured them o'er the
summer flood ;

And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinna-
mon ;—

In short, all rare and beauteous things,
that fly

Through the pure element, here calmly
lie

Sleeping in light, like the green birds
that dwell

In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagin-
ing—

More like the luxuries of that impious
king,

Whom Death's dark angel, with his
lightning torch,

Struck down and blasted even in
pleasure's porch,

Than the pure dwelling of a prophet
sent,

Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's
enfranchisement,—

Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly
round,

His simple garb and war-boots' clanking
sound

But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place !

"Is this then," thought the youth, "is
 this the way
 To free man's spirit from the deadening
 sway
 Of worldly sloth;—to teach him, while
 he lives,
 To know no bliss but that which virtue
 gives,
 And when he dies, to leave his lofty
 name
 A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of
 fame?
 It was not so, land of the generous
 thought
 And daring deed! thy god-like sages
 taught;
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton
 ease,
 Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies;
 Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, wither-
 ing glow
 Of such dull luxury did those myrtles
 grow
 With which she wreathed her sword,
 when she would dare
 Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high,
 rare,
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's
 wreath!
 Who, that surveys this span of earth we
 press,
 This speck of life in time's great wilder-
 ness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless
 seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities!—
 Would sully the bright spot or leave it
 bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple
 there,
 A name, that long shall hallow all its
 space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting-
 place!
 But no—it cannot be, that one, whom
 God
 Has sent to break the wizard Falschood's
 rod,—
 A prophet of the Truth, whose mission
 draws
 Its rights from heaven, should thus pro-
 fane his cause

With the world's vulgar pomps;—no, no
 —I see—

He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul;—shine on, 'twill
 stand the blaze!"

So thought the youth;—but, even
 while he defied
 This witching scene, he felt its witchery
 glide

Through every sense. The perfume,
 breathing round,

Like a pervading spirit;—the still sound
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they
 throng

Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to
 sleep!

And music too—dear music! that can
 touch

Beyond all else the soul that loves it
 much—

Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a
 dream;—

All was too much for him, too full of
 bliss,

The heart could nothing feel, that felt
 not this:

Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and
 gave

His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave
 on wave

Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms
 are laid;

He thought of Zelica, his own dear
 maid,

And of the time when, full of blissful
 sighs,

They sat and look'd into each other's
 eyes,

Silent and happy—as if God had given
 Nought else worth looking at on this side
 heaven!

"O my loved mistress! whose en-
 chantments still

Are with me, round me, wander where I
 will—

It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
 The paths of glory—to light up thy
 cheek

With warm approval—in that gentle
 look,
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
 And think all toils rewarded, when from
 thee
 I gain a smile, worth immortality !
 How shall I bear the moment, when
 restored
 To that young heart where I alone am
 lord,
 Though of such bliss unworthy,—since
 the best
 Alone deserve to be the happiest !—
 When from those lips, unbreathed upon
 for years,
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
 And find those tears warm as when last
 they started,
 Those sacred kisses pure as when we
 parted !
 O my own life !—why should a single
 day,
 A moment keep me from those arms
 away ?”

While thus he thinks, still nearer on
 the breeze
 Come those delicious, dream-like har-
 monies,
 Each note of which but adds new, downy
 links
 To the soft chain in which his spirit
 sinks.
 He turns him toward the sound, and, far
 away
 Through a long vista, sparkling with the
 play
 Of countless lamps,—like the rich track
 which day
 Leaves on the waters, when he sinks
 from us ;
 So long the path, its light so tremu-
 lous,—
 He sees a group of female forms ad-
 vance,
 Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
 By fetters, forged in the green sunny
 bowers,
 As they were captives to the King of
 Flowers ;—
 And some disporting round, unlin'd and
 free,
 Who seem'd to mock their sisters'
 slavery,

And round and round them still, in wheel-
 ing flight,
 Went, like gay moths about a lamp at
 night ;
 While others waked, as gracefully along
 Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
 From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of
 heavenly thrill,
 Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier
 still !
 And now they come, now pass before his
 eye,
 Forms such as Nature moulds, when she
 would vie
 With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to
 things
 Lovely beyond its fairest picturings !
 Awhile they dance before him, then
 divide,
 Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
 Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
 Till silently dispersing, one by one,
 Through many a path that from the
 chamber leads
 To gardens, terraces, and moonlight
 meads,
 Their distant laughter comes upon the
 wind,
 And but one trembling nymph remains
 behind,—
 Beckoning them back in vain, for they
 are gone,
 And she is left in all that light alone ;
 No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous
 brow,
 In its young bashfulness more beauteous
 now ;
 But a light, golden chain-work round her
 hair,
 Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz
 wear,
 From which, on either side, gracefully
 hung
 A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,
 Engraven o'er with some immortal line
 From holy writ, or bard scarce less
 divine ;
 While her left hand, as shrinkingly she
 stood,
 Held a small lute of gold and sandal-
 wood,
 Which, once or twice, she touch'd with
 hurried strain,
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.

But when at length a timid glance she stole
 At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
 She saw through all his features calm'd
 her fear,
 And, like a half-tamed antelope, more
 near,
 Though shrinking still, she came ;—then
 sat her down
 Upon a musnud's edge, and, bolder
 grown,
 In the pathetic mode of Isfahan
 Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus
 began :—

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's
 stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all
 the day long ;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a
 sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's
 song.
 That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of
 the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there
 yet ?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm
 Bendemeer ?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung
 o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while
 freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers,
 that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when
 summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it
 dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a
 year ;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to
 my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm
 Bendemeer !

“Poor maiden!” thought the youth,
 “if thou wert sent,
 With thy soft lute and beauty's blandish-
 ment,
 To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
 Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the
 art.

For though thy lip should sweetly counsel
 wrong,
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
 But thou hast breathed such purity, thy
 lay
 Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous
 day,
 And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd
 thence—
 So gently back to its first innocence,
 That I would sooner stop th' unchainèd
 dove,
 When swift returning to its home of
 love,
 And round its snowy wing new fetters
 twine,
 Than turn from virtue one pure wish of
 thine !”

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when,
 sparkling through
 The gently-open'd curtains of light blue,
 That veil'd the breezy casement, count-
 less eyes,
 Peeping like stars through the blue even-
 ing skies,
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the
 pair
 That sat so still and melancholy there.
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in
 From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessa-
 mine
 Which those without fling after them in
 play,
 Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome
 as they
 Who live in th' air on odours, and
 around
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of
 the ground,
 Chase one another, in a varying dance
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and ad-
 vance,
 Too eloquently like love's warm pur-
 suit :—
 While she who sung so gently to the lute
 Her dream of home, steals timidly
 away,
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's
 ray,—
 But takes with her from Azim's heart
 that sigh
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us
 by

In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs
who danced
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that
glanced
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering
o'er

The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;
While from their long, dark tresses, in a
fall

Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden, shake in the Eternal Breeze,
Rung round their steps, at every bound
more sweet,
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their
feet!

At length the chase was o'er, and they
stood wreathed

Within each other's arms; while soft
there breathed

Through the cool casement, mingled with
the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd
to rise

From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint
close,

The ear could track through all that maze
of chords

And young sweet voices, these impassion'd
words:—

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air,
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is
nigh,

Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is
there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like
these,

And his floating eyes—oh! *they* re-
semble

Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the stream around them
tremble!

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling Power!
— Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!

Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so
sweet as this.

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

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

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

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

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

Impatient of a scene whose luxuries
stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, 'midst all that the young
heart loves most—

Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to
be lost,

The youth had started up, and turn'd
away

From the light nymphs and their luxuri-
ous lay,

To muse upon the pictures that hung
round,—

Bright images, that spoke without a
sound,

And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
But here again new spells came o'er his
sense;—

All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
Could call up into life, of soft and
fair,

Of fond and passionate, was glowing
there;

Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that
fine art

Which paints of pleasure but the purer
part;

Which knows e'en Beauty when half
 veil'd is best,
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retired looks
 loveliest !
There hung the history of the Genii-
 King,
 Traced through each gay, voluptuous
 wandering
 With her from Saba's bowers, in whose
 bright eyes
 He read that to be blest is to be wise ;—
Here fond Zuleika woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her
 young charms,
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half un-
 done,
 Wishes that heaven and she could *both*
 be won !
 And here Mohammed, born for love and
 guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's
 smile ;—
 Then beckons some kind angel from
 above
 With a new text to consecrate their love !
 With rapid step, yet pleased and
 lingering eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories
 by,
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the
 light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly
 bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as
 still
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
 Here paused he, while the music, now
 less near,
 Breathed with a holier language on his
 ear,
 As though the distance and that heavenly
 ray
 Through which the sounds came floating,
 took away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.
 Oh ! could he listen to such sounds un-
 moved,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he
 loved ?
 Dream on, unconscious boy ! while yet
 thou may'st ;
 'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.

Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light that made it dear de-
 part.
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st
 them last,
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'er-
 cast ;
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting
 given,
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in
 heaven !
 Think in her own still bower she waits
 thee now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom
 of brow,
 Yet shined in solitude—thine all, thine
 only,
 Like the one star above thee, bright and
 lonely !
 Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long en-
 joy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd !
 The song is hush'd, the laughing
 nymphs are flown,
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone ;—
 Alone ?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
 That sob of grief, which broke from
 some one sigh—
 Whose could it be ?—alas ! is misery
 found
 Here, even here, on this enchanted
 ground ?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close
 veil'd,
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength
 had fail'd,
 Against a pillar near ;—not glittering
 o'er
 With gems and wreaths, such as the
 others wore,
 But in that deep blue, melancholy dress,
 Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far
 away ;—
 And such as Zelica had on that day
 He left her,—when, with heart too full
 to speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon
 his cheek.
 A strange emotion stirs within him,—
 more
 Than mere compassion ever waked
 before ;—

Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
Springs forward, as with life's last
energy,
But, swooning in that one convulsive
bound,
Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the
ground ;—
Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp
his knees—
'Tis she herself!—'tis Zelica he sees!
But, ah, so pale, so changed—none but a
lover
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine
discover
The once adored divinity! even he
Stood for some moments mute, and
doubtingly
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and
gazed
Upon those lids, where once such lustre
blazed,
Ere he could think she was *indeed* his
own,
Own darling maid, whom he so long had
known
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
Who, e'en when grief was heaviest—
when loth
He left her for the wars—in that worst
hour
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night
flower,
When darkness brings its weeping glories
out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense
about!

“Look up, my Zelica—one moment
show
Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
Thy life, thy loveliness, is not all gone,
But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear
glance,
Like those of old, were heaven! what-
ever chance
Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a
blessed one!
There—my sweet lids—they move—that
kiss hath run
Like the first shoot of life through every
vein,
And now I clasp her, mine, all mine
again!

Oh, the delight!—now, in this very
hour,
When had the whole rich world been in
my power,
I should have singled out thee, only thee,
From the whole world's collected trea-
sury—
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly
o'er
My own best, purest Zelica once more!”

It was indeed the touch of those loved
lips
Upon her eyes that chased their short
eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at heaven's
breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers
beneath,
Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes
were seen
Gazing on his,—not, as they late had
been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully
serene;
As if to lie, e'en for that tranced
minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his beloved caress
Took from her soul one-half its wretch-
edness.
But, when she heard him call her good
and pure,
Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to
endure!
Shuddering, she broke away from his
embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty
face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would
have riven
A heart of very marble, “Pure!—O
Heaven!”—

That tone—those looks so changed—
the withering blight,
That sin and sorrow leave where'er
they light—
The dead dependency of those sunk
eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by
surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy
boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;—

And then the place, that bright unholy
 place,
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning
 grace
 And charm of luxury, as the viper
 weaves
 Its wily covering of sweet - balsam
 leaves ;—
 All struck upon his heart, sudden and
 cold
 As death itself ;—it needs not to be
 told—
 No, no—he sees it all, plain as the
 brand
 Of burning shame can mark—whate'er
 the hand,
 That could from heaven and him such
 brightness sever,
 'Tis done—to heaven and him she's
 lost for ever !
 It was a dreadful moment ; not the
 tears,
 The lingering, lasting misery of years,
 Could match that minute's anguish—all
 the worst.
 Of sorrow's elements in that dark
 burst
 Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash
 of fate,
 Laid the whole hopes of his life deso-
 late !

“Oh ! curse me not,” she cried, as
 wild he toss'd
 His desperate hand towards heaven—
 “though I am lost,
 Think not that guilt, that falsehood made
 me fall,
 No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness, did
 it all !
 Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love
 hath ceased—
 I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at
 least,
 That every spark of reason's light must
 be
 Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray
 from thee !
 They told me thou wert dead—why,
 Azim, why
 Did we not, both of us, that instant die
 When we were parted?—oh ! couldst
 thou but know
 With what a deep devotedness of woe

I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought,
 grew pain,
 And memory, like a drop that, night and
 day,
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart
 away !
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at
 home,
 My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to
 come,
 And, all the long, long night of hope
 and fear,
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my
 ear—
 O God ! thou wouldst not wonder that,
 at last,
 When every hope was all at once o'er-
 cast,
 When I heard frightful voices round me
 say,
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave
 way,
 And I became a wreck, at random
 driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of
 heaven—
 All wild—and even this quenchless love
 within
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into
 sin !
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—
 that sky
 Hath nought beneath it half so lorn
 as I.
 The fiend, who lured me hither—hist !
 come near,
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should
 hear—
 Told me such things—oh ! with such
 devilish art,
 As would have ruin'd even a holier
 heart—
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
 Where bless'd at length, if I but served
him here,
 I should for ever live in thy dear
 sight,
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal
 light !
 Think, think how lost, how madden'd I
 must be,
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or
 thee !

Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh !
 that I durst
 Kiss off that tear ; but, no—these lips
 are curst,
 They must not touch thee ;—one divine
 caress,
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness
 I've had within those arms, and *that*
 shall lie,
 Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I
 die !
 The last of joy's last relics here below,
 The one sweet drop, in all this waste of
 woe,
 My heart has treasured from affection's
 spring,
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering !
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go ;
 This place is not for thee—for thee ! oh,
 no !
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild
 again !
 Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that
 hearts once good,
 Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his
 food.—
 Enough, that we are parted—that there
 rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our
 souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from
 thee
 As hell from heaven, to all eternity !”—

“Zelica ! Zelica !” the youth exclaim'd,
 In all the tortures of a mind inflamed
 Almost to madness—“by that sacred
 heaven,
 Where yet, if prayers can move, thou'lt
 be forgiven,
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing
 heart,
 All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art !
 By the remembrance of our once pure
 love,
 Which, like a churchyard light, still
 burns above
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt
 in thee
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me !
 I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
 Fly with me from this place——”

“With thee ! oh bliss,
 'Tis worth whole years of torment to
 hear this.
 What ! take the lost one with thee ?—let
 her rove
 By thy dear side, as in those days of
 love,
 When we were both so happy, both so
 pure—
 Too heavenly dream ! if there's on earth
 a cure
 For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after
 day
 To be the blest companion of thy way ;—
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on
 me ;
 And in their light rechasten silently,
 Like the stain'd web that whitens in the
 sun,
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon ;
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou
 wilt—
 At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts
 of guilt
 Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift
 thine eyes,
 Full of sweet tears unto the darkening
 skies,
 And plead for me with Heaven, till I
 can dare
 To fix my own weak sinful glances
 there ;—
 Till the good angels, when they see me
 cling
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
 Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul
 forgiven,
 And bid thee take thy weeping slave to
 heaven !
 Oh, yes, I'll fly with thee——”

Scarce had she said
 These breathless words, when a voice
 deep and dread
 As that of Monker, waking up the dead
 From their first sleep—so startling 'twas
 to both—
 Rung through the casement near, “Thy
 oath ! thy oath !”
 O Heaven, the ghastliness of that Maid's
 look !—
 “'Tis he,” faintly she cried, while terror
 shook

Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her
eyes,

Though through the casement now,
nought but the skies

And moonlight fields were seen, calm as
before—

“’Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o’er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou’rt ruin’d
too—

My oath, my oath, O God! ’tis all too
true,

True as the worm in this cold heart it
is—

I am Mokanna’s bride—his, Azim, his—
The dead stood round us, while I spoke
that vow,

Their blue lips echo’d it—I hear them
now!

Their eyes glared on me, while I pledged
that bowl,

’Twas burning blood—I feel it in my
soul!

And the Veil’d Bridegroom—hist! I’ve
seen to-night

What angels know not of—so foul a
sight,

So horrible—oh! never may’st thou see
What *there* lies hid from all but hell and
me!

But I must hence—off, off—I am not
thine,

Nor Heaven’s, nor Love’s, nor aught that
is divine—

Hold me not—ha!—think’st thou the
fiends that sever

Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus,
then—for ever!”

With all that strength, which madness
lends the weak,

She flung away his arm; and, with a
shriek,—

Whose sound, though he should linger
out more years

Than wretch e’er told, can never leave
his ears,—

Flew up through that long avenue of
light,

Fleetly as some dark ominous bird of
night,

Across the sun, and soon was out of
sight!

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing
all day but the misery of these two
young lovers. Her gaiety was gone,
and she looked pensively even upon
Fadladeen. She felt too, without know-
ing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in
imagining that Azim must have been
just such a youth as Feramorz; just as
worthy to enjoy all the blessings, with-
out any of the pangs, of that illusive
passion, which too often, like the sunny
apples of Istkahar, is all sweetness on
one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered
river after sunset, they saw a young
Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose em-
ployment seemed to them so strange,
that they stopped their palankeens to
observe her. She had lighted a small
lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing
it in an earthen dish, adorned with a
wreath of flowers, had committed it with
a trembling hand to the stream, and was
now anxiously watching its progress down
the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade
which had drawn up beside her. Lalla
Rookh was all curiosity;—when one of
her attendants, who had lived upon the
banks of the Ganges (where this cere-
mony is so frequent, that often, in the
dusk of the evening, the river is seen
glittering all over with lights, like the
Oton-tala or Sea of Stars), informed the
Princess that it was the usual way in which
the friends of those who had gone on
dangerous voyages offered up vows for
their safe return. If the lamp sunk im-
mediately, the omen was disastrous; but if
it went shining down the stream, and
continued to burn till entirely out of
sight, the return of the beloved object
was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more
than once looked back, to observe how
the young Hindoo’s lamp proceeded;
and, while she saw with pleasure that it
was still unextinguished, she could not
help fearing that all the hopes of this life
were no better than that feeble light upon
the river. The remainder of the journey
was passed in silence. She now, for the
first time, felt that shade of melancholy
which comes over the youthful maiden’s
heart, as sweet and transient as her own

breath upon a mirror ; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued :—

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilminar,
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armoury !—
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold ;—
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitreles glittering in the sun ;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells !

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the locust-bird
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ;—
Yet hark ! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams, are revealing in the wind !
The neigh of cavalry ;—the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs ;—

Ringling of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies ;—
War-music, bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime ;—
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of th' Abyssinian trumpet, swell and float !

Who leads this mighty army ?—ask ye
“ who ? ”
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
The Night and Shadow, over yonder tent ?—
It is the Caliph's glorious armament.
Roused in his palace by the dread alarms,
That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
Defiance fierce at Islam and the world ;—
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
The veils of his bright palace calm reclined,
Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign,
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave,
To conquer or to perish, once more gave
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army, nursed in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
His blest and beauteous province of the sun.
Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display
Such pomp before ;—not e'en when on his way
To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the pilgrim's luxury ;—

When round him, 'mid the burning sands,
 he saw
 Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw,
 And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the
 glow
 Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian
 snow :—
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than
 that
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
 First, in the van, the People of the Rock,
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal
 stock :
 Then, chieftains of Damascus, proud to
 see
 The flashing of their swords' rich mar-
 quetry ;—
 Men, from the regions near the Volga's
 mouth,
 Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the
 south :
 And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd
 ranks
 From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred
 banks,
 With dusky legions from the Land of
 Myrrh,
 And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-
 Sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new
 and rude
 In warfare's school, was the vast multi-
 tude
 That, fired by zeal, or by oppression
 wrong'd,
 Round the white standard of th' impostor
 throng'd.
 Beside his thousands of believers,—blind,
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel
 wind,—
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to
 feel
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
 Flock'd to his banner ;—chiefs of th'
 Uzbek race,
 Waving their heron crests with martial
 grace ;
 Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led
 forth
 From th' aromatic pastures of the north ;
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,—and
 those
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows

Of Hindoo Kosh, in stormy freedom
 bred,
 Their fort the rock, their camp the tor-
 rent's bed.
 But none, of all who own'd the Chief's
 command,
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder
 hand
 Or sterner hate than Iran's outlaw'd
 men,
 Her Worshippers of Fire—all panting
 then
 For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen ;
 Vengeance at last for their dear country
 spurn'd,
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright
 shrines o'erturn'd,
 From Yezd's eternal Mansion of the
 Fire,
 Where aged saints in dreams of heaven
 expire ;
 From Badku, and those fountains of blue
 flame
 That burn into the Caspian, fierce they
 came,
 Careless for what or whom the blow was
 sped,
 So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants
 bled !

Such was the wild and miscellaneous
 host,
 That high in air their motley banners
 toss'd
 Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still
 bent
 Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it
 went,
 That beacon through the battle's stormy
 flood,
 That rainbow of the field, whose showers
 were blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict
 set,
 And risen again, and found them grap-
 pling yet ;
 While streams of carnage, in his noon-
 tide blaze,
 Smoke up to heaven—hot as that crim-
 son haze,
 By which the prostrate caravan is awed,
 In the red Desert, when the wind's
 abroad !

"On, Swords of God!" the panting
 Caliph calls,—
 "Thrones for the living—heaven for him
 who falls!"—
 "On, brave 'avengers, on," Mokanna
 cries,
 "And Eblis blast the recreant slave that
 flies!"
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the
 day—
 They clash—they strive—the Caliph's
 troops give way!
 Mokanna's self plucks the black Banner
 down,
 And now the Orient World's imperial
 crown
 Is just within his grasp—when, hark,
 that shout!
 Some hand hath check'd the flying Mos-
 lems' rout,
 And now they turn—they rally—at their
 head
 A warrior, (like those angel youths, who
 led,
 In glorious panoply of heaven's own
 mail,
 The Champions of the Faith through
 Beder's vale,)
 Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
 Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and
 drives
 At once the multitudinous torrent back,
 While hope and courage kindle in his
 track,
 And, at each step, his bloody falchion
 makes
 Terrible vistas through which victory
 breaks!
 In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general
 flight,
 Stands, like the red moon, on some
 stormy night,
 Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying
 by,
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky!—
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,
 To foes that charge and coward friends
 that fly,
 And seems of *all* the great Arch-enemy!
 The panic spreads—"a miracle!"
 throughout
 The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they
 shout,

All gazing on that youth, whose coming
 seems
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in
 dreams;
 And every sword, true as o'er billows
 dim
 The needle tracks the loadstar, following
 him!

Right tow'rds Mokanna now he cleaves
 his path,
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of
 wrath
 He bears from heaven withheld its awful
 burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-
 way curst,
 To break o'er him, the mightiest and
 the worst!
 But vain his speed—though, in that hour
 of blood,
 Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna
 stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to
 fall,
 Mokanna's soul would have defied them
 all;—
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too
 strong
 For human force, hurries even *him*
 along;
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
 Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
 In this forced flight is—murdering, as he
 goes!
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's
 might
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
 Turns, even in drowning, on the
 wretched flocks
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from
 the rocks,
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power
 to stay!

"Alla illa Alla!"—the glad shout
 renew—

"Alla Akbar!"—the Caliph's in Merou.
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the
 streets,
 And light your shrines and chaunt your
 ziralets;

The Swords of God have triumph'd—on
 his throne
 Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief
 hath flown.
 Who does not envy that young warrior
 now,
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his
 brow,
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,
 For his throne's safety in that perilous
 hour?
 Who doth not wonder, when, amidst th'
 acclaim
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his
 name—
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of
 fame,
 Which sound along the path of virtuous
 souls,
 Like music round a planet as it rolls!—
 He turns away coldly, as if some
 gloom
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can
 illumine;—
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted
 gaze
 Though glory's light may play, in vain
 it plays!
 Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a
 grief,
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now
 can break,
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian
 Lake,
 Upon whose surface morn and summer
 shed
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is
 dead!—
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this
 weight of woe
 Came, by long use of suffering, tame
 and slow;
 But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over
 thee
 It broke at once, when all seem'd
 ecstasy:
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the
 gloomy past
 Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at
 last—
 'Twas then, even then, o'er joys so
 freshly blown,
 This mortal blight of misery came down;

Even then, the full, warm gushings of
 thy heart
 Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen
 as they start!
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics
 hang,
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting
 pang!

One sole desire, one passion now
 remains,
 To keep life's fever still within his
 veins,—
 Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the
 wretch who cast
 O'er him and all he loved that ruinous
 blast.
 For this, when rumours reach'd him in
 his flight
 Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
 Rumours of armies, thronging to th'
 attack
 Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd
 him back,
 Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags
 unfurl'd,
 And came when all seem'd lost, and
 wildly hurl'd
 Himself into the scale, and saved a
 world!
 For this he still lives on, careless of all
 The wreaths that glory on his path lets
 fall;
 For this alone exists—like lightning-
 fire
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and
 expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil
 lives;
 With a small band of desperate fugi-
 tives,
 The last sole stubborn fragment left
 unruin'd
 Of the proud host that late stood front-
 ing heaven,
 He gain'd Merou—breathed a short curse
 of blood
 O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the
 Jihon's flood,
 And gathering all, whose madness of
 belief
 Still saw a saviour in their down-fallen
 Chief,

Raised the white banner within Nek-
sheb's gates,
And there, untamed, th' approaching
conqueror waits.

Of all his haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling
alive,

He took but one, the partner of his
flight,

One, not for love—not for her beauty's
light—

For Zelica stood withering 'midst the
gay,

Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From th' Alma tree and dies, while
overhead

To-day's young flower is springing in its
stead!

No, not for love—the deepest damn'd
must be

Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such
fiends as he

Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!
But no, she is his victim;—*there* lie all

Her charms for him—charms that can
never pall,

As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of heaven is left in
her.

To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
As white a page as virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning
soul—

This is his triumph; this the joy
accurs'd,

That ranks him among demons all but
first!

This gives the victim, that before him
lies

Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire
illumes

The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it
consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks
that need

All the deep daringness of thought and
deed

With which the Dives have gifted him—
for mark,

Over yon plains, which night had else
made dark,

Those lanterns, countless as the winged
lights

That spangle India's fields on showery
nights,

Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer
spread,

Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky
line,

And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the founts and groves, o'er which
the town

In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements

Mokanna views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though en-
toil'd, beset,

Not less than myriads dare to front him
yet;—

That friendless, throneless, he thus stands
at bay,

Even thus a match for myriads such as
they!

“Oh! for a sweep of that dark Angel's
wing,

Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian
king

To darkness in a moment, that I might
People hell's chambers with yon host to-
night!

But come what may, let who will grasp
the throne,

Caliph or prophet, Man alike shall
groan;

Let who will torture him, priest—caliph
—king—

Alike this loathsome world of his shall
ring

With victims' shrieks and howlings of
the slave,—

Sounds, that shall glad me even within
my grave!”

Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different
strain:—

“Glorious defenders of the sacred crown
I bear from heaven, whose light nor
blood shall drown

Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before
whose gems

The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd
throne

Of Parviz, and the heron crest that shone,

Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,
Fade like the stars when morn is in the
skies :

Warriors rejoice—the port, to which
we've pass'd

O'erdestiny's dark wave, beams out at last !
Victory's our own—'tis written in that
book

Upon whose leaves none but the angels
look,

That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the
power

Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
When the moon's mighty orb, before all
eyes,

From Neksheb's Holy Well portentously
shall rise !

Now turn and see ! ”——

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendour all around them
broke,

And they beheld an orb, ample and
bright,

Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its
light

Round the rich city and the plain for
miles,—

Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded
tiles

Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret,
As autumn suns shed round them when
they set !

Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
A murmur broke—“Miraculous! divine!”

The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
Had waked, and burst impatient through
the bar

Of midnight, to inflame him to the war !
While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that
ray,

The glorious light which, in his freedom's
day,

Had rested on the Ark, and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his
chain !

“To victory !” is at once the cry of
all—

Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that
call ;

But instant the huge gates are flung
aside,

And forth, like a diminutive mountain-
side

Into the boundless sea, they speed their
course

Right on into the Moslem's mighty
force.

The watchmen of the camp,—who, in
their rounds,

Had paused and even forgot the punctual
sounds

Of the small drum with which they
count the night,

To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,

And in a death-groan give their last
alarm.

“On for the lamps, that light yon lofty
screen,

Nor blunt your blades with massacre so
mean ;

There rests the Caliph—speed—one
lucky lance

May now achieve mankind's deliver-
ance !”

Desperate the die—such as they only
cast,

Who venture for a world, and stake their
last.

But Fate's no longer with him—blade
for blade

Springs up to meet them through the
glimmering shade,

And, as the clash is heard, new legions
soon

Pour to the spot,—like bees of Kauze-
roon

To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at
length,

The mighty camp swarms out in all its
strength,

And back to Neksheb's gates, covering
the plain

With random slaughter, drives the
adventurous train ;

Among the last of whom, the Silver
Veil

Is seen glittering at times, like the white
sail

Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy
night,

Catching the tempest's momentary light !

And hath not *this* brought the proud
spirit low,

Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his
daring? No!

Though half the wretches, whom at
 night he led
 To thrones and victory, lie disgraced and
 dead,
 Yet morning hears him, with unshrink-
 ing crest,
 Still vaunt of thrones and victory to the
 rest ;—
 And they believe him !—oh ! the lover
 may
 Distrust that look which steals his soul
 away ;—
 The babe may cease to think that it can
 play
 With heaven's rainbow ;—alchemists may
 doubt
 The shining gold their crucible gives
 out ;—
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the
 last.

And well th' impostor knew all lures
 and arts,
 That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts ;
 Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his
 plot
 Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.
 Ill-fated Zelica ! had reason been
 Awake, through half the horrors thou
 hast seen,
 Thou never couldst have borne it—death
 had come
 At once, and taken thy wrung spirit
 home.
 But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th'
 intense
 And passionate struggles of that fearful
 night,
 When her last hope of peace and heaven
 took flight ;
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy
 broke,—
 As through some dull volcano's veil of
 smoke
 Ominous flashings now and then will
 start,
 Which show the fire's still busy at its
 heart ;
 Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen
 gloom,—
 Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its
 doom,

And calm without, as is the brow of
 death,
 While busy worms are gnawing under-
 neath !—
 But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
 From thought or pain, a seal'd up
 apathy,
 Which left her oft, with scarce one living
 thrill,
 The cold, pale victim of her torturer's
 will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd
 gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect ;
 And led her glittering forth before the
 eyes
 Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice ;
 Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
 Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all
 the pride
 Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his
 tide !
 And while the wretched maid hung down
 her head,
 And stood, as one just risen from the
 dead,
 Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would
 tell
 His credulous slaves it was some charm
 or spell
 Possess'd her now,—and from that
 darken'd trance
 Should dawn ere long their faith's de-
 liverance.
 Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
 Her soul was roused, and words of wild-
 ness came,
 Instant the bold blasphemer would trans-
 late
 Her ravings into oracles of fate,
 Would hail heaven's signals in her flash-
 ing eyes,
 And call her shrieks the language of the
 skies !

But vain at length his arts—despair is
 seen
 Gathering around ; and famine comes to
 glean
 All that the sword had left unrep'd :—in
 vain
 At morn and eve across the northern
 plain

He looks impatient for the promised
spears
Of the wild hordes and Tartar moun-
taineers ;
They come not—while his fierce be-
leaguerers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
And horrible as new ;—javelins, that fly
Enwreathed with smoky flames through
the dark sky,
And red-hot globes that, opening as
they mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha
fount,
Showers of consuming fire o'er all below ;
Looking, as through th' illumined night
they go,
Like those wild birds that by the
Magians oft,
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combus-
tion wide !
All night, the groans of wretches who ex-
pire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city—while, descending
o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of
sycamore ;—
Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths
of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left un-
roll'd ;—
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle
jets
Now gush with blood ;—and its tall
minarets,
That late have stood up in the evening
glare
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer ;—
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-
bolts fall,
And death and conflagration throughout
all
The desolate city hold high festival !

Mokanna sees the world is his no
more ;—
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
“ What ! drooping now ? ”—thus, with
unblushing cheek,
He hails the few, who yet can hear him
speak,

Of all those famish'd slaves around him
lying,
And by the light of blazing temples
dying ;—
“ What !—drooping now ?—now, when
at length we press
Home o'er the very threshold of suc-
cess ;
When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd
away
Those grosser branches, that kept out his
ray
Of favour from us, and we stand at length
Heirs of his light and children of his
strength,
The chosen few, who shall survive the
fall
Of kings and thrones, triumphant over
all !
Have you then lost, weak murmurers as
you are,
All faith in him, who was your Light,
your Star ?
Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose
lid
Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert,
wither
Millions of such as yonder chief brings
hither ?
Long have its lightnings slept—too long
—but now
All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this
brow !
To-night—yes, sainted men ! this very
night,
I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
Where,—having deep refresh'd each
weary limb
With viands, such as feast heaven's
cherubim,
And kindled up your souls, now sunk
and dim,
With that pure wine the Dark-eyed
Maids above
Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for
those they love,—
I will myself uncurtain in your sight
The wonders of this brow's ineffable
light ;
Then lead you forth, and, with a wink
disperse
Yon myriads, howling through the uni-
verse !

Eager they listen—while each acent
 darts
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick
 hearts ;—
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught
 supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and
 dies !
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout " To-
 night ! "—
 " To-night, " their Chief re-echoes, in a
 voice
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell re-
 rejoice !
 Deluded victims—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their
 mirth !
Here, to the few whose iron frames had
 stood
 This racking waste of famine and of
 blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom
 the shout
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke
 out ;—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering
 fire,
 Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral
 pyre,
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd
 around ;—
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and
 from his wound
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
 In ghastly transport waved it o'er his
 head !

'Twas more than midnight now—a
 fearful pause
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild
 applause,
 That lately from those Royal Gardens
 burst,
 Where the Veil'd Demon held his feast
 accurst,
 When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
 In every horror doom'd to bear its
 part !—
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
 Who, while his quivering lip the sum-
 mons gave,
 Grew black, as though the shadows of
 the grave

Compass'd him round, and, ere he could
 repeat
 His message through, fell lifeless at her
 feet !
 Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of
 fear,
 A presage, that her own dark doom was
 near,
 Roused every feeling, and brought reason
 back
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the
 rack.
 All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe
 had ceased,
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,
 His fiery bolts ; and though the heavens
 look'd red,
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's
 spread.
 But hark !—she stops—she listens—
 dreadful tone !
 'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a
 groan,
 A long death-groan, comes with it—can
 this be
 The place of mirth, the bower of rev-
 elry ?
 She enters—holy Alla, what a sight
 Was there before her ! By the glimmer-
 ing light
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare
 of brands
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from
 lifeless hands,
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery
 spread,
 Rich censers breathing—garlands over-
 head—
 The urns, the cups, from which they late
 had quaff'd,
 All gold and gems, but—what had been
 the draught ?
 Oh ! who need ask, that saw those livid
 guests,
 With their swollen heads sunk blacken-
 ing on their breasts,
 Or looking pale to heaven with glassy
 glare,
 As if they sought but saw no mercy
 there ;
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd
 them through,
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the
 two !

While some, the bravest, hardest in the
train
Of their false Chief, who, on the battle-
plain,
Would have met death with transport by
his side,
Here mute and helpless gasp'd ;—but, as
they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their
eyes' last strain,
And clench'd the slackening hand at him
in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims
cast
Upon their souls' tormentor to the
last ;—
Upon that mocking fiend, whose Veil,
now raised,
Show'd them, as in death's agony they
gazed,
Not the long-promised light, the brow,
whose beaming
Was to come forth, all conquering, all
redeeming,
But features horribler than hell e'er
traced
On its own brood ;—no demon of the
waste,
No churchyard ghole, caught lingering
in the light
Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human
sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce, as
those
Th' impostor now, in grinning mockery,
shows—
“ There, ye wise saints, behold your
Light, your Star,—
Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye
are.
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you
still?
Swear that the burning death ye feel
within,
Is but the trance, with which heaven's
joys begin;
That this foul visage, foul as e'er dis-
graced
Even monstrous man, is—after God's own
taste ;

And that—but see !—ere I have half-way
said
My greetings through, th' uncourteous
souls are fled.
Farewell, sweet spirits ! not in vain ye
die,
If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—
Ha, my young bride !—'tis well—take
thou thy seat ;
Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou
never meet
The dead before?—they graced our wed-
ding, sweet ;
And these, my guests to-night, have
brimm'd so true
Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge
one too.
But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk
up?
Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
Young bride,—yet stay—*one* precious
drop remains,
Enough to warm a gentle Priestess'
veins ;—
Here, drink—and should thy lover's con-
quering arms
Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its
charms,
Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss !

“ For *me*—I too must die—but not like
these
Vile, rankling things, to fester in the
breeze ;
To have this brow in ruffian triumph
shown,
With all death's grimness added to its
own,
And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
Of slaves, exclaiming, ‘ There his God-
ship lies ! ’—
No—curs'd race—since first my soul
drew breath,
They've been my dupes, and *shall* be,
even in death.
Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis
fill'd
With burning drugs, for this last hour
distill'd ;—
There will I plunge me, in that liquid
flame—
Fit bath to lave a dying prophet's
frame !—

There, perish, all—ere pulse of thine
shall fail—

Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the
tale.

So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they
rave,

Proclaim that Heaven took back the
saint it gave ;—

That I've but vanish'd from this earth
awhile,

To come again, with bright, unshrouded
smile !

So shall they build me altars in their
zeal,

Where knaves shall minister, and fools
shall kneel ;

Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic
spell,

Written in blood—and Bigotry may
swell

The sail he spreads for heaven with blasts
from hell !

So shall my banner, through long ages,
be

The rallying sign of fraud and anar-
chy ;—

Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's
name,

And, though I die, my spirit, still the
same,

Shall walk abroad in all the stormy
strife,

And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss
in life !

But, hark ! their battering engine shakes
the wall—

Why, let it shake—thus I can brave them
all.

No trace of me shall greet them, when
they come,

And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be
dumb.

Now mark how readily a wretch like
me,

In one bold plunge, commences
Deity !"—

He sprung and sunk, as the last words
were said—

Quick closed the burning waters o'er his
head,

And Zelica was left—within the ring
Of those wide walls the only living
thing ;

The only wretched one, still cursed with
breath,

In all that frightful wilderness of death !
More like some bloodless ghost,—such

as, they tell,
In the lone Cities of the Silent dwell,

And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own pale carcass, watching

it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare
stirs

Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery,

lent
By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are

spent ;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry

sent
From high balistas, and the shielded

throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram

along,—
All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent

To try, at length, if tower and battle-
ment

And bastion'd wall be not less hard to
win,

Less tough to break down, than the
hearts within.

First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning Azim—oh ! could he but

see
Th' impostor once alive within his grasp,

Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or

keep pace
With the fell heartiness of hate's

embrace !

Loud rings the ponderous ram against
the walls ;

Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress
falls,

But still no breach—"once more, one
mighty swing"

Of all your beams, together thundering !"
There—the wall shakes—the shouting

troops exult—
"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest

catapult
Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our
own !"—

'Tis done—the battlements come crash-
ing down,

And the huge wall, by that stroke riven
 in two,
 Yawning, like some old crater, rent
 anew,
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking
 through !
 But strange ! no signs of life—nought
 living seen
 Above, below—what can this stillness
 mean ?

A minute's pause suspends all hearts and
 eyes—
 "In through the breach," impetuous
 Azim cries ;

But the cool Caliph, fearful of some vile
 In this blank stillness, checks the troops
 awhile.—

Just then, a figure, with slow step,
 advanced

Forth from the ruin'd walls ; and, as
 there glanced

A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
 The well-known Silver Veil !—" 'Tis he,
 'tis he,

Mokanna, and alone !" they shout
 around ;

Young Azim from his steed springs to
 the ground—

"Mine, holy Caliph ! mine," he cries,
 "the task

To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I
 ask."

Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
 Who, still across wide heaps of ruin, slow
 And falteringly comes, till they are near ;
 Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's
 spear,

And, casting off the Veil in falling,
 shows—

Oh !—'tis his Zelica's life-blood that
 flows !

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she
 said,

As on his trembling arm she lean'd her
 head,

And, looking in his face, saw anguish
 there

Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh
 can bear—

"I meant not *thou* shouldst have the
 pain of this ;—

Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a
 bliss

Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou
 but know

How oft I've pray'd to God I might die
 so !

But the fiend's venom was too scant and
 slow ;—

To linger on were maddening—and I
 thought

If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—
 caught

The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I
 should be

Struck by a thousand death-darts
 instantly.

But this is sweeter—oh ! believe me,
 yes—

I would not change this sad, but dear
 caress,

This death within thy arms I would not
 give

For the most smiling life the happiest
 live !

All, that stood dark and drear before the
 eye

Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by ;
 A light comes o'er me from those looks

of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above ;

And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
 Angels will echo the blest words in

heaven !
 But live, my Azim ;—oh ! to call thee
 mine

Thus once again ! *my* Azim—dream
 divine !

Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet
 Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,—

Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the
 knee

Morning and night before that Deity,
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a

stain,
 As thine are, Azim, never breathed in

vain,—
 And pray that He may pardon her,—may
 take

Compassion on her soul for thy dear
 sake,

And, nought remembering but her love
 to thee,

Make her all thine, all His, eternally !
 Go to those happy fields where first we

twined

Our youthful hearts together—every wind

That meets thee there, fresh from the
well-known flowers,
Will bring the sweetness of those innocent
hours
Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel
again
For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heaven upon the morning's sunshine,
rise
With all love's earliest ardour to the
skies !
And should they—but alas ! my senses
fail—
Oh, for one minute !—should thy prayers
prevail—
If pardon'd souls may from that World
of Bliss
Reveal their joy to those they love in
this,—
I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—
and tell—
O Heaven—I die—dear love ! farewell,
farewell."

Time fled—years on years had
pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful
day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to
see
The maiden's death, and the youth's
agony,
Were living still—when, by a rustic
grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent
wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night
in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and,
though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there
play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even death—like the last
streak
Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill
and dim,—
His soul had seen a vision, while he
slept ;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and
wept

So many years, had come to him, all
dress'd
In angel smiles, and told him she was
blest !
For this the old man breathed his thanks,
and died.—
And there, upon the banks of that loved
tide,
He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty ; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces :—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days ; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of

the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever—"My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic, evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him;—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily dispatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberds of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aqua-fortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the

thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences too in which it indulged were unpardonable; for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such:—

Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said Fadladeen, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?"—He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—"notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Lalla Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion!—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise

of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient ;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep ;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. Lalla Rookh alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—“Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!”—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said, “few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth:—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever:—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and durability beyond their nature. In short,” continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!”—Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued ; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature and her wild fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before ; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated ; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair, to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. “It is,” said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, “in a lighter and humbler strain than the other ;” then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began :—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !
“How happy !” exclaim'd this child of
air,
Are the holy spirits who wander there,

“Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;

Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,

And the stars themselves have flowers for me,

One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all !

Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,

With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall ;

Though bright are the waters of Sing-suhay,

And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,

Yet—oh ! 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all !

“Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all !”

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;

And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—

Blooms nowhere but in Paradise !
“Nymph of a fair, but erring line !”
Gently he said—“One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,

*The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*

Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;—
'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in !”

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun :—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,

Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heaven ?—“I know
The wealth,” she cries, “of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;—
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby ;—
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful
Throne ?

And the Drops of Life—oh ! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity ?”

While thus she mused, her pinions
fann'd

The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds ;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam

Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice

Might be a Peri's Paradise !
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwasted from the innocent flowers !
Land of the Sun ! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand
thrones ?

'Tis he of Gazna—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,

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PARADISE AND THE PERI.

“Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last —
Last glorious drop his heart had shed.”—P 257.

Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sul-
tana ;—

Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters !

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody
haze

Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
“Live,” said the conqueror, “live to
share

The trophies and the crowns I bear !”
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed
well ;

The tyrant lived, the hero fell !—
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the
last—

Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled !

“Be this,” she cried, as she wing'd her
flight,

“My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the bowers of
bliss !

Oh ! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in
her cause !”

“Sweet,” said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
“Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native
land.—

But see—alas !—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for
thee !”

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,
Far to the south, the Peri lighted ;
And sleek'd her plumage at the foun-
tains

Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile !

Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grotts, and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves ;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale—now loves

To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.

'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold !
Who could have thought, that saw this
night

Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light ;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bend-
ing

Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descend-
ing

Warns them to their silken beds ;—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and
bright,

When their beloved sun's awake ;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that
seem

The relics of a splendid dream ;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows,
fitting

Fast from the moon, unsheathe its
gleam)

Some purple-wing'd sultana sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird !—

Who could have thought, that there, e'en
there,

Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame !
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering !

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness
then,

Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again !
And oh ! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey !
Only the fiercer hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—

Woe to the half-dead wretch, who
meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets !

“Poor race of Men !” said the pitying
Spirit,

“Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over
them all !”

She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran ;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly spirits weep for man !

Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,

Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many ;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any !

None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With e'en a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a
day,

To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.

That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone

Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have call'd his
own,

Was safe from this foul midnight's
breath ;—

Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they
fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,

This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,

With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,

He knew his own betrothèd bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside !—

Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.

Ah ! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should
shrink

With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him

Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim !

And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.

“Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that’s breathed by
thee,

And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, ’tis sweet to me!
There,—drink my tears, while yet they
fall,—

Would that my bosom’s blood were
balm,

And, well thou know’st, I’d shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute’s calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—

Am I not thine—thy own loved
bride—

The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!

Think’st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath
shone,

Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?

That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no—

When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!

Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;

Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,

So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!

One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!

One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

“Sleep,” said the Peri, as softly she
stole

The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul;
As true as e’er warm’d a woman’s
breast—

“Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr’d
Th’ enchanted pile of that holy bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,
And in music and perfume dies away!”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
Such lustre o’er each paly face,

That like two lovely saints they seem’d
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleep-
ing;—

While that benevolent Peri beam’d
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o’er them, till their souls would
waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,

Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.

High throbb’d her heart, with hope elate,
The elysian palm she soon shall win,

For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;

And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells

Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the Throne of Alla swells;

And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,

Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory

take!

But ah! even Peris’ hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again

The immortal barrier closed—“not yet,”
The Angel said as, with regret,

He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
“True was the maiden, and her story,

Written in light o’er Alla’s head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.

But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far

Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opens the Gates of Heaven for
thee.”

Now upon Syria’s land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,

And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;

Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,

While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look’d from upper air
O’er all th’ enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!

Fair gardens, shining streams, with
ranks

Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls ;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light ;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan !

And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery
vales ;—

And, Jordan, those sweet banks of
thine,

And woods, so full of nightingales !

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd.

In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies !

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her
thither ;—

Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither ;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they ;

Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like wing'd flowers or flying gems :—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests !—*there* written,
all,

Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play :—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

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

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,

From Syria's thousand minarets !
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the
south,

Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again !

Oh, 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—

A scene, which might have well beguiled
E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?

"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!

"When, young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but
now—"

He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!

In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense

Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
'There's a drop," said the Peri, "that
down from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a
power,

So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and
skies!—

Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them
all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through
heaven

The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,

There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—

But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is
won!

Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and
sad

Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Ambera-
bad!

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh!—
My feast is now of the tooba tree,
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that
shone

In my fairy wreath, so bright and
brief,—

Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have
blown,

To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's
Throne,

Whose flowers have a soul in every
leaf!

Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is
won!"

—

"AND this, said the Great Chamberlain,
"is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of
the brain, which, in comparison with the
lofty and durable monuments of genius,
is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara
beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!"
After this gorgeous sentence, which, with
a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen
kept by him for rare and important occa-
sions, he proceeded to the anatomy of
the short poem just recited. The lax
and easy kind of metre in which it was
written ought to be denounced, he said,

as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra. They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the licence and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence;—who, like them, flung the jereed carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—“and who,” said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, “contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!”

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel’s “radiant hand” he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. “But, in short,” said he, “it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects should undertake.”

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit. Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of Fadladeen’s eyebrows, or charm him into anything like encouragement, or even toleration, of her Poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen:—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as pain-

ful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone! She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The rajas and omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people; while the artizans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment;—particularly

on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

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

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

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

Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

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

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to Lalla Rookh's heart;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies. In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood, there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested, that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and

the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure

in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse ; he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted, and while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers :—

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea ;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the
swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ;—
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest !
All hush'd—there's not a breeze in
motion ;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stir'd nor wave is
driven ;—
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on Iran's name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
'Mid eyes that weep, and swords that
strike ;—
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven.
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath
pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword ;—

Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart !

Just Alla ! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee
stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd
hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime ?
Even as those bees of Trebizond,—
Which from the sunniest flowers that
glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men
mad !

Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great ;
Never was Iran doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fallen—her pride was
crush'd—
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
In their own land,—no more their
own,—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where Mithra once had
burn'd,
To Moslem shrines—oh, shame !—were
turn'd
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And cursed the faith their sires adored.
Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance ;—hearts that
yet,—
Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
They've treasured from the sun that's
set,—
Beam all the light of long-lost days !
And swords she hath, nor weak nor
slow
To second all such hearts can dare ;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury
there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Bealm'd in Heaven's approving ray !

Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets
shine.

Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
By the white moonbeam's dazzling
power ;—

None but the loving and the loved
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see — where, high above those
rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows
fling,

Yon turret stands ;—where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race ;—
An image of Youth's fairy Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain !

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light !
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower, that blooms beneath the
sea

Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity !
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them
o'er !—

Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breathed but theirs !

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer eves, through Yemen's
dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils ;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.

But never yet hath bride or maid
In Araby's gay harems smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not
fade
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness ;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze !—
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
'The fond, weak tenderness of this !
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly
feeling,

Religion's soiten'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage
stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere !

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah ! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
And beating heart,—she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep ?
Whom waits she all this lonely night ?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the
steep,
For man to scale that turret's height !—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-
air,
After the daybeam's withering fire,
He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair :—
Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,
Nor wake to learn what Love can
dare—

Love, all-defying Love, who sees
 No charm in trophies won with ease ;—
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
 Are pluck'd on danger's precipice !
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive

For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,

Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water !

Yes—Araby's unrivall'd daughter,
 Though high that tower, that rock-way
 rude,

There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb th' untrodden solitude

Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
 And think its steeps, though dark and
 dread,

Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led !

E'en now thou seest the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way ;—

E'en now thou hear'st the sudden shock
 Of his swift bark against the rock,

And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
 As if to lift him from below !

Like her to whom, at dead of night,
 The bridegroom, with his locks of light,

Came, in the flush of love and pride,
 And scaled the terrace of his bride :—

When, as she saw him rashly spring,
 And midway up in danger cling,

She flung him down her long black hair,
 Exclaiming, breathless, " There, love,
 there ! "

And scarce did manlier nerve uphold

The hero Zal in that fond hour,
 Than wings the youth who, fleet and
 bold,

Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's
 bower.

See—light as up their granite steeps

The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,

And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows n t whom she
 loves,

Nor what his race, nor whence he
 came ;—

Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird, without a name,

Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
 From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,

To show his plumage for a day
 To wondering eyes, and wing away !

Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover ?

Alla forbid ! 'twas by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over

Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,
 Alone, at this same witching hour,

She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,

Where nightly now they mix their
 sighs ;

And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there ?)

Was pausing on his moonlight way
 To listen to her lonely lay !

This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :

And—though, when terror's swoon
 had past,

She saw a youth, of mortal kind,

Before her in obeisance cast,—

Yet often since, when he hath spoken
 Strange, awful words,—and gleams have

broken

From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,

Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was
 given

To some unhallow'd child of air,

Some erring spirit, cast from heaven ;

Like those angelic youths of old,

Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,

Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,

And lost their heaven for woman's eyes !

Fond girl ! nor fiend nor angel he,

Who woos thy young simplicity ;

But one of earth's impassion'd sons,

As warm in love, as fierce in ire

As the best heart whose current runs

Full of the Day-god's living fire !

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his

brow ;—

Never before, but in her dreams,

Had she beheld him pale as now :

And those were dreams of troubled
 sleep,

From which 'twas joy to wake and
 weep ;

Visions, that will not be forgot,

But sadden every waking scene,

Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot

All wither'd where they once have
 been !

"How sweetly," said the trembling
 maid,

Of her own gentle voice afraid,

So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
“How sweetly does the moonbeam
smile

To-night upon yon leafy isle !
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but
ours,

And we might live, love, die alone !
Far from the cruel and the cold,—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold

A paradise so pure and lonely !
Would this be world enough for thee ?”

Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on ;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was
gone ;

And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
“Yes, yes,” she cried, “my hourly
fears,

My dreams, have boded all too right—
We part—for ever part—to-night !—
I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
’Twas bright, ’twas heavenly, but ’tis
past !

Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But ’twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die !
Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
Oh, misery ! must I lose *that* too ?

Yet go—on peril's brink we meet ;—
Those frightful rocks, that treacherous
sea—

No, never come again—though sweet,
Though heaven, it may be death to
thee.

Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger !
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in
danger !”

“Danger ! oh, tempt me not to boast—”
The youth exclaim'd — “thou little
know'st

What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In Danger's paths, has dared her worst !
Upon whose ear the signal-word

Of strife and death is hourly breaking ;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in wak-
ing !

Danger !—”

“Say on—thou fear'st not
then,
And we may meet—oft meet again ?”

“Oh ! look not so,—beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course,—
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
’Twould be those eyes ;—they, only
they,

Could melt that sacred seal away !—
But no—’tis fix'd—*my* awful doom
Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more—why, why did
Heaven

Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder, wide as ours ?

O Arab maid ! as soon the powers
Of light and darkness may combine,
As I be link'd with thee or thine !
Thy Father—”

“Holy Alla save
His grey head from that lightning
glance !

Thou know'st him not—he loves the
brave ;

Nor lives there under heaven's ex-
panse

One who would prize, would worship
thee,

And thy bold spirit, more than he.

Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
With the bright falchion by his side,

I've heard him swear his lisp'ing maid
In time should be a warrior's bride.

And still, whene'er, at haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,

He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridegroom be,

Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
And won with shouts of victory !

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THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

“And show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.”—P. 269.

Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
 Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
 Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st
 Th' unholy strife these Persians
 wage :—
 Good Heaven, that frown!—even now
 thou glow'st
 With more than mortal warrior's rage.
 Haste to the camp by morning's light,
 And, when that sword is raised in fight,
 Oh, still remember Love and I
 Beneath its shadow trembling lie !
 One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
 Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
 Abhors——”

“Hold, hold—thy words
 are death,”

The stranger cried, as wild he flung
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath
 The Gheber belt that round him
 clung.—

“Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to
 see

All that thy sire abhors in me !
 Yes—I am of that impious race,

Those Slaves of Fire, who, morn and
 even,

Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
 Among the living lights of heaven !

Yes—I am of that outcast few,
 To Iran and to vengeance true,
 Who curse the hour your Arabs came
 To desolate our shrines of flame,
 And swear, before God's burning eye,
 To break our country's chains, or die !
 Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—

He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
 With me is sacred as the spot

From which our fires of worship rise !
 But know—'twas him I sought that
 night,

When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
 I caught this turret's glimmering light,

And up the rude rocks desperately
 Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the
 rest—

I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
 And found a trembling dove within ;—
 Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
 If Love hath made one thought his
 own,

That vengeance claims first—last—
 alone !

Oh ! had we never, never met,
 Or could this heart e'en now forget
 How link'd, how bless'd, we might have
 been,

Had fate not frown'd so dark between !
 Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
 In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
 Through the same fields in childhood
 play'd,

At the same kindling altar knelt,—
 Then, then, while all those nameless
 ties,

In which the charm of country lies,
 Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
 Till Iran's cause and thine were one ;—

While in thy lute's awakening sigh
 I heard the voice of days gone by,
 And saw in every smile of thine
 Returning hours of glory shine !—

While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
 Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs
 through thee,—

God ! who could then this sword with-
 stand ?

Its very flash were victory !
 But now—estranged, divorced for ever,
 Far as the grasp of Fate can sever ;
 Our only ties what love has wove,—

Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd
 wide ;—

And then, then only, true to love,
 When false to all that's dear beside !
 Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—
 Thyself, perhaps, e'en now—but no—
 Hate never look'd so lovely yet !

No—sacred to thy soul will be
 The land of him who could forget

All but that bleeding land for thee !
 When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
 Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
 Thou'lt think how well one Gheber
 loved,

And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all !
 But look——”

With sudden start he turn'd
 And pointed to the distant wave,
 Where lights, like charnel meteors,
 burn'd

Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave ;
 And fiery darts, at intervals,
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,
 As if each star that nightly falls
 Were shooting back to heaven again,

“My signal-lights!—I must away—
Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in
vain—

Now—Vengeance!—I am thine again.”
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.

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

“I come—I come—if in that tide
Thou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there
too,

In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
Oh! I would ask no happier bed
Than the chill wave my love lies
under;—

Sweeter to rest together dead,
Far sweeter, than to live asunder!”
But no—their hour is not yet come—
Again she sees his pinnacle fly,
Wafting him fleetly to his home,
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may
lie;

And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind!

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

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was

therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from their palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadldeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round Selama's sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a
grape,

And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Had toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to
listen;

And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would
not stain

The best and brightest scimitar
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sub-
lime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trode in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,

When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye, where'er it burn'd?—

When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them

Who, on Cadessia's bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,

And bind her ancient faith in chains :—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone

On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny foun-
tains!

Yet happier so than if he trod
His own beloved but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—

Oh! he would rather houseless roam

Where freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home

That crouches to the conqueror's
creed!

Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's
caves?—

No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has
graves.

Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the
seeds

Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, Emir! he, who scaled that tower,
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering
breast,

Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power,
How safe even tyrant heads may
rest—

Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain

Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!

Thou know'st them well—'tis some
moons since [flags,

Thy turban'd troops and blood-red
Thou satrap of a bigot prince!

Have swarm'd among these Green Sea
crag;

Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land

Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have
thrown;

Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee
o'er—

Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has
stain'd

The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.

How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering
name,

Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!

As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;—

But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
Of freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?

Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?—
Those mountaineers, that truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm;—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.

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

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

But vain was valour—vain the flower
 Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
 Against Al Hassan's whelming power.—
 In vain they met him, helm to helm,
 Upon the threshold of that realm
 He came in bigot pomp to sway,
 And with their corpses block'd his way—
 In vain—for every lance they raised,
 Thousands around the conqueror blazed ;
 For every arm that lined their shore,
 Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
 A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
 Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
 As dates beneath the locust-cloud !

There stood—but one short league away
 From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
 A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
 Of Oman beetling awfully.
 A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
 Down winding to the Green Sea beach.

Around its base the bare rocks stood,
 Like naked giants, in the flood,
 As if to guard the gulf across ;
 While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
 A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high

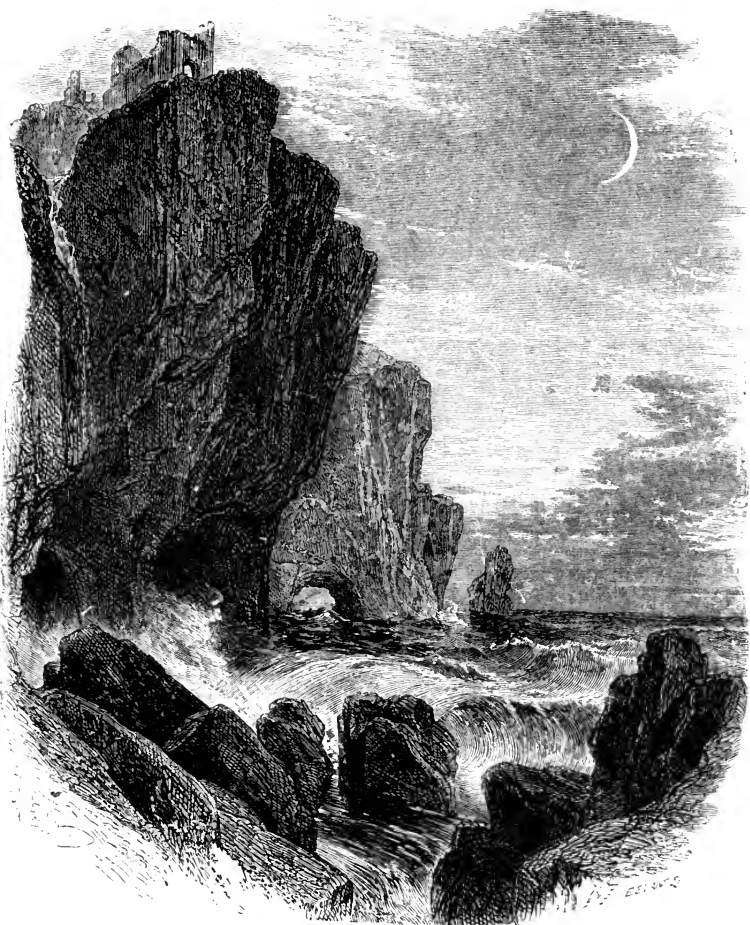
That oft the sleeping albatross
 Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
 Started—to find man's dwelling there
 In her own silent fields of air !
 Beneath, terrific caverns gave
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in ;—
 And such the strange, mysterious din
 At times throughout those caverns
 roll'd,—

And such the fearful wonders told
 Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
 That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
 At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
 Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
 That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
 Were sever'd from the haunts of men
 By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
 So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between ;
 It seem'd a place where Gholes might
 come,

With their foul banquets from the tomb,
 And in its caverns feed unseen.



THE FIRE-WORSHIPERS

“ There stood— but one short league away * * * *
A rocky mountain, o'er the sea.”—P. 272.



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Like distant thunder, from below,
 The sound of many torrents came ;
 Too deep for eye or ear to know
 If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
 Or floods of ever-restless flame.
 For each ravine, each rocky spire,
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;
 And, though for ever past the days,
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
 That from its lofty altar shone,—
 Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
 Still did the mighty flame burn on
 Through chance and change, through
 good and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led
 His little army's last remains ;—
 "Welcome, terrific glen !" he said,
 "Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
 Is heaven to him who flies from
 chains !"

O'er a dark, narrow bridgeway, known
 To him and to his chiefs alone,
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the
 towers ;—
 "This home," he cried, "at least is
 ours—

Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
 Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;
 Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
 Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures'
 beaks

Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
 Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
 Gloats on our torments—we may die !"

'Twas night when to those towers they
 came,
 And gloomily the fitful flame,
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,
 Glared on his features, as he spoke :—
 "'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've
 done—

If Iran *will* look tamely on,
 And see her priests, her warriors, driven
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,
 A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,
 And makes a pander of his God !
 If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 Men, in whose veins—O last disgrace !
 The blood of Zal and Rustam rolls,—
 If they *will* court this upstart race,

And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
 To kneel at shrines of yesterday !—
 If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes,
 Why, let them—till the land's despair
 Cries out to Heaven, and bondage grows
 Too vile for e'en the vile to bear !
 Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
 Their inmost core, and conscience turns
 Each coward tear the slave lets fall
 Back on his heart in drops of gall !
 But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
 And souls that thralldom never stain'd ;—
 This spot, at least, no foot of slave
 Or satrap ever yet profaned ;
 And, though but few—though fast the
 wave

Of life is ebbing from our veins,
 Enough for vengeance still remains.
 As panthers, after set of sun,
 Rush from the roots of Lebanon
 Across the dark sea-robber's way,
 We'll bound upon our startled prey ;—
 And when some hearts that proudest
 swell

Have felt our falchion's last farewell ;
 When hope's expiring throb is o'er,
 And e'en despair can prompt no more,
 This spot shall be the sacred grave
 Of the last few who, vainly brave,
 Die for the land they cannot save !"

His chiefs stood round—each shining
 blade

Upon the broken altar laid—
 And though so wild and desolate
 Those courts, where once the mighty
 sate ;

Nor longer on those mouldering towers
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
 With which of old the Magi fed
 The wandering spirits of their dead ;
 Though neither priest nor rites were
 there,

Nor charmèd leaf of pure pome-
 granate ;

Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd
 planet ;

Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires
 They swore the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
 Should be, in Iran's injured name,
 To die upon that Mount of Flame—

The last of all her patriot line,
 Before her last untrampled shrine !
 Brave, suffering souls ! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
 Whom Love first touch'd with others'
 woe—

Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
 His talisman, and woke the tide,
 And spread its trembling circles wide.
 Once, Emir ! thy unheeding child,
 'Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and
 smiled,—

Tranquil as on some battle-plain
 The Persian lily shines and towers,
 Before the combat's reddening stain
 Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
 Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
 While Heaven but spared the sire she
 loved,

Once at thy evening tales of blood
 Unlistening and aloof she stood—
 And oft, when thou hast paced along
 Thy haram halls with furious heat,
 Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can
 hear ?

Far other feelings love hath brought—
 Her soul all flame, her brow all sad-
 ness,
 She now has but the one dear thought,
 And thinks that o'er, almost to mad-
 ness !

Oft doth her sinking heart recall
 His words—"for *my* sake weep for all,"
 And bitterly, as day on day
 Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There's not a sabre meets her eye,
 But with his life-blood seems to swim ;
 There's not an arrow wings the sky,
 But fancy turns its point to him.
 No more she brings with footstep light
 Al Hassan's falchion for the fight ;
 And,—had he look'd with clearer sight,
 Had not the mists, that ever rise
 From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes,—
 He would have mark'd her shuddering
 frame,
 When from the field of blood he came,

The faltering speech—the look es-
 tranged—
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty
 changed—
 He would have mark'd all this, and
 known
 Such change is wrought by love alone !

Ah ! not the love that should have
 bless'd

So young, so innocent a breast ;
 Not the pure, open, prosperous love,
 That, pledged on earth and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,
 In friendship's smile and home's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness !
 No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
 Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame.—
 A passion, without hope or pleasure,
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
 It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
 Some idol, without shrine or name,
 O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
 Unholy watch, while others sleep !
 Seven nights have darken'd Oman's
 Sea,

Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly
 Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
 And still she goes, at midnight hour,
 To weep alone in that high bower,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her
 weep,—

But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw his bark again.
 The owlet's solitary cry,
 The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
 And oft the hateful carrion-bird,
 Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
 Which reek'd with that day's banquet-
 ing—
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn — Al Hassan's
 brow
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy ?
 The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
 When toss'd at midnight furiously,
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
 More surely than that smiling eye !

"Up, daughter, up—the kerna's breath
Has blown a blast would waken death,
And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and
see

This blessed day for heaven and me,
A day more rich in Pagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
Before another dawn shall shine,
His head—heart—limbs—will all be
mine;

This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep!"—
"His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her
mind

Still singling *one* from all mankind.
"Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
Without whose aid the links accursed,
That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for Alla's self to burst!
That rebel fiend, whose blade has
spread

My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the Swords of
Heaven.

This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and vengeance speed the
blow.

And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
Thou wor'st on Ohod's field of death,
I swear, for every sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to Araby.

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hoped our every tread
Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Cursed race, they offer swords instead!
But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that
now

Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
Have time to chill in yonder towers,
Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab
bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true—
There lurk'd one wretch among the few
Whom Hafed's eagle eye could count
Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers where Freedom
stood

In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When, sallying from their sacred height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
He lay—but died not with the brave;
That sun, which should have gilt his
grave,

Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
And, while the few, who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He lived, and in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to
scorn!

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unbless'd cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the
brim,—

With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one
dwell

Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

LALLA ROOKH had had a dream the
night before, which, in spite of the im-
pending fate of poor Hafed, made her
heart more than usually cheerful during
the morning, and gave her cheeks all the

freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer—

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

THE day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's
rack,

Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy!
There's not a cloud in that blue plain

But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,

Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach

The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
And all was boding, drear and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore—
No music timed her parting oar,
Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destined bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.

And where was stern Al Hassan then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,

With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food

In the still warm and living breath!
While o'er the wave his weeping
daughter

Is wafled from these scenes of
slaughter,—

As a young bird of Babylon,
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she nursed—the well-known
groves,

Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,

And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount.—
Her little garden mosque to see,

And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary

In her own sweet acacia bower.—
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No—silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom,





THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

“ And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death.”—P. 277.

As a pale angel of the grave ;
 And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
 Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
 Where, in a few short awful hours,
 Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
 Foul incense for to-morrow's sun !
 "Where art thou, glorious stranger ! thou,
 So loved, so lost, where art thou now ?
 Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
 Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to
 bear,

Still glorious—still to this fond heart
 Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art !
 Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla ! yes—
 If there be wrong, be crime in this,
 Let the black waves, that round us roll,
 Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
 Forgetting faith, — home, — father, —
 all, —

Before its earthly idol fall,
 Nor worship even Thyself above him.—
 For oh ! so wildly do I love him,
 Thy Paradise itself were dim
 And joyless, if not shared with him !"

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes up-
 turn'd,

Dropping their tears like moonlight
 rain ;

And, though her lip, fond raver ! burn'd
 With words of passion, bold, profane,
 Yet was there light around her brow,

A holiness in those dark eyes,
 Which show'd—though wandering earth-
 ward now, —

Her spirit's home was in the skies.
 Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
 Is always pure, even while it errs ;
 As sunshine, broken in the rill,
 Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still !

So wholly had her mind forgot
 All thoughts but one, she heeded not
 The rising storm—the wave that cast
 A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
 Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
 Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
 Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd
 to vie

With the rude riot of the sky.—
 But hark !—that war-whoop on the
 deck—

That crash, as if each engine there,
 Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
 'Mid yells and stampings of despair !

Merciful Heaven ! what *can* it be ?
 'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
 The ship has shudder'd as she rode
 O'er mountain waves.—"Forgive me,
 God !

Forgive me !"—shriek'd the maid and
 knelt,

Trembling all over,—for she felt
 As if her judgment-hour was near ;
 While crouching round, half dead with
 fear,

Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor
 stirr'd—

When, hark !—a second crash—a third—
 And now, as if a bolt of thunder
 Had riven the labouring planks asunder,
 The deck falls in—what horrors then !
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and
 men

Come mix'd together through the
 chasm ;—

Some wretches in their dying spasm
 Still fighting on—and some that call
 "For God and Iran !" as they fall !

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
 The perils of th' infuriate fray,
 And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
 This wilderment of wreck and death ?

She knew not—for a faintness came
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
 Amid the ruins of that hour

Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
 Beneath the red volcano's shower !

But oh ! the sights and sounds of dread
 That shock'd her, ere her senses fled !

The yawning deck—the crowd that
 strove

Upon the tottering planks above—
 The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with
 gore,

Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash

Upon their blades, high toss'd about
 Like meteor brands—as if throughout

The elements one fury ran,
 One general rage, that left a doubt

Which was the fiercer, Heaven or
 Man !

Once too—but no—it could not be—
 'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought

While yet her fading eyes could see,
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught

A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul,—even then,
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The Star of Egypt, whose proud light
Never hath beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,
Burns through the storm with looks of flame

That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame !

But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense, its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead !

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone !
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn !

When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm !—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere the lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them !

When, 'stead of one unchanging
breeze,

There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—

As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs !
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest !

Such was the golden hour, that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound

Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozia's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—no—strange and
new

Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there
lay

A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie ;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla ! who shall save her now ?

There's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt that
wraps

Each yellow vest—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps—
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power ;—
Hafed, the Gheber !—at the thought
Her very heart's blood chills within ;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God !
And she is now his captive,—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone ;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies !
What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,

With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armèd crowd
A look so searching, so intent,

That e'en the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and
storm,

Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which fancy's
beams

Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul !

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in
motion—

The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees—

Their course is toward that mountain
hold,—

Those towers, that make her life-blood
freeze,

Where Mecca's godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold !

Amid th' illumined land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood ;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would
be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's
brow ;

Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them toward those dismal caves
That from the deep in windings pass
Beneath that mount's volcanic mass—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the
brands !—

Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal porch,

Through which departed spirits go ;—
Not e'en the flare of brand and torch

Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.

Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around

The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave !

But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track ;—

Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexèd tide, all foaming, back,

And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force ;
When, hark !—some desperate foot has
sprung

Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a daybeam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness
steals,

Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes ;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine ! genial Day,
What balm, what life, is in thy ray !

To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite

For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb !
E'en Hinda, though she saw not where

Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,

Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again !

But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led

Through damp and gloom—'mid crash
of boughs

And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a
prey,

And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering
way !

The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone ;—
And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death !
All, all is fearful—e'en to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings !

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

But does she dream ? has fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering
near—

"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's
here ? "

She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's
here."

'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's ex-
tent

There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent !
Oh ! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,
Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one !
Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's
brink,

Hath power to make e'en ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd
By tears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,

With aught but curses in his eye,
On her—a maid of Araby—
A Moslem maid—the child of him,
Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim,
And their fair land a wilderness !
And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast—oh ! who shall
stay

The sword, that once hath tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way ?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover ?

"Save him, my God !" she inly cries—
"Save him this night—and if thine eyes
Have ever welcomed with delight
The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
Of sinners' hearts—guard him this
night,

And here, before thy throne, I swear
From my heart's inmost core to tear,
Love, hope, remembrance, though
they be
Link'd with each quivering life-string
there,

And give it bleeding all to Thee !
Let him but live, the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
Which have been all too much his own,
Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
In long and painful pilgrimage,
Shall leave no traces of the flame
That wastes me now—nor shall his name
E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
For his dear spirit, that away
Casting from its angelic ray
Th' eclipse of earth, he too may shine
Redeem'd, all glorious and all thine !
Think—think what victory to win !
One radiant soul like his from sin ;—
One wandering star of virtue back
To its own native, heaven-ward track !
Let him but live, and both are thine,
Together thine—for, bless'd or cross'd,
Living or dead, his doom is mine,
And if *he* perish, both are lost !"

THE next evening Lalla Rookh was en-
treated by her ladies to continue the rela-
tion of her wonderful dream ; but the
fearful interest that hung round the fate

of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind ; —much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

Fadladeen, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction ; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet continued his profane and seditious story thus :—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the west
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong for-
given,
Shine, as they fall, with light from
heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through Kerman's almond
groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters
gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream ;
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and awed as those who waken

In their dark tombs—when, scowling
near,

The Searchers of the Grave appear,—
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around ;
And saw those towers all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying e'en the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream ! again 'tis fled.
And oh ! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
“Hafed, the Chief”—and, one by
one,

The warriors shout that fearful name !
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching
glare

Not Yemen's boldest sons can bear ?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night !
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening round the
well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell !

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast
down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now ;
And shuddering as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.—
Never was pause so full of dread ;

Till Hafed with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
“Hinda !”—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
From her full bosom told the rest—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,
To hide them on her Gheber's breast !
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,

Hafed, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances
blight,—

Is her own lovèd Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven !

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black simoom's eclipse—

Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom !
The past—the future—all that fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last !

E'en he, this youth—though dimm'd and
gone

Each star of hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
Iran, his dear-lovèd country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and
graves !—

Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share her
death—

E'en he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o'er
him,

Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was lovèd—well, warmly lovèd—
Oh ! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe ;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the
draught !

She too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,

Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while !
The mighty ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean flood,
Where lightly o'er th' illumined surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's
star

Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if, to grace the gorgeous west,
The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest

Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love !
Beneath them, waves of crystal move
In silent swell—heaven glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like
heaven !

But, ah ! too soon that dream is past—
Again, again her fear returns ;—
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
“At night, he said—and, look, 'tis
near—

Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—
Soon will his murderous band be here,
And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
Hush !—heard'st thou not the tramp of
men

Sounding from yonder fearful glen ?—
Perhaps e'en now they climb the wood—
Fly, fly—though still the west is
bright,
He'll come—oh ! yes—he wants thy
blood—

I know him—he'll not wait for night !”

In terrors e'en to agony
She clings around the wondering
Chief ;—

“Alas, poor wilder'd maid ! to me
Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief,

Lost as I am, nought ever grew
Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
My doom is like the Dead-Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there !
Why were our barks together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven ?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance

Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
When, casting but a single glance
Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet th' unmaning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow ?
Why weakly, madly, meet thee now ?—
Start not—that noise is but the shock

Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock
We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the dead !
Or, could e'en earth and hell unite
In league to storm this sacred height,
Fear nothing now—myself, to-night,
And each o'erlooking star that dwells
Near God will be thy sentinels ;—
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire—”

“ To-morrow !—no—”

The maiden scream'd—“ thou'lt never
see

To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking
tower,

Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour !
Thou art betray'd—some wretch who
knew

That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
As though thy heart already beat
Its last life-throb beneath his feet !

Good Heaven, how little dream'd I then
His victim was my own loved youth !—
Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth !”

Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine
play'd,

Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.

He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had frozen his blood,

So mazed and motionless was he ;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still Halls of Ishmonie !

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days !
Never, in moment most elate,

Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal-lights of fate

Were shining in those awful eyes !
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come ;
And, though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back,
With proud regret,—and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's
night

For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes !
This rock, his monument aloft,

Shall speak the tale to many an age ;
And hither bards and heroes oft

Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where Hafed fell.
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive.
Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on Iran's neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !

Such are the swelling thoughts that
now

Enthroned themselves on Hafed's brow ;
And ne'er did saint of Issa gaze

On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
More proudly than the youth surveys

That pile, which through the gloom
behind,

Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers,—his destined funeral pyre !

Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
 Of every wood of odorous breath,
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
 Ready to fold in radiant death
 The few still left of those who swore
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—
 The few, to whom that couch of
 flame,
 Which rescues them from bonds and
 shame,
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed
 For their own infant Prophet spread,
 When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
 The death-flames that beneath him
 burn'd !

With watchfulness the maid attends
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams ?
 What plans he now ? what thinks or
 dreams ?

Alas ! why stands he musing here,
 When every moment teems with fear ?
 "Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
 She kneeling cries—"first, last adored !
 If in that soul thou'st ever felt

Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
 Here, on my knees that never kneel

To any but their God before,
 I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
 Now, now—ere yet their blades are
 nigh.

Oh, haste—the bark that bore me
 hither,

Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea ;
 East—west—alas, I care not whither,
 So thou art safe, and I with thee !

Go where we will, this hand in thine,
 Those eyes before me smiling thus,
 Through good and ill, through storm and
 shine,

The world's a world of love for us !
 On some calm, blessed shore we'll
 dwell,

Where 'tis no crime to love too well ;—
 Where thus to worship tenderly
 An erring child of light like thee
 Will not be sin—or, if it be,
 Where we may weep our faults away,
 Together kneeling, night and day,
 Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
 And I—at *any* God's, for thine !"

Wildly these passionate words she
 spoke—

Then hung her head, and wept for
 shame ;

Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
 With every deep-heaved sob that came.

While he, young, warm—oh ! wonder
 not

If, for a moment, pride and fame,
 His oath—his cause—that shrine of
 flame,

And Iran's self are all forgot
 For her whom at his feet he sees
 Kneeling in speechless agonies.

No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
 Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
 O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
 Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
 Which she, who bends all beauteous
 there,

Was born to kindle and to share !

A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
 First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
 Of softness passing o'er his soul.

Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray ;—
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,
 Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
 That had but dimm'd, not stain'd, its
 light.

Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
 Its warmth, its weakness, linger'd still

So touching in each look and tone,
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,

Half thought the hero's soul was grown
 As soft, as yielding as her own,
 And smiled and bless'd him, while he
 said,—

"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
 Where fadeless truth like ours is dear ;—
 If there be any land of rest

For those who love and ne'er forget,
 Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest
 We'll meet in that calm region yet !"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
 If good or ill these words impart,
 When the roused youth impatient flew
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
 A ponderous sea-horn hung, and blew
 A signal, deep and dread as those
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows. —

Full well his chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal
knew;

For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,
Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast!
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash

Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun—
And, as their coursers charged the wind,
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,
Looking as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every chief a god!
How fallen, how alter'd now! how
wan

Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they
came;—

How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paused before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!
'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier band;
And each determined brow declares
His faithful chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the
skies—

And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires
cold!

Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,

And lay it at her trembling feet;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Hath placed her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand—that lingering
press

Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for
ever.

And yet to *her* this sad caress
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute ex-
cess—

Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
'Twas anything but leaving her.

“Haste, haste!” she cried, “the clouds
grow dark,
But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;
And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss!

With thee upon the sunbright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this,
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
And thou—” but ha!—he answers
not—

Good Heaven!—and does she go
alone?

She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
Where, some hours since, his voice's
tone

Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the angel Israfil's,
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—

Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh—

“Hafed! my Hafed! if it be
Thy will, thy doom, this night to die,

Let me but stay to die with thee,
And I will bless thy lov'd name,
Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
Oh! let our lips, our cheeks, be laid
But near each other while they fade;
Let us but mix our parting breaths,
And I can die ten thousand deaths!

You too, who hurry me away
So cruelly, one moment stay—

Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
Hafed! dear Hafed!” all the way

In wild lamentings, that would touch
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
To the dark woods—no Hafed came:—
No—hapless pair—you've look'd your
last;

Your hearts should both have broken
then:

The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!—
Still halfway down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,

That down the rocks, with mournful
ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, loved tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave be-
hind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he
then?

That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the
crowd

Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of
hell,

Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible, that shout!

“They come—the Moslems come!”—
he cries,

His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—

“Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!”

He said—and, light as bridegrooms
bound

To their young loves, reclimb'd the
steep

And gain'd the shrine—his chiefs stood
round—

Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accursed,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams,
burst.

And hark!—again—again it rings;

Near and more near its echoings

Peal through the chasm—oh! who that
then

Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of
flame

Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the
shame,

Th' indignant shame, with which they
thrill

To hear those shouts and yet stand
still?

He read their thoughts—they were his
own—

“What! while our arms can wield
these blades

Shall we die tamely? die alone?

Without one victim to our shades,

One Moslem heart where, buried deep,

The sabre from its toil may sleep?

No—God of Iran's burning skies!

Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.

No—though of all earth's hopes bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are
left.

We'll make yon valley's reeking caves

Live in the awe-struck minds of men,

Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves

Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.

Follow, brave hearts!—this pile re-
mains

Our refuge still from life and chains;

But his the best, the holiest bed,

Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!”

Down the precipitous rocks they
sprung,

While vigour, more than human, strung

Each arm and heart.—Th' exulting foe

Still through the dark defiles below,

Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through Golconda's
vale

The mighty serpent, in his ire,

Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.

No torch the Ghebers need—so well

They know each mystery of the dell,

So oft have, in their wanderings,

Cross'd the wild race that round them
dwell,

The very tigers from their delves

Look out, and let them pass, as things
Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay

Yet darkling in the Moslems' way;—

Fit spot to make invaders rue

The many fallen before the few.

The torrents from that morning's sky

Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-
high,

And, on each side, aloft and wild,

Huge cliffs and toppling crags were
piled,

The guards, with which young Freedom
lined

The pathways to her mountain shrines.





THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

“ They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.”—P. 257

Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of Iran's last avengers stand ;—
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslems' tread
So anxiously, the carrion-bird
Above them flaps his wings unheard !

They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
Had point or prowess, prove them
now !—

Woe to the file that foremost wades !
They come—a falchion greets each
brow,

And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless ;
Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand
The sword hangs, clogg'd with mas-
sacre.

Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd !
All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the
flood

Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares ! what carnage swims !
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a
hand,

In that thick pool of slaughter stand ;—
Wretches who, wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round
them fly,

'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks ex-
pire ;—
And some who, grasp'd by those that
die,

Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore !

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more suc-
ceed ;—
Countless as towards some flame at
night

The north's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,

To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway ! on they pass.—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
Whose swords how keen, how fierce,
they knew,

And burn with shame to find how few.
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they
stood ;

While some with hardier struggle died,
And still fought on by Hafed's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Towards the high towers his gory track ;
And, as a lion, swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
From the wild covert where he lay,
Long battles with th' o'erwhelming
tide,

So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay !

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escaped—guide, torches
gone—

By torrent-beds and labyrinths cross'd,
The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
“Curse on those tardy lights that wind,”
They panting cry, “so far behind—
Oh, for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the way the Gheber went !”

Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more
wrong ;

Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss ;—
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance
dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,

He lay beside his reeking blade,
 Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
 Its last blood-offering amply paid,
 And Iran's self could claim no more.
 One only thought, one lingering beam,
 Now broke across his dizzy dream
 Of pain and weariness—'twas she
 His heart's pure planet, shining yet
 Above the waste of memory,
 When all life's other lights were set.
 And never to his mind before
 Her image such enchantment wore.
 It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
 Each fear that chill'd, their loves was
 past,
 And not one cloud of earth remain'd
 Between him and her glory cast ;—
 As if to charms, before so bright,
 New grace from other worlds was
 given,
 And his soul saw her by the light
 Now breaking o'er itself from heaven !

 A voice spoke near him—'twas the
 tone
 Of a loved friend, the only one
 Of all his warriors, left with life
 From that short night's tremendous
 strife.—
 "And must we then, my Chief, die
 here ?—
 Foes round us, and the shrine so near !"
 These words have roused the last re-
 mains
 Of life within him—"what ! not yet
 Beyond the reach of Moslem chains !"
 The thought could e'en make Death
 forget
 His icy bondage—with a bound
 He springs, all bleeding, from the
 ground,
 And grasps his comrade's arm, now
 grown
 E'en feebler, heavier, than his own,
 And up the painful pathway leads,
 Death gaining on each step he treads.
 Speed them, thou God, who heard'st
 their vow !
 They mount—they bleed—oh, save them
 now !—
 The crags are red they've clamber'd
 o'er,
 The rock-weed's dripping with their
 gore—

Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering
 strength—
 Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe
 Come near and nearer from below—
 One effort more—thank Heaven ! 'tis
 past,
 They've gain'd the topmost steep at last,
 And now they touch the temple's walls,
 Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—
 When, lo ! his weak, worn comrade falls
 Dead on the threshold of the shrine.
 "Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled !
 And must I leave thee withering here,
 The sport of every ruffian's tread,
 The mark for every coward's spear ?
 No, by yon altar's sacred beams !"
 He cries, and, with a strength that seems
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame
 Of the fallen chief, and towards the
 flame
 Bears him along ;— with death-damp
 hand
 The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
 Then lights the consecrated brand,
 And fires the pile, whose sudden
 blaze
 Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—
 "Now, Freedom's God ! I come to
 Thee,"
 The youth exclaims, and with a smile
 Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
 In that last effort, ere the fires
 Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires !

 What shriek was that on Oman's tide ?
 It came from yonder drifting bark,
 That just has caught upon her side
 The death-light—and again is dark.
 It is the boat—ah, why delay'd ?—
 That bears the wretched Moslem maid ;
 Confided to the watchful care
 Of a small veteran band, with whom
 Their generous Chieftain would not share
 The secret of his final doom ;
 But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
 Was render'd to her father's eyes ;
 Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
 The ransom of so dear a prize.—
 Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,
 And proud to guard their beauteous
 freight,
 Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
 That foam around those frightful caves,

When the curst war-whoops, known so well,

Came echoing from the distant dell—
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,

Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,
They rock'd along the whispering tide,
While every eye, in mute dismay,
Was toward that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray,
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh ! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
Of fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
Thy silent agony—'twas such

As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell !
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart ;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.

No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things, within the cold rock found
Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain—

That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agonized suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,

The heart hath no relief but breaking !

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights

Reflected dance beneath the prow ;—
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
The starlight o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that to make her blest,

And the fresh, buoyant sense of being
That bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—

Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.

How different now !—but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings—brave men !
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath ;
All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie ;—

He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
E'en now, this night, himself must die !

Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means

The battle-cry at this dead hour—
Ah ! she could tell you—she, who leans

Unheeded there, palè, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast—
Too well she knows—her more than life,

Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height ?
Some signal !—'tis a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare ?
In gasping silence toward the shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine,
Fix their last failing life-beams there.

'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent ;

While Hafed, like a vision, stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrined in its own grand element !

“ 'Tis he ! ” the shuddering maid exclaims,—

But, while she speaks, he's seen no more ;

High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er !

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,

Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again !

Farewell — farewell to thee, Araby's
daughter !

(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark
sea)

No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green
water,

More pure in its shell than thy spirit in
thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee
growing,

How light was thy heart till love's
witchery came,

Like the wind of the south o'er a summer
lute blowing,

And hush'd all its music and wither'd
its frame !

But long, upon Araby's green sunny
highlands,

Shall maids and their lovers remember
the doom

Of her, who lies sleeping among the
Pearl Islands,

With nought but the sea-star to light
up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is
burning,

And calls to the palm-groves the young
and the old,

The happiest there, from their pastime
returning,

At sunset, will weep when thy story is
told.

The young village maid, when with
flowers she dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival
day,

Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her
tresses,

She mournfully turns from the mirror
away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero !
forget thee,—

Though tyrants watch over her tears as
they start,

Close, close by the side of that hero
she'll set thee,

Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of
her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy
pillow

With everything beautiful that grows
in the deep,

Each flower of the rock and each gem of
the billow

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy
sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest
amber

That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has
wept ;

With many a shell, in whose hollow-
wreathed chamber

We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight
have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie
darkling,

And plant all the rosiest stems at thy
head ;

We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian
are sparkling,

And gather their gold to strew over
thy bed.

Farewell —farewell—until pity's sweet
fountain

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the
brave,

They'll weep for the Chieftain who died
on that mountain,

They'll weep for the Maiden who
sleeps in this wave.

THE singular placidity with which Fad-
ladeen had listened, during the latter
part of this obnoxious story, surprised the
Princess and Feramorz exceedingly ; and
even inclined towards him the hearts of
these unsuspecting young persons, who
little knew the source of a complacency
so marvellous. The truth was, he had
been organizing, for the last few days, a
most notable plan of persecution against
the Poet, in consequence of some pas-
sages that had fallen from him on the
second evening of recital, — which ap-
peared to this worthy Chamberlain to
contain language and principles, for
which nothing short of the summary
criticism of the chabuk would be advis-
able. It was his intention, therefore,

immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion (that is, if he did not give the chabuk to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen), there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen,—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master, Aurungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur,—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable post of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms, and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river, beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here

would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it could to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and

its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basons, filled with the pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious;"—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of Feramorz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal,—the Light of the Haram, who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basons, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and Feramorz had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Rookh's little Persian slave, and thus began:—

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,

With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear

As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake

Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take

A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—

When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,

Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;

When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,

And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet

From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.—

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes

A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,

Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one

Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun.

When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,

From his haram of night-flowers stealing away;

And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover

The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.

When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,

And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,

Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,

Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!

A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart un-
closes,

And all is ecstasy,—for now

The Valley holds its Feast of Roses.
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open, like the season's rose,—

The floweret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives !

'Twas when the hour of evening came

Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame

Behind the palms of Baramoule.
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd, from their embroider'd beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And waked to moonlight and to play.

All were abroad—the busiest hive
On Bela's hills is less alive
When saffron beds are full in flower,
Than look'd the Valley in that hour.

A thousand restless torches play'd
Through every grove and island shade ;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret ;

And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve ;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine
out

In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night !
And all were free, and wandering,

And all exclaim'd to all they met
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet ;—

The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless'd them
there ;

The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves look'd half so
fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers !

It seem'd as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.

The Lake too like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths

Had fallen upon it from the sky !

And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet ;—
The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee
Sung from his lighted gallery,
And answer'd by a ziraleet
From neighbouring haram, wild and
sweet,—

The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens, where the silken swing
Wafts some delighted girl above
The top leaves of the orange grove ;
Or, from those infant groups at play
Among the tents that line the way,
Flinging, unawed by slave or
mother,

Handfuls of roses at each other !—

And the sounds from the Lake,—the low
whisp'ring in boats,

As they shoot through the moonlight ;
—the dipping of oars,

And the wild, airy warbling that every-
where floats,

Through the groves, round the islands,
as if all the shores

Like those of Kathay utter'd music, and
gave

An answer in song to the kiss of each
wave !

But the gentlest of all are those sounds,
full of feeling,

That soft from the lute of some lover are
stealing,—

Some lover, who knows all the heart-
touching power

Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
Oh ! best of delights as it everywhere is
To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapt-
ure is his,

Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly
may glide

O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that
One by his side !

If woman can make the worst wilderness
dear,

Think, think what a heaven she must
make of Cashmere !

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,
When from power and pomp and the
trophies of war

He flew to that Valley, forgetting them
 all,
 With the Light of the Haram, his young
 Nourmahal.
 When free and uncrown'd as the con-
 queror roved
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only
 beloved,
 He saw, in the wreaths she would play-
 fully snatch
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could
 not match,
 And prefer'd in his heart the least ringlet
 that curl'd
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of
 the world !

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly
 bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer
 day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow
 made tender,
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of
 splendour.
 This *was* not the beauty—oh ! nothing
 like this,
 That to young Nourmahal gave such
 magic of bliss ;
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which
 plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft sha-
 dowy days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth
 as it flies
 From the lips to the cheek, from the
 cheek to the eyes,
 Now melting in mist and now breaking
 in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven
 in his dreams !
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very
 grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with
 her face ;
 And when angry,—for e'en in the tran-
 quillest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the flowers some-
 times—
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to
 awaken
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweet-
 est when shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of
 her eye
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
 From the depth of whose shadow, like
 holy revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light
 of her feelings !
 Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as
 ever took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like the
 wild-bird in spring ;—
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate
 sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from
 their cages.
 While her laugh, full of life, without any
 control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung
 from her soul ;
 And where it most sparkled no glance
 could discover,
 In lip, check or eyes, for she brighten'd
 all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs
 in the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchant-
 ments, that gave
 Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East
 for her slave ;
 And though bright was his haram,—a
 living parterre
 Of the flowers of this planet—though
 treasures were there,
 For which Soliman's self might have
 given all the store
 That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to
 his shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of
 them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young
 Nourmahal !

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ ?
 When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by
 chance
 Into the vale this happy night,
 He saw that City of Delight
 In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
 Are made of gems and light and
 flowers!—

Where is the loved sultana? where,
When mirth brings out the young and
fair,
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were
rough,

Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath
shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowerets fetter'd
round;—

Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at
rest,

Lose all their glory when he flies!

Some difference, of this dangerous
kind,—
By which, though light, the links that
bind

The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst;—
Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
The heart of the imperial lover,
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
Hence is it, on this happy night,
When Pleasure through the fields and
groves

Has let loose all her world of loves,
And every heart has found its own,—
He wanders, joyless and alone,
And weary as that bird of Thrace,
Whose pinion knows no resting-place.
In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the earth supplies
Come crowding round—the cheeks are
pale,
The eyes are dim—though rich the
spot

With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not?
In vain the Valley's smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along;
He heeds them not—one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the star's adorers are,
She is the heaven that lights the star!

Hence is it too that Nourmahal,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
With no one near to soothe or aid,
But that inspired and wondrous maid,
Namouna, the enchantress;—one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing
o'er,

To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of Namouna's birth!

All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra, which around
 The Air's sublimer spirits drew,
 To the gold gems of Afric, bound
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
 To keep him from the Siltim's harm.
 And she had pledged her powerful art,
 Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
 Of one who knew, though high her
 sphere,
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
 To find some spell that should recall
 Her Selim's smile to Nourmahal !

'Twas midnight—through the lattice,
 wreathed
 With woodbine, many a perfume
 breathed
 From plants that wake when others
 sleep,
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep
 Their odour to themselves all day,
 But, when the sunlight dies away,
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about ;—
 When thus Namouna :—“ 'Tis the hour
 That scatters spells on herb and flower,
 And garlands might be gather'd now,
 That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
 Would make him dream of such de-
 lights,
 Such miracles and dazzling sights,
 As Genii of the Sun behold,
 At evening, from their tents of gold,
 Upon th' horizon—where they play
 Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
 Their sunny mansions melt away !
 Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
 Of buds o'er which the moon has
 breathed,
 Which worn by her, whose love has
 stray'd,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made
 Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
 And who might tell——”

“ For me, for me,”
 Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
 “ Oh ! twine that wreath for me to-
 night.”
 Then, rapidly, with foot as light
 As the young musk-roe's, out she flew
 To cull each shining leaf that grew

Beneath the moonlight's hallowing
 beams
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
~~Apepones~~ and Seas of Gold,
 And new-blown lilies of the river,
 And those sweet flowerets, that unfold
 Their buds on Camadeva's quiver ;—
 The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
 That in the gardens of Malay
 Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,
 So like a bride, scented and bright,
 She comes out when the sun's away.—
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids
 That wander through Zamara's shades ;—
 And the white moon-flower, as it shows
 On Serendib's high crags to those
 Who near the isle at evening sail,
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale ;—
 In short, all flowerets and all plants,
 From the divine Amrita tree,
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants
 With fruits of immortality,
 Down to the basil tuft, that waves
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,
 And to the humble rosemary,
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
 To scent the desert and the dead,—
 All in that garden bloom, and all
 Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,
 Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
 And leaves, till they can hold no
 more ;
 Then to Namouna flies, and showers
 Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
 So many buds, bathed with the dew's
 And beams of that bless'd hour !—her
 glance
 Spoke something, past all mortal plea-
 sures,
 As, in a kind of holy trance,
 She hung above those fragrant trea-
 sures,
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,
 As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
 And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
 From flowers and scented flame that fed
 Her charmed life—for none had e'er
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
 Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
 But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
 Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
 Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,

Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

I know where the wingèd visions dwell
That around the night-bed play ;

I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies

To visit the bashful maid,

Steals from the jasmine flower, that
sighs

Its soul, like her, in the shade.

The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour

That alights on misery's brow,

Springs out of the silvery almond-
flower,

That blooms on a leafless bough.

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes

The glitter of mines unfold,

Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes

The tooth of the fawn like gold.

The phantom shapes—oh, touch not
them—

That appal the murderer's sight,

Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,

That shrieks, when torn at night !

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,

That smiles at the wrongs of men,

Is found in the bruised and wounded
rind

Of the cinnamon, sweetest then !

Then hasten we, maid,

To twine our braid,

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
Placed on her head, than sleep came
down,

Gently as nights of summer fall,

Upon the lids of Nourmahal ;—

And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,

As full of small, rich harmonies

As ever wind, that o'er the tents

Of Azab blew, was full of scents,

Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,

Like the first air of morning creeping

Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,

Where Love himself, of old, lay sleep-
ing ;—

And now a spirit form'd, 'twould seem,

Of music and of light, so fair,

So brilliantly his features beam,

And such a sound is in the air

Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,

Hovers around her, and thus sings :—

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,

Call'd by that moonlight garland's
spell ;

From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,

Where in music, morn and night, I

dwell.

Where lutes in the air are heard about,

And voices are singing the whole day
long,

And every sigh the heart breathes out

Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to
song !

Hither I come

From my fairy home,

And if there's a magic in music's
strain,

I swear by the breath

Of that moonlight wreath,

Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,

And mine are the murmuring, dying
notes,

That fall as soft as snow on the sea,

And melt in the heart as instantly !

And the passionate strain that, deeply
going,

Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blow-
ing,

Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too !

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway

The Spirits of past Delight obey ;—

Let but the tuneful talisman sound,

And they come, like Genii, hovering
round.

And mine is the gentle song, that bears
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to
 grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of
 pleasure ;

When memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the
 ear ;

And hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is
 near !

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid
 death

Through the field has shone—yet moves
 with a breath.

And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
 When music has reach'd her inmost
 soul,

Like the silent stars, that wink and
 listen

While heaven's eternal melodies roll !
 So hither I come

From my fairy home,

And if there's a magic in music's
 strain,

I swear by the breath

Of that moonlight wreath,

Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

* * * * *

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,
 As if the morn had waked, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again.

And Nourmahal is up, and trying

The wonders of her lute, whose
 strings—

O bliss !—now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial spirit's wings !

And then, her voice—'tis more than
 human—

Never, till now, had it been given
 To lips of any mortal woman

To utter notes so fresh from heaven ;
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,

When angel sighs are most divine.—

“ Oh ! let it last till night,” she cries,

“ And he is more than ever mine.”

And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
 For things so heavenly have such
 fleetness !

But, far from fading, it but grows
 Richer, diviner, as it flows ;
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,
 And pours again each sound along,
 Like Echo, lost and languishing
 In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul
 Might be from haunting love released
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl)

Th' imperial Selim held a feast
 In his magnificent Shalimar ;—
 In whose saloons, when the first star
 Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled ;
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
 Glide through its foliage, and drink
 beams

Of beauty from its founts and streams.
 And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
 Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the
 shades

Of that dear Valley, and are found
 Singing in gardens of the south
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.
 There too the haram's inmates smile ;—
 Maids from the west, with sun-bright
 hair,

And from the Garden of the Nile,
 Delicate as the roses there ;—
 Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks ;—
 Light Peri forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of Candahar ;
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,

That they might fancy the rich flowers,
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying !

Everything young, everything fair
 From east and west is blushing there,
 Except—except—O Nourmahal !
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one !
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star, on starry nights,

The seaman singles from the sky,
To steer his bark for ever by !
Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
And everything seem'd drear without
thee ;

But, ah ! thou wert, thou wert—and
brought

Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
Mingling unnoticed with a band
Of lutanists from many a land,
And veil'd by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids,—
A mask that leaves but one eye free,
To do its best in witchery,—
She roved, with beating heart, around,
And waited, trembling, for the minute,
When she might try if still the sound
Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and
wine,

With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On Casbin's hills ;—pomegranates full

Of melting sweetness, and the pears
And sunniest apples that Caubul

In all its thousand gardens bears ;
Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen ;
Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts

From the far groves of Samarcand,
And Basra dates, and apricots,

Seed of the sun, from Iran's land ;—
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.

All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure santal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw ;
Amber Rosolli,—the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green Sea
gushing ;

And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby, for which Kublai-Khan
Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing,
Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
And seems resolved the floods shall reach

His inward heart,—shedding around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For Love to rest his wings upon.

He little-knew how blest the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy ;—
As bards have seen him, in their
dreams,

Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow ?
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,

With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow,
Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks ;
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark,—oh, he, who
knows

His heart is weak, of Heaven should
pray
To guard him from such eyes as
those !—

With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda, and thus sings :—

Come hither, come hither—by night and
by day,

We linger in pleasures that never are
gone ;

Like the waves of the summer, as one
dies away,

Another as sweet and as shining comes
on.

And the love that is o'er, in expiring,
gives birth

To a new one as warm, as unequall'd
in bliss ;

And oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant
their sigh

As the flower of the Amra just oped
by a bee ;

And precious their tears as that rain from
the sky,

Which turns into pearls as it falls in
the sea,

Oh! think what the kiss and the smile
must be worth,

When the sigh and the tear are so
perfect in bliss;
And own if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd
by love,

Could draw down those angels of old
from their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth left the foun-
tains above,

And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes
we have here.

And, bless'd with the odour our goblet
gives forth,

What spirit the sweets of his Eden
would miss?

For oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,

When the same measure, sound for
was caught up by another lute, [sound,
And so divinely breathed around,

That all stood hush'd and wondering,

And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing

Of Israfil, the Angel, there;—

So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.

While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine

Its sound with theirs, that none knew
whether

The voice or lute was most divine,

So wondrously they went together:—

There's a bliss beyond all that the
minstrel has told,

When two, that are link'd in one
heavenly tie,

With heart never changing and brow
never cold, [till they die!

Love on through all ills, and love on
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth

Whole ages of heartless and wander-
ing bliss;

And oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords

And in the lips, that gave such power
As music knew not till that hour.

At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"

While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain

Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,

Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for
more:—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,

Our Arab tents are rude for thee;

But, oh! the choice what heart can
doubt

Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there

Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,

Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less

For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope

The silvery-footed antelope

As gracefully and gaily springs

As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then, come—thy Arab maid will be

The loved and lone acacia-tree,

The antelope, whose feet shall bless

With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart

An instant sunshine through the heart,—

As if the soul that minute caught

Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes

Predestined to have all our sighs,

And never be forgot again,

Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,

When first on me they breathed and
shone

New, as if brought from other spheres,

Yet welcome as if loved for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known

No other flame, nor falsely thrown

A gem away, that thou hadst sworn

Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me

Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—

Fresh as the fountain under ground,

When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place ;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine !

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, e'en without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart ;
But breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's spirit,—'twas too much !
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
“O Nourmahal ! O Nourmahal !
Hadst thou but sung this witching
strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light !
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance ;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile ;
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
“Remember, love, the Feast of
Roses !”

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets “frivolous”—“inharmonious”—“nonsensical,” he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the

most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this Poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dew, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers ; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm ; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine ; “being, perhaps,” said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the haram on this point, “one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it.” Upon the whole it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation : “and indeed,” concluded the critic, “from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet.”

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India ; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness

was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled. But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steel her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the

young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out so sudden and so brilliant, that a Bramin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth.—While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north, as they are seen by those hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that imperial palace beyond the Lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet, when she rose in the morning and her ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and





LALLA ROOKH.

“It was Feramorz himself that stood before her!”—P. 303.

radiance of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake ;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining Lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant ; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell !—In the barge immediately after the Princess was Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume ; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like

pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride ; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga, on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world.—Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her ; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her !—Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a king.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly ; he was seized with an admiration of the King’s verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested ; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the monarch, Aliris, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt ; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz.

The Fudge Family in Paris.

[IN the autumn of 1817, Moore was tempted to make his first trip to Paris upon a holiday excursion. The circumstances under which he went thither must have been, in every way, delightful. Rogers, the banker-poet, offered him a seat in his carriage, and the two wits and fast friends journeyed together thus in exhilarating companionship. The capital of France at that time, according to his laughter-moving account of it, must have presented to view, both socially and politically, an aspect so anomalous as to have been a perpetual provocation to ridicule. As the humorist himself ludicrously puts it, "It was as if, in the days succeeding the Deluge, a small coterie of antediluvians had been suddenly evoked from out of the deep to take the command of a new and freshly starting world." The monuments and trophies of the gigantic empire of Napoleon were scattered around in all directions. But supreme in authority, once more, over the revolutionized metropolis, were the Legitimist princes who had been so long exiled in England, and many of whom Moore had personally known there as guests with himself, under the princely roof-beams of the Earl of Moira at Donnington. Among them were the Comte d'Artois, otherwise Monsieur (afterwards Charles X.), and the Duc d'Orleans (later on Louis Philippe), with his brothers the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais. Conscious that he was hardly well enough versed in French politics to venture upon meddling with them, even in sport, without a risk of floundering, Moore, at that time, primed with fun—as, when placed upon an insulator, he might have been charged with electricity, *jusqu'aux points des ongles*—delivered himself of his abounding and sparkling hilarity by making his own countrymen, the travelled Cockneys who met him at every turn, in every place, and on boulevard, the vehicle or medium for the discharge of his effusive persiflage. To this end Miss Biddy Fudge and Mr. Bob Fudge, with Phil and Tim Fudge, and one Phelim Connor, stood him nobly in stead as conductors for the innocent lightning of his ridicule. The little work, which consisted of a dozen letters addressed, among other correspondents, to the Lord Viscount Castlereagh, by one or another of the imaginary people just named, once fairly before the public, "went" like wildfire. Five editions were sold off in a fortnight, after which brief interval, Moore pocketed £350 as his merrily-won honorarium. Thomas Brown the Younger, of 245, Piccadilly, affected to be the editor and discoverer, or purloiner, of the Correspondence. His Preface was dated the 17th of April, 1818, and in the spring of that year the book was published. It reveals Moore to us at his blithest, and is the very antipodes or antithesis of his grave-faced satires hight "Corruption" and "Intolerance."]

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.—CASTIGLIONE.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —,
OF CLONKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our
horses are plaiting,
The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the
door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, trans-
lating
His English resolve not to give a *son*
more,

I sit down to write you a line—only
think !—

A letter from France, with French pens
and French ink.

How delightful ! though, would you
believe it, my dear ?

I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful
here ;

No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've
come,

But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull
as at home ;

And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
 I might *just* as well be at Clonkily with you !
 In vain, at Dessein's, did I take from my trunk
 That divine fellow, Sterne, and fall reading "The Monk ;"
 In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
 And remember the crust and the wallet—alas !
 No monks can be had now for love or for money,
 (All owing, Pa says, to that infidel Boney ;)
 And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
 Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive !
 By the by, though, at Calais, Papa *had* a touch
 Of romance on the pier, which affected me much
 At the sight of that spot, where our darling Dixhuit
 Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,
 (Modell'd out so exactly, and—God bless the mark !
 'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand* a *Monarque*),
 He exclaim'd, "Oh, mon Roi !" and, with tear-dropping eye,
 Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin, nigh,
 Mutter'd out with a shrug, (what an insolent thing !)
 "Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's King ;
 And dat *gros pied de cochon*—begar, me vil say
 Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way."
 There's the pillar, too—Lord ! I had nearly forgot—
 What a charming idea !—raised close to the spot ;
 The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)
 To build tombs over legs, and raise pillars to toes.
 This is all that's occur'd sentimental as yet ;
 Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymphs we've met,

Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,
 Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then—bawling for *sous* !
 And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem
 To recall the good days of the *ancien régime*,
 All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
 And as thin as they were in the time of dear Sterne.

Our party consists (in a neat Calais job) Of Papa and myself, Mr. Connor and Bob.
 You remember how sheepish Bob look'd at Kilrandy,
 But, Lord ! he's quite alter'd—they've made him a Dandy ;
 A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coat'd, and laced,
 Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist :
 Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
 With heads, so immovably stuck in shirt-collars,
 That seats, like our music-stools, soon must be found them,
 To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them.
 In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,
 And Bob's far the best of the *genus* I've seen :
 An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
 And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
 Whose names—think, how quick ! he already knows pat,
À la braise, petits pâtés, and—what d'ye call that
 They inflict on potatoes?—oh ! *maître d'hôtel*—
 I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well
 As if nothing else all his life he had ate,
 Though a bit of them Bobby has never touch'd yet ;
 But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,
 As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

As to Pa, what d'ye think?—mind, it's
all *entre nous*,
But you know, love, I never keep
secrets from you—
Why, he's writing a book—what! a
tale? a romance?
No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his
Travels in France;
At the special desire (he let out t'other
day)
Of his great friend and patron, my Lord
C—stl—r—gh,
Who said, "My dear Fudge"—I forget
the exact words,
And, it's strange, no one ever remembers
my Lord's;
But 'twas something to say that, as all
must allow,
A good orthodox work is much wanting
just now,
To expound to the world the new—thing-
ummie—science,
Found out by the—what's-its-name—Holy
Alliance,
And prove to mankind that their rights
are but folly,
Their freedom a joke, (which it *is*, you
know, Dolly,)
"There's none," said his Lordship, "if I
may be judge,
Half so fit for this great undertaking as
Fudge!"

The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to the
Row
(The *first* stage your tourists now usually
go),
Settles all for his quarto—advertisements,
praises—
Starts post from the door, with his tablets
—French phrases—
"Scott's Visit," of course—in short,
ev'rything *he* has
An author can want, except words and
ideas:—
And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of
the year,
Is Phil. Fudge at the front of a Quarto,
my dear!

But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd
better
Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding long
letter

You owe to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*,
Which Bobby *would* have, and is hard at
it yet.—

What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of
the party,

Young Connor:—they say he's so like
Bonaparte,

His nose and his chin—which Papa rather
dreads,

As the Bourbons, you know, are suppress-
ing all heads

That resemble old Nap's, and who knows
but their honours

May think, in their fright, of suppressing
poor Connor's?

Au reste (as we say), the young lad's well
enough,

Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue,
and stuff;

A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor
as Job

(Though of royal descent by the side
of Mamma),

And for charity made private tutor to
Bob;—

Entre nous, too, a Papist—how lib'ral of
Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for break-
ing off thus,

But Bob's *déjeuner*'s done, and Papa's in
a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let
me stop

Just to run in and rummage some milli-
ner's shop;

And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think
on it,

Must now, Doll, be made in a hideous
low bonnet.

But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, *there* will be
joy,

And romance, and high bonnets, and
Madame Le Roi!

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE LORD
VISCOUNT C—STL—R—GH.

Paris.

AT length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this

"Demoralized" metropolis ;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
"Stood prostrate" at the people's
feet ;

Where (still to use your Lordship's
tropes)

The *level* of obedience *slopes*
Upward and downward, as the *stream*
Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam!*

Where the poor Palace changes masters
Quicker than a snake its skin,
And Louis is roll'd out on castors,
While Boney's borne on shoulders
in :—

But where, in every change, no doubt,
One special good your Lordship
traces,—

That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,
The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C—gh,
I've thought of thee upon the way,
As in my *job* (what place could be
More apt to wake a thought of thee?)—
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dicky, (as is fitting
For him who writes a Tour, that he
May more of men and manners see,)
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of
Tories!

Reflecting how thy fame has grown
And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
Like Major Semple, everywhere!
And marv'ling with what powers of
breath

Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
Next speech'd to Sov'reigns' ears,—and
when

All Sov'reigns else were dosed, at last
Speech'd down the Sov'reign of Belfast.
Oh! 'mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Morosophs and So-
phis ;

'Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
There's *one* thou shouldst be chiefly
pleas'd at—

That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
And C—gh's the thing now sneezed
at !

But hold, my pen!—a truce to praising—
Though ev'n your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amazing ;
But time and ink run short, and now,
(As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and
teacher

In these gay metaphoric fringes,
I must *embark* into the *feature*

On which this letter chiefly *hinges* ;)—
My Book, the Book that is to prove—
And *will*, (so help ye Sprites above,
That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
Watching the labours of the Fudges!)
Will prove that all the world, at present,
Is in a state extremely pleasant ;
That Europe—thanks to royal swords
And bay'nets, and the Duke's com-
manding—

Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
Passeth all human understanding ;
That France prefers her go-cart King
To such a coward scamp as Boney ;
Though round, with each a leading-
string,

There standeth many a Royal crony,
For fear the chubby, tott'ring thing
Should fall, if left there *loney-poney* ;—
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets ;
And that the Irish, grateful nation !
Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,
And bless thee for their flagellation,
As Heloisa did her lover !—

That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
Upon the side-board, snug reposes :
While Saxony's as pleas'd as Punch,
And Norway "on a bed of roses!"
That, as for some few million souls,
Transferr'd by contract, bless the
clods !

If half were strangled—Spaniards,
Poles,

And Frenchmen—'twouldn't make
much odds,

So Europe's goodly Royal ones,
Sit easy on their sacred thrones ;
So Ferdinand embroiders gaily,
And Louis eats his *salmi*, daily ;
So time is left to Emperor Sandy
To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy ;
And G—ge the R—g—t (who'd for-
get

That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)

Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
 For dragons, after Chinese models,
 And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
 Might come and nine times knock their
 noddles !—

All this my Quarto 'll prove—much more
 Than Quarto ever proved before :
 In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,
 My facts the *Courier* shall supply,
 My jokes V—ns—t, P—le my sense,
 And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence !

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
 On Biddy's back or Bobby's shoulder,
 (My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
 Who longs to be a small place-holder,)
 Is—though *I* say 't, that shouldn't say—
 Extremely good ; and, by the way,
One extract from it—*only* one—
 To show its spirit, and I've done :—

“*Ful. thirty-first.*—Went, after snack,
 To the Cathedral of St. Denny ;
 Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,
 And—gave the old Concierge a penny.
 (*Mem.*—Must see *Rheims*, much famed,
 'tis said,
 For making Kings and gingerbread.)
 Was shown the tomb, where lay, so
 stately,

A little Bourbon, buried lately,
 Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
 Though only twenty-four hours old !
 Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins :
 Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins !
 If Royalty, but aged a day,
 Can boast such high and puissant sway,
 What impious hand its pow'r would fix,
 Full fledged and wigg'd at fifty six !”

The argument's quite new, you see,
 And proves exactly Q. E. D.
 So now, with duty to the R—g—t,
 I am, dear Lord,

Your most obedient,

P. F.

Hôtel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.
 Neat lodgings—rather dear for me ;
 But Biddy said she thought 'twould look
 Genteeler thus to date my Book ;
 And Biddy's right—besides, it curries
 Some favour with our friends at Murray's,
 Who scorn what any man can say,
 That dates from Rue St. Honoré !

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD —, ESQ.

OH Dick ! you may talk of your writing
 and reading,

Your Logic and Greek, but there's no-
 thing like feeding ;
 And *this* is the place for it, Dicky, you dog,
 Of all places on earth—the head-quarters
 of Prog !

Talk of England—her famed Magna
 Charta, I swear, is
 A humbug, a flam, to the Carte at old Véry's ;
 And as for your Juries—who would not
 set o'er 'em

A Jury of Tasters, with woodcocks be-
 fore 'em ?

Give Cartwright his Parliaments, fresh
 every year ;

But those friends of *short Commons*
 would never do here ;

And let Romilly speak as he will on the
 question,

No Digest of Law's like the laws of
 digestion !

By the by, Dick, *I* fatten—but *n'importe*
 for that,

'Tis the mode—your Legitimates always
 get fat.

There's the R—g—t, there's Louis—
 and Boney tried too,

But, though somewhat imperial in paunch,
 'twouldn't do ;—

He improved, indeed, much in this point,
 when he wed,

But he ne'er grew right royally fat *in the*
head.

Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris !
 —but stay—

As my raptures may bore you, I'll just
 sketch a Day,

As we pass it, myself and some comrades
 I've got,

All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know
 what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land
 of Cogaigne,

That Elysium of all that is *friand* and
 nice,

Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and
 claret for rain,

And the skaiters in winter show off
 on *cream-ice* ;

Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,

Macaroni au aprmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true
pheasant taint,

And the geese are all born with a liver
complaint!

I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as
can be—

For a lad who *goes into the world*, Dick,
like me,

Should have his neck tied up, you know
—there's no doubt of it—

Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out*
of it.

With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots
that "hold up

The mirror to nature"—so bright you
could sup

Off the leather like china; with coat,
too, that draws

On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's
applause!

With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand
leader,

And stays—devil's in them—too tight for
a feeder,

I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la four-*
chette.

There, Dick, what a breakfast! oh, not
like your ghost

Of a breakfast in England, your curst
tea and toast;

But a side-board, you dog, where one's
eye roves about,

Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence
singles out

One *pâté* of larks, just to tune up the
throat,

One's small limbs of chickens, done *en*
papillote,

One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but
plain,

Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done
with champagne!

Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute
—or, mayhap,

Chambertin, which you know's the pet
tipple of Nap,

And which Dad, by the by, that legiti-
mate stickler,

Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so
partic'lar.—

Your coffee comes next, by prescription:
and then, Dick, 's

The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious
appendix,

(If books had but such, my old Grecian,
depend on't,

I'd swallow ev'n W—tk—ns', for sake of
the end on't,)

A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one
sips

Just as if bottled velvet tipp'd over one's
lips.

This repast being ended, and *paid for*—
(how odd!

Till a man's used to paying, there's
something so queer in't!)

The sun now well out, and the girls all
abroad,

And the world enough air'd for us,
Nobs, to appear in't,

We lounge up the Boulevards, where—
oh, Dick, the phyzzes,

The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation
of quizzes!

Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno

Domini 1;
A laced hat, worsted stockings, and—
noble old soul!

A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-
hole;

Just such as our Pr—ce, who nor reason
nor fun dreads,

Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on
hundreds.

Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish
eye,

(Rather eatable things, these *grisettes*, by
the by;)

And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of

the Fronde.

There goes a French Dandy—ah, Dick!
unlike some ones

We've seen about White's—the Moun-
seers are but rum ones;

Such hats!—fit for monkeys—I'd back
Mrs. Draper

To cut neater weather-boards out of
brown paper:

And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't
distress 'em,

They'd club for old Br—mm—I, from
Calais, to dress 'em!

The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
 That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-lobbing nation,
 To leave there behind them a snug little place
 For the head to drop into, on decapitation.
 In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and friseurs,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
 What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,
 Old dustmen with swinging great opera hats,
 And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
 There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as I'm a sinner,
 The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner;
 So *no* more at present—short time for adorning—
 My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
 Now, hey for old Beauvilliers' larder, my boy!
 And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
 Were to write, "Come and kiss me, dear Bob!" I'd not budge—
 Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is
 R. FUDGE.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

"Return!" — no, never, while the with'ring hand
 Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
 While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
 Ev'n in the fields where free those fathers trod,
 I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare
 In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
 Amidst their mirth, that Slav'ry had been there—

On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
 The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
 No! — let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
 See nought but food for factions and harangues;
 Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
 And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores:
 Still let your * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
 Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—everywhere the scourge pursues—
 Turn where he will, the wretched wand'rer views,
 In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
 Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face.
 Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true,
 Are served up victims to the vile and few;
 While E—gl—d, everywhere — the general foe
 Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
 Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow.

Oh, E—gl—d! could such poor revenge atone
 For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;
 Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
 The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
 To hear his curses on such barb'rous sway
 Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way;—
 Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
 Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;

Were *this* his lux'ry, never is thy name
 Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy
 shame ;
 Hears maledictions ring from every side
 Upon that grasping power, that selfish
 pride,
 Which vaunts its own, and scorns all
 rights beside ;
 That low and desp'rate envy, which to
 blast
 A neighbour's blessings, risks the few
 thou hast ;—
 That monster, Self, too gross to be con-
 ceal'd,
 Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd
 shield ;—
 That faithless craft, which, in thy hour
 of need,
 Can court the slave, can swear he shall
 be freed,
 Yet basely spurns him, when thy point
 is gain'd,
 Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and
 chain'd !
 Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
 That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vamp-
 ire wings
 O'er sleeping Europe treacherously
 brood,
 And fan her into dreams of promised
 good,
 Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her
 blood !
 If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
 That Vengeance loves, there's yet more
 sweet than this,
 That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
 Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing
 thou art ;
 That, as the centaur gave th' infected
 vest
 In which he died, to rack his conqu'ror's
 breast,
 We sent thee C——gh :—as heaps of
 dead
 Have slain their slayers by the pest they
 spread,
 So hath our land breath'd out, thy fame
 to dim,
 Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul
 and limb,
 Her worst infections all condensed in
 him !

* * * * *

When will the world shake off such
 yokes? oh when
 Will that redeeming day shine out on
 men,
 That shall behold them rise, erect and
 free
 As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind
 should be !
 When Reason shall no longer blindly
 bow
 To the vile pagod things, that o'er her
 brow,
 Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling
 now ;
 Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's
 earth ;
 Nor drunken Vict'ry, with a Nero's
 mirth,
 Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's
 groans ;—
 But, built on love, the world's exalted
 thrones
 Shall to the virtuous and the wise be
 given—
 Those bright, those sole Legitimates of
 Heaven !

When will this be?—or, oh ! is it, in
 truth,
 But one of those sweet, day-break dreams
 of youth,
 In which the Soul, as round her morn-
 ing springs,
 'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such
 dazzling things !
 And must the hope, as vain as it is
 bright,
 Be all resign'd?—and are *they* only
 right,
 Who say this world of thinking souls
 was made
 To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and
 weigh'd
 In scales that, ever since the world
 begun,
 Have counted millions but as dust to
 one?
 Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to
 scorn
 The rights, the freedom to which man
 was born?

Who * * * * *

* * * * *

Who, proud to kiss each sep'rate rod of
 pow'r,
 Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the
 hour ;
 Worship each would-be God, that o'er
 them moves,
 And take the thund'ring of his brass for
 Jove's !
 If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my
 books,
 Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic
 brooks,
 Which fed my soul with currents, pure
 and fair,
 Of living Truth, that now must stagnate,
 there !—
 Instead of themes that touch the lyre
 with light,
 Instead of Greece, and her immortal
 fight
 For Liberty, which once awaked my
 strings,
 Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of
 Kings,
 The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
 Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's
 land,
 Against whole millions panting to be
 free,
 Would guard the pass of right-line
 tyranny.
 Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose
 blade
 Had stood the onset which his pen por-
 tray'd,
 Welcome * * * * *
 * * * * *

And, 'stead of Aristides—woe the day
 Such names should mingle !—welcome
 C——gh !

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd
 name,
 Like priests of old, when words ill-
 omen'd came.
 My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall
 tell,
 Thoughts that * * * * *
 * * * * *

Thoughts that—could patience hold—
 'twere wiser far
 To leave still hid and burning where
 they are.

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —.

WHAT a time since I wrote !—I'm a sad,
 naughty girl—
 For, though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in
 a twirl ;—
 Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
 Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note
 'em.
 But, Lord, such a place ! and then,
 Dolly, my dresses,
 My gowns, so divine !—there's no lan-
 guage expresses,
 Except just the *two* words “superbe,”
 “magnifique,”
 The trimmings of that which I had home
 last week !
 It is call'd—I forget—à *la*—something
 which sounded
 Like *alicampagne*—but, in truth, I'm con-
 founded
 And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that
 troublesome boy's
 (Bob's) cookery language, and Madame
 Le Roi's :
 What with fillets of roses, and fillets of
 veal,
 Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni*
 with eel,
 One's hair and one's cutlets both *en*
papillote,
 And a thousand more things I shall ne'er
 have by rote,
 I can scarce tell the difference, at least
 as to phrase,
 Between beef à *la Psyche* and curls à *la*
braise.—
 But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite
 à *la Française*,
 With my bonnet—so beautiful !—high up
 and poking,
 Like things that are put to keep chim-
 neys from smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless
 delights
 Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and
 sights—
 This dear busy place, where there's no-
 thing transacting
 But dressing and dinnering, dancing and
 acting ?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears !
 Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night
 was a true one ;—

“This *must* be the music,” said he, “of
 the *spears*,

For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't
 run through one !”

Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's
 to make out

'Twas the Jacobins brought ev'ry mischief
 about)

That this passion for roaring has come in
 of late,

Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in
 the State.—

What a frightful idea, one's mind to
 o'erwhelm !

What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon
 be let loose of it,

If, when of age, every man in the realm
 Had a voice like old Laïs, and chose
 to make use of it !

No—never was known in this riotous
 sphere

Such a breach of the peace as their sing-
 ing, my dear.

So bad, too, you'd swear that the God of
 both arts,

Of Music and Physic, had taken a
 frolic

For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
 And composing a fine rumbling bass to
 a colic !

But, the dancing—*ah ! parlez-moi*, Dolly,
de ça—

There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all
 but Papa.

Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs
 of romance !

Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she*
 has

One light-footed nymph in her train that
 can dance

Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny
 Bias !

Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature—
 you'd swear,

When her delicate feet in the dance
 twinkle round,

That her steps are of light, that her home
 is the air,

And she only *par complaisance* touches
 the ground,

And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
 Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons
 is driven,

Oh ! who does not envy those rude little
 devils,

That hold her and hug her, and keep her
 from heaven ?

Then, the music—so softly its cadences
 die,

So divinely—oh Dolly ! between you and
 I,

It's as well for my peace that there's no-
 body nigh

To make love to me then—you've a soul,
 and can judge

What a crisis 'twould be for your friend
 Bidly Fudge !

The next place (which Bobby has near
 lost his heart in)

They call it the Play-house—I think—of
 St. Martin ;

Quite charming—and *very* religious—
 what folly

To say that the French are not pious,
 dear Dolly,

When here one beholds, so correctly and
 rightly,

The Testament turn'd into melo-drames
 nightly ;

And, doubtless, so fond they're of scrip-
 tural facts,

They will soon get the Pentateuch up in
 five acts.

Here Daniel, in pantomime, bids bold
 defiance

To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd
 lions,

While pretty young Israelites dance round
 the Prophet,

In very thin clothing, and *but* little of
 it ;—

Here Bégrand, who shines in this scrip-
 tural path,

As the lovely Suzanna, without ev'n a
 relic

Of drapery round her, comes out of the
 bath

In a manner that, Bob says, is quite
Eve-angelic !

But in short, dear, 'twould take me a
 month to recite

All the exquisite places we're at day and
 night ;

And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll
be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've
had.

Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where
—I doubt

If its charms I can paint—there are cars,
that set out

From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll—you hardly
know where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which you
go through

This delightfully dangerous journey hold
two.

Some cavalier asks, with humility,
whether

You'll venture down *with* him—you
smile—'tis a match ;

In an instant you're seated, and down
both together

Go thund'ring, as if you went post to
Old Scratch !

Well, it was but last night, as I stood
and remark'd

On the looks and odd ways of the girls
who embark'd,

The impatience of some for the perilous
flight,

The forced giggle of others, 'twixt plea-
sure and fright,—

That there came up—imagine, dear Doll,
if you can

A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-
faced man,

With mustachios that gave (what we read
of so oft)

The dear Corsair expression, half savage,
half soft,

As Hyænas in love may be fancied to
look, or

A something between Abelard and old
Blucher !

Up he came, Doll, to me, and, uncov'ring
his head,

(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad
English said,

“ Ah ! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so
very good—

Just for von littel course”—though I
scarce understood

What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank
him, I would.

Off we set—and though faith, dear, I
hardly knew whether

My head or my heels were the upper-
most then,

For 'twas like heav'n and earth, Dolly,
coming together,—

Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it
again.

And oh ! as I gazed on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril
defied,

I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus,
side by side

Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or
dagger, a

Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara !

This achieved, through the gardens we
saunter'd about,

Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd “ magni-
fique ! ” at each cracker,

And when 'twas all o'er, the dear man
saw us out

With the air, I *will* say, of a Prince, to
our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me—this stranger—it may be
mere folly—

But *who* do you think we all think it is,
Dolly ?

Why, bless you, no less than the great
King of Prussia,

Who's here now incog.—he, who made
such a fuss, you

Remember, in London, with Blucher
and Platoff,

When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's
cravat off !

Pa says he's come here to look after his
money,

(Not taking things now as he used under
Boney,)

Which suits with our friend, for Bob saw
him, he swore,

Looking sharp to the silver received at
the door.

Besides, too, they say that his grief for
his Queen

(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's
face to be seen)

Requires such a stimulant dose as this
car is,

Used three times a day with young ladies
in Paris.

Some doctor, indeed, has declared that
such grief

Should—unless 'twould to utter de-
spairing its folly push—

Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as Bob says, “like shot

through a holly-bush.”

I must now bid adieu;—only think,
Dolly, think

If this *should* be the King—I have scarce
slept a wink

With imagining how it will sound in the
papers

And how all the Misses my good luck
will grudge,

When they read that Count Ruppín, to
drive away vapours,

Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss
Biddy Fudge.

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis
he—

For he knows the Legitimate cut, and
could see,

In the way he went poisoning and managed
to tower

So erect in the car, the true *Balance of*
Power.

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER
TIM FUDGE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

YOURS of the 12th received just now—

Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!

'Tis truly pleasing to see how

We, Fudges, stand by one another.

But never fear—I know my chap,

And he knows *me* too—*verbum sap.*

My Lord and I are kindred spirits,

Like in our ways as two young ferrets;

Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,

To twist into all sorts of places;—

Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,

Fond of blood and *burrow-mongering.*

As to my Book in 91,

Call'd “Down with Kings; or, Who'd
have thought it?”

Bless you, the Book's long dead and
gone,—

Not even th' Attorney-General bought
it.

And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 95 and 6,

As you remind me in your letter,

His Lordship likes me all the better—

We proselytes, that come with news
full,

Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

Reynolds and I—(you know Tom Rey-
nolds—

Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—

Lucky the dog that first unkennels

Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;

Or who can help to *bag* a few,

When S—d—th wants a death or
two;)

Reynolds and I, and some few more,

All men, like us, of *information,*

Friends whom his Lordship keeps in
store,

As *under-saviours* of the nation—

Have form'd a club this season, where

His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,

And gives us many a bright oration

In praise of our sublime vocation;

Tracing it up to great King Midas,

Who though in fable typified as

A royal Ass, by grace divine

And right of ears, most asinine,

Was yet no more, in fact historical,

Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;

And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,

Meaning informers, kept at high rent—
Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury

glist'ners,

Like us, for being trusty list'ners;

And picking up each tale and fragment,

For royal Midas's Green Bag meant.

“And wherefore,” said this best of
Peers,

“Should not the R—g—t too have ears,

To reach as far, as long and wide as

Those of his model, good King Midas?”

This speech was thought extremely good,

And (rare for him) was understood—

Instant we drank “The R—g—t's
Ears,”

With three times three illustrious cheers,

Which made the room resound like
thunder—

“The R—g—t's Ears, and may he ne'er
From foolish shame, like Midas, wear

Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!”

This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us as merry all as grigs.

In short (I'll thank you not to mention
 These things again), we get on gaily ;
 And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
 Our little club increases daily.
 Castles and Oliver, and such,
 Who don't as yet full salary touch,
 Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor
 buy
 Houses and lands, like Tom and I,
 Of course don't rank with us, *salvators*,
 But merely serve the Club as waiters.
 Like Knights, too, we've our *collar*
 days,
 (For us, I own, an awkward phrase,)
 When, in our new costume adorn'd,—
 The R—g—t's buff and blue coats
turn'd—
 We have the honour to give dinners
 To the chief Rats in upper stations ;
 Your W—ys, V—ns,—half-fledged
 sinners,
 Who shame us by their imitations ;
 Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that ?
 Give me the useful *peaching* Rat ;
 Not things as mute as Punch, when
 bought,
 Whose wooden heads are all they've
 brought ;
 Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
 But too faint-hearted to betray,
 Are, after all their twists and bends,
 But souls in Limbo, damn'd half
 way.
 No, no, we nobler vermin are—
 A *genus* useful as we're rare ;
 'Midst all the things miraculous
 Of which your natural histories brag,
 The rarest must be Rats like us,
 Who *let the cat out of the bag*.
 Yet still these Tyros in the cause
 Deserve, I own, no small applause ;
 And they're by us received and treated
 With all due honours—only seated
 In th' inverse scale of their reward,
 The merely *promised* next my Lord ;
 Small pensions then, and so on, down,
 Rat after rat, they graduate
 Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
 To Chanc'lorship and Marquisate.
 This serves to nurse the ratting spirit,
 The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure ;
 My Lord, you know, 's an amateur—

Takes every part with perfect ease,
 Though to the Base by nature suited ;
 And, form'd for all, as best may please,
 For whips and bolts, or chords and
 keys,
 Turns from his victims to his glees,
 And has them both well *executed*.
 H—t—d, who, though no rat him-
 self,
 Delights in all such liberal arts,
 Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
 And superintends the *Corni* parts.
 While C—nn—g, who'd be *first* by
 choice,
 Consents to take an *under* voice ;
 And Gr—v—s, who well that signal
 knows,
 Watches the *Volti subitos*.

In short, as I've already hinted,
 We take, of late, prodigiously ;
 But as our Club is somewhat stinted
 For *Gentlemen*, like Tom and me,
 We'll take it kind if you'll provide
 A few *Squireens* from t'other side ;—
 Some of those loyal, cunning elves
 (We often tell the tale with laughter),
 Who used to hide the pikes themselves,
 Then hang the fools who found them
 after.

I doubt not you could find us, too,
 Some Orange Parsons that might do ;
 Among the rest, we've heard of one,
 The Reverend—something—Hamilton.
 Who stuff'd a figure of himself
 (Delicious thought !) and had it shot at,
 To bring some Papists to the shelf,
 That couldn't otherwise be got at—
 If *he'll* but join the Association,
 We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
 This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
 I've gone into this long detail
 Because I saw your nerves were
 shaken
 With anxious fears lest I should fail
 In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
 But, bless your heart ! you need not
 doubt—
 We, Fudges, know what we're about.
 Look round, and say if you can see
 A much more thriving family.

There's Jack, the Doctor—night and day

Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious ninnies,

He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,

The rogue but counts how many guineas
He's fobb'd, for that day's work, already.

I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he

Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,
"Damn'd bad this morn'ing—only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
So gen'rous are, when they call *him*
in,

That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.

Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—

Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,
Your headache is a *hemi-cranium* :—

His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men,

He begs them to put out their tongues,
Then begs them—put them in again :

In short, there's nothing now like
Jack !—

Take all your doctors great and small,
Of present times and ages back,

Dear Doctor Fudge is worth them all.

So much for physic—then, in law too,
Counsellor Tim, to thee we bow ;

Not one of us gives more *éclat* to
Th' immortal name of Fudge than thou.

Not to expatiate on the art
With which you play'd the patriot's part,

Till something good and snug should
offer ;—

Like one who, by the way he acts
Th' *enlight'ning* part of candle-snuffer,

The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him

To strut in robes, like thee, my Tim !—
Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face,

Thy well-see'd zeal in ev'ry case,

Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
(As suits thy calling) in the former—

Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that's clear and right,
Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,

Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride's to waylay Truth,

And leave her not a leg to stand on,
Thy patent, prime morality,—

Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
Thy candour, when it falls to thee

To help in trouncing for a libel ;—
"God knows, I, from my soul, profess

To hate all bigots and benighters !
God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,

The sacred Freedom of the Press,
My only aim's to—crush the writers."

These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast ;

And these, oh Tim—if Law be Law—
Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length—
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee

How full of hope, and wealth, and
strength,

Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant

As, thank the Fates, they do at present—

Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of S—dm—h and of C—gh,

I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen,

judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—Fudges !

Good-by—my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for

Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us
cast

A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's
strength,

Beneath his own weak rashness sunk of
length ;—

When, loosed, as if by magic, from a chain
 That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
 And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
 The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right ;—
 Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
 Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
 And hoped the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
 Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
 All then was bright with promise ;—Kings began
 To own a sympathy with suff'ring Man,
 And Man was grateful ; Patriots of the South
 Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
 And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
 Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there !
 Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
 When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
 Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd on,—
Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone ;
 That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
 The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid ;
 And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
 Would blush, and deviate into right at last ?
 But no—the hearts, that nursed a hope so fair,
 Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare ;
 Had yet to know, of all earth's rav'ning things,
 The only *quite* untameable are Kings !
 Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,
 The instinct of their race broke out anew ;
 Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
 And "Rapine ! rapine !" was the cry again.

How quick they carved their victims, and how well,
 Let Saxony, let injured Genoa tell ;—
 Let all the human stock that, day by day,
 Was, at that Royal slave-mart, truck'd away,—
 The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
 Were split to fractions, barter'd, sold, or given
 To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
 And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more.
 How safe the faith of Kings let France decide ;—
 Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried ;—
 Her Press enthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again
 With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain ;
 Her crown disgraced by one, who dared to own
 He thank'd not France but England for his throne ;
 Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
 Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
 And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
 Unblushing slaves ! to claim her heroes' fields ;
 To tread down ev'ry trophy of her fame,
 And curse that glory which to them was shame !—
 Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
 Were dared through Europe, cry aloud to men,
 With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
 Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings ;
 And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
 The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare
 The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
 Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted.

It could not last—these horrors *could*
not last—

France would herself have ris'n, in might,
to cast

Th' insulters off—and oh! that then, as
now

Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky
brow,

Napoleon ne'er had come to force, to
blight,

Ere half matured, a cause so proudly
bright;—

To palsy patriot arts with doubt and
shame,

And write on Freedom's flag a despot's
name;—

To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,
And make the stake of *all* the game of
one!

Then would the world have seen again
what power

A people can put forth in Freedom's
hour;

Then would the fire of France once more
have blazed;—

For every single sword, reluctant raised
In the stale cause of an oppressive
throne,

Millions would then have leap'd forth in
her own;

And never, never had th' unholy stain
Of Bourbon feet disgraced her shores
again.

But fate decreed not so—th' Imperial
Bird,

That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd,
unstirr'd,

Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath
his wing,

Yet watch'd the moment for a daring
spring;—

Well might he watch, when deeds were
done, that made

His own transgressions whiten in their
shade;

Well might he hope a world, thus
trampled o'er

By clumsy tyrants, would be his once
more:—

Forth from his cage the eagle burst to
light,

From steeple on to steeple wing'd his
flight,

With calm and easy grandeur, to that
throne

From which a Royal craven just had
flown;

And resting there, as in his ærie, furl'd
Those wings, whose very rustling shook
the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd
array,

Whose feast of spoil, whose plund'ring
holiday

Was thus broke up, in all its greedy
mirth,

By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic
carth!

Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the
ban,—

“Assassinate, who will—enchain, who
The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-
born man!”

“Faithless!”—and this from *you*—from
you, forsooth,

Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had
tried;

Whose true Swiss zeal had served on
every side;

Whose fame for breaking faith so long
was known,

Well might ye claim the craft as all your
own,

And lash your lordly tails, and fume to
see

Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy!
Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong
To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do
wrong.—

The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate
Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state;
But let some upstart dare to soar so high
In Kingly craft, and “outlaw” is the cry!
What, though long years of mutual
treachery

Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong
yourselves;

Though each by turns was knave and
dupe—what then?

A Holy League would set all straight
again;

Like Juno's virtue, which a dip or two
In some bless'd fountain made as good as
new!

Most faithful Russia—faithful to whoe'er
 Could plunder best, and give him amplest
 share ;

Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain
 his ends,

For want of *foes* to rob, made free with
friends,

And, deepening still by amiable grada-
 tions,

When foes were stript of all, then fleeced
 relations !

Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd
 to th' ears

In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,
 And now, with all her harpy wings out-
 spread

O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head !

Pure Austria too—whose hist'ry nought
 repeats

But broken leagues and subsidized defeats;
 Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd
 Venice shows,

Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter
 knows !

And thou, oh England—who, though
 once as sly

As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
 Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to
 C——gh,

In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the
 way !

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and
 wits

Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into
 fits ;—

Such were the saints, who doom'd
 Napoleon's life,

In virtuous frenzy to th' assassin's knife.
 Disgusting crew!—*who* would not gladly fly

To open, downright, bold-faced tyranny,
 To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,
 From the false, juggling craft of men
 like these,

Their canting crimes and varnish'd
 villainies ;—

These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest
 boast

Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd
 them most ;

From whose affection men should shrink
 as loath

As from their hate, for they'll be fleeced
 by both ;

Who, ev'n while plund'ring, forge
 Religion's name

To frank their spoil, and, without fear
 or shame,

Call down the Holy Trinity to bless
 Partition leagues, and deeds of devilish-
 ness !

But hold—enough—soon would this swell
 of rage

O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty
 page ;—

So, here I pause—farewell—another day,
 Return we to those Lords of pray'r and
 prey,

Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by
 right divine,

Deserve a lash—oh ! weightier far than
 mine !

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ——, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old Donaldson's
 mending my stays,—

Which I *knew* would go smash with
 me one of these days,

And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to
 the throttle,

We lads had begun our dessert with a
 bottle

Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning
 back

Just to order another, by Jove, I went
 crack !—

Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical
 phrase,

“D—n my eyes, Bob, *in doubling the*
Cape you've *miss'd* stays.”

So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out
 without them,

They're now at the Schneider's—and,
 while he's about them,

Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck
 and crop.

Let us see—in my last I was—where did
 I stop ?

Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as
 motley a road as

Man ever would wish a day's lounging
 upon ;

With its cafés and gardens, hotels and
 pagodas,

Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer
 in the sun :

With its houses of all architectures you
 please,
 From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick,
 down by degrees
 To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton
 Chinese ;
 Where in temples antique you may break-
 fast or dinner it,
 Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from
 a minaret,
 Then, Dick, the mixture of bonnets and
 bow'rs,
 Of foliage and fripp'ry, *fiacres* and flow'rs,
 Green-grocers, green gardens—one hardly
 knows whether
 'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd
 up together !
 And there, if one loves the romantic, one
 sees
 Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclined
 under trees ;
 Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from
 the barber's,
 Enjoying their news and *groseille* in those
 arbours ;
 While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils,
 are curling,
 And founts of red currant-juice round
 them are purling.

Here, Dick, arm in arm as we chattering
 stray,
 And receive a few civil "God-dems" by
 the way,—
 For, 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though
 we've wasted our wealth
 And our strength, till we've thrown
 ourselves into a phthisic,
 To cram down their throats an old King
 for their health,
 As we whip little children to make
 them take physic ;—
 Yet, spite of our good-natured money
 and slaughter,
 They hate us as Beelzebub hates holy-
 water !
 But who the deuce cares, Dick, as long
 as they nourish us
 Neatly as now, and good cookery flou-
 rishes—
 Long as, by bay'nets protected, we,
 Natties,
 May have our full fling at their *salmis*
 and *pâtés* ?

And, truly, I always declared 'twould be
 pity [feeding city.
 To burn to the ground such a choice-
 Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long
 ago blown
 The whole batch to old Nick—and the
people, I own,
 If for no other cause than their curst
 monkey looks,
 Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn
 it, their Cooks !
 As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all
 their whole lineage,
 For ought that *I* care, you may knock
 them to spinage ;
 But think, Dick, their Cooks—what a
 loss to mankind !
 What a void in the world would their
 art leave behind !
 Their chronometer spits—their intense
 salamanders—
 Their ovens—their pots, that can soften
 old ganders,
 All vanish'd for ever—their miracles o'er,
 And the *Marmite Perpétuelle* bubbling no
 more !
 Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies !
 Take whatever ye fancy—take statues,
 take money—
 But leave them. oh leave them, their
 Perigieux pies,
 Their glorious goose-livers, and high
 pickled tunny !
 Though many, I own, are the evils
 they've brought us,
 Though Royalty's here on her very
 last legs,
 Yet, who can help loving the land that
 has taught us
 Six hundred and eighty-five ways to
 dress eggs ?

You see, Dick, in spite of their cries of
 "God-dam,"
 "Coquin Anglais," et cæ't'ra—how
 gen'rous I am !
 And now (to return, once again, to my
 "Day,"
 Which will take us all night to get
 through in this way,)
 From the Boulevards we saunter through
 many a street,
 Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all
 very neat—

Leave the Signs of the Times to political
 fops,
 And find *twice* as much fun in the Signs
 of the Shops;—
Here, a Louis Dix-huit—*there*, a Martin-
 mas goose,
 (Much in vogue since your eagles are
 gone out of use)—
 Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a
 great many,
 But Saints are the most on hard duty of
 any :—
 St. Tony, who used all temptations to
 spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts
 in his turn ;
 While *there* St. Venecia sits hemming and
 frilling her
 Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some
 milliner ;—
 Saint Austin's the "outward and visible
 sign
 Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint
 of small wine ;
 While St. Denys hangs out o'er some
 hatter of *ton*,
 And possessing, good bishop, no head of
 his own,
 Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got
 —next to none !
 Then we stare into shops—read the
 evening's *affiches*—
 Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding,
 should wish
 Just to flirt with a luncheon (a devilish
 bad trick,
 As it takes off the bloom of one's appe-
 tite, Dick),
 To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't—
des Panoramas
 We quicken our pace, and there heartily
 cram as
 Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could
 cozen
 One out of one's appetite, down by the
 dozen.
 We vary, of course—*petits pâtés* do *one*
 day,
 The *next* we've our lunch with the Gau-
 frier Hollandais,
 That popular artist, who brings out, like
 Sc—tt,
 His delightful productions so quick, hot
 and hot ;

Not the worse for the exquisite comment
 that follows,—
 Divine *maresquino*, which—Lord, how
 one swallows !
 Once more, then, we saunter forth after
 our snack, or
 Subscribe a few francs for the price of a
fiacre,
 And drive far away to the old Montagnes
 Russes,
 Where we find a few twirls in the car of
 much use
 To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us
 sinners,
 Who've lapsed into snacks—the perdition
 of dinners.
 And here, Dick—in answer to one of
 your queries,
 About which we, Gourmands, have
 had much discussion—
 I've tried all these mountains, Swiss,
 French, and Ruggieri's,
 And think, for *digestion*, there's none
 like the Russian ;
 So equal the motion—so gentle, though
 fleet—
 It, in short, such a light and salubrious
 scamper is,
 That take whom you please—take old
 L—s D—xh—t,
 And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—
 with stew'd lampreys,
 So wholesome these Mounts, such a *sol-*
vent I've found them,
 That, let me but rattle the Monarch well
 down them,
 The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far
 away,
 And the regicide lampreys be foil'd of
 their prey !
 Such, Dick, are the classical sports that
 content us,
 Till five o'clock brings on that hour so
 momentous,
 That epoch—but woa ! my lad—here
 comes the Schneider,
 And, curse him, has made the stays three
 inches wider—
 Too wide by an inch and a half—what a
 Guy !
 But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-
 and-by.

As we've Massinot's eloquent *carte* to eat
still up,
An' inch and a half's but a trifle to fill
up.
So—not to lose time, Dick—here goes
for the task ;
Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I
but ask,
That my life, like "the Leap of the
German," may be,
"Du lit à la table, de la table au lit !"
R. F.

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE LORD VIS-
COUNT C—STL—GH.

MY Lord, th' Instructions, brought to-
day,
"I shall in all my best obey."
Your Lordship talks and writes so sen-
sibly !
And—whatsoe'er some wags may say—
Oh ! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel th' inquiries in your letter
About my health and French most
flattering ;
Thank ye, my French, though somewhat
better,
Is, on the whole, but weak and smat-
tering :—
Nothing, of course, that can compare
With his who made the Congress stare
(A certain Lord we need not name),
Who ev'n in French, would have his
trope,
And talk of "*bâtir un système*
Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe !"
Sweet metaphor !—and then the Epistle,
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,—
That tender letter to "Mon Prince,"
Which show'd alike thy French and
sense ;—
Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do
Or say *un-English* things like you ;
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,
What charming Turkish wouldst thou
speak !

But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,
At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
Fall'n Monarchs, out of Chambaud's
grammar—
Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
How far a little French will go ;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
On some half-dozen words like these—
Comme ça—par-là—là-bas—ah ha !
They'll take you all through France
with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few laced caps
For Lady C.) delight me greatly.
Her flatt'ring speech — "What pretty
things
One finds in Mr. Fudge's pages !"
Is praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend :
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approved of than my last MS.—
The former ones, I fear, were creased,
As Biddy round the caps *would* pin
them !
But these will come to hand at least
Unrumpled, for there's nothing in
them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal,
addressed to Lord C.

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house—saw the man
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while
the Fiend
Of Discord here full riot ran,
He, like the rest, was guillotined ;—
But that when under Boney's reign,
(A more discreet, though quite as
strong one,)
The heads were all restored again,
He, in the scramble, got a *wrong* one.
Accordingly, he still cries out
This strange head fits him most un-
pleasantly ;
And always runs, poor devil, about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly !

While to his case a tear I dropt,
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye
Gods!

How many heads might thus be
swopp'd,

And, after all, not make much odds!
For instance, there's V—s—tt—t's
head—

("Tam *carum*" it may well be said)

If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Soames's shoulders,
Th' effect would turn out much the same

On all respectable cash-holders:

Except that while, in its *new* socket,
The head was planning schemes to
win

A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—dm—h, too, instead,
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)

Old Lady Wilhelmina Frump's—

So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,
The head might lisp out, "What is
trumps?"

The R—g—t's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and
ribbon

Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;
And, *vice versa*, take the pains

To give the P—ce the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so.

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;

And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snored,

Thus chopping, swopping head for
head,

At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit *myself*.

'Twill sleep and waking, one by one,
With various pericraniums saddled,

At last I tried your Lordship's on,
And then I grew completely addled—

Forgot all other heads, 'od rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—

Bottom.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter Bid—was
shown

The House of Commons, and the
Throne,

Whose velvet cushion's just the same
Napoleon sat on—what a shame!

Oh, can we wonder, best of speakers,
When Louis seated thus we see,

That France's "fundamental features"
Are much the same they used to be?

However,—God preserve the Throne,
And *cushion* too—and keep them
free

From accidents which *have* been known
To happen ev'n to Royalty!

Aug. 23.

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to *quote*, and gives one's
Book

A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly)—

'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's *fat*'s a serious matter;

And once in ev'ry year, at least,
He's weigh'd—to see if he gets fatter:

Then, if a pound or two he be
Increased, there's quite a jubilee!

Suppose, my Lord—and far from me
To treat such things with levity—

But just suppose the R—g—t's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;

And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—
'Stead of a speech, which all can see,
is

Heavy and dull enough, God knows,—
We were to try how heavy *he* is.

Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the Nation's Revenue

Loses so many pounds a year,
The P—e, God bless him! *gains* a
few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,
I see the Easterns weigh their
Kings;

But, for the R—g—t, my advice is,
We should throw in much *heavier*
things:

For instance, ——'s quarto volumes,
Which, though not spices, serve to
wrap them;

Dominie St—dd—t's Daily columns,
"Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd
clap them,—

Letters, that C—rtw—t's pen indites,

In which, with logical confusion,
The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,

And never comes to a *Conclusion* :—
Lord S—m—rs' pamphlet—or his head—
(Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead !)
Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
The Speeches of Sir John C—x
H—pp—sly ;

That Baronet of many words,
Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
To whisper Bishops—and so nigh

Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,
That you may always know him by

A patch of powder on his nose !—
If this won't do, we in must cram
The "Reasons" of Lord B—ck—g—
h—m ;

(A book his Lordship means to write,
Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting :")
Or, should these prove too small and
light,

His r—p's a host—we'll bundle *that*
in !

And, *still* should all these masses fail
To turn the R—g—t's ponderous scale,
Why then, my Lord, in Heaven's name,

Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—gl—y's beauteous
Dame—

If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't.

Aug. 31.

Consulted Murphy's Tacitus

About those famous spies at Rome,
Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—
Describe as much resembling us,

Informing gentlemen, at home.
But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,
To say Lord S—dm—th's like Tiberius !

What ! *he*, the Peer, that injures no
man,

Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman !—
'Tis true the Tyrant lent an ear to

All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too.
'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,

And deal in perjury—*ditto* Tib's.
'Tis true the Tyrant screen'd and hid

His rogues from justice—*ditto* Sid.
'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib

At moral speeches—*ditto* Tib.
'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did

Were in his dotage—*ditto* Sid.

So far, I own, the parallel
'Twixt Tib and Sib goes vastly well ;

But there are points in Tib that strike
My humble mind as much more like

Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him,
Of th' India Board—that soul of whim !
Like him, Tiberius loved his joke,

On matters, too, where few can bear
one ;

E.g. a man, cut up, or broke
Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one !

Your common fractures, wounds, and
fits,

Are nothing to such wholesale wits ;
But, let the suff'rer gasp for life,

The joke is then worth any money ;
And, if he writhe beneath a knife,—

Oh dear, that's something *quite* too
funny.

In this respect, my Lord, you see
The Roman wag and ours agree :

Now as to *your* resemblance—mum—
This parallel we need not follow ;

Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
Your Lordship beats Tiberius hollow ;

Whips, chains, but these are things too
serious,

For me to mention or discuss ;
Whene'er your Lordship acts Tiberius,

Phil. Fudge's part is *Tacitus* !

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—dm—th got
Any good decent sort of Plot

Against the winter-time—if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin's fated ;

All done up, and *spificated* !
Ministers and all their vassals,

Down from C—stl—gh to Castles,—
Unless we can kick up a riot,

Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet !
What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was

clever ;
But even *that* brought gibes and mock-

ings
Upon our heads—so, *mem.*—must never

Keep ammunition in old stockings ;
For fear some wag should in his curst

head
Take it to say our force was *worsted*.

Mem. too—when Sid. an army raises,
It must not be "incog." like *Bayes's* :

Nor must the General be a hobbling
Professor of the art of cobbling ;

Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
Should say, with Jacobinic grin,
He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons*,
A *Wellington's* great soul within !
Nor must an old Apothecary
Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
With (what these wags would call, so
merry),

Physical force and *phial*-ence !

No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contrived more skilfully.
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesomely sharp and knowing,
So wise—in short, so Jacobin—
'Tis monstrous hard to *take him in*.

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled ;
But think, my Lord, we should not pass
it o'er

Till all this matter's fairly settled ;
And here's the mode occurs to *me* :—
As none of our Nobility,
Though for their *own* most gracious King
(They would kiss hands, or—anything),
Can be persuaded to go through
This face-like trick of the *Ko-tou* ;
And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,
Without some mumming exhibition,
Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
Grimaldi to them on a mission :
As *Legate*, Joe could play his part,
And if, in diplomatic art,
The “*volto sciolto*”'s meritorious,
Let Joe but grin, he has it, glorious !
A *title* for him's easily made ;

And, by-the-by, one Christmas time,
If I remember right, he play'd
Lord Morley in some pantomime ;—
As Earl of M—rl—y, then gazette him,
If *t'other* Earl of M—rl—y 'll let him.
(And why should not the world be blest
With *two* such stars, for East and West ?)
Then, when before the Yellow Screen
He's brought—and, sure, the very
essence

Of etiquette would be that scene
Of Joe in the Celestial Presence !—
He thus should say :—“ Duke Ho and
Soo,

I'll play what tricks you please for you,
If you'll, in turn, but do for me
A few small tricks you now shall see.

If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
At least you'll do the same for *my* King.”
He then should give them nine such grins,
As would astound ev'n Mandarins ;
And throw such somersets before
The picture of King George (God bless
him !)
As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
Would, by Confucius, *much* distress
him !

I start this merely as a hint,
But think you'll find some wisdom in't ;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord (you *know* poor Bob),
Would in the suite be glad to go
And help his Excellency, Joe ;—
At least, like noble Amh—rst's son,
The lad will do to *practise* on.

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS
DOROTHY ———.

WELL, it *isn't* the King, after all, my dear
creature !
But *don't* you go laugh, now—there's
nothing to quiz in't—
For grandeur of air and for grimness of
feature,
He *might* be a King, Doll, though,
hang him, he isn't.
At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
If for no other cause but to vex Miss
Malone,—
(The great heiress, you know, of Shan-
dangan, who's here,
Showing off with *such* airs, and a real
Cashmere,
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit-skin,
dear !)
But Pa says, on deeply consid'ring the
thing,
“ I am just as well pleased it should *not*
be the King ;
As I think for my Biddy, so *gentille* and
jolie,
Whose charms may their price in an
honest way fetch,
That a *Brandenburgh*”—(what *is* a Bran-
denburgh, Dolly ?)—
“ Would be, after all, no such very
great catch.

If the R—g—t indeed ”—added he, looking sly—
 (You remember that comical squint of his eye)
 But I stopp'd him with “La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
 When the R—g—t loves none but old women, you know !”
 Which is fact, my dear Dolly—we, girls of eighteen,
 And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen ;
 And would like us much better as old—ay, as old
 As that Countess of Desmond, of whom I've been told
 That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
 And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then !
 What a frisky old girl !—but, to come to my lover,
 Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear,—
 You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run over,
 Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through the air !

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, Dolly, yes—
 From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss,
 When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
 Whose journey, Bob says, is so like Love and Marriage,
 “Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,
 And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly !”
 Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through ;
 And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
 With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,
 I set out with Papa to see Louis Dix-huit
 Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
 Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive la Rois*—

And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
 Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses !
 The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walk'd o'er 'em,
 'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
 And Daphnes, and vases, and many a statue,
 There staring, with not ev'n a stitch on them, at you !
 The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the brink
 To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—
 “*Live bullion,*” says merciless Bob,
 “which, I think,
 Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious !”

But *what*, Dolly, what, is the gay orange-grove,
 Or gold fishes, to her that's in search of her love ?
 In vain did I wildly explore every chair
 Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sat there !
 In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
 At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,
 To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,—
 A glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
 As the lock that, Pa says, is to Mussulmen giv'n,
 For the angel to hold by that “lugs them to heav'n !”
 Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
 And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his !
 Disappointed, I found myself sighing out “Well-a-day,”—
 Thought of the words of T—m M—re's Irish Melody,
 Something about the “green spot of delight”
 (Which, you know, Captain Mackintosh sung to us one day) :
 Ah, Dolly, *my* “spot” was that Saturday night,
 And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by Sunday !

We dined at a tavern—La, what do I say ?

If Bob was to know!—a *Restaurateur's*, dear :

Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,

And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.

Fine Bob (for he's really grown *super-fine*)

Condescended, for once, to make one of the party ;

Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,

And in spite of my grief, love, I own I ate hearty.

Indeed, Doll, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,

I have always found eating a wondrous relief ;

And Bob, who's in love, said he felt the same, *quite*—

“My sighs,” said he, “ceased with the first glass I drank you ;

The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,

And—now that's all o'er—why, I'm—pretty well, thank you !”

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late ;

For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate About singing and cookery—Bobby, of course,

Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force ;

And Pa saying, “God only knows which is worst,

The French Singers or Cooks, but I wish us well over it—

What with old Lais and Véry, I'm curst

If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it !”

'Twas dark when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,

And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,

When, sudden it struck me—last hope of my soul—

That some angel might take the dear man to Tortoni's !

We enter'd—and, scarcely had Bob, with an air,

For a *grappe à la jardinière* call'd to the waiters,

When, oh Doll ! I saw him—my hero was there

(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather gaiters),

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,

And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him !

Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are ;

In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter !

As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car, As when safe at Tortoni's, o'er iced currant water !

He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy—

Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see !

Bob wish'd to treat him with Punch à *la glace*,

But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,

And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)

Were, to *him*, “on de top of all Ponch in de world.”—

How pretty !—though oft (as, of course, it must be)

Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll, to me.

But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did ;

And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,

That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,

We all would set off, in French buggies, together,

To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,

Is so famous for cherries and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

His card then he gave us—the *name* rather creased—

But 'twas Calicot—something—a Colonel at least !

After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he

Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,

Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he
threw

A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—
"How do you do?"

But, Lord,—there's Papa for the post—
I'm so vext—

Montmorency must now, love, be kept
for my next.

That dear Sunday night!—I was charm-
ingly drest,

And—*so* providential!—was looking my
best;

Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce
—and my frills,

You've no notion how rich—(though Pa
has by the bills)

And you'd smile had you seen, where we
sat rather near,

Colonel Calicot eyeing the cambric, my
dear.

Then the flow'rs in my bonnet—but, la,
it's in vain—

So, good-bye, my sweet Doll—I shall
soon write again. B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours
about—

Your Papa in particular—how is his
gout?

P.S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In, your next you must tell me, (now *do*,

Dolly, pray,

For I hate to ask Bob, he's so ready to
quiz,)

What sort of a thing, dear, a *Branden-
burgh* is.

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

YES, 'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—

A Nation's right to speak a Nation's
voice,

And own no power but of the Nation's
choice!

Such was the grand, the glorious cause
that now

Hung trembling on Napoleon's single
brow;

Such the sublime arbitrament, that
pour'd,

In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,

A hallowing light, which never, since the
day

Of his young victories, had illumed its
way!

Oh, 'twas not then the time for tame
debates,

Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at
your gates;

When he, who late had fled your Chief-
tain's eye,

As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus
fly,

Denounced against the land, that spurn'd
his chain,

Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to
track

Through your best blood his path of
vengeance back;

When Europe's Kings, that never yet
combined

But (like those upper Stars, that, when
conjoin'd,

Shed war and pestilence), to scourge
mankind,

Gather'd around, with hosts from every
shore,

Hating Napoleon much, but freedom
more,

And, in that coming strife, appall'd to
see

The world yet left one chance for
liberty!—

No, 'twas not *then* the time to weave a
net

Of bondage round your Chief; to curb
and fret

Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the
fight,

When every hope was in his speed and
might—

To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how Freedom's *boughs*

should shoot,

When your Invader's axe was at the
root!

No, sacred. Liberty! that God, who
throws

Thy light around, like his own sunshine,
knows

How well I love thee, and how deeply
hate

All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate—

Yet, in that hour, were France my native
land,
I would have follow'd, with quick heart
and hand,
Napoleon, Nero—ay, no matter whom—
To snatch my country from that damn-
ing doom,
That deadliest curse that on the con-
quer'd waits—
A Conqueror's satrap, throned within
her gates!

True, he was false—despotic—all you
please—
Had trampled down man's holiest
liberties—
Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler
things
Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar*
Kings,
But raised the hopes of men—as eaglets
fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky—
To dash them down again more shatt'r-
ingly!
All this I own—but still * *
* * * *

LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS
DOROTHY ———.

AT last, Dolly—thanks to a potent
emetic,
Which Bobby and Pa, with grimace
sympathetic,
Have swallow'd this morning to balance
the bliss,
Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'ecre-
visses*—
I've a morning at home to myself, and
sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of
town.
How agog you must be for this letter,
my dear!
Lady Jane, in the novel, less languish'd
to hear
If that elegant cornet she met at Lord
Neville's
Was actually dying with love or—blue
devils.

But Love, Dolly, Love is the theme I
pursue;
With Blue Devils, thank Heav'n, I have
nothing to do—
Except, indeed, dear Colonel Calicot
spies
Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue
eyes,
Which he stares at till I, Doll, at *his* do
the same;
Then he simpers—I blush—and would
often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, "Lord,
Sir, for shame!"
Well, the morning was lovely—the trees
in full dress
For the happy occasion—the sunshine
express—
Had we order'd it, dear, of the best
poet going,
It scarce could be furnish'd more golden
and glowing.
Though late when we started, the scent
of the air
Was like Gattie's rose-water, — and
bright, here and there,
On the grass an odd dew-drop was
glittering yet,
Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green
tabinet!
While the birds seem'd to warble as blest
on the boughs,
As if *each* a plumed Calicot had for her
spouse;
And the grapes were all blushing and
kissing in rows,
And—in short, need I tell you, wherever
one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all
couleur de rose;
And, ah, I shall ne'er, lived I ever so
long, see
A day such as that at divine Mont-
morency!

There was but *one* drawback—at first,
when we started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly
parted;
How cruel—young hearts of such
moments to rob!
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with
Bob;

And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
 That Papa and his comrade agreed but
so-so.
 For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler
 of Boney's—
 Served *with* him, of course—nay, I'm
 sure they were cronies.
 So martial his features! dear Doll, you
 can trace
 Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his
 face
 As you do on that pillar of glory and
 brass,
 Which the poor Duc de B—ri must hate
 so to pass!
 It appears, too, he made—as most
 foreigners do—
 About English affairs an odd blunder or
 two.
 For example—misled by the names, I
 dare say—
 He confounded Jack Castles with Lord
 C—gh;
 And—sure such a blunder no mortal hit
 ever on—
 Fancied the *present* Lord C—md—n the
clever one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's
 trade!
 'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel
 was made.
 And, oh, had you heard, as together we
 walk'd
 Through that beautiful forest, how
 sweetly he talk'd;
 And how perfectly well he appear'd,
 Doll, to know
 All the life and adventures of Jean
 Jacques Rousseau!—
 "Twas there," said he—not that his
words I can state—
 'Twas a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could
 translate;—
 But "there," said he, (pointing where,
 small and remote,
 The dear Hermitage rose,) "there his
 Julie he wrote,—
 Upon paper gilt-edged, without blot or
 erasure;
 Then sanded it over with silver and
 azure,

And—oh, what will genius and fancy not
 do?—
 Tied the leaves up together with *nom-
 pareille* blue!"
 What a trait of Rousseau! what a
 crowd of emotions
 From sand and blue ribbons are
 conjured up here!
 Alas, that a man of such exquisite
 notions
 Should send his poor brats to the
 Foundling, my dear!

"'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel
 Calicot said—
 As down the small garden he pensively
 led—
 (Though once I could see his sublime
 forehead wrinkle
 With rage not to find there the loved
 periwinkle)
 "'Twas here he received from the fair
 D'Epinay
 (Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*,
 every day,)
 That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to
 form
 A waistcoat to keep the enthusiast
 warm!"

Such, Doll, were the sweet recollections
 we ponder'd,
 As, full of romance, through that valley
 we wander'd.
 The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd
 it is!)
 Led us to talk about other commodities,
 Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall
 forget,
 For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp
 to its set,
 And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers
 shone down,
 When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—
 who made my gown?
 The question confused me—for, Doll,
 you must know,
 And I *ought* to have told my best friend
 long ago,
 That, by Pa's strict command, I no
 longer employ
 That enchanting *couturière*, Madame Le
 Roi;

But am forced now to have Victorine,
 who—deuce take her!—
 It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-
 maker—
 I mean *of his party*—and, though much
 the smartest,
 Le Roi is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist,
 Think, Doll, how confounded I look'd—
 so well knowing
 The Colonel's opinion—my cheeks were
 quite glowing ;
 I stammer'd out something—nay, even
 half named
 The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he
 exclaim'd,
 “Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to
 be seen
 It was made by that Bourbonite b——h,
 Victorine !”
 What a word for a hero!—but heroes
will err,
 And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things
just as they were.
 Besides, though the word on good
 manners intrench,
 I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in
 French.
 But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon
 pass'd away,
 And the bliss altogether, the dreams of
 that day,
 The thoughts that arise, when such dear
 fellows woo us—
 The *nothings* that then, love, are *every-*
thing to us—
 That quick correspondence of glances
 and sighs,
 And what Bob calls the “Twopenny-
 post of the Eyes”—
 Ah, Doll! though I *know* you've a
 heart, 'tis in vain
 To a heart so unpractised these things to
 explain.
 They can only be felt, in their fulness
 divine,
 By her who has wander'd, at evening's
 decline,
 Through a valley like that, with a
 Colonel like mine !

But here I must finish—for Bob, my dear
 Dolly,
 Whom physic, I find, always makes
 melancholy,

Is seized with a fancy for churchyard
 reflections ;
 And, full of all yesterday's rich
 recollections,
 Is just setting off for Montmartre—“for
there is,”
 Said he, looking solemn, “the tomb of
 the Vèrys !
 Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary
 true,
 O'er the grave of such talents to utter
 my moans ;
 And, to-day—as my stomach is not in
 good cue
 For the *flesh* of the Vèrys—I'll visit
 their *bones* !”
 He insists upon *my* going with him—how
 teasing !
 This letter, however, dear Dolly, shall
 lie
 Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if anything
 pleasing
 Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—
 good-bye.

B. F.

Four o'clock.

Oh, Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruin'd for
 ever—
 I ne'er shall be happy again, Dolly,
 never !
 To think of the wretch—what a victim
 was I !
 'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I
 shall die—
 My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat
 quick—
 I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly
 sick !
 Oh, what do you think? after all my
 romancing,
 My visions of glory, my sighing, my
 glancing,
 This Colonel, I scarce can commit it to
 paper—
 This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-
 draper !!
 'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother
 Bob so,
 (You'll hardly make out what I'm writ-
 ing, I sob so.)
 For some little gift on my birth-day—
 September
 The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you
 remember—

That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,

(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove,)

To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,

Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love—

(The most beautiful things — two Napoleons the price—

And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)

Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,

But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop—

There he stood, my dear Dolly—no room for a doubt—

There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,

With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd out,

And that horrid yard-measure upraised in his hand!

Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—

'Twas a *shopman* he meant by a “Brandenburgh,” dear!

The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,

And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,

As a hero had worshipp'd — vile, treacherous thing—

To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!

My head swam around — the wretch smiled, I believe,

But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—

I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seem'd to wither—

And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!

I only remember that Bob, as I caught him, With cruel facetiousness said, “Curse the Kiddy!

A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,

But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, Biddy!”

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known

To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss Malone!

What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!

What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!

It will spread through the country—and never, oh, never,

Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again!

Farewell—I shall do something desperate, I fear—

And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear, One tear of compassion my Doll will not grudge

To her poor — broken-hearted — young friend,

BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—I am sure you will hear, with delight,

That we're going, all three, to see Brunet to-night,

A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox

(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box.



The Fudges in England;

BEING A SEQUEL TO

"THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

[ALTHOUGH several years elapsed between the date of the publication, for the first time, of "The Fudge Family in Paris" and that of its sequel, "The Fudges in England," a rigid adherence to the chronological order in which the writings of Moore are otherwise arranged in this Centenary edition of his poetical works is, in the present instance, foregone, for the simple reason that the second portion of the imaginary Correspondence referred to *is* a sequel, and that the two books ought, therefore, to be brought thus into direct companionship. Another reason for disregarding the precise date of its original appearance, the Author may be said to have supplied by anticipation, where he facetiously remarks, in his miniature Preface, that "the interest attached to the facts and personages of the story renders it independent of all time and place." As for the locality in which the incidents described in the following pages are supposed to have occurred, while the writer affects to have purposely veiled it from any chance of recognition, it may shrewdly be suspected that the English country town there spoken of as "a well-known fashionable watering-place," was no other than the favourite haunt of Moore's old friend, James Corry, Cheltenham. Eleven epistles make up this delightfully ridiculous correspondence, the supposititious writers of it being, besides our old friends Biddy and Bob Fudge, Miss Fanny Fudge, Patrick Magan, Esq., and the Rev. Mortimer O'Mulligan, best of all, Larry O'Branigan, who writes to his wife Judy, at Mullinamad. J. G. Lockhart's own yellow-bound copy of the work, as published, in 1835, at Paris by the Messrs. A. and W. Galignani, 18, Rue Vivienne, is the one preserved in the British Museum, the autograph upon the primrose cover of which authenticates it as formerly the property of Scott's son-in-law, the editor of the *Quarterly*. "Si mea materiae respondet Musa jocosa, Vicimus," is the motto from Ovid imprinted upon the title-page. Considerably more than half the contents of the little volume, which runs to the length of no more than 148 octavo pages, are made up of "Trifles Reprinted"—trifles until then scattered broadcast in the columns of such leading newspapers as the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*, subsequent to the issuing from the press, in a collected form, of Moore's miscellaneous "Odes on Cash, Corn, and Catholics."]

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV.
RICHARD ———, CURATE OF ———, IN
IRELAND.

WHO d'ye think we've got here?—quite
reform'd from the giddy,
Fantastic young thing, that once made
such a noise—

Why, the famous Miss Fudge—that
delectable Biddy,
Whom you and I saw once at Paris,
when boys,

In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribbons,
and airs—

Such a thing as no rainbow hath
colours to paint;

Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and
prayers,

And the Flirt found a decent retreat in
the Saint.

Poor "Pa" hath popp'd off—gone, as
charity judges,

To some choice Elysium reserved for the
Fudges;

And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations

From some much revered and much pal-sied relations,

Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet,—

Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet,

And warranted godly—to make all complete.

Nota Bene—a Churchman would suit, if he's high,

But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? doesn't this tempt your ambition?

The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man of pith,

All brought to the hammer, for Church competition,—

Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith.

Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch!

While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now* watch,

To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do;

And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of *you*.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,

Wanting substance even more than your spiritual self,

Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,

When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman yet

So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,

Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her

With tender love-suit—at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,

Which thus to your reverend breast I commend:

Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—with eyes

Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies

At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight

To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

While her figure—oh, bring all the gracefulest things

That are borne through the light air by feet or by wings,

Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,

Which combines in itself the perfection of each;

While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,

The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

Ne'er, in short, was there creature more form'd to bewilder

A gay youth like me, who of castles aerial

(And *only* of such) am, God help me! a builder;

Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,

And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,

Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.

But, alas! nothing's perfect on earth—even she,

This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes;

Talks learning—looks wise (rather painful to see),

Prints already in two County papers her rhymes;

And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear!

About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,

In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends

Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends;

A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,

Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let's hope for the best—and, meanwhile,

Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile;

While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play
the gallant
(Uphill work, I confess) to her Saint of
an Aunt.

Think, my boy, for a youngster like you,
who've a lack—

Not indeed of rupees, but of all other
specie,

What luck thus to find a kind witch at
your back;

An old goose with gold eggs, from all
debts to release ye ;

Never mind, tho' the spinster be reverend
and thin,

What are all the Three Graces to her
Three per Cents ?

While her acres!—oh Dick, it don't
matter one pin

How she touches th' affections, so *you*
touch the rents ;

And Love never looks half so pleased as
when, bless him ! he

Sings to an old lady's purse, "Open,
Sesamé."

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks,
a report,

Which, if true, will ensure for your visit
some sport.

'Tis rumour'd our Manager means to
bespeak

The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall
for next week ;

And certainly ne'er did a queerer or
rummer set

Throw, for th' amusement of Christians,
a summerset.

'Tis fear'd their chief "Merriman,"
C—ke, cannot come,

Being call'd off, at present, to play
Punch at home ;

And the loss of so practised a wag in
divinity

Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on
the Trinity ;—

His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately
Having pleased Robert Taylor, the

Reverend, greatly.

'Twill prove a sad drawbrack, if absent
he be,

As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite to
see ;

And, 'mong the Five Points of the Cal-
vinists, none of 'em

Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of
'em.

But even though deprived of this comical
elf,

We've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh him-
self,

Who of all the whole troop is chief
mummer and mime,

As C—ke takes the *Ground Tumbling*,
he the Sublime ;

And of him we're quite certain, so, pray,
come in time.

LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS.
ELIZABETH ———.

JUST in time for the post, dear, and mon-
strously busy,

With godly concernments—and worldly
ones too ;

Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my
dear Lizzy,

In this little brain till, bewilder'd and
dizzy,

'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know
what I do.

First, I've been to see all the gay fashions
from Town,

Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the
spring has had down.

Sleeves *still* worn (which *I* think is wise)
à la folle,

Charming hats, *pou de soie*—though the
shape rather droll.

But you can't think how nicely the caps
of *tulle* lace,

With the *mentonnières*, look on this poor
sinful face ;

And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy
thinks right,

To 'wear one at Mrs. Fitzwigram's to-
night.

The silks are quite heavenly :—I'm glad,
too, to say,

Gimp herself grows more godly and good
every day ;

Hath had sweet experience—yea, even
doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles, and put away
sin—
And all since her last stock of goods was
laid in.
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of
pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well
as one's self !
So much for the blessings, the comforts
of Spirit
I've had since we've met, and they're
more than I merit !—
Poor, sinful, weak creature in every re-
spect ;
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be
one of th' Elect.
But now for the picture's reverse.—You
remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last
December ;
He, a Baptist Particular—*she*, of some
sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect ;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with
the Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss
Fudge and the Lord."
Well, my dear, of all men, that Particu-
lar Baptist
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the
aptest ;
And, long as he staid, do him justice,
more rich in
Sweet savours of doctrine, there never
was kitchen.
He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd
in the hall,
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scul-
lions, and all.
All heard with delight his reprovings
of sin,
But above all, the cook-maid ;—oh, ne'er
would she tire—
Though, in learning to save sinful souls
from the fire,
She would oft let the soles she was fry-
ing fall in.
(God forgive me for punning on points
thus of piety !—
A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen
society.)

But ah ! there remains still the worst of
my tale ;
Come, Ast'risks, and help me the sad
truth to veil—
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own
secret turn pale !
* * * * *
* * * * *
In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-
singing pair,
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as I thought
they were,
Have together this last week eloped ;
making bold
To whip off as much goods as both ves-
sels could hold—
Not forgetting some scores of sweet tracts
from my shelves,
Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,
And besides, from the drawer,—I neg-
lecting to lock it,—
My neat "Morning Manna, done up for
the pocket."
Was there e'er known a case so distress-
ing, dear Liz ?
It has made me quite ill :—and the worst
of it is,
When rogues are *all* pious, 'tis hard to
detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, *which*
the elect.
This man "had a *call*," he said—impu-
dent mockery !
What call had he to *my* linen and crock-
ery ?
I'm now, and have been for this week
past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to
replace.
The inclosed two announcements have
just met my eyes,
In that venerable Monthly where Saints
advertise
For such temporal comforts as this world
supplies ;
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly
made
An essential in every craft, calling, and
trade.
Where th' attorney requires for his 'pren-
tice some youth
Who has "learn'd to fear God, and to
walk in the truth ;"

Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,
That pay is no object, so she can have prayers;
And th' Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out,
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages;

Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,
And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock

All lay in religion as part of their stock.
Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,

When thus through all London the Spirit keeps moving,
And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement

Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P.S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can't stop to look,

But both describe charming—both Footman and Cook,

She, "decidedly pious"—with pathos deploras

Th' increase of French cookery and sin on our shores;

And adds—(while for further accounts she refers

To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers,)

That "though *some* make their Sabbaths mere matter-of-fun days,

She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays."

The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge;—

Has late been to Cambridge—to Trinity College;

Served last a young gentleman, studying divinity,

But left—not approving the morals of Trinity.

P.S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps

Of my Journal—that Day-book I keep of my heart;

Where, at some little items, (partaking, perhaps,

More of earth than of heaven,) thy prudery may start,

And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.

For the present, I'm mute—but, whate'er may befall,

Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews xiii. 4.) St. Paul

Hath himself declared, "Marriage is honourable in all."

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.

TRIED a new *châlé* gown on—pretty.

No one to see me in it—pity!

Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid;—
The Lord forgive me!—she look'd dismay'd;

But got her to sing the rooth Psalm,
While she curl'd my hair, which made me calm.

Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
As sacred music—heavenly art!

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan—

A remarkably handsome, nice young man;

And, all Hibernian though he be,
As civilized, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state
Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late;

And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have some talk with him thereupon.

At present, I nought can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way:

Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he
Would also her absence much prefer,

As oft, while list'ning intent to me,
He's forced, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr. Magan

Turn out, after all, a “renewed” young man;

And to me should fall the task, on earth,
To assist at the dear youth’s second birth.

Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,

Were it Heaven’s high will, that he and I—

But I blush to write the nuptial word—
Should wed, as St. Paul says, “in the Lord;”

Not *this* world’s wedlock—gross, gallant,
But pure—as when Amram married his aunt.

Our ages differ—but who would count
One’s natural sinful life’s amount,
Or look in the Register’s vulgar page
For a regular twice-born Christian’s age,
Who, blessed privilege! only then
Begins to live when he’s born again.

And, counting in *this* way—let me see—
I myself but five years old shall be,
And dear Magan, when th’ event takes place,

An actual new-born child of grace—
Should Heaven in mercy so dispose—
A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

Wednesday.

Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr. Magan, left *tête-à-tête*,
Had just begun—having stirr’d the fire,
And drawn my chair near his—to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin,
When that naughty Fanny again bounced in;

And all the sweet things I had got to say
Of the Flesh and the Devil were whisk’d away!

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
Is actually pleased and amused with Fan!
What charms any sensible man can see
In a child so foolishly young as she—
But just eighteen, come next May-day,
With eyes, like herself, full of nought
but play—

Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN,
MISS KITTY ———.

STANZAS (INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW; OR, WHY?—WHAT?
—HOW?

DARK comrade of my path! while earth
and sky

Thus wed their charms, in bridal light
array’d,

Why in this bright hour, walk’st thou
ever nigh,

Black’ning my footsteps with thy
length of shade—

Dark comrade, Why?

Thou mimic Shape that, ’mid these
flowery scenes,

Glidest beside me o’er each sunny
spot,

Sadd’ning them as thou goest—say, what
means

So dark an adjunct to so bright a
lot—

Grim goblin, What?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend
my brow,

Thou bendest, too—then risest when I
rise;—

Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is’t
that thou

Thus com’st between me and those
blessed skies—

Dim shadow, How?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER
HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in
grudge

Than gloom of soul; while, as I eager
cried,

Oh, Why? What? How?—a Voice, that
one might judge

To be some Irish echo’s, faint re-
plied,

Oh fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last
 lyric effusion ;
 And, with it, that odious "additional
 stanza,"
 Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as
 conclusion,
 And which, you'll *at once* see, is Mr.
 Magan's ;—a
 Most cruel and dark-design'd ex-
 travaganza,
 And part of that plot in which he and
 my Aunt are
 To stifle the flights of my genius by
 banter.
 Just so 'twas with Byron's young eagle-
 eyed strain,
 Just so did they taunt him ;—but vain,
 critics, vain,
 All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with
 a chain !
 To blot out the splendour of Fancy's
 young stream,
 Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledged
 beam ! ! !
 Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, even while
 these lines I indite,
 Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break
 out, wrong or right,
 And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite !
 That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms,
 and regards
 Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of
 all bards—
 That *she* should make light of my works
 I can't blame ;
 But that nice, handsome, odious Magan
 —what a shame !
 Do you know, dear, that, high as on
 most points I rate him,
 I'm really afraid—after all, I—*must* hate
 him.
 He is *so* provoking—nought's safe from
 his tongue ;
 He spares no one authoress, ancient or
 young.
 Were you Sappho herself, and in Keep-
 sake or Bijou
 Once shone as contributor, Lord, how
 he'd quiz you !
 He laughs at *all* Monthlies—I've actually
 seen
 A sneer on his brow at the Court
 Magazine !—

While of Weeklies, poor things, there's
 but one he peruses,
 And buys every book which that Weekly
 abuses.
 But I care not how others such sarcasm
 may fear,
One spirit, at least, will not bend to his
 sneer ;
 And though tried by the fire, my young
 genius shall burn as
 Uninjured as crucified gold in the
 furnace !
 (I suspect the word "crucified" must be
 made "crucible,"
 Before this fine image of mine is pro-
 ducible.)

And now, dear—to tell you a secret
 which, pray
 Only trust to such friends as with safety
 you may—
 You know, and indeed the whole county
 suspects
 (Though the Editor often my best things
 rejects,)

That the verses signed *so*, ~~63~~, which you
 now and then see
 In our County Gazette (*vide last*), are by
 me.
 But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking
 mistakes
 The vile county Press in one's prosody
 makes.
 For you know, dear—I may, without
 vanity, hint—
 Though an angel should write, still 'tis
devils must print ;
 And you can't think what havoc these
 demons sometimes
 Choose to make of one's sense, and what's
 worse, of one's rhymes.
 But a week or two since, in my Ode upon
 Spring,
 Which I *meant* to have made a most
 beautiful thing,
 Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from
 freshly-blown roses,"
 The nasty things made it "from freshly-
 blown noses !"
 And once when, to please my cross
 Aunt, I had tried
 To commemorate some saint of her *clique*,
 who'd just died,

Having said he "had taken up in heav'n
his position,"

They made it, he'd "taken up to heaven
his physician!"

This is very disheartening;—but
brighter days shine,

I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and
the Nine;

For, what do you think?—so delightful!
next year,

Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand
news prepare—

I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty,
my dear,

To write in the Keepsake, as sure as
you're there!!

T'other night, at a Ball, 'twas my for-
tunate chance

With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, 'twas plain, from some hints

which I now and then caught,
Was the author of *something*—one

couldn't tell what;

But his satisfied manner left no room to
doubt

It was something that Colburn had
lately brought out.

We conversed of *belles-lettres* through all
the quadrille,—

Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing
still;

Talk'd of Intellect's march—whether
right 'twas or wrong—

And then settled the point in a bold *en
avant*.

In the course of this talk 'twas that,
having just hinted,

That I too had Poems which—long'd to
be printed,

He protested, kind man! he had seen,
at first sight,

I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to
write.

"In the Annals of England let some,"
he said, "shine,

But a place in her Annals, Lady, be
thine!

Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly
to rise,

Through the vista of years, as I gaze on
those eyes,—

All letter'd and press'd, and of large-
paper size!"

How *unlike* that Magan, who my genius
would smother,

And how we, true geniuses, find out each
other!

This, and much more he said, with that
fine frenzied glance,

One so rarely now sees, as we slid through
the dance;

Till between us 'twas finally fix'd that,
next year,

In this exquisite task I my pen should
engage;

And, at parting, he stoop'd down and
lisp'd in my ear

These mystical words, which I could but
just hear,

"Terms for rhyme—if it's *prime*—ten
and sixpence per page."

Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his
words right,

What a mint of half-guineas this small
head contains;

If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for
one's strains!

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court'sy
profound,

Off at once, to inquire all about him,
I ran;

And from what I could learn, do you
know, dear, I've found

That he's quite a new species of liter-
ary man;

One, whose task is—to what will not
fashion accustom us?

To *edite* live authors, as if they were
posthumous,

For instance—the plan, to be sure, is the
oddest!—

If any young he or she author feels
modest

In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-
usher

Lends promptly a hand to the interesting
blusher;

Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to
light,

Which else might, by accident, shrink
out of sight,

And, in short, renders readers and critics
polite.

My Aunt says—though scarce on such points one can credit her—

He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.

'Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented ;

And, quick as the change of all things and all names is,

Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,

We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's?

I must now close my letter—there's Aunt, in full screech,

Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite preach.

God forgive me, I'm not much inclined, I must say,

To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.

And, besides — 'twill be all against dancing, no doubt,

Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred devout,

That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a head,

For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,

She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.

There, again — coming, Ma'am! — I'll write more, if I can,

Before the post goes,

Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon! — though *not* about dancing, my dear ;

'Twas only on th' end of the world being near.

Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year that some state

As the time for that accident—some Forty-Eight :

And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,

As then I shall be an old maid, and 'twon't matter.

Once more, love, good-bye—I've to make a new cap ;

But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap

Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.

LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ———.

HE comes from Erin's speechful shore
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er

With hot effusions—hot and weak ;
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,

He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.

Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,
Twin proser, Watchman and Record !

Journals reserved for realms of bliss,
Being much too good to sell in this.

Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,

Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets ;

And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
Blow all your little penny trumpets.

He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the Church's part take;

Tales of parsonic woe, that well
Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's

heart ache :—
Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away

For ever from the light of day ;
(With God knows, too, how many more,

For whom that doom is yet in store)—
Of Rectors cruelly compell'd

From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,

Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,
Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come ;

Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their parsons thus to stay away ;—

Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt

If 'tisn't money well laid out ;—
Of all, in short, and each degree

Of that once happy Hierarchy,
Which used to roll in wealth so pleasantly ;

But now, alas, is doom'd to see
Its surplus brought to nonplus presently !

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,

Will preach and preach t'ye, till your dull again ;

Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim.

Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,
But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant—
And Tuesday, in the market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in't,

To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case ;
Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop,—
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades seraphic,
That make men's souls their special
traffic,

Though caring not a pin *which* way
Th' erratic souls go, so they *pay*.—
Just as some roguish country nurse,
Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,
First pops the payment in her purse,
Then leaves poor dear to—suck its
knuckle:

Even so these reverend rigmaroles
Pocket the money—starve the souls.
Murtagh, however, in his glory,
Will tell, next week, a different story ;
Will make out all these men of barter,
As each a saint, a downright martyr,
Brought to the *stake*—*i.e.* a *beef* one,
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one ;
Though try them even at this, they'll
bear it,
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all
lions,
Your saintly, *next* to great and high
'uns—

(A Viscount be he what he may,
Would cut a Saint out, any day,)
Has just announced a godly rout,
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
And shown in his tame, *week-day*
state :—

“ Prayers, half-past seven, tea at eight.”
Even so the circular missive orders—
Pink cards, with cherubs round the bor-
ders.

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose
time ;

Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,
Will surely carry off old Biddy,

Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose.
That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and
lands

All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories!)
Is dying of *angina pectoris* ;—

So that unless you're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-moon,
And be the *man* of it, himself!

As for *me*, Dick—'tis whim, 'tis folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
'Tis true, the girl's a vile verse-maker—
Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let
her ;—

But even her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
Too true it is, she's bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seized all ranks and
classes,

Down to that new Estate, “ the masses ;”
Till one pursuit all taste combines—
One common railroad o'er Parnassus,
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad *in lines*.

Add to all this—what's even still worse,
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds better to a chinking purse—
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,
While I can muster just a groat ;
So that, computing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear th' amount be-
tween us.

However, things may yet prove better :—
Meantime, what awful length of letter !
And how, while heaping thus with gibes
The Pegasus of modern scribes,
My own small hobby of farrago
Hath beat the pace at which even *they*
go!

LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO
HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

DEAR JUDY, I send you this bit of a
letter,
By mail-coach conveyance—for want of
a better—

To tell you what luck in this world I
 have had
 Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullin-
 afad.
 Och, Judy, that night!—when the pig
 which we meant.
 To dry-nurse, in the parlour, to pay off
 the rent,
 Julianna, the craythur—that name was
 the death of her—
 Gave us the shlip and we saw the last
 breath of her!
 And *there* were the childher, six innocent
 sowls,
 For their nate little play-fellow tuning up
 howls;
 While yourself, my dear Judy (though
 grievin's a folly),
 Stud over Julianna's remains, melan-
 choly—
 Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for
 the money,
 "Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sowl'd
 you, my honey?"
 But God's will be done!—and then,
 faith, sure enough,
 As the pig was desaiiced, 'twas high time
 to be off.
 So we gother'd up all the poor duds we
 could catch,
 Lock'd the owld cabin door, put the kay
 in the thatch,
 Then tuk laave of each other's sweet
 lips in the dark,
 And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd
 out of the Ark;
 The six childher with you, my dear Judy,
 ochone!
 And poor I wid myself, left condolin'
 alone.
 How I came to this England, o'er say
 and o'er lands,
 And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on
 my hands,
 Is, at this present writin', too tadius to
 speak,
 So I'll minton it all in a postscript, next
 week:—
 Only starved I was, surely, as thin as a
 lath,
 Till I came to an up-and-down place
 they call Bath,

Where, as luck was, I managed to make
 a meal's meat,
 By dhraggin' owld ladies all day through
 the street—
 Which their docthors (who pocket, like
 fun, the pound starlins)
 Have brought into fashion to plase the
 owld darlins.
 Div'l a boy in all Bath, though I say it,
 could carry
 The grannies up hill half so handy as
 Larry;
 And the higher they lived, like owld
 crows, in the air,
 The more I was wanted to lug them up
 there.
 But luck has two handles, dear Judy,
 they say,
 And mine has *both* handles put on the
 wrong way.
 For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame
 I'd just had
 Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullin-
 afad,
 Och, there came o'er my sineses so plaisin'
 a flutter,
 That I spilt an owld Countess right clane
 in the gutther,
 Muff, feathers and all!—the descint was
 most awful,
 And—what was still worse, faith—I
 knew 'twas unlawful:
 For, though, with mere *women*, no very
 great evil,
 T' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is
 the divil!
 So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe
 upon it,
 (For nothin' about her was *kilt* but her
 bonnet,)
 Without even mentionin' "By your lave,
 ma'am,"
 I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am!
 What's the name of this town I can't
 say very well,
 But your heart sure will jump when you
 hear what befell
 Your own beautiful Larry, the very first
 day,
 (And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty
 gay,)
 When his brogues to this city of luck
 found their way.

Bein' hungry, God help me, and hap-
penin' to stop,
Just to dine on the smell of a pasthry-
cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed
paper,
And read there a name, och ! that made
my heart caper—
Though printed it was in some quare
A B C,
That might bother a schoolmaster, let
alone *me*.
By gor, you'd have laugh'd, Judy, could
you've but listen'd,
As, doubtin', I cried, "why it *is*!—no,
it *isn't*."
But it *was*, after all—for, by spellin'
quite slow,
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer"—
then a great "O ;"
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin'
my skull again,
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mul-
ligan !"

Up I jump'd, like a skylark, my jewel,
at that name,—
Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must*
be the same.
"Masther Murthagh, himself," says I,
"all the world over !"
My own fosther-brother—by jinks, I'm
in clover.
Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures
so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up
by hand,
And he'll not let me shtarve in the
inemy's land !"

Well, to make a long hishtory short,
niver doubt
But I managed, in no time, to find the
lad out ;
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him
and me,
Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was
charmin' to see.
Nor is Murthagh less plased with th' evint
than *I* am,
As he just then was wanting a Valley-de-
sham ;

And, for *dressin'* a gintleman, one way
or t'other,
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every
other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of
the case ;
And, in throth, it's the only drawback
on my place,
'Twas Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd,
as you know,
With an awkward mishfortune some short
time ago ;
That's to say, he turn'd Protestant—*why*,
I can't larn ;
But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it's not
my consarn.
All I know is, we both were good Cath'-
lics, at nurse,
And myself am so still—nayther betther
nor worse.
Well, our bargain was all right and tight
in a jiffey,
And lads more contint never yet left the
Liffey,
When Murthagh—or Morthimer, as he's
now chrishen'd,
His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he*
isn't—
Lookin' sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin'
to see)
"Of *coorse*, you're a Protestant, Larry,"
says he.
Upon which says myself, wid a wink just
as shly,
"Is't a Protestant?—oh yes, *I am*, sir,"
says I ;—
And there the chat ended, and div'l a
more word
Controvarsial between us has since then
occurr'd.
What Murthagh could mane, and, in
throth, Judy dear,
What *I myself* meant, doesn't seem
mighty clear ;
But the thruth is, though still for the
Owld Light a stickler,
I was just then too shtarved to be over
partic'lar :—
And, God knows, between us, a comic'-
ler pair
Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen
anywhere.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills
I mintion'd,
Address'd to the loyal and godly intin-
tion'd,)
His rivrence, my master, comes forward
to preach,—
Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or
speech,
But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand
at each ;
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill
in orations
Quite bothers the blarney of all other
nations.

But, whisht !—there's his Rivrence,
shoutin' out "Larry,"
And sorra a word more will this shmall
paper carry ;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a
letther,
Which, faix, I'd have made a much
bigger and betther,
But div'l a one Post-office hole in this
town
Fit to swallow a dacent sized billy-dux
down.
So good luck to the childer !—tell Molly,
I love her ;
Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss
Katty all over—
Not forgettin' the mark of the red currant
whiskey
She got at the fair when yourself was so
frisky.
The heavens be your bed !—I will write,
when I can again,
Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O BRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS.
ELIZABETH ———.

How I grieve you're not with us !—pray,
come, if you can,
Ere we're robb'd of this dear oratorical
man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple
glory
Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist
and Tory ;—

(Choice mixture ! like that from which,
duly confounded,
The best sort of *brass* was, in old times,
compounded)—
The sly and the saintly, the worldly and
godly,
All fused down in brogue so deliciously
oddy !
In short, he's a *dear*—and *such* audiences
draws,
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts
of applause,
As *can't* but do good to the Protestant
cause.
Poor dear Irish Church !—he to-day
sketch'd a view
Of her history and prospects, to *me* at
least new,
And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must
arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights
to espouse.
As to *reasoning*—you know, dear, that's
now of no use,
People still will their *facts* and dry *figures*
produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protestant
flock were
A thing to be managed "according to
Cocker !"
In vain do we say, (when rude radicals
hector
At paying some thousands a year to a
Rector,
In places where Protestants *never yet*
were,)
"Who knows but young Protestants *may*
be born there ?"
And granting such accident, think, what
a shame,
If they didn't find Rector and Clerk
when they came !
It is clear that, without such a staff on
full pay,
These little Church embryos *must* go
astray ;
And, while fools are computing what
Parsons would cost,
Precious souls are meanwhile to th'
Establishment lost !
In vain do we put the case sensibly thus ;—
They'll still with their figures and facts
make a fuss,

And ask "if, while all, choosing each
his own road,
Journey on, as we can, towards the
Heavenly Abode,
It is right that *seven* eighths of the tra-
vellers should pay
For *one* eighth that goes quite a different
way?"—
Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't, in
reality,
A proof of the Church's extreme liberal-
ality,
That, though hating Popery in *other*
respects,
She to Catholic *money* in no way ob-
jects ;
And so liberal her very best Saints, in
this sense,
That they even go to heaven at the
Catholic's expense.

But, though clear to *our* minds all these
arguments be,
People cannot or *will* not their cogency
see ;
And, I grieve to confess, did the poor
Irish Church
Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left
in the lurch.
It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy
most sincere,
That I heard this nice Reverend O'
something we've here,
Produce, from the depths of his know-
ledge and reading,
A view of that marvellous Church, far
exceeding,
In novelty, force, and profoundness of
thought,
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er
taught.

Looking through the whole history, pre-
sent and past,
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first
to the last ;
Considering how strange its original
birth—
Such a thing having *never* before been on
earth—
How opposed to the instinct, the law,
and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole
course ;

Through centuries encount'ring repug-
nance, resistance,
Scorn, hate, execration—yet still in exist-
ence !
Considering all this, the conclusion he
draws
Is that Nature exempts this one Church
from her laws—
That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up
the dispute,
And before the portentous anomaly
stands mute ;—
That, in short, 'tis a Miracle !—and,
once begun,
And transmitted through ages, from
father to son,
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go*
on.

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and
sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to
confound.
For, observe, the more low all her merits
they place,
The more they make out the miraculous
case,
And the more all good Christians must
deem it profane
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous
reign.

As for scriptural proofs, he quite placed
beyond doubt
That the whole in th' Apocalypse may
be found out,
As clear and well-proved, he would ven-
ture to swear,
As anything else has been *ever* found
there :—
While the mode in which, bless the dear
fellow, he deals
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets
and seals,
And the ease with which vial on vial he
strings,
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these
sort of things.

So much for theology :—as for th'
affairs
Of this temporal world—the light, draw-
ing-room cares

And gay toils of the toilet, which, God
 knows, I seek,
 From no love of such things, but in
 humbleness meek,
 And to be, as th' Apostle was, "weak
 with the weak,"
 Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm
 somewhat less busy)
 In th' extracts inclosed, my dear news-
 loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday.

LAST night, having nought more holy to
 do,
 Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,
 About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-
 Club,"
 Which we wish by some shorter name to
 dub :—
 As the use of more vowels and consonants
 Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really*
 wants,
 Is a grievance that ought to be done
 away,
 And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Sunday.

Sir Andrew's answer !—but, shocking to
 say,
 Being frank'd unthinkingly yesterday,
 To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,
 It arrived on this blessed Sunday
 morn ! !—
 How shocking !—the postman's self cried
 "shame on't,"
 Seeing th' immaculate Andrew's name
 on't ! !
 What will the Club do ?—meet, no doubt.
 'Tis a matter that touches the Class
 Devout,
 And the friends of the Sabbath *must*
 speak out.

Tuesday.

Saw to-day, at the raffle—and saw it with
 pain—
 That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to
 dress plain.
 Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings
 renounces—
 She, who long has stood by me through
 all sorts of flounces,

And show'd, by upholding the toilet's
 sweet rites,
 That we, girls, may be Christians, with-
 out being frights,
 This, I own, much alarms me ; for
 though one's religious,
 And strict and—all that, there's no need
 to be hideous ;
 And why a nice bonnet should stand in
 the way
 Of one's going to heaven, 'tisn't easy to
 say.

Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing—if
 her custom we drop,
 Pray, what's to become of her soul and
 her shop ?
 If by saints like ourselves no more orders
 are given,
 She'll lose all the interest she now takes
 in heaven ;
 And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd
 from the burning,"
 May fall in again at the very next turn-
 ing.

Wednesday.

Mem.—To write to the India-Mission
 Society ;
 And send £20—heavy tax upon piety !

Of all Indian luxuries we now-a-days
 boast,
 Making "Company's Christians" perhaps
 costs the most.
 And the worst of it is, that these con-
 verts full grown,
 Having lived in *our* faith, mostly die in
 their *own*,
 Praying hard, at the last, to some god
 who, they say,
 When incarnate on earth, used to steal
 curds and whey.
 Think, how horrid, my dear !—so that
 all's thrown away ;
 And (what is still worse) for the rum and
 the rice
 They consumed, while believers, we saints
 pay the price.

Still 'tis cheering to find that we *do* save
 a few—
 The Report gives six Christians for Cun-
 nangcadoo ;

Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four
Trevandrum,
While but one and a half's left at Cooropadum.
In this last-mention'd place, 'tis the
barbers enslave 'em,
For, once they turn Christians, no barber
will shave 'em.

To atone for this rather small Heathen
amount,
Some Papists, turn'd Christians, are
tack'd to th' account.
And though, to catch Papists, one needn't
go so far,
Such fish are worth hooking, wherever
they are ;
And now, when so great of such converts
the lack is,
One Papist well caught is worth millions
of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and
funny,
I cannot resist recording it here.—
Methought that the Genius of Matrimony
Before me stood, with a joyous leer,
Leading a husband in each hand,
And both for me, which look'd rather
queer ;—
One I could perfectly understand,
But why there were two wasn't quite
so clear.
'Twas meant, however, I soon could see,
To afford me a choice—a most excellent
plan ;
And—who should this brace of candi-
dates be,
But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan :—
A thing, I suppose, unheard of till
then,
To dream, at once, of two Irishmen !—
That handsome Magan, too, with wings
on his shoulders
(For all this pass'd in the realms of
the Blest,)
And quite a creature to dazzle beholders ;
While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and
drest [best.
As an elderly cherub, was looking his
Ah, Liz, you, who know me, scarce can
doubt
As to which of the two I singled out.

But—awful to tell—when, all in dread
Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
Like a mist, away, and I found but the
head
Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my
arms !

The Angel had flown to some nest divine,
And the elderly Cherub alone was mine !
Heigho !—it is certain that foolish Magan
Either can't or won't see that he *might* be
the man ;
And, perhaps, dear—who knows?—if
nought better befall
But—O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after
all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scrip-
tural rout,
For the special discussion of matters
devout ;—
Like those *soirées* at Powerscourt, so
justly renown'd,
For the zeal with which doctrine and
negus went round ;
Those theology routs which the pious
Lord R—d—n,
That pink of Christianity, first set the
mode in ;
Where, blessed down-pouring ! from tea
until nine,
The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line ;—
Then, supper—and then, if for topics
hard driven,
From thence until bed-time to Satan was
given ;
While R—d—n, deep read in each topic
and tome,
On all subjects (especially the last) was
at home.

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN,
MISS KITTY ———.

IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,
While yet, beneath some northern sky,
Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,
They wait the breath of summer hours,
To wake to light each diamond eye,
And let loose every florid sigh !

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,
From out those deep primeval caves,
Where from the dawn of Time they've
lain—

THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN!—
Untaught as yet, young things, to speak
The language of their PARENT SEA
(Polyphlysbæan named in Greek),
Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,
Round startled isle and wondering peak,
They'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,
Young fires—

I had got, dear, thus far in
my Ode,
Intending to fill the whole page to the
bottom,
But, having invoked such a lot of fine
things,
Flowers, billows and thunderbolts,
rainbows and wings,
Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when
I had got 'em.

The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at
this minute,
Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
This very night's coach brings my destiny
in it—

Decides the great question, to live or
to die!
And, whether I'm henceforth immortal
or no,
All depends on the answer of Simpkins
and Co.!

You'll think, love, I rave, so 'tis best to
let out

The whole secret, at once—I have
publish'd a Book!!!

Yes, an actual Book:—if the marvel you
doubt,

You have only in last Monday's
Courier to look,
And you'll find "This day publish'd by
Simpkins and Co.

A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled
'Woe Woe!'

By Miss Fanny F——, known more com-
monly so *☞*."

This I put that my friends mayn't be
left in the dark,

But may guess at my *writing* by knowing
my *mark*.

How I managed, at last, this great deed
to achieve,

Is itself a "Romaunt" which you'd
scarce, dear, believe;

Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet, explain it,
dear girl.

Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long cen-
turies hence—

(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my
humble ambition

Aspires not beyond a small Second
Edition,)—

One half the whole cost of the paper
and printing,

I've managed to scrape up this year past,
by stinting

My own little wants in gloves, ribbons,
and shoes, [Muse!

Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do
the same?

What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath
of fame?

Yards of ribbon soon end—but the mea-
sures of rhyme,

Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch
out through all time.

Gloves languish and fade away, pair after
pair,

While couplets shine out, but the brighter
for wear,

And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an even-
ing is gone,

While light-footed lyrics through ages
trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk—
and, alas!

My poor copyright too—into other hands
pass;

And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the
County Gazette

(The only Mæcænas I've ever had yet),
He who set up in type my first juvenile
lays, [days;

Is now set up by them for the rest of his
And while Gods (as my "Heathen
Mythology" says)

Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how
much sweeter

To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's
metre!

As for *puffing*—that first of all lit'rary
boons,
And essential alike both to bards and
balloons—
As, unless well supplied with inflation,
'tis found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch
from the ground ;—
In *this* respect, nought could more prosp-
erous befall ;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp
can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics—the
hypers and all. [rhyme,
I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first
time ;
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 'twas known
among Gnostics,
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a
dev'l at Acrostics.
But hark ! there's the Magnet just dash'd
in from Town—
How my heart, Kitty, beats ! I shall
surely drop down.
That awful *Court Journal, Gazette,*
Athenæum,
All full of my book—I shall sink when I
see 'em.
And then the great point—whether
Simpkins and Co.
Are actually pleased with their bargain
or no !—

Five o'clock.

All's delightful—such praises !—I really
fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy,
my dear ;
I've but time now to send you two
exquisite scraps— [perhaps.
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday,

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'Tis known that a certain distinguish'd
physician
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of
light reading ;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first,
fresh edition
(Ere critics have injured their powers of
nutrition),
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the
best sort of feeding.

Satires irritate—love-songs are found
calorific ;
But smooth, female sonnets he deems a
specific,
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
Among works of this kind, the most
pleasing we know,
Is a volume just publish'd by Simpkins
and Co.,
Where all such ingredients—the flowery,
the sweet, [receipt,
And the gently narcotic—are mix'd *per*
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesi-
tation
To say that—'bove all, for the young
generation—
'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe pre-
paration.
Nota bene—for readers, whose object's *to*
sleep,
And who read, in their nightcaps, the
publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes
very cheap.

ANECDOTE—FROM THE "COURT
JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of * * *'
rout, [about,
An amusing event was much whisper'd
It was said that Lord —, at the Coun-
cil, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his
seat, like a rocket,
And flown to a corner, where—heedless,
they say, [der'd away—
How the country's resources were squan-
He kept reading some papers he'd
brought in his pocket.
Some thought them despatches from
Spain or the Turk,
Others swore they brought word we
had lost the Mauritius ;
But it turn'd out 'twas only Miss Fudge's
new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with
such zeal expeditious—
Messrs. Simpkins and Co., to avoid all
delay,
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lord-
ship might say,
He had distanced the whole reading
world by a day !

LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV.
MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday evening.

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,
I could not come to * * * to meet you ;
But this curst gout won't let me stir—

Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you,
As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,
Owes all to an amanuensis.

Most other scourges of disease
Reduce men to *extremities*—
But gout won't leave one even *these*.

From all my sister writes, I see
That you and I will quite agree.

I'm a plain man, who speak the truth,
And trust you'll think me not uncivil,
When I declare that, from my youth,

I've wish'd your country at the devil :
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all

I've heard of your high patriot fame—
From every word your lips let fall—

That you most truly wish the same.
It plagues one's life out—thirty years
Have I had dinning in my ears,

“Ireland wants this, and that, and
t'other,”

And, to this hour, one nothing hears
But the same vile, eternal bother.

While, of those countless things she
wanted,

Thank God, but little has been granted,
And ev'n that little, if we're men
And Britons, we'll have back again !

I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indigestion ;
And still each year, as Popery's curse
Has gather'd round us, I've got worse ;
Till ev'n my pint of port a day
Can't keep the Pope and bile away.

And whereas, till the Catholic bill,
I never wanted draught or pill,
The settling of that cursed question
Has quite *unsettled* my digestion.

Look what has happen'd since—the
Elect

Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen triers of men's patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Let loose upon us ;—even Quakers
Turn'd into speakers and law-makers,

Who'll move no question, stiff-rump'd
elves,

Till first the Spirit moves themselves ;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in
chorus,

Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will soon to death's own slumber snore
us.

Then, too, those Jews !—I really sicken
To think of such abomination ;

Fellows, who won't eat ham with chicken,
To legislate for this great nation !—

Depend upon't, when once they've sway,
With rich old Goldsmid at the head o'
them,

Th' Excise laws will be done away,
And *Circumcise* ones pass'd instead o'
them !

In short, dear sir, look where one will,
Things all go on so devilish ill,
That 'pon my soul, I rather fear

Our reverend Rector may be right,
Who tells me the Millennium's near ;

Nay, swears he knows the very year,
And regulates his leases by't ;—

Meaning their terms should end, no
doubt,

Before the world's own lease is out.

He thinks, too, that the whole thing's
ended

So much more soon than was intended,
Purely to scourge those men of sin
Who brought th' accurst Reform Bill in.

However, let's not yet despair ;

Though Toryism's eclipsed, at present,
And—like myself, in this old chair—

Sits in a state by no means pleasant ;
Feet crippled—hands, in luckless hour

Disabled of their grasping power ;
And all that rampant glee, which revell'd

In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, be-
devil'd—

Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,
And both in Chair of Penance set,

There's something tells me, all's not o'er,
With Toryism or Bobby yet ;

That though, between us, I allow
We've not a leg to stand on now ;

Though curst Reform and *colchicum*
Have made us both look deuced glum,

Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,
Again we'll shine triumphant out !

Yes—back again shall come, egad,
Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
 And then, O'Mulligan—oh then,
 When mounted on our nags again,
 You, on your high-flown Kossinante,
 Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallantee
 (Glitter great from substance scanty);—
 While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
 Your faithful Sancho, by your side;
 Then—talk of tilts and tournaments!
 Dam'me, we'll—

* * * * *

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents
 To Reverend Sir his compliments;
 Is grieved to say an accident
 Has just occur'd which will prevent
 The Squire—though now a little better—
 From finishing this present letter.
 Just when he'd got to "Dam'me,
 we'll—"

His Honour, full of martial zeal,
 Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able
 To keep his balance or his hold,
 Tumbled, both self and crutch, and
 roll'd,

Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All's safe—the table, chair, and crutch;—
 Nothing, thank God, is broken much,
 But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
 Got bump'd consid'rably—that's all;
 At this no great alarm we feel,
 As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday morning.

Squire much the same—head rather light—
 Raved about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our housekeeper, old Mrs. Griggs,
 Suspects that he meant "barbarous
 Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE
 JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a
 letter,

You'll wonder, dear Judy, what this
 is about;

And, thro', it's a letter myself would
 like better,

Could I manage to lave the contints of
 it out;

For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,
 Who takes things quiet, 'twill dhrive *you*
 crazy.

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad
 scran to him!

That e'er I should come to've been sar-
 vant-man to him,

Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
 And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not
 ev'n the Flood

Was able to wash away clane from the
 earth)

As to sarve one whose name, of mere
 yestherday's birth,

Can no more to a great O, *before* it, pur-
 tend,

Than mine can to wear a great Q at its
end.

But that's now all over—last night I gev
 warnin',

And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him
 this mornin'.

The thief of the world!—but it's no use
 balraggin';—

All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be
 draggin'

Owld ladies up hill to the ind of my
 days,

Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise,
 at my aise,

And be forced to discind through the same
 dirty ways.

Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last
 show'd his phiz,

I'd have known what a quare sort of
 monsther he is;

For, by gor, 'twas at Exether Change,
 sure enough,

That himself and his other wild Irish
 show'd off;

And it's pity, so 'tis, that they hadn't got
 no man

Who knew the wild craythurs to act as
 their showman—

Sayin', "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to
 take notice,

How shlim and how shleek this black
 animal's coat is;

All by raison, we're towld, that the
 nathur o' the baste

Is to change its coat *once* in its lifetime,
at laste;

And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not
 bein' common ones,
 Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of
 Fine Nomenons.
 In regard of its *name*—why, in throth,
 I'm consarn'd
 To differ on this point so much with the
 Larn'd,
 Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' whereas the
 craythur
 Is plainly a '*Murthagh*,' by name and by
 nathur."

This is how I'd have towld them the
 rights of it all,
 Had *I* been their showman at Exether
 Hall—
 Not forgettin' that other great wondher
 of Airin
 (Of th' owld bitter breed which they call
 Prosbetairin),
 The famed Daddy C—ke—who, by gor,
 I'd have shown 'em
 As proof that such bastes may be tamed,
 when you've thrown 'em
 A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin*
Donem.

But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy
 dear,
 For anything, barrin' our own doings
 here,
 And the cursin' and dammin' and thun-
 d'rin', like mad,
 We Papists, God help us, from Mur-
 thagh have had.
 He says we're all murtherers—div'l a bit
 less—
 And that even our priests, when we go to
 confess,
 Give us lessons in murth'ring and wish us
 success!

When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue or
 by pen,
 To belie, in this way, seven millions of
 men,
 Faith, he said 'twas all towld him by
 Docthor Den!
 "And who the div'l's *he*?" was the ques-
 tion that flew
 From Chrishtian to Chrishtian—but not
 a sowl knew.
 While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
 Blaspheming us Cath'lics all the while,

As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, vil-
 lians,
 All the whole kit of th' aforesaid mil-
 lions,—
 Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
 And the innocent craythur that's at your
 breast,
 All rogues together, in word and deed,
 Owld Den our instructor and Sin our
 creed!

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,
 Div'l an answer he'd give but Docthor
 Den.
 Couldn't he call into coort some *livin'*
 men?
 "No, thank you"—he'd stick to Docthor
 Den—
 An owld gentleman dead a century or
 two,
 Who all about *us*, live Cath'lics, knew;
 And of coorse was more handy, to call in
 a hurry,
 Than Docthor MacHale or Docthor
 Murray!

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,
 Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'*
 it one.
 Even *you*, had you witness'd his grand
 climacterics,
 Which actially threw one owld maid in
 hysterics—
 Or, och! had you heerd such a purty re-
 mark as his,
 That Papists are only "*Humanity's Car-*
casses,
Ris'n"—but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't
 give it ye—
 "*Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity*;
 And, like owld corpses, dug up from an-
 tiquity,
 Wand'rin' about in all sorts of ini-
 kity!"—
 Even you, Judy, true as you are to the
 Owld Light,
 Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this
 iligant flight
 Of that figure of speech call'd the Blath-
 erumskite.
 As for me, though a funny thought now
 and then came to me,
 Rage got the better at last—and small
 blame to me!

So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers
of Delf,"
Says I bowldly, "I'll make a noration
myself."
And with that up I jumps—but, my dar-
lint, the minit
I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse re-
main'd in it.
Though, *saited*, I could have got beauti-
ful on,
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was
all gone :—
Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, what-
e'er we've a hand in,
At laste in our *legs* show a sthrong un-
derstandin'.

Howsumdever, detarmined the chaps
should pursaive
What I thought of their doin's, before I
tuk lave,
"In regard of all that," says I—there I
stopp'd short—
Not a word more would come, though I
sthuggled hard for't.
So, shnapping my fingers at what's call'd
the Chair,
And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve)
that sat there—
"In regard of all that," says I bowldly
again—
"To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—and
Docthor Den ;"—
Upon which the whole company cried out
"Amen ;"
And myself was in hopes 'twas to what I
had said,
But, by gor, no such thing—they were
not so well bred :
For, 'twas all to a pray'r Murthagh had
just read out,
By way of fit finish to job so devout ;
That is—*after* well damning one half
the community,
To pray God to keep all in peace an' in
unity !

This is all I can shtuff in this letther,
though plinty
Of news, faith, I've got to fill more—if
'twas twinty.
But I'll add, on the *outside*, a line,
should I need it,
(Writin' "Private" upon it, that no one
may read it,)

To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints
chrishten him)
Bears the big shame of his sarvant's
dismissin' him

(*Private, outside.*)

Just come from his riv'rence—the job is
all done—
By the powers, I've discharged him as
sure as a gun !
And now, Judy dear, what on earth I'm
to do
With myself and my appetite—both
good as new—
Without ev'n a single traneen in my
pocket,
Let alone a good, dacent pound-starlin',
to stock it—
Is a mysh'try I lave to the One that's
above,
Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls,
when hard dhrove !

LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO
THE REV. ———.

THESE few brief lines, my reverend
friend,
By a safe, private hand I send,
(Fearing lest some low Catholic wag
Should pry into the Letter-bag,)
To tell you, far as pen can dare,
How we, poor errant martyrs, fare ;—
Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
As Saints were, some few ages back,
But—scarce less trying in its way—
To laughter, wheresoe'er we stray ;
To jokes, which Providence mysterious
Permits on men and things so serious,
Lowering the Church still more each
minute,
And—injuring our preferment in it.
Just think, how worrying 'tis, my friend,
To find, where'er our footsteps bend,
Small jokes, like squibs, around us
whizzing ;
And bear the eternal torturing play
Of that great engine of our day,
Unknown to th' Inquisition—quizz-
ing !

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
Aim'd at the *body* their attacks ;
But modern torturers, more refined,
Work *their* machinery on the *mind*.
Had St. Sebastian had the luck

With me to be a godly rover,
Instead of arrows, he'd be stuck
With stings of ridicule all over ;

And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd
By being on a gridir'n grill'd,
Had he but shared *my* errant lot,
Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,
A *moral* roasting would have got.
Nor should I (trying as all this is)

Much heed the suffering or the shame—
As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,

I long have known no other fame,
But that (as I may own to *you*,
Though to the *world* it would not do,)
No hope appears of fortune's beams
Shining on *any* of my schemes ;
No chance of something more *per ann.*

As supplement to K—llym—n ;
No prospect that, by fierce abuse
Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce
The rulers of this thinking nation
To rid us of Emancipation ;
To forge anew the severed chain,
And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah, happy time ! when wolves and priests
Alike were hunted, as wild beasts ;
And five pounds was the price, *per* head,
For bagging *either*, live or dead ;—
Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd
brother

Saved cost, by eating up *the other*.

Finding thus all those schemes and hopes
I built upon my flowers and tropes
All scatter'd, one by one, away,
As flashy and unsound as they,
The question comes—what's to be done ?
And there's but one course left me—*one*.
Heroes, when tired of war's alarms,
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms.
The weary Day-God's last retreat is
The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis ;
And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge !

Start not, my friend—the tender scheme,
Wild and romantic though it seem,
Beyond a parson's fondest dream,
Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes—
So pleasing to a parson's eyes—

That only *gilding* which the Muse
Cannot around *her* sons diffuse ;—
Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,
From wealthy Miss or benefice,
To Mortimer indiff'rent is,
So he can make it only *his*.
There is but one slight damp I see
Upon this scheme's felicity,
And that is, the fair heroine's claim
That I shall take *her* family name.
To this (though it may look henpeck'd),
I can't quite decently object,
Having myself long chosen to shine
Conspicuous in the *alias* line ;
So that henceforth, by wife's decree
(For Biddy from this point won't
budge),

Your old friend's new address must be
The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge*—
The "O" being kept, that all may see
We're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
My public life's calm Euthanasia.
Thus bid I long farewell to all
The freaks of Exeter's old Hall—
Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,
And rivalling its bears in breeding.
Farewell, the platform fill'd with
preachers,—

The pray'r giv'n out, as grace, by
speechers,

Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures :—
Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,
And, scarce less dead, old *Standard's*
columns :—

From each and all I now retire,
My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
To bring up little filial Fudges,
To be M.P.s, and Peers, and Judges—
Parsons I'd add too, if, alas !
There yet were hope the Church could
pass

The gulf now oped for hers and her,
Or long survive what *Exeter*—
Both Hall and Bishop, of that name—
Have done to sink her reverend fame.
Adieu, dear friend—you'll oft hear *from*
me,

Now I'm no more a travelling drudge :
Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
How well the surname will become me)

Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV.
RICHARD ———.

———, Ireland.

DEAR Dick—just arrived at my own
humble *gîte*,
I inclose you, post-haste, the account,
all complete,
Just arrived, *per express*, of our late noble
feat.

[*Extract from the "County Gazette."*]

This place is getting gay and full again.

Last week was married, "in the Lord,"
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,
(He, who the Lord's force lately led on—
Exeter Hall his *Armagh-geddon*,)
To Miss B. Fudge of Pisgah Place,
One of the chos'n, as "heir of grace,"
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.

Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 'tis
hinted—

Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan
Lyre,"

In our *Gazette*, last week, we printed,)
Eloped with Pat. Magan, Esquire.
The fugitives were track'd, some time,
After they'd left the Aunt's abode,
By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
Found strew'd along the Western
road;—

Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,
Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.
This clue, however, to their flight,

After some miles was seen no more;
And, from inquiries made last night,
We find they've reach'd the Irish
shore.

Every word of it true, Dick—th' escape
from Aunt's thrall—

Western road—lyric fragments—curl-
papers and all.

My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the
shrine

(As some balance between Fanny's *num-
bers* and mine),

Was that, when we were *one*, she must
give up the *Nine*;

Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock
of MS. [transgress.

With a vow never more against prose to
This she did like a heroine;—smack
went to bits

The whole produce sublime of her dear
little wits—

Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, can-
zonets— [mettes,

Some twisted up neatly, to form *allu-*
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise
And enwreath Berenice's bright locks in
the skies!

While the rest, honest Larry (who's now
in *my* pay),

Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read
on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dared to dis-
pose,

How we now, Dick, shall manage to get
through its *prose*,

With such slender materials for *style*,
Heaven knows!

But—I'm call'd off abruptly—*another*
Express!

What the deuce can it mean?—I'm
alarm'd, I confess.

P.S.

Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thou-
sand hurrahs! [days.

I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my
There—read the good news—and while
glad, for *my* sake,

That Wealth should thus follow in Love's
shining wake,

Admire also the *moral*—that he, the sly
elf,

Who has fudged all the world, should be
now fudged *himself*!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;

And much to mine and friends' surprise,
By will doth all his wealth devise—

Lands, dwellings—rectories likewise—
To his "beloved grand-niece," Miss

Fanny,

Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited—not a penny!

Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.

For self and partners, &c. &c.

Rhymes on the Road,

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING MEMBER OF

THE POCOCURANTE SOCIETY.

[THE central portion of the little pocket volume, described in the preceding note, comprised between pp. 67-133, "Rhymes on the Road Extracted from the Journal of a Travelling Member of the Pococurante Society, 1819." An introductory copy of verses and eight extracts constitute the integral parts of this collection. In the slight prefatory advertisement by which the very introduction, as may be said, was introduced, it is amusing to remark how Moore incidentally utilized in a parenthesis a momentary flash of fun upon the first utterance of which, as Lord John Russell has elsewhere related, the Poet convulsed his travelling companions with laughter when serio-comically referring to his then all but crushing anxieties in regard to the Bermuda complication. "The gentleman from whose journal the following extracts are taken," writes Moore, in the passage we here allude to, "was obliged to leave England some years ago (in consequence of an *unfortunate attachment* which might have ended in bringing him into Doctors' Commons), and has but very recently been able to return to England." As here set forth, the chief part of these extracts are represented as having been jotted down in an old calèche to beguile the tedium of solitary travelling.]

INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

Different Attitudes in which Authors compose—
Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c.—
Writing in Bed—in the Fields—Plato and
Sir Richard Blackmore—Fiddling with
Gloves and Twigs—Madame de Staël—
Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche.

WHAT various attitudes and ways,
And tricks, we authors have in writing !
While some write sitting, some, like
Bayes,

Usually stand, while they're inditing.
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride ;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour
out

Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride.
Herodotus wrote most in bed ;
And Richerand, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclined position.
If you consult Montaigne and Pliny on
The subject, 'tis their joint opinion

That Thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields ;
That bards, who deal in small retail,
At home may, at their counters, stop ;
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.
And, verily, I think they're right—
For, many a time, on summer eves,
Just at that closing hour of light,
When, like an Eastern Prince, who
leaves
For distant war his Haram bow'rs,
The Sun bids farewell to the flow'rs,
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are
flowing
'Mid all the glory of his going !—
Ev'n I have felt, beneath those beams,
When wand'ring through the fields
alone,
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
Which, far too bright to be my own,
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Pow'r,
That was abroad at that still hour.

If thus I've felt, how must *they* feel,
The few, whom genuine Genius warms;
Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,
Graven with Beauty's countless
forms;—

The few upon this earth, who seem
Born to give truth to Plato's dream,
Since in their thoughts, as in a glass,
Shadows of heavenly things appear,
Reflections of bright shapes that pass
Through other worlds, above our
sphere!

But this reminds me I digress;—
For Plato, too, produced, 'tis said,
(As one, indeed, might almost guess,)
His glorious visions all in bed.
'Twas in his carriage the sublime
Sir Richard Blackmore used to rhyme;
And (if the wits don't do him wrong)
'Twixt death and epics pass'd his time,
Scribbling and killing all day long—
Like Phœbus in his car, at ease,
Now warbling forth a lofty song,
Now murd'ring the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,
Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pains
And horrors of exenteration,
Nine charming odes, which, if you'll look,
You'll find preserved, with a translation,
By Bartholinus in his book.
In short, 'twere endless to recite
The various modes in which men write.
Some wits are only in the mind,
When beaux and belles are round them
prating;
Some, when they dress for dinner, find
Their muse and valet both in waiting;
And manage, at the self-same time,
To adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot
scribble
Without a glove, to tear or nibble;
Or a small twig to whisk about—
As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
Like wells of old, were thus found out
By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.
Such was the little feathery wand,
That, held for ever in the hand
Of her who won and wore the crown
Of female genius in this age,
Seem'd the conductor, that drew down
Those words of lightning to her page.

As for myself—to come, at last,
To the odd way in which *I* write—
Having employ'd these few months past
Chiefly in travelling, day and night,
I've got into the easy mode,
Of rhyming thus along the road—
Making a way-bill of my pages,
Counting my stanzas by my stages—
'Twixt lays and *re-lays* no time lost—
In short, in two words, *writing post*.

EXTRACT I.

Geneva.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura—
Anxious to reach it before the Sun went
down—Obliged to proceed on Foot—Alps—
Mont Blanc—Effect of the Scene.

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes, where, they are
told,
Such glories on their eyes will burst,
As youthful bards in dreams behold.
'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
To call in all his out-post rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wish'd for Joshua's pow'r,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no—the sun still less became,
Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on th' Apostles' heads de-
scended!

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its Lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.
I stood entranced—as Rabbins say
This whole assembled, gazing world
Will stand, upon that awful day,
When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,

Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign !

Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
The dream, the trance that rapt me
then !

'Twas all that consciousness of pow'r
And life, beyond this mortal hour ;—
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of
skies ;—

That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame !—
At having risk'd that splendid right,
For aught that earth, through all its
range
Of glories, offers in exchange !
'Twas all this, at that instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my
thought—

'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
Thus purely ever, man might grow,
Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,
And be, once more, the creature made
To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade !

No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place.
And, should my spirit's hope grow
weak,

Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy
pow'r,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour,
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And *feel* my immortality !

EXTRACT II.

Venice.

The Fall of Venice not to be lamented—Former
Glory—Expedition against Constantinople
—Giustinianis—Republic—Characteristics
of the old Government—Golden Book—
Brazen Mouths—Spies—Dungeons—Present
Desolation.

MOURN not for Venice—let her rest
In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
No—let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath
been

Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-
queen,

But from high daring in the cause
Of human Rights—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for Venice ; though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish ev'ry King and State,
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man !

True, her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce
shone ;

When, with her countless barks she went
To meet the Orient Empire's might,
And her Giustinianis sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight.

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,
But mourn them not—for vanish'd, too,
(Thanks to that Pow'r, who, soon or
late,

Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood.
Desolate Venice ! when I track
Thy haughty course through cent'ries
back ;

Thy ruthless pow'r, obey'd but curst—
The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have
burst,

Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n
hate ;—

Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
Thy own unblushing Sarpi taught ;—
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
Its shadow, rain'd down dews of
death ;—

Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
Closed against humble Virtue's name,
But open'd wide for slaves who sold
Their native land to thee and shame ;—
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
Watching o'er ev'ry glance and breath,
Till men look'd in each others' eyes,
To read their chance of life or
death ;—

Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
And legalized the assassin's knife ;—
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
And racks, and Leads, that burnt out
life ;—

When I review all this, and see
The doom that now hath fall'n on thee ;
Thy nobles, tow'ring once so proud,
Themselves beneath the yoke now
bow'd,—

A yoke, by no one grace redeem'd,
Such as, of old, around thee beam'd,
But mean and base as e'er yet gall'd,
Earth's tyrants, when, themselves, en-
thrall'd,—

I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat,
"Thus perish ev'ry King and State,
That tread the steps which Venice
trod,

Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against man and God !"

EXTRACT III.

Venice.

Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself—
Reflections, when about to read them.

LET me, a moment,—ere with fear and
hope

Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves
I ope—

As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is
giv'n,

Doubts, while he enters, slowly, trem-
blingly,

If he shall meet with shapes from hell
or heav'n—

Let me, a moment, think what thousands
live

O'er the wide earth this instant, who
would give,

Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend
the brow

Over these precious leaves, as I do
now.

How all who know—and where is he
unknown?

To what far region have his songs not
flown,

Like Psaphon's birds, speaking their
master's name,

In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?—
How all, who've felt the various spells
combined

Within the circle of that master-mind,—
Like spells, derived from many a star,
and met

Together in some wond'rous amulet,—
Would burn to know when first the Light
awoke

In his young soul,—and if the gleams that
broke

From that Aurora of his genius, raised
Most pain or bliss in those on whom they
blazed ;

Would love to trace th' unfolding of that
pow'r,

Which hath grown ampler, grander,
ev'ry hour ;

And feel, in watching o'er his first
advance,

As did the Egyptian traveller, when he
stood

By the young Nile, and fathom'd with
his lance

The fast small fountains of that mighty
flood.

They, too, who, 'mid the scornful
thoughts that dwell

In his rich fancy, tinging all its
streams,—

As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old, had touch'd them with
its beams,—

Can track a spirit, which, though driven
to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate ;
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with
blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native
light ;—
How gladly all, who've watch'd these
struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his
lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own
frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs
had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse ;
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in
heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its
sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur
lasts
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which
it casts !

Eventful volume ! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures,
bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly
told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may un-
fold,
If Truth with half so prompt a hand
unlocks
His virtues as his failings, we shall
find
The record there of friendships, held like
rocks,
And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow,
resign'd ;
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or
chill,
In those who served him, young, and
serve him still ;
Of gen'rous aid, giv'n with that noiseless
art
Which wakes not pride, to many a
wounded heart ;
Of acts—but, no—not from himself must
aught
Of the bright features of his life be
sought.

While they, who court the world, like
Milton's cloud,
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the
crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in
night ;
And, keeping all that softens, and
adorns,
And gilds his social nature hid from
sight,
'Turns but its darkness on a world he
scorns.

EXTRACT IV.

Venice.

The English to be met with everywhere—Alps
and Threadneedle Street—The Simplon and
the Stocks—Rage for travelling—Blue
Stockings among the Wahabees—Parasols
and Pyramids—Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall
of China.

AND is there then no earthly place,
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some curst, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision ?
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cites we're doom'd to meet ;
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle Street !

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my
dear,—
The Funds—(pshaw, curse this ugly
hill)—
Are low'ring fast—(what, higher still ?)—
And—(zooks, we're mounting up to
heaven !)—
Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.
The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
And scarce a pin's head difference
which—
Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,
With every rill from Helicon !
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,

To gape at things in foreign lands,
 No soul among them understands ;
 If Blues desert their coteries,
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees ;
 If neither sex nor age controls,
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,
 To glide among the Pyramids—
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find
 A spot that's free from London-kind !
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,
 But we may find some *Blue* " at home "
 Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
 Or, flying to the Eastward, see
 Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
 And toast upon the Wall of China !

EXTRACT V.

Florence.

NO—'tis not the region where Love's to
 be found—
 They have bosoms that sigh, they have
 glances that rove,
 They have language a Sappho's own lip
 might resound,
 When she warbled her best—but they've
 nothing like Love.
 Nor is't that pure *sentiment* only they
 want,
 Which Heav'n for the mild and the
 tranquil hath made—
 Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted
 plant,
 Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles
 in the shade ;
 That feeling, which, after long years have
 gone by,
 Remains, like a portrait we've sat for
 in youth,
 Where, ev'n though the flush of the
 colours may fly,
 The features still live, in their first
 smiling truth ;
 That union, where all that in Woman is
 kind,
 With all that in Man most ennoblingly
 tow'rs,
 Grow wreath'd into one—like the column,
 combined
 Of the *strength* of the shaft and the
 capital's *flow'rs*.

Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, ev'ry-
 where,
 By the Arno, the Po, by all Italy's
 streams—
 Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious
 to share,
 Not a husband hath even one glimpse
 in his dreams.
 But it *is* not this, only ;—born full of the
 light
 Of a sun, from whose fount the luxu-
 riant festoons
 Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so
 bright,
 That, beside him, our suns of the north
 are but moons,—

We might fancy, at least, like their
 climate they burn'd ;
 And that Love, though unused, in this
 region of spring,
 To be thus to a tame Household Deity
 turn'd,
 Would yet be all soul, when abroad on
 the wing.

And there *may* be, there *are*, those explo-
 sions of heart,
 Which burst, when the senses have
 first caught the flame ;
 Such fits of the blood as those climates
 impart,
 Where Love is a sun-stroke, that mad-
 dens the frame.

But that Passion, which springs in the
 depth of the soul ;
 Whose beginnings are virginly pure as
 the source
 Of some small mountain rivulet, destined
 to roll
 As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in
 its course—

A course, to which Modesty's struggle
 but lends
 A more headlong descent, without
 chance of recall ;
 But which Modesty ev'n to the last edge
 attends,
 And, then, throws a halo of tears round
 its fall !

This exquisite Passion—ay, exquisite,
 even
 'Mid the ruin its madness too often
 hath made,
 As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of
 the heaven,
 That heaven of Virtue from which it
 has stray'd—

This entireness of love, which can only
 be found
 Where Woman, like something that's
 holy, watch'd over,
 And fenced, from her childhood, with
 purity round,
 Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring,
 to a lover!

Where not an eye answers, where not a
 hand presses,
 Till spirit with spirit in sympathy
 move;
 And the Senses, asleep in their sacred
 recesses,
 Can only be reach'd through the temple
 of Love!—

This perfection of Passion—how *can* it
 be found,
 Where the mystery nature hath hung
 round the tie
 By which souls are together attracted
 and bound,
 Is laid open, for ever, to heart, ear,
 and eye;—

Where nought of that innocent doubt
 can exist,
 That ignorance, even than knowledge
 more bright,
 Which circles the young, like the morn's
 sunny mist,
 And certains them round in their own
 native light;—

Where Experience leaves nothing for
 Love to reveal,
 Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er
 the thought;
 But the truths which, alone, we would
 die to conceal
 From the maiden's young heart, are
 the *only* ones taught.

No, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we
 sigh,
 Whether purely to Hymen's *one* planet
 we pray,
 Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of
 Love's sky,
 Here *is* not the region, to fix or to
 stray.

For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry
 gross,
 Without honour to guard, or reserve
 to restrain,
What have they, a husband can mourn
 as a loss?
What have they, a lover can prize as
 a gain?

EXTRACT VI.

Rome.

Reflections on reading Du Cerceau's Account
 of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347—The
 Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of
 the 19th of May—Their Procession in the
 Morning to the Capitol—Rienzi's Speech.

'Twas a proud moment—ev'n to hear
 the words
 Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these
 temples breathed,
 And see, once more, the Forum shine
 with swords,
 In the Republic's sacred name un-
 sheathed—
 That glimpse, that vision of a brighter
 day,
 For his dear Rome, must to a Roman
 be,
 Short as it was, worth ages pass'd
 away
 In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'Twas on a night of May, beneath that
 moon,
 Which had, through many an age, seen
 Time untune
 The strings of this Great Empire, till it
 fell
 From his rude hands, a broken, silent
 shell—
 The sound of the church clock, near
 Adrian's Tomb,
 Summon'd the warriors, who had risen
 for Rome,

To meet unarm'd,—with none to watch
 them there,
 But God's own eye,—and pass the night
 in pray'r.
 Holy beginning of a holy cause,
 When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat,
 pause
 Before high Heav'n, and, humble in their
 might,
 Call down its blessing on that coming
 fight.
 At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot
 band ;
 And, as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber,
 fann'd
 Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
 The palm-tree there, the sword, the
 keys of Heav'n—
 Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,
 That were to bless them, when their
 chains were riv'n.
 On to the Capitol the pageant moved,
 While many a Shade of other times,
 that still
 Around that grave of grandeur sighing
 roved,
 Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred
 Hill,
 And heard its mournful echoes, as the
 last
 High-minded heirs of the Republic
 pass'd.
 'Twas then that thou, their Tribune,
 (name, which brought
 Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's
 thought,)
 Didst, with a spirit Rome in vain shall
 seek
 To wake up in her sons again, thus
 speak :—
 "Romans, look round you — on this
 sacred place
 There once stood shrines, and gods,
 and godlike men.
 What see you now? what solitary trace
 Is left of all, that made Rome's glory
 then ?
 The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount
 bereft
 Ev'n of its name—and nothing now
 remains
 But the deep mem'ry of that glory, left
 To whet our pangs and aggravate our
 chains !

But *shall* this be?—our sun and sky the
 same,—
 Treading the very soil our fathers
 trode,—
 What with'ring curse hath fall'n on soul
 and frame,
 What visitation hath there come from
 God,
 To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious
 graves ?
 It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty Dead,—
 If we, the living, are too weak to crush
 These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire
 tread,
 Till all but Romans at Rome's tame-
 ness blush !
 Happy, Palmyra, in thy desert domes,
 Where only date-trees sigh and serpents
 hiss ;
 And thou, whose pillars are but silent
 homes
 For the stork's brood, superb Perse-
 polis !
 Thrice happy both, that your extinguish'd
 race [trace—
 Have left no embers—no half-living
 No slaves, to crawl around the once
 proud spot,
 Till past renown in present shame's forgot.
 While Rome, the Queen of all, whose
 very wrecks,
 If lone and lifeless through a desert
 hurl'd,
 Would wear more true magnificence than
 decks
 Th' assembled thrones of all th' exist-
 ing world—
 Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stain'd
 and curst,
 Through ev'ry spot her princely Tiber
 laves,
 By living human things—the deadliest,
 worst,
 This earth engenders—tyrants and
 their slaves !
 And we—oh shame!—we, who have
 ponder'd o'er
 The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay ;
 Having mounted up the streams of
 ancient lore,
 Tracking our country's glories all the
 way—

Ev'n *we* have tamely, basely kiss'd the
ground

Before that Papal Power,—that Ghost
of Her,

The World's Imperial mistress—sitting,
crown'd,

And ghastly, on her mould'ring sepul-
chre !

But this is past :—too long have lordly
priests

And priestly lords led us, with all our
pride

With'ring about us—like devoted beasts,
Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded gar-
lands tied.

'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliv'rance
breaks !

Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
The Geni's of the Old Republic, free
As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
And sends his voice through ages yet to
come,

Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome,
Eternal Rome !”

—
EXTRACT VII.

Rome.

Mary Magdalen—Her Story—Numerous Pic-
tures of her.—Correggio—Guido—Raphael,
&c.—Canova's two exquisite Statues—The
Somariva Magdalen—Chantrey's Admira-
tion of Canova's Works.

No wonder, Mary, that thy story
Touches all hearts—for there we see
The soul's corruption, and its glory,
Its death and life combined in thee.

From the first moment, when we find
Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires,—like demons shrined
Unholily in that fair form,—
Till when, by touch of Heav'n set free,
Thou cam'st, with those bright locks of
gold

(So oft the gaze of Bethany),
And, cov'ring in their precious fold
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years !
Thence on, through all thy course of love
To Him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him,
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this cordial round the brim,

That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by Him to the last :—
Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine !
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone ;
That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revelation known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cheering, grand ;
The kindest record ever giv'n,
Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from
Heav'n !

No wonder, Mary, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeless—were he not taught to see
All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee !
No wonder that the painter's skill
Should oft have triumph'd in the pow'r
Of keeping thee all lovely still
Ev'n in thy sorrow's bitt' rest hour ;
That soft Correggio should diffuse
His melting shadows round thy form ;
That Guido's pale, unearthly hues
Should, in portraying thee, grow warm ;
That all—from the ideal, grand,
Inimitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enamelling touch
Of smooth Carlino—should delight
In pict'ring her, who “ loved so much,”
And was, in spite of sin, so bright !

But, Mary, 'mong these bold essays
Of Genius and of Art to raise
A semblance of those weeping eyes—
A vision, worthy of the sphere
Thy faith has earn'd thee in the skies,
And in the hearts of all men here,—
None e'er hath match'd, in grief or grace,
Canova's day-dream of thy face,
In those bright sculptured forms, more
bright
With true expression's breathing light,
Than ever yet, beneath the stroke
Of chisel, into life awoke.
The one, portraying what thou wert
In thy first grief,—while yet the flow'r
Of those young beauties was unhurt
By sorrow's slow, consuming pow'r ;

And mingling earth's seductive grace
With heav'n's subliming thoughts so
well,

We doubt, while gazing, in *which* place
Such beauty was most form'd to dwell !
The other, as thou look'd'st, when years
Of fasting, penitence, and tears
Had worn thy frame ;—and ne'er did Art

With half such speaking pow'r express
The ruin which a breaking heart
Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness.

Those wasting arms, that keep the trace,
Ev'n still, of all their youthful grace,
That loosen'd hair, of which thy brow
Was once so proud,—neglected now !—
Those features, ev'n in fading worth

The freshest bloom to others giv'n,
And those sunk eyes, now lost to earth,
But, to the last, still full of heav'n !

Wonderful artist ! praise, like mine—
Though springing from a soul, that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,

Where Genius all his light reveals—
How weak 'tis to the words that came
From him, thy peer in heart and fame,
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight ;
And, while his ling'ring hand would steal

O'er every grace the taper's rays,
Give thee, with all the gen'rous zeal
Such master-spirits only feel

That best of fame, a rival's praise !

EXTRACT VIII.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with
Madame de Warrens—Their Ménage—Its
Grossness—Claude Anet—Reverence with
which the Spot is now visited—Absurdity of
this blind Devotion to Fame—Feelings exci-
ted by the Beauty and Seclusion of the
Scene—Disturbed by its Associations with
Rousseau's History—Impostures of Men of
Genius—Their power of mimicking all the
best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.

STRANGE power of Genius, that can
throw

Round all that's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes

* * * * *
* * * * *

'Tis worse than weak—'tis wrong, 'tis
shame,

This mean prostration before Fame ;
This casting down, beneath the car
Of Idols, whatsoever they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be career'd o'er, as they please.

No—give triumphant Genius all
For which his loftiest wish can call :
If he be worshipp'd, let it be

For attributes, his noblest, first ;
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold ;—may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should
know ;

That holy homage, which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt ;
This rev'rence, whatsoever it be,

I fear, I feel, I have it *not* :—
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot,

Its calm seclusion from the throng,
From all the heart would fain forget ;
This narrow valley, and the song

Of its small murmur'ing rivulet ;
The fitting, to and fro, of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once

In Eden, ere the startling words
Of Man, disturb'd their orisons ;
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind

Up the hill-side, with fruit-trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,

Or vistas, here and there that ope
Through weeping willows, like the
snatches

Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
Ev'n through the shade of sadness
catches !

All this, which—could I once but lose
The memory of those vulgar ties,
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues

Of Genius can no more disguise,
Than the sun's beams can do away
The filth of fens o'er which they play—

This scene, which would have fill'd my
heart

With thoughts of all that happiest is ;—
Of Love, where self hath only part,
As echoing back another's bliss ;

Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet ;

Which, while it shelters, never chills
 Our sympathies with human woe,
 But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,
 Purer and fresher in their flow ;
 Of happy days, that share their beams
 'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ ;
 Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,
 The moonlight of the morning's joy !—
 All this my heart could dwell on here,
 But for those gross mementos near ;
 Those sullyng truths, that cross the track
 Of each sweet thought, and drive them
 back
 Full into all the mire, and strife,
 And vanities of that man's life,
 Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd
 With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*
 In fullest warmth and radiance), show'd
 What an impostor Genius is ;
 How, with that strong, mimetic art,
 Which forms its life and soul, it takes
 All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
 Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes ;
 How like a gem its light may smile
 O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
 Itself as mean a worm, the while,
 As crawls at midnight o'er the sod ;
 What gentle words and thoughts may fall
 From its false lip, what zeal to bless,
 While home, friends, kindred, country,
 all,
 Lie waste beneath its selfishness ;

How, with the pencil hardly dry
 From colouring up such scenes of love
 And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
 And dream, and think through heav'n
 they rove,
 They, who can thus describe and move,
 The very workers of these charms,
 Nor seek, nor know a joy, above
 Some Maman's or Theresa's arms !

How all, in short, that makes the boast
 Of their false tongues, they want the
 most ;
 And, while with freedom on their lips,
 Sounding their timbrels, to set free
 This bright world, labouring in th'
 eclipse
 Of priestcraft, and of slavery,—
 They may, themselves, be slaves as
 low
 As ever Lord or Patron made
 To blossom in his smile, or grow,
 Like stunted brushwood, in his shade.
 Out on the craft !—I'd rather be
 One of those hinds, that round me
 tread,
 With just enough of sense to see
 The noonday sun that's o'er his head,
 Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
 That hath no heart for its foundation,
 Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,
 Sublimest, meanest in creation !



Fables for the Holy Alliance.

[As Secretary of the Pococurante Society, and Author of the "Fudge Family" and "The Twopenny Post-Bag," Thomas Brown the Younger, otherwise Thomas Moore, stepped to the front once more, in 1823, with a little volume of 212 small octavo pages, full of rhymed fun and frolic, entitled "Fables for the Holy Alliance, Rhymes on the Road, and Miscellaneous Poems," by different members of the Pococurante Society aforesaid. The effusions thus grouped together were the result of the writer's journey through France and Switzerland into Italy with Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell, and of his separate excursions from Turin to Venice, whither (while his companion branched off at a tangent to Genoa) he went on direct to stay for some days with Lord Byron. "To the Right Honourable Lord Byron," the book was thus, in a cordial but off-hand note, inscribed by the hypothetical author,—“Dear Lord Byron,—Though this volume should possess no other merit in your eyes than that of recalling the short time we passed together at Venice, where some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the Dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am, my dear Lord, ever faithfully yours, T. B.” Sixty-six pages comprised within them the eight Fables for the Holy Alliance, the motto for which was the fragmentary sentence chosen from Virgil's Georgics, "Tu Regibus alas eripe," or "Clip the wings of these high-flying arbitrary kings," as Dryden expresses it in his translation.]

FABLE I.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A DREAM.

I'VE had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess—
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjurer, to guess—
It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood,
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,
Which shone by moonlight—as the tale
is—
Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said Palace, furnish'd all
And lighted as the best on land are,
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,
Given by the Emperor Alexander,

To entertain with all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy—and design'd
To hint how thus the human Mind
May, like the stream imprison'd there,
Be check'd and chill'd, till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E'er yet be-praised, to dance upon it.

And all were pleased, and cold, and
stately,
Shivering in grand illumination—
Admired the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the founda-
tion.

Much too the Czar himself exulted,
To all plebeian fears a stranger,
For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,
Had pledged her word there was no
danger.

So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,
 Thinking himself extremely clever,
 And waltz'd away with all his might,
 As if the Frost would last for ever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,
 Who reverence monarchs, must have
 trembled
 To see that goodly company,
 At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
 My loyal soul, at all unfounded—
 For, lo ! ere long, those walls so massy
 Were seized with an ill-omen'd drip-
 ping,
 And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
 Their Holinesses took to slipping.

The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
 Could scarce get on for downright
 stumbling ;
 And Prussia, though to slippery ways
 Well used, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 'twas, *who* could stamp the floor
 most,
 Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost.—
 And now, to an Italian air,
 This precious brace would, hand in
 hand, go ;
 Now—while old Louis, from his chair,
 Intreated them his toes to spare—
 Call'd loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had,
 At which they all set to like mad !
 Never were Kings (though small th'
 expense is
 Of wit among their Excellencies)
 So out of all their princely senses.

But, ah, that dance—that Spanish
 dance—
 Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
 When, glaring red, as 'twere a glance
 Shot from an angry Southern sun,
 A light through all the chambers flamed,
 Astonishing old Father Frost,
 Who, bursting into tears, exclaim'd,
 “A thaw, by Jove—we're lost, we're
 lost ;
 Run, France—a second *Waterloo*
 Is come to drown you—*sauve qui peut !*”

Why, why will monarchs caper so
 In palaces without foundations ?—
 Instantly all was in a flow,
 Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations—

Those Royal Arms, that look'd so nice,
 Cut out in the resplendent ice—
 Those Eagles, handsomely provided
 With double heads for double deal-
 ings—
 How fast the globes and sceptres glided
 Out of their claws on all the ceilings !
 Proud Prussia's double bird of prey
 Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away ;
 While—just like France herself, when
 she
 Proclaims how great her naval skill
 is—
 Poor Louis' drowning fleurs-de-lys,
 Imagined themselves *water-lilies*.

And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,
 But—still more fatal execution—
 The Great Legitimates themselves
 Seem'd in a state of dissolution.

Th' indignant Czar—when just about
 To issue a sublime Ukase,
 “Whereas all light must be kept out”—
 Dissolved to nothing in its blaze.

Next Prussia took his turn to melt,
 And, while his lips illustrious felt
 The influence of this southern air,
 Some word, like “Constitution”—
 long
 Congeal'd in frosty silence there—
 Came slowly thawing from his tongue.

While Louis, lapsing by degrees,
 And sighing out a faint adieu
 To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese
 And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew,
 Himself, into a *fondue* too ;—
 Or like that goodly King they make
 Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,
 When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,
 It melts into a shapeless mass !

In short, I scarce could count a minute,
 Ere the bright dome, and all within it,
 Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were
 gone—
 And nothing now was seen or heard
 But the bright river, rushing on,
 Happy as an enfranchised bird,
 And prouder of that natural ray,
 Shining along its chainless way—
 More proudly happy thus to glide
 In simple grandeur to the sea,
 Than when, in sparkling fetters tied,
 'Twas deck'd with all that kingly pride
 Could bring to light its slavery !

Such is my dream—and, I confess,
I tremble at its awfulness.
That Spanish dance — that southern
beam—

But I say nothing—there's my dream—
And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,
May make just what she pleases of it.

FABLE II.

THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

PROEM.

WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections

Raised to the throne, 'tis strange to see
What different and what odd perfections
Men have required in Royalty.

Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,
Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the
weight ;—

Some wish'd them tall, some thought
your dumpy,

Dutch-built, the true Legitimate.
The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,
Prefer what's call'd a jolter-head :
Th' Egyptians weren't at all particular,
So that their Kings had *not* red hair—

This fault not even the greatest stickler
For the blood-royal well could bear.

A thousand more such illustrations
Might be adduced from various nations.
But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,

Touching th' acquired or natural right
Which some men have to rule their
fellows,

There's one, which I shall here re-
cite :—

FABLE.

There was a land—to *name* the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty—
Where reign'd a certain Royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they ruled the state,
No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was—a settled case—
Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs ;
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so
so—

But all your *common* people, gorgons !

Of course, if any knave had hinted
That the King's nose was turn'd awry,
Or that the Queen (God bless her !) *squinted,*

The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occur'd,
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his Royal word,

That they were frights, and He was
beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this—these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not *know them-*
selves.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours'
faces

Might strike them as more full of
reason,

More fresh than those in certain places—
But, Lord, the very thought was
treason !

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We ne'er so much in earnest labour
As when the face attack'd's our own.

So, on they went—the crowd believ-
ing—

(As crowds well-govern'd always do,)

Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—
So old the joke, they thought 'twas
true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end—and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forced that ship to founder there,—
While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties ;
And from that hour historians date
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation—
By dint of looking-glasses, soon,
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old establish'd mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all
hazards :—

In vain—their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves ;
That fatal freight had broke the spell ;
People had look'd—and knew them-
selves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presumed upon his ancient face,
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace :

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is call'd an ancient line,
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes' they pass'd to regal
phizzes,
Compared them proudly with their
own,
And cried, "How *could* such monstrous
quizzes
In Beauty's name usurp the
throne!"

They then wrote essays, pamphlets,
books,
Upon Cosmetical Economy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improved his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court were levell'd,
And small lampoons, so full of sly-
nesses,
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations ;
Besides, what follow'd is the tale
Of all such late enlighten'd nations ;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner
known—
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

FABLE III.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I SAW it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn ;—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory
burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see ;—
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And, each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray ;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high
Her altar blazed into the air,
That Albion, to that fire too nigh,
Shrunk back, and shudder'd at its
glare!

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
That fell upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd—and all again was
dark.

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
 So much to mortals, rarely dies :
 Again her living light look'd forth,
 And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame? alas,
 Unworthy Naples—shame of shames,
 That ever through such hands should
 pass
 That brightest of all earthly flames !

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
 When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
 Nor waiting ev'n to feel the scorch,
 She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd ;
 But Greece, who saw her moment now,
 Caught up the prize, though prostrate,
 stain'd,
 And waved it round her beauteous
 brow.

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,
 Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
 Who thus in song their voices blended :

“Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
 Divinest gift of Gods to men!
 From Greece thy earliest splendour
 came,
 To Greece thy ray returns again.

“Take, Freedom, take thy radiant
 round,
 When dimm'd, revive, when lost, re-
 turn,
 Till not a shrine through earth be found,
 On which thy glories shall not burn !”

FABLE IV.

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

PROEM.

OF all that, to the sage's survey,
 This world presents of topsy-turvy,
 There's nought so much disturbs one's
 patience,
 As little minds in lofty stations.
 'Tis like that sort of painful wonder,
 Which slender columns, labouring under

Enormous arches, give beholders ;—
 Or those poor Caryatides,
 Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,
 With a whole house upon their shoul-
 ders.

If, as in some few royal cases,
 Small minds are *born* into such places—
 If they are there, by Right Divine,
 Or any such sufficient reason,
 Why—Heav'n forbid we should re-
 pine !—
 To wish it otherwise were treason ;
 Nay, ev'n to see it in a vision,
 Would be what lawyers call *misprision*.

Sir Robert Filmer saith—and he,
 Of course, knew all about the mat-
 ter—

“Both men and beasts love Monarchy ;”
 Which proves how rational—the *latter*.
 Sidney, we know, or wrong or right,
 Entirely differ'd from the Knight !
 Nay, hints a King may lose his head,
 By slipping awkwardly his bridle :—
 But this is treasonous, ill-bred,
 And (now-a-days, when Kings are led
 In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no—it isn't right-line Kings,
 (Those sovereign lords in leading-strings
 Who, from their birth, are Faith-Defend-
 ers,)

That move my wrath—'tis your pretend-
 ers,

Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
 Who—not, like t'others, bores by birth,
 Establish'd *gratiâ Dei* blockheads,
 Born with three kingdoms in their
 pockets—

Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
 Push up into the loftiest stations,
 And, though too dull to manage shops,
 Presume, the dolts, to manage nations !

This class it is that moves my gall,
 And stirs up bile, and spleen, and all.
 While other senseless things appear
 To know the limits of their sphere—
 While not a cow on earth romances
 So much as to conceit she dances—
 While the most jumping frog we know
 of,
 Would scarce at Astley's hope to show
 off—

Your * * *s, your * * *s dare,
Untrain'd as are their minds, to set
them
To *any* business, *any* where,
At *any* time that fools will let them.

But leave we here these upstart things—
My business is, just now, with Kings;
To whom, and to their right-line glory,
I dedicate the following story.

FABLE.

THE wise men of Egypt were secret as
dummies;

And, ev'n when they most conde-
scended to teach,
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did
their mummies,
In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's
reach.

They were also, good people, much given
to Kings—

Fond of craft and of crocodiles, mon-
keys and mystery;
But blue-bottle flies were their best-
beloved things—
As will partly appear in this very
short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they
say,

To that other great traveller, young
Anacharsis),
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical
farces.

He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an
altar,

Made much of, and worshipp'd, as
something divine;
While a large, handsome Bullock, led
there in a halter,
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the
shrine.

Surprised at such doings, he whisper'd
his teacher—

“If 't isn't impertinent, may I ask
why
Should a Bullock, that useful and
powerful creature,
Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle
Fly?”

“No wonder,” said t'other, “you stare
at the sight,
But *we* as a Symbol of Monarchy view
it—

That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate
Right,
And that Bullock, the People, that's
sacrificed to it.”

FABLE V.

CHURCH AND STATE.

PROEM.

“The moment any religion becomes national,
or established, its purity must certainly be lost,
because it is then impossible to keep it uncon-
nected with men's interests; and, if connected,
it must inevitably be perverted by them.”

SOAME JENYNS.

THUS did Soame Jenyns—though a
Tory,
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations—
Feel how Religion's simple glory
Is stain'd by State associations.

When Catherine, ere she crush'd the
Poles,

Appeal'd to the benign Divinity;
Then cut them up in protocols,
Made fractions of their very souls—
All in the name of the bless'd Trinity;

Or when her grandson, Alexander,
That mighty northern salamander,
Whose icy touch, felt all about,
Put every fire of Freedom out—
When he, too, winds up his Ukases
With God and the Panagia's praises—
When he, of royal Saints the type,

In holy water dips the sponge,
With which, at one imperial wipe,
He would all human rights expunge;
When Louis (whom as King, and eater,
Some name *Dix-huit* and some *Des-
huitres*),

Calls down “St. Louis' God” to witness
The right, humanity, and fitness
Of sending eighty thousand Solons,
Sages, with muskets and laced coats,
To cram instruction, nolens volens,
Down the poor struggling Spaniards'
throats—

I can't help thinking, (though to Kings
I must, of course, like other men,
bow,)

That when a Christian monarch brings
Religion's name to gloss these things—
Such blasphemy out-Benbows Ben-
bow!

Or—not so far for facts to roam,
Having a few much nearer home—
When we see Churchmen, who, if ask'd,
“Must Ireland's slaves be tithed, and
task'd,

And driv'n like Negroes or Croäts,
That *you* may roll in wealth and
bliss?”

Look from beneath their shovel hats
With all due pomp, and answer
“Yes!”

But then, if question'd, “Shall the brand
Intolerance flings throughout that land,—
Shall the fierce strife now taught to
grow

Betwixt her palaces and hovels,
Be ever quench'd?”—from the same
shovels

Look grandly forth, and answer
“No.”—

Alas, alas! have *these* a claim
To merciful Religion's name?

If more you seek, go see a bevy
Of bowing parsons at a levee—
(Choosing your time, when straw's before
Some apoplectic bishop's door,)

Then, if thou canst, with life, escape
That rush of lawn, that press of crape,
Just watch their rev'rences and graces,

As on each smirking suitor frisks,
And say, if those round shining faces
To heav'n or earth most turn their
disks?

This, this it is—Religion, made,
'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a
trade—

This most ill-match'd, unholy *Co.*,
From whence the ills we witness flow;
The war of many creeds with one—
Th' extremes of *too* much faith, and
none—

Till, betwixt ancient trash and new,
'Twixt Cant and Blasphemy—the two
Rank ills with which this age is curst—
We can no more tell *which* is worst,

Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plagues, determine which
She thought most pestilent and vile,
Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
Of pluralists, obesely low'ring,
At once benighting and devouring!

This—this it is—and here I pray
Those sapient wits of the Reviews,
Who make us poor, dull authors say,
Not what we mean, but what they
choose;

Who to our most abundant shares
Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
And are to poets just such evils,
As caterpillars find those flies,
Which, not content to sting like devils,
Lay eggs upon their backs likewise—
To guard against such foul deposits
Of other's meaning in my rhymes,

(A thing more needful here, because it's
A subject, ticklish in these times)—
I, here, to all such wits make known,
Monthly and Weekly, Whig and Tory,

'Tis *this* Religion—this alone
I aim at in the following story:—

FABLE.

When Royalty was young and bold,
Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become
If 'tisn't civil to say *old*,
At least, a *ci-devant jeune homme*;

One evening, on some wild pursuit
Driving along, he chanced to see
Religion, passing by on foot,
And took him in his vis-à-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,
The humblest and the best of men,
Who ne'er had notion or desire
Of riding in a coach till then.

“I say”—quoth Royalty, who rather
Enjoyed a masquerading joke—
“I say, suppose, my good old father,
You lend me, for a while, your cloak.”

The Friar consented—little knew
What tricks the youth had in his head;
Besides, was rather tempted too
By a laced coat he got instead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
Scamp'ring like mad about the town ;
Broke windows, shiver'd lamps to smash,
And knock'd whole scores of watch-
men down.

While nought could they, whose heads
were broke,
Learn of the "why" or the "where-
fore,"

Except that 'twas Religion's cloak,
The gentleman who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile the Friar, whose head was
turn'd

By the laced coat, grew frisky too ;
Look'd big—his former habits spurn'd—
And storm'd about, as great men do :

Dealt much in pompous oaths and
curses—

Said "d—mn you" often, or as bad—
Laid claim to other people's purses—
In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbefitting,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense, then sit-
ting,

Summon'd the culprits both before it.
Where, after hours in wrangling spent
(As Courts must wrangle to decide
well),

Religion to St. Luke's was sent,
And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell.

With this proviso—should they be
Restored, in due time, to their senses,
They both must give security,
In future, against such offences—

Religion ne'er to *lend his cloak*,
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to ;
And Royalty to crack his joke,—
But *not* to crack poor people's heads
too.

FABLE VI.

THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

PROEM.

NOVELLA, a young Bolognese,
The daughter of a learn'd Law Doctor,
Who had with all the subtleties
Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,

Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,
And over hearts held such dominion,
That when her father, sick in bed,
Or busy, sent her, in his stead,
To lecture on the Code Justinian,
She had a curtain drawn before her,
Lest, if her charms were seen, the
students
Should let their young eyes wander o'er
her,

And quite forget their jurisprudence.
Just so it is with Truth, when *seen*,
Too dazzling far,—'tis from behind
A light, thin allegoric screen,
She thus can safest teach mankind.

FABLE.

In Thibet once there reign'd, we're told ;
A little Lama, one year old—
Raised to the throne, that realm to bless,
Just when his little Holiness
Had cut—as near as can be reckon'd—
Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second*.
Chronologers and Nurses vary,
Which proves historians should be wary.
We only know th' important truth,
His Majesty *had* cut a tooth.
And much his subjects were en-
chanted,—

As well all Lama's subjects *may* be,
And would have giv'n their heads, if
wanted,

To make tee-totums for the baby.
Throned as he was by Right Divine—
(What Lawyers call *Jure Divino*,
Meaning a right to yours, and mine,
And everybody's goods and rhino),
Of course, his faithful subjects' purses
Were ready with their aids and
succours ;

Nothing was seen but pension'd Nurses,
And the land groan'd with bibs and
tuckers.

Oh ! had there been a Hume or Bennet,
Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,
Ye Gods, what room for long debates
Upon the Nursery Estimates !
What cutting down of swaddling-clothes
And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles !
What calls for papers to expose
The waste of sugar-plums and rattles !
But no—if Thibet *had* M. P. 's,
They were far better bred than these ;

Nor gave the slightest opposition,
 During the Monarch's whole dentition.
 But short this calm ;—for, just when he
 Had reach'd th' alarming age of three,
 When Royal natures, and, no doubt,
 Those of *all* noble beasts break out—
 The Lama, who till then was quiet,
 Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot ;
 And, ripe for mischief, early, late,
 Without regard for Church or State,
 Made free with whosoe'er came nigh ;
 Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the
 Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry, [nose,
 And trod on the old Generals' toes :
 Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,
 Rode cockhorse on the City meads,
 And shot from little devilish guns,
 Hard peas into his subjects' faces.
 In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,
 And grew so mischievous, God bless
 him !
 That his Chief Nurse—with ev'n the aid
 Of an Archbishop—was afraid,
 When in these moods, to comb or
 dress him.
 Nay, ev'n the persons most inclined
 Through thick and thin, for Kings to
 stickle,
 Thought him (if they'd but speak their
 mind,
 Which they did *not*) an odious pickle.

At length some patriot lords—a breed
 Of animals they've got in Thibet,
 Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,
 For folks like Pidcock, to exhibit—
 Some patriot lords, who saw the length
 To which things went, combined their
 strength,
 And penn'd a manly, plain, and free
 Remonstrance to the Nursery ;
 Protesting warmly that they yielded
 To none, that ever went before 'em,
 In loyalty to him who wielded
 Th' hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em ;
 That, as for treason, 'twas a thing [of—
 That made them almost sick to think
 That they and theirs stood by the King,
 "Throughout his measles and his chin-
 cough,
 When others, thinking him consumptive,
 Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive !—
 But, still—though much admiring Kings
 (And chiefly those in leading-strings),

They saw, with shame and grief of soul,
 There was no longer now the wise
 And constitutional control
 Of *birch* before their ruler's eyes ;
 But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,
 And freaks occur'd the whole day long,
 As all, but men with bishopricks,
 Allow'd, in ev'n a King, were wrong.
 Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd
 That Honourable Nursery,
 That such reforms be henceforth made,
 As all good men desired to see ;—
 In other words (lest they might seem
 Too tedious), as the gentlest scheme
 For putting all such pranks to rest,
 And in its bud the mischief nipping—
 They ventured humbly to suggest
 His Majesty should have a whipping !

When this was read, no Congreve rocket,
 Discharged into the Gallic trenches,
 E'er equal'd the tremendous shock it
 Produced upon the Nursery benches.
 The Bishops, who of course had votes,
 By right of age and petticoats,
 Were first and foremost in the fuss—
 "What, whip a Lama ! suffer birch
 To touch his sacred — infamous !
 Deistical !—assailing thus
 The fundamentals of the Church !—
 No—no—such patriot plans as these,
 (So help them Heav'n—and their Sees !)
 They held to be rank blasphemies."

Th' alarm thus given, by these and other
 Grave ladies of the Nursery side,
 Spread through the land, till, such a
 potter,

Such party squabbles, far and wide,
 Never in history's page had been
 Recorded, as were then between
 The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.
 Till, things arriving at a state,
 Which gave some fears of revolution,
 The patriot lords' advice, though late,
 Was put at last in execution.
 The Parliament of Thibet met—
 The little Lama, call'd before it,
 Did, then and there, his whipping get,
 And (as the Nursery Gazette
 Assures us) like a hero bore it.

And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some
 Lament that Royal Martyrdom
 (Please to observe, the letter D
 In this last word's pronounced like B),

Yet to th' example of that Prince
 So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
 That her long line of Lamas, since,
 Have all behaved themselves *much*
 better.

FABLE VII.

THE EXTINGUISHERS.

PROEM.

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,
 The natural allies of Courts,
 Woe to the Monarch, who depends
 Too *much* on his red-coated friends ;
 For even soldiers sometimes *think*—
 Nay, Colonels have been known to
reason,—

And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
 Or red, or blue, are on the brink
 (Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
 As fond of liberty as Mina ;
 Else—woe to kings, when Freedom's
 fever

Once turns into a *Scarletina* !
 For then—but hold, 'tis best to veil
 My meaning in the following tale :—

FABLE.

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,
 Just come into a large estate,
 Was shock'd to find he had, for neigh-
 bours,

Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,
 Whose fires, beneath his very nose,
 In heretic combustion rose.

But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,
 Do what they will—so, one fine morn-
 ing,

He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,
 First giving a few kicks for warning.
 Then, thanking Heaven most piously,
 He knock'd their Temple to the
 ground,

Blessing himself for joy to see
 Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.

But much it vex'd my Lord to find,
 That, while all else obey'd his will,
 The fire these Ghebers left behind,

Do what he would, kept burning still.
 Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown
 Could scare the bright insurgent down ;

But, no—such fires are headstrong things,
 And care not much for Lord or Kings.
 Scarce could his Lordship well contrive
 The flashes in *one* place to smother,
 Before—hey presto !—all alive,
 They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and
 damns,
 'Twas found the sturdy flame defied
 him,

His stewards came, with low *salams*,
 Off'ring, by *contract*, to provide him
 Some large Extinguishers, (a plan
 Much used, they said, at Ispahan,
 Vienna, Petersburg—in short,
 Wherever Light's forbid at court,)
 Machines no Lord should be without,
 Which would, at once, put promptly out
 All kinds of fires,—from staring, stark
 Volcanoes to the tiniest spark ;
 Till all things slept as dull and dark,
 As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood,
 'Twas right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies
 Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd
 (All of the true Imperial size),
 And there, in rows, stood black and
 burnish'd,

Ready, where'er a gleam but shone
 Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,
 In trusting to extinguishers !
 One day, when he had left all sure
 (At least, so thought he), dark, secure—
 The flame, at all its exits, entries,

Obstructed to his heart's content,
 And black extinguishers, like sentries,
 Placed over every dangerous vent—
 Ye Gods, imagine his amaze,

His wrath, his rage, when, on return-
 ing,

He found not only the old blaze,
 Brisk as before, crackling and burning,
 Not only new, young conflagrations,
 Popping up round in various stations—
 But, still more awful, strange, and dire,
 Th' Extinguishers themselves on fire !

They, they—those trusty, blind machines
 His Lordship had so long been prais-
 ing,

As, under Providence, the means
 Of keeping down all lawless blazing,

Were now, themselves—alas, too true
The shameful fact—turn'd blazers too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel,
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!

Thus, of his only hope bereft,
"What," said the great man, "must
be done?"

All that, in scrapes like this, is left
To great men is—to cut and run.
So run he did; while to their grounds,
The banish'd Ghebers blest return'd;
And, though their Fire had broke its
bounds,

And all abroad now wildly burn'd,
Yet well could they, who loved the
flame,

Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer Dome
Arose to be its sacred home,
Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confined,
The living glory dwelt inshrined,
And, shedding lustre strong, but even,
Though born of earth, grew worthy
heav'n.

MORAL.

The moral hence my Muse infers
Is, that such Lords are simple elves,
In trusting to Extinguishers,
That are combustible themselves

FABLE VIII.

LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.

THE money raised—the army ready—
Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy
Valiantly braying in the van,
To the old tune "*Eh, eh, Sire Ane!*"—
Nought wanting, but some *coup* dramatic,
To make French *sentiment* explode,
Bring in, at once, the *gout* fanatic,
And make the war "*la dernière
mode*"—

Instantly, at the *Pavillon Marsan*,
Is held an Ultra consultation—
What's to be done, to help the farce on?

What stage-effect, what decoration,
To make this beauteous France forget,
In one grand, glorious *pirouette*,
All she had sworn to but last week,
And, with a cry of "*Magnifique!*"
Rush forth to this, or *any* war,
Without inquiring once—"What for?"

After some plans proposed by each,
Lord Châteaubriand made a speech,
(Quoting, to show what men's rights are,
Or rather what men's rights *should* be,
From Hobbes, Lord Castlereagh, the
Czar,

And other friends to Liberty,)
Wherein he—having first protested
'Gainst humouring the mob—suggested
(As the most high-bred plan he saw
For giving the new War *éclat*)
A grand, Baptismal Melo-drame,
To be got up at Nôtre-Dame,
In which the Duke (who, bless his High-
ness!

Had by his *hilt* acquired such fame,
'Twas hoped that he as little shyness
Would show, when to *the point* he
came),

Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,
Be christen'd *Hero*, ere he started;
With power, by Royal Ordonnance,
To bear that name—at least in France.
Himself—the Viscount Châteaubriand—
(To help th' affair with more *esprit* on)
Off'ring, for this baptismal rite,

Some of his own famed Jordan water—
(Marie Louise not having quite
Used all that for young Nap, he
brought her,)

The baptism, in *this* case, to be
Applied to that extremity,
Which Bourbon heroes must expose;
And which (as well all Europe knows)
Happens to be, in this Defender
Of the true Faith, extremely tender.

Or if (the Viscount said) this scheme
Too rash and premature should seem—
If thus discounting heroes, *on* tick—

This glory, by anticipation,
Was too much in the *genre romantique*
For such a highly classic nation,

He begg'd to say, the Abyssinians
A practice had in their dominions,
Which, if at Paris got up well,
In full *costume*, was sure to tell.
At all great epochs, good or ill,

They have, says Bruce (and Bruce ne'er
budges

From the strict truth), a grand Quadrille
In publicdanced by the Twelve Judges—
And, he assures us, the grimaces,
The *entre-chats*, the airs and graces,

Of dancers so profound and stately,
Divert the Abyssinians greatly.

“Now (said the Viscount), there's but
few

Great Empires, where this plan would do :
For instance, England ;—let them take
What pains they would—'twere vain
to strive—

The twelve stiff Judges there would make,
The worst Quadrille-set now alive.

One must have seen them, ere one could
Imagine properly Judge Wood
Performing, in his wig, so gaily,
A *queue-de-chat* with Justice Bailey !
French Judges, though, are, by no
means,

This sort of stiff be-wigg'd machines !
And we, who've seen them at *Saumur*,
And *Poitiers* lately, may be sure
They'd dance quadrilles, or anything,
That would be pleasing to the King—
Nay, stand upon their heads, and more do,
To please the little Duke de Bordeaux !”

After these several schemes there came
Some others—needless now to name,
Since that, which Monsieur plann'd,
himself,

Soon doom'd all others to the shelf,
And was received *par acclamation*,
As truly worthy the *Grande Nation*.

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)
That Louis the Fourteenth,—that glory,
That *Coryphée* of all crown'd pates,—
That pink of the Legitimates,—
Had, when, with many a pious pray'r, he
Bequeath'd unto the Virgin Mary
His marriage deeds, and *cordons bleu*,
Bequeath'd to her his State Wig too—
(An off'ring which, at Court, 'tis thought,
The Virgin values as she ought)—
That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,
The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,
To watch and tend whose curls adored,

Re-build its tow'ring roof, when flat,
And round its rump'd base, a Board

Of sixty Barbers daily sat,
With Subs, on State-days, to assist,
Well pension'd from the Civil List :—
That wond'rous Wig, array'd in which,
And form'd alike to awe or witch,
He beat all other heirs of crowns,
In taking mistresses and towns,

Requiring but a shot at *one*,
A smile at *l'other*, and 'twas done !—

“That Wig” (said Monsieur, while his
brow

Rose proudly) “is existing now ;—
That Grand Perruque, amid the fall
Of ev'ry other Royal glory,
With curls erect survives them all,
And tells in ev'ry hair their story.
Think, think, how welcome at this time
A relic, so beloved, sublime !
What worthier standard of the Cause
Of Kingly Right can France demand ?
Or who among our ranks can pause
To guard it, while a curl shall stand ?
Behold, my friends”—(while thus he
cried,

A curtain, which conceal'd this pride
Of Princely Wigs was drawn aside)—

“Behold that Grand Perruque—how big
With recollections for the world—

For France—for us—Great Louis' Wig,
By Hippolyte new frizz'd and curl'd—
New frizz'd! alas, 'tis but too true,

Well may you start at that word *new*—
But such the sacrifice, my friends,
Th' Imperial Cossack recommends ;
Thinking such small concessions sage,
To meet the spirit of the age,
And do what best that spirit flatters,
In Wigs—if not in weightier matters.
Wherefore, to please the Czar, and show
That *we* too, much-wrong'd Bourbons,
know

What liberalism in Monarchs is,
We have conceded the New Friz !
Thus arm'd, ye gallant Ultras, say,
Can men, can Frenchmen, fear the fray ?
With this proud relic in our van,
And D'Angoulême our worthy leader,
Let rebel Spain do all she can,
Let recreant England arm and feed
her,—

Urged by that pupil of Hunt's school,
That Radical, Lord Liverpool,— [it—
France can have nought to fear—far from

When once astounded Europe sees
The wig of Louis, like a Comet,
Streaming above the Pyrenees,
All's o'er with Spain—then on, my sons,
On, my incomparable Duke,
And, shouting for the Holy Ones,
Cry *Vive la Guerre—et la Perruque!*”

The Lobes of the Angels.

[By a curious coincidence Byron and Moore simultaneously lit upon the same idea, as suggestive to the former of a drama, "Heaven and Earth," and to the latter of a poem, "The Loves of the Angels." This poem, as the writer intimates in his preface to it, was originally designed as an episode to a larger work. It was hurried to a completion, rather precipitately, however, and brought out separately, as he goes on to relate, by reason of his having heard, to his dismay, of the alarming circumstances under which his theme was about to be anticipated. Feeling the disadvantage, as he says, of coming after so formidable a competitor, Moore determined upon publishing his sketch immediately, thereby, at any rate, giving himself the chance of what astronomers call an Heliacal rising—before the luminary in whose light he feared, as he gracefully said, he might be lost, should have actually come to view. The notion seized by the two was that extravagant one derived by Tertullian and Lactantius, either from the apocryphal Book of Enoch, ch. vii. sec. 2, or from the misinterpretation in the Septuagint of a single word in ch. vi. verse 2, of Genesis. In the Vulgate the words of Genesis are "Videntes filii Dei filias hominum quod essent pulchræ, acceperunt sibi uxores ex omnibus quas elegerant:" rendered, in the Douay version, "The sons of God, seeing the daughters of men that they were fair, took to themselves wives of all which they chose." According to S. Chrysostom, the sons of God meant merely the descendants of Seth and Enos, who were God-fearing, while the daughters of men meant merely the descendants of the outcast and murderer, Cain. According to the Septuagint, on the other hand, in place of the Sons of God in this passage, there ought to be read the Angels of God—*Ἄγγελοι τοῦ Θεοῦ*. Moore boldly chose, however, as the motto for the title-page of his poem, the rhapsodical words from the Book of Enoch—"It happened, after the sons of men had multiplied, in those days that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the angels, the sons of Heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them." The work, thus precipitately hurried through the press in 1823, was published by the Messrs. Longman in a purple-cloth-covered octavo of 158 pages, a five-shilling volume of Illustrations to the Three Angels' Stories comprised in it being simultaneously announced as engraved by Charles Heath from paintings by Richard Westall, R.A. Derived as the root idea of the poem was from rabbinical legends, it had this redeeming excellence about the moral by which it was interpenetrated, that, like the sixth book of the "Æneid," though after a very different fashion, indeed, it was designed by its author to typify, through an allegory, the descent of the soul of man from its original purity.]

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
 When the fresh stars had just begun
 Their race of glory, and young Time
 Told his first birthdays by the sun;
 When, in the light of Nature's dawn
 Rejoicing, men and angels met
 On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
 Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
 'Twixt man and heav'n her curtain
 yet!

When earth lay nearer to the skies
 Than in these days of crime and woe,
 And mortals saw, without surprise,
 In the mid air, angelic eyes
 Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
 Ev'n then, the morning of the earth!
 That, sadder still, the fatal stain
 Should fall on hearts of heav'nly birth—

And that from Woman's love should fall
So dark a stain, most sad of all!

One ev'ning, in that primal hour,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, bright'ning rill and bow'r,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Spirits, who once, in brotherhood
Of faith and bliss, near Alla stood,
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown
The wind that breathes from Alla's
throne,
Creatures of light, such as *still* play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the
Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more
oft,
Of the bright eyes that charm'd them
thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flow'rs,
The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird, from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The first who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—
A Spirit of light mould, that took
The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, ev'n in heav'n, was not of those
Nearest the Throne, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
That circle out through endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths th' unheavenliest
one—
A creature, to whom light remain'd
From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,

And o'er whose brow not Love alone
A blight had, in his transit, cast,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
And left their foot-prints as they pass'd.
Sighing, as back through ages flown,
Like a tomb-searcher, Mem'ry ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had thrown
O'er buried hopes, he thus began:—



FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

“TWAS in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom,
Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half-veil'd from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a
dream.
Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She moved in light of her own making.
At length, as from that airy height
I gently lower'd my breathless flight,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the
thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion, were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

In pity to the wond'ring maid,
 Though loth from such a vision turning,
 Downward I bent, beneath the shade
 Of my spread wings to hide the burning
 Of glances, which—I well could feel—
 For me, for her, too warmly shone ;
 But, ere I could again unseal
 My restless eyes, or even steal
 One sidelong look, the maid was
 gone—
 Hid from me in the forest leaves,
 Sudden as when, in all her charms
 Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
 The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the pow'r,
 The despotism that, from that hour,
 Passion held o'er me. Day and night
 I sought around each neighbouring
 spot ;
 And, in the chase of this sweet light,
 My task, and heav'n, and all forgot ;—
 All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
 Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
 I found myself, whole happy days,
 List'ning to words, whose music vied
 With our own Eden's seraph lays,
 When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
 But, wanting *that*, far, far above !—
 And looking into eyes where, blue
 And beautiful like skies seen through
 The sleeping wave, for me there shone
 A heav'n, more worshipp'd than my own.
 Oh what, while I could hear and see
 Such words and looks, was heav'n to me ?
 Though gross the air on earth I drew,
 'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it
 too ; [sky,
 Though dark the flow'rs, though dim the
 Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
 Throughout creation I but knew
 Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
 Beloved, and consecrated spot
 Where *Lea was*—the other, all
 The dull, wide waste, where she was
not !

But vain my suit, my madness vain ;
 Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
 One earthly look, one stray desire,
 I would have torn the wings, that hung
 Furl'd at my back, and o'er the Fire
 In Gehim's pit their fragments flung ;—

'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmoved
 She stood, as lilies in the light
 Of the hot noon but look more white ;—
 And though she loved me, deeply loved,
 'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,
 Nothing of earth was in that glow—
 She loved me but as one, of race
 Angelic, from that radiant place
 She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,
 To which her prayers at morn were sent,
 And on whose light she gazed at even,
 Wishing for wings, that she might go
 Out of this shadowy world below,
 To that free, glorious element !

Well I remember by her side
 Sitting at rosy even-tide,
 When,—turning to the star, whose head
 Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
 At that mute, blushing hour,—she said,
 'Oh ! that it were my doom to be
 The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
 Dwelling up there in purity,
 Alone, as all such bright things are ;—
 My sole employ to pray and shine,
 To light my censer at the sun,
 And cast its fire towards the shrine
 Of Him in heav'n, th' Eternal One !'

So innocent the maid, so free
 From mortal taint in soul and frame,
 Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—
 To love, ay, burn for, with a flame,
 To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
 Had you but seen her look, when first
 From my mad lips th' avowal burst ;
 Not anger'd—no—the feeling came
 From depths beyond mere anger's flame—
 It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
 A mournfulness that could not weep,
 So fill'd her heart was to the brink,
 So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think
 That angel natures—that ev'n I,
 Whose love she clung to, as the tie
 Between her spirit and the sky—
 Should fall thus headlong from the height
 Of all that heav'n hath pure and bright !
 That very night—my heart had grown
 Impatient of its inward burning ;
 The term, too, of my stay was flown,
 And the bright Watchers near the throne,
 Already, if a meteor shone
 Between them and this nether zone,
 Thought 'twas their herald's wing re-
 turning.

Oft did the potent spell-word, giv'n
 To Envoys hither from the skies,
 To be pronounced, when back to heav'n
 It is their time or wish to rise,
 Come to my lips that fatal day ;
 And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
 That my spread plumage in the ray
 And breeze of heav'n began to play ;—
 When my heart fail'd—the spell was
 broken—

The word unfinish'd died away,
 And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
 Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world which she,
 Or lost or won, made all to me ?
 No matter where my wand'rings were,
 So there she look'd, breathed, moved
 about—

Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
 Than Paradise itself, without !

But, to return—that very day
 A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
 Came—crowding thick as flow'rs that
 play

In summer winds—the young and gay
 And beautiful of this bright earth.
 And she was there, and 'mid the young
 And beautiful stood first, alone ;
 Though on her gentle brow still hung
 The shadow I that morn had thrown—
 The first, that ever shame or woe
 Had cast upon its vernal snow.
 My heart was madden'd ;—in the flush
 Of the wild revel I gave way
 To all that frantic mirth—that rush
 Of desp'rate gaiety, which they,
 Who never felt how pain's excess
 Can break out thus, think happiness !
 Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
 Whose flashes come but from the strife
 Of inward passions—like the light
 Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
 And blessing of man's heart and brain—
 That draught of sorcery, which brings
 Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
 Whose drops, like those of rainbows,
 smile

Upon the mists that circle man,
 Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
 But grasping Heav'n, too, in their
 span !—

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
 Its dews of darkness through my lips.
 Casting whate'er of light remain'd
 To my lost soul into eclipse ;
 And filling it with such wild dreams
 Such fantasies and wrong desires,
 As, in the absence of heav'n's beams,
 Haunt us for ever—like wild-fires
 That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest !—our banquet done,
 I sought her in th' accustom'd bow'r,
 Where late we oft, when day was gone,
 And the world hush'd, had met alone,
 At the same silent, moonlight hour.
 Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd
 To her loved star, whose lustre burn'd
 Purer than ever on that night ;
 While she, in looking, grew more
 bright,
 As though she borrow'd of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
 A spell of holiness around,
 Which, had my burning brain not been
 Thus madden'd, would have held me
 bound,
 As though I trod celestial ground.

Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
 And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
 I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
 The memory of Eden came
 Full o'er me when I saw those eyes ;
 And though too well each glance of mine
 To the pale, shrinking maiden proved
 How far, alas, from aught divine,
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
 Was the wild love with which I loved,
 Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
 'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw
 The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
 The homage of an Angel's awe
 To her, a mortal, whom pure love
 Then placed above him—far above—
 And all that struggle to repress
 A sinful spirit's mad excess,
 Which work'd within me at that hour,
 When, with a voice, where Passion
 shed

All the deep sadness of her pow'r,
 Her melancholy power—I said,
 'Then be it so ; if back to heaven
 I must unloved, unpitied fly,
 Without one blest memorial giv'n
 To soothe me in that lonely sky ;

One look, like those the young and fond
Give when they're parting—which
would be,

Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond
All heav'n hath left of bliss for me !

Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And those mild eyes look up to mine,
Without a dread, a thought of harm !

To meet, but once, the thrilling touch
Of lips too purely fond to fear me—
Or, if that boon be all too much,
Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near
me !

Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
Give them but kindly and I fly ;
Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
And tremble for their home on high.
Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
One minute's lapse will be forgiv'n,
And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
The spell that plumes my wing for
heaven !'

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flow'rs be-
neath

The scorching of the south wind's
breath :

But when I named—alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,

Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
'The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
And I will bless thee!' she ex-
claim'd—

Unknown what I did, inflamed,
And lost already, on her brow

I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould !
Scarce she said, when, quick as
thought,

Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out

With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,

A vapour from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears !

That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle around Alla's Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moonbeam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth, I knew
Was light from Eden, glist'ning through !
Most holy vision ! ne'er before

Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Eblis, in his downfall, bore
The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there !

But did I tamely view her flight ?

Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice
The pow'ful words that were, that
night,—

Oh ev'n for heaven too much delight !—
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul, in Paradise ?
I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—

I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain ;
For me the spell had pow'r no more.
There seem'd around me some dark
chain

Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour :
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills th' offended God—for ever !

It was to yonder star I traced
Her journey up th' illumined waste—
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went

In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now—such, Purity,
Thy blest reward—ordain'd to be

Her home of light for evermore !
Once—or did I but fancy so?—
Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below

On him who stood in darkness here ;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet ;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone ;
Farther and farther off she shone,

Till lessen'd to a point, as small
As are those specks that yonder
burn,—

Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from Day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merged, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heav'n and love both pass'd away ;
And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became—what I am now !”

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame ;
A shame, that of itself would tell—
Were there not ev'n those breaks of
flame,

Celestial, through his clouded frame—
How grand the height from which he
fell !

That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets,
Th' unblench'd renown it used to
wear ;

Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine *has* been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity !
One minute did he look, and then—
As though he felt some deadly pain
From its sweet light through heart and
brain—
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he
With the proud front and piercing
glance—

Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's
expanse,

As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into th' Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where Alla's grandest secrets lie?
His wings, the while, though day was
gone,

Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew.

'Twas Rubi—once among the prime
And flow'r of those bright creatures,
named

Spirits of Knowledge, who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire
claim'd

Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night ;
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity !

'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by ;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the
ear

Like echoes, in some silent place,
When first awaked from many a year ;
And when he smiled, if o'er his face
Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,
A soft'ning shade from sorrow came ;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw—
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen through some noble pile on fire !

Such was the Angel, who now broke
The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
Closed the sad hist'ry of his fall ;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
For many a day, relumed his cheek—
Beautiful, as in days of old ;
And not those eloquent lips alone
But every feature seem'd to speak—
Thus his eventful story told :—

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

“ YOU both remember well the day,
When unto Eden's new-made bow'rs,
Alla convoked the bright array
Of his supreme angelic pow'rs,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—

To see that last perfection rise,
 That crowning of creation's birth,
 When, 'mid the worship and surprise
 Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
 First open'd upon heav'n and earth ;
 And from their lids a thrill was sent,
 That through each living spirit went,
 Like first light through the firmament !

Can you forget how gradual stole
 The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
 Throughout her perfect form—which
 seem'd
 To grow transparent, as there beam'd
 That dawn of Mind within, and caught
 New loveliness from each new thought ?
 Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
 The progress of the noontide air,
 Dimpling its bright and silent face
 Each minute into some new grace,
 And varying heav'n's reflections
 there—

Or, like the light of ev'ning, stealing
 O'er some fair temple, which all day
 Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
 Its several beauties, ray by ray,
 Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
 All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
 Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
 She look'd, and saw, the sea—the
 skies—
 And heard the rush of many a wing,
 On high behests then vanishing ;
 And saw the last few angel eyes,
 Still ling'ring—mine among the rest,—
 Reluctant leaving scenes so blest ?
 From that miraculous hour, the fate
 Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
 For ever, with a spell-like weight,
 Upon my spirit—early, late,
 Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
 The thought of what might yet befall
 That matchless creature mix'd with all.—
 Nor she alone, but her whole race
 Through ages yet to come—whate'er
 Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
 Should spring from that pure mind and
 face.

All waked my soul's intensest care ;
 Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
 Creation's strangest mystery !
 It was my doom—ev'n from the first,
 When witnessing the primal burst

Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise
 Those bright creations in the skies,—
 Those worlds instinct with life and
 light,
 Which man, remote, but sees by
 night,—
 It was my doom still to be haunted
 By some new wonder, some sublime
 And matchless work, that, for the time,
 Held all my soul enchain'd, enchanted,
 And left me not a thought, a dream,
 A word, but on that only theme !

The wish to know—that endless thirst,
 Which ev'n by quenching is awaked,
 And which becomes or blest or curst,
 As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked—
 Still urged me onward, with desire
 Insatiate, to explore, inquire—
 Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
 That waked each new idolatry—
 Their cause, aim, source, whence-ever
 sprung—
 Their inmost pow'rs, as though for me
 Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
 When first I saw them burn on high,
 Rolling along, like living cars
 Of light, for gods to journey by !
 They were my heart's first passion—days
 And nights, unwearied, in their rays
 Have I hung floating, till each sense
 Seem'd full of their bright influence.
 Innocent joy ! alas, how much
 Of misery had I shunn'd below,
 Could I have still lived blest with such ;
 Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to
 know
 The knowledge that brings guilt and
 woe.

Often—so much I loved to trace
 The secrets of this starry race—
 Have I at morn and evening run
 Along the lines of radiance spun
 Like webs, between them and the sun,
 Untwisting all the tangled ties
 Of light into their different dyes—
 Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
 Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
 That watch, like winking sentinels,
 The void, beyond which Chaos dwells ;
 And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
 Their track through that grand solitude,

Asking intently all and each
 What soul within their radiance dwelt,
 And wishing their sweet light were
 speech,
 That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
 Of these resplendent heirs of space,
 Oft did I follow—lest a ray
 Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
 Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
 To visit distant shrines of light,
 And well remember how I sung
 Exultingly, when on my sight
 New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
 As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
 My sinless transport, night and morn,
 Ere yet this newer world of men,
 And that most fair of stars was born
 Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
 Among the flow'rs of Paradise!
 Thenceforth my nature all was changed,
 My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
 And he, who but so lately ranged
 Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
 Worlds upon worlds,—yet found his mind
 Ev'n in that luminous range confined,—
 Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
 Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
 In vain my former idols glisten'd
 From their far thrones; in vain these
 ears

To the once-thrilling music listen'd,
 That hymn'd around my favourite
 spheres—
 To earth, to earth each thought was
 giv'n,
 That in this half-lost soul had birth;
 Like some high mount, whose head's in
 heav'n,
 While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd
 My spirit in his burning ties;
 And less, still less could it be call'd
 That grosser flame, round which Love
 flies

Nearer and nearer, till he dies—
 No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
 At all God's works my dazzled sense;
 The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
 With passion, more profound, in-
 tense,—

A vehement, but wand'ring fire,
 Which, though nor love, nor yet de-
 sire,—

Though through all womankind it took
 Its range, as lawless lightnings run,
 Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
 To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
 Th' insatiate curiosity
 To know how shapes, so fair, must
 feel—

To look, but once, beneath the seal
 Of so much loveliness, and see
 What souls belong'd to such bright
 eyes—

Whether, as sunbeams find their way
 Into the gem that hidden lies,
 Those looks could inward turn their
 ray,

And make the soul as bright as they:
 All this impell'd my anxious chase,
 And still the more I saw and knew
 Of Woman's fond, weak, conquer'ing
 race,

Th' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
 Born in that splendid Paradise,
 Which sprung there solely to receive
 The first light of her waking eyes.

I had seen purest angels lean
 In worship o'er her from above;
 And man—oh yes, had envying seen
 Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
 So exquisite,—her error, too,
 That easy trust, that prompt belief
 In what the warm heart wishes true;
 That faith in words, when kindly said,
 By which the whole fond sex is led—
 Mingled with—what I durst not blame,
 For 'tis my own—that zeal to *know*,
 Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
 Which, though from heav'n all pure it
 came,

Yet stain'd, misused, brought sin and
 shame

On her, on me, on all below!

I had seen this; had seen Man, arm'd,
 As his soul is, with strength and
 sense,

By her first words to ruin charm'd;
 His vaunted reason's cold defence,

Like an ice-barrier in the ray
 Of melting summer, smiled away.
 Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—
 Though by her counsels taught to err,
 Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
 (And *with* her—that, at least, was bliss,)
 Had I not heard him, ere he crost
 The threshold of that earthly heav'n,
 Which by her wildering smile he lost—
 So quickly was the wrong forgiv'n!—
 Had I not heard him, as he prest
 The frail, fond trembler to a breast
 Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
 Call her—ev'n then—his Life!—his
 Life!

Yes, such the love-taught name, the first,
 That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
 Ev'n in his outcast hour, when curst
 By her fond witchery, with that worst
 And earliest boon of love, the grave!
 She, who brought death into the world,
 There stood before him, with the light
 Of their lost Paradise still bright
 Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
 Down her white shoulders to her feet—
 So beautiful in form, so sweet
 In heart and voice, as to redeem
 The loss, the death of all things dear,
 Except herself—and make it seem
 Life, endless Life, while she was near!
 Could I help wond'ring at a creature,
 Thus circled round with spells so
 strong—
 One, to whose ev'ry thought, word,
 feature,
 In joy and woe, through right and
 wrong,
 Such sweet omnipotence Heaven gave,
 To bless or ruin, curse or save?
 Nor did the marvel cease with her—
 New Eves in all her daughters came,
 As strong to charm, as weak to err,
 As sure of man through praise and
 blame,
 Whate'er they brought him, pride or
 shame,
 He still th' unreasoning worshipper,
 And they, throughout all time, the same,
 Enchantresses of soul and frame,
 Into whose hands, from first to last,
 This world with all its destinies,
 Devotedly by Heav'n seems cast,
 To save or ruin, as they please!

Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
 How restlessly I sigh'd to find
 Some *one*, from out that witching throng,
 Some abstract of the form and mind
 Of the whole matchless sex, from which
 In my own arms beheld, possess,
 I might learn all the pow'rs to witch,
 To warm, and (if my fate unblest
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
 Into whose inward soul and sense
 I might descend, as doth the bee
 Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
 Rife, in all its purity,
 The prime, the quintessence, the whole
 Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer—
 (For such—oh what will tongues not
 dare,
 When hearts go wrong?—this lip pre-
 ferr'd)—
 At length my ominous prayer was
 heard—
 But whether heard in heaven or hell,
 Listen—and thou wilt know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move
 Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
 To be a bright young angel's love,
 Herself so bright, so exquisite!
 The pride, too, of her step, as light
 Along th' unconscious earth she went,
 Seem'd that of one, born with a right
 To walk some heavenlier element,
 And tread in places where her feet
 A star at ev'ry step should meet.
 'Twas not alone that loveliness
 By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
 Of lips, whose very breath could bless;
 Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
 But luminous escapes of thought;
 Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
 Were fire itself, but, at a word
 Of tenderness, all soft became
 As though they could, like the sun's bird,
 Dissolve away in their own flame—
 Of form, as pliant as the shoots
 Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
 Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
 That drop from it in summer's hour;—
 'Twas not alone this loveliness
 That falls to loveliest women's share,
 Though, even here, her form could spare
 From its own beauty's rich excess
 Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—

But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear
Through her whole frame—the soul, still
near,

To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent

Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'Twas this, all this, in one combined—
Th' unnumber'd looks and arts that
form

The glory of young woman-kind,
Taken, in their perfection, warm,
Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of everything most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to Heaven as I,
A bright twin-sister from on high—
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here.

Had we—but hold—hear every part
Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
Where perish'd both—the fallen, the
dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
And 'mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glow-
ing,
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object know-
ing—

Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping;
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flowerets sleep-
ing:—

'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away

Into the bright, vague future given;
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art!—
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrined itself in form so fair,
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve
With every fruit of Eden blest,
Save one alone—rather than leave
That *one* unreach'd, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
In that rich twilight of the soul,
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
Vague, glimmering visions to her
view;—

Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
And vistas, with no pathway
through;—

Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
Then closed, dissolved, and left no
trace—

All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream *still* in her sight,
Th' enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the
blight,

Who said, 'Behold, yon world of light,'
Then sudden dropt a veil between!

At length, when I perceived each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
But these illusive scenes, and me—
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revealments only meant
To madden curiosity—

When by such various arts I found
 Her fancy to its utmost wound,
 One night—'twas in a holy spot,
 Which she for prayer had chosen—a grove
 Of purest marble, built below
 Her garden beds, through which a glow
 From lamps invisible then stole,
 Brightly pervading all the place—
 Like that mysterious light the soul,
 Itself unseen, sheds through the face.
 There, at her altar, while she knelt,
 And all that woman ever felt, [sighs—
 When God and man both claim'd her
 Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
 Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and
 skies.

Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
 Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—
 Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
 Grew softer still, as though its ray
 Was breathed from her, I heard her say:—

'Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
 Thy nature be—human, divine,
 Or but half heav'nly—still too fair,
 Too heavenly to be ever mine!

Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
 Slumber so lovely that it seems
 No longer life to live awake,
 Since heav'n itself descends in dreams.

Why do I ever lose thee? why
 When on thy realms and thee I gaze
 Still drops that veil, which I could die,
 Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

Long ere such miracles as thou
 And thine came o'er my thoughts, a
 thirst

For light was in this soul, which now
 Thy looks have into passion nursed.

There's nothing bright above, below,
 In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
 Doth not intensely burn to know,
 And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
 The curtains of thy radiant home,
 If thou wouldst be as angel shined,
 Or loved and clasp'd as mortal, come!

Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
 That I may, waking, know and see;
 Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
 Thy heaven or—ay, even *that* with
 thee!

Demon or God, who hold'st the book
 Of knowledge spread beneath thine
 eye,
 Give me, with thee, but one bright look
 Into its leaves, and let me die!

By those ethereal wings, whose way
 Lies through an element, so fraught
 With living Mind, that, as they play,
 Their every movement is a thought!

By that bright, wreathed hair, between
 Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
 Of Paradise so late hath been,
 And left its fragrant soul behind!

By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
 Their light into the inmost heart;
 Like sunset in the waters, felt
 As molten fire through every part—

I do implore thee, oh most bright
 And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
 My waking, wondering eyes, this night,
 This one blest night—I ask no more!

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
 These burning words, her languid head
 Upon the altar's steps she cast,
 As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, sigh,
 Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
 Sudden her brow again she raised;
 And there, just lighted on the shrine,
 Beheld me—not as I had blazed
 Around her, full of light divine,
 In her late dreams, but soften'd down
 Into more mortal grace;—my crown
 Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
 Left hanging on yon starry steep;
 My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
 When Peace hath put their pomp to
 sleep;

Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
 Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than ma;
 The dawning hour of some young star;
 And nothing left, but what beseem'd
 Th' accessible, though glorious mate
 Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
 Back upon hers, as passionate;
 Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
 Whose sin, whose madness was the same;
 And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
 For her and for her love—oh more
 Of heaven's light than ev'n the power
 Of heav'n itself could now restore!

And yet, that hour!"—

The Spirit here

Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts—like
chords,

Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong;
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throbb'd there
now!

But soon 'twas o'er—that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days—
That relic of a flame, whose burning
Had been too fierce to be relumed
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
To his bright listeners, thus re-
sumed:—

“Days, months elapsed, and though
what most

On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all—
Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,
How'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!

'Twas bitterest anguish, made more keen
Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell

In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
In purgatory catch of heaven!

The only feeling that to me
Seem'd joy—or rather my sole rest
From aching misery—was to see
My young, proud, blooming Lilis blest.
She, the fair fountain of all ill

To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first—
To see *her* happy—to reflect

Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp'd ev'n my
shade—

This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
And proud she was, fair creature!—proud,
Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Everything strange in earth and
heaven;

Nor only all that, full reveal'd,
Th' eternal Alla loves to show,
But all that He hath wisely seal'd
In darkness, for man *not* to know—
Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd
And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne'er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
Through caves of fire—through wilds
of air—

Wherever sleeping Mystery
Had spread her curtain, we were there—
Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship everywhere!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
'Bright creature, this is all thine own!'
Then first were diamonds, from the night
Of earth's deep centre brought to light,
And made to grace the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.

Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
Unightly, in the sunless sea,
(As 'twere a spirit, forced to dwell
In form unlovely) was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow'd too.
For never did this maid—whate'er
Th' ambition of the hour—forget
Her sex's pride in being fair;
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.
Nor was there aught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I've said, 'Nay, look not there, my love,
Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!'

But not alone the wonders found
Through Nature's realm—th' unveil'd,
material,

Visible glories, that abound,
Through all her vast, enchanted ground—

But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis spread
Through men or angels, flowers or
suns—

The workings of th' Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos He design'd
The outlines of this world ; and through
That depth of darkness—like the bow
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—

Saw the grand, gradual picture grow :—
The covenant with human kind
By Alla made—the chains of Fate
He round Himself and them hath twined,
Till His high task He consummate ;—
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be work'd out through sin and
pain,

And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again !

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some, ev'n more obscure, pro-
found,

And wildering to the mind than these,
Which—far as woman's thought could
sound,

Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach—
She dared to learn, and I to teach.
Till—fill'd with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings

With much that fancy had, before,
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings—
Th' enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
Inspired, among her own dark race,
Who from their ancient shrines would
run,

Leaving their holy rites undone,
To gaze upon her holier face.
And, though but wild the things she
spoke,

Yet, 'mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world !

Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which Heav'n would from the minds
of men

Have kept conceal'd, till its own time,
Stole out in these revealments then—
Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the great, Sealing One !
Like that imperfect dawn, or light
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright,
Before the real morning shines !

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—
Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and
sky ;

To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seem'd—as is the sun on high—
The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, and land, and air,
Whose influence, felt everywhere,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Ev'n to the world's extremest part ;
While through that world her reinless
mind

Had now career'd so fast and far,
That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfined,
Already saw Heaven's gates ajar !

Happy enthusiast ! still, oh, still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black—
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill ;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.
When thoughts of an offended heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I—ev'n I,
While down its steep most headlong
driven—

Well knew could never be forgiven,
Came o'er me with an agony—
Beyond all reach of mortal woe—
A torture kept for those who know,
Know *every* thing, and—worst of all—
Know and love Virtue while they fall !
Even then, her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm—nay, ev'n to
bless—

If ever bliss could graft its flower,
On stem so full of bitterness—

Even then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not
balm ;

Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,
Bright'ning the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheart'ning fear,
Which all who love, beneath yon sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—

The dreadful thought that it must die !
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes ;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads !
This fear, so sad to all—to me

Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea

Fell yesterday, in vain be sought ;
That Heaven to me this final seal

Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel

The death-pang, without power to
die !

Ev'n this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever cherish'd the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart—could charm
away ;

Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on !

But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long ;
And she, too, now, had sunk within

The shadow of her tempter's sin,
Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence
To snatch the fated victim thence !

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dreamt away ;
In that same garden, where—the pride
Of seraph splendour laid aside,
And those wings furl'd, whose open
light

For mortal gaze were else too bright—
I first had stood before her sight,
And found myself—oh, ecstasy,

Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget—
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
And loved as never man was yet !

In that same garden were we now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
With its own silent fancies shining.

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
In looking at that light—even she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the still hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world—the close
Of all things beautiful and bright—
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away !

At length, as though some livelier
thought

Had suddenly her fancy caught,
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,

Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As 'twere to let more soul escape,

And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smiled and
said :—

'I had, last night, a dream of thee,
Resembling those divine ones, given
Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
Before thou cam'st, thyself, from
heaven.

The same rich wreath was on thy brow
Dazzling as if of starlight made ;
And these wings, lying darkly now,
Like meteors round thee flash'd and
play'd.

Thou stood'st all bright, as in those
dreams,
As if just wafted from above ;
Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's
beams,
A creature to adore and love.

Sudden I felt thee draw me near
To thy pure heart, where, fondly
placed,

I seem'd within the atmosphere
Of that exhaling light embraced ;

And felt, methought, th' ethereal flame
 Pass from thy purer soul to mine ;
 Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
 Like thee, all spirit, all divine !

Say, why did dream so blest come o'er
 me,

If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone ?
 When will my Cherub shine before me
 Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone ?

When shall I, waking, be allow'd
 To gaze upon those perfect charms,
 And clasp thee once, without a cloud,
 A chill of earth, within these arms ?

Oh what a pride to say, this, this
 Is my own Angel—all divine,
 And pure, and dazzling as he is,
 And fresh from heaven—he's mine,
 he's mine !

Think'st thou, were Lilis in thy place,
 A creature of yon lofty skies,
 She would have hid one single grace,
 One glory from her lover's eyes ?

No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,
 Shine, out, young Spirit, in the blaze
 Of thy most proud divinity,
 Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal
 gaze.

Too long and oft I've look'd upon
 Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus—
 Too near the stars themselves have
 gone,
 To fear aught grand or luminous.

'Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
 But that this dream may yet come
 true,
 And my blest spirit drink thy ray,
 Till it becomes all heavenly too ?

Let me this once but feel the flame
 Of those spread wings, the very pride
 Will change my nature, and this frame
 By the mere touch be deified !'

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not used
 To be by earth or heaven refused—
 As one, who knew her influence o'er
 All creatures, whatsoever they were,
 And, though to heaven she could not
 soar,
 At least would bring down heaven to
 her,

Little did she, alas, or I—
 Even I, whose soul, but half-way yet
 Immersed in sin's obscurity
 Was as the earth whereon we lie,
 O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
 Little did we foresee the fate,
 The dreadful—how can it be told ?
 Such pain, such anguish to relate
 Is o'er again to feel, behold !
 But, charged as 'tis, my heart must speak
 Its sorrow out, or it will break !
 Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
 Pass'd for a moment thro' my breast—
 Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
 To one, or both—something unblest
 To happen from this proud request.
 But soon these boding fancies fled ;
 Nor saw I aught that could forbid
 My full revealment, save the dread
 Of that first dazzle, when, unhid,
 Such light should burst upon a lid
 Ne'er tried in heaven ;—and even this
 glare

She might, by love's own nursing care,
 Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
 For well I knew, the lustre shed
 From cherub wings, when proudest
 spread,

Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
 And innocent as is the light
 The glow-worm hangs out to allure
 Her mate to her green bower at night.
 Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
 Through clouds in which the lightning
 slept,

As in its lair, ready to spring,
 Yet waked it not—though from my wing
 A thousand sparks fell glittering !
 Oft, too, when round me from above
 The feather'd snow, in all its white-
 ness,

Fell, like the moultings of heaven's
 Dove,—
 So harmless, though so full of bright-
 ness,

Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
 From off its flowers each downy flake
 As delicate, unmelted, fair,
 And cool as they had lighted there.

Nay ev'n with Lilis—had I not
 Around her sleep all radiant beam'd,
 Hung o'er her slumbers, nor forgot
 To kiss her eyelids, as she dream'd ?

And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not waked, unscathed and
bright,

As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

Thus having—as, alas, deceived
By my sin's blindness, I believed—
No cause for dread, and those dark eyes

Now fix'd upon me, eagerly
As though th' unlocking of the skies

Then waited but a sign from me—
How could I pause? how ev'n let fall

A word, a whisper, that could stir
In her proud heart a doubt, that all
I brought from heaven belong'd to her?

Slow from her side I rose, while she
Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,

But not with fear—all hope, and pride,
She waited for the awful boon,

Like priestesses at eventide,
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whoselight, when once its orb hath shone,
'Twill madden them to look upon!

Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came
down,

Was left behind me, in yon star
That shines from out those clouds afar,—

Where, relic sad, 'tis treasured yet,
The downfallen angel's coronet!—

Of all my glories, this alone

Was wanting:—but th' illumined brow,
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now

Had love's spell added to their own,
And pour'd a light till then unknown;—

Th' unfolded wings, that, in their play,
Shed sparkles bright as Alla's throne;

All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms

A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;

And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms;

Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,
Her dazzled brow had, instantly,

Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!

Great Heaven! how *could* thy vengeance
light

So bitterly on one so bright?

How could the hand that gave such
charms,

Blast them again, in love's own arms?

Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame
When—oh most horrible!—I felt

That every spark of that pure flame—
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—

Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,

Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, ravening

flashes;

Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie

Blackening within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see—

Those lips, whose touch was what the
first

Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!

Those clasping arms, within whose
round—

My heart's horizon—the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!

Which, even in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,

Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last!

All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd
As if Love's self there breathed and

beam'd,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;

And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came;—

I, the curst spirit, whose caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas madd'ning!—but now hear even
worse—

Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom

But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust—and did the spirit

No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—

Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took

Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!

Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell
Thou may'st to human souls assign,

The memory of that look is mine!—
In her last struggle, on my brow

Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
So withering!—I feel it now—

'Twas fire—but fire, ev'n more unblest

Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element !

Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went ;
And here—mark here, the brand, the
stain

It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which all the pomp and pride
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide !

But is it thus, dread Providence—

Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, (but for *one* proud, fond offence,)

Had honour'd heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no,
Merciful Alla ! 'tis not so—
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.

And yet, that look—so deeply fraught
With more than anguish, with de-
spair—

That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
In heaven or earth—this scorch I
bear !—

Oh—for the first time that these knees
Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees
Thou couldst for prayer like mine
recall,

Pardon that spirit, and on me,
On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony
Thy burning phial keeps for her !
See, too, where low beside me kneel
Two other outcasts, who, though
gone

And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That Passion brings upon the best,
The wisest, and the loveliest,—
Oh, who is to be saved, if such
Bright, erring souls are not forgiven ;
So loth they wander, and so much
Their very wand'rings lean towards
heaven !

Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer
That creature's sufferings all to me—
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity !”

He paused, and to the earth bent down
His throbbing head ; while they, who
felt

That agony as 'twere their own,
Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
And, in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wand'ring air
Play'd in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in heaven must soar,
Breathed inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
Oh, God would *not* be what this bright
And glorious universe of His,
This world of beauty, goodness, light,
And endless love, proclaims He *is* !

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
The new-born fancy, with fond tone,
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its
own !

Till soon a voice, that match'd as well
That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean-shell
(So kin its spirit to the lute's),
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought, that else had lain
Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief
The third young Angel, in whose
face,

Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace ;
As if, even yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not fled him—as if still
Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that
sound

Of solitary sweetness broke ;
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it
spoke :—

“Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
 My angel-lord, come pray with me ;
 In vain to-night my lip hath strove
 To send one holy prayer above—
 The knee may bend, the lip may move,
 But pray I cannot, without thee !
 I've fed the altar in my bower
 With droppings from the incense tree ;
 I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
 But dim it burns the livelong hour,
 As if, like me, it had no power
 Of life or lustre, without thee !

A boat at midnight sent alone
 To drift upon the moonless sea,
 A lute whose leading chord is gone,
 A wounded bird, that hath but one
 Imperfect wing to soar upon,
 Are like what I am, without thee !

Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
 In life or death, thyself from me ;
 But when again, in sunny pride,
 Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
 A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
 Oh happier thus than without thee !”

The song had ceased, when, from the
 wood
 Which, sweeping down that airy
 height,
 Reach'd the lone spot whereon they
 stood—

There suddenly shone out a light,
 From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed
 Across the brow of one, who raised
 Its flame aloft (as if to throw
 The light upon that group below),
 Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
 The dusky leaves, such as are seen
 By fancy only, in those faces,
 That haunt a poet's walk at even,
 Looking from out their leafy places
 Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
 'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought
 O'er all her features at the thought
 Of being seen thus, late, alone,
 By any but the eyes she sought,
 Had scarcely for an instant shone
 Through the dark leaves, when she
 was gone—
 Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
 Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
 “Behold, how beautiful!”—'tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words “I come,
 I come, my Nama,” reach'd her ear,
 In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
 Which tells of confidence, of home,—
 Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
 Till they grow *one*,—of faith sincere,
 And all that Love most loves to hear ;
 A music, breathing of the past,
 The present, and the time to be,
 Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
 Lengthen out life's true harmony !

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
 Summon'd away, remain behind ;
 Nor did there need much time to tell
 What they—alas, more fall'n than he
 From happiness and heaven—knew well,
 His gentler love's short history !

Thus did it run—*not* as he told
 The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd
 Upon the tablets that, of old,
 By Seth were from the deluge saved,
 All written over with sublime
 And sadd'ning legends of th' unblest,
 But glorious Spirits of that time,
 And this young Angel's 'mong the
 rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
 That in th' eternal heavens abide—
 Circles of light, that from the same
 Unclouded centre sweeping wide,
 Carry its beams on every side—
 Like spheres of air that waft around
 The undulations of rich sound,
 Till the far-circling radiance be
 Diffused into infinity !
 First and immediate near the Throne
 Of Alla, as if most his own,
 The Seraphs stand—this burning sign
 Traced on their banner, “Love Divine !”
 Their rank, their honours, far above
 Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs
 given,
 Though knowing all ;—so much doth
 Love
 Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in
 heaven !

'Mong these was Zaraph once—and none
 E'er felt affection's holy fire,
 Or yearn'd towards th' Eternal One,
 With half such longing, deep desire.
 Love was to his impassion'd soul
 Not, as with others, a mere part
 Of its existence, but the whole—
 The very life-breath of his heart!
 Oft, when from Alla's lifted brow
 A lustre came, too bright to bear
 And all the seraph ranks would bow,
 To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare
 To look upon th' effulgence there—
 This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
 (Such pride he in adoring took),
 And rather lose, in that one gaze,
 The power of looking, than *not* look!
 Then, too, when angel voices sung
 The mercy of their God, and strung
 Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
 That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
 When some repentant sinner's feet
 First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
 Oh then how clearly did the voice
 Of Zaraph above all rejoice!
 Love was in ev'ry buoyant tone—
 Such love, as only could belong
 To the blest angels, and alone
 Could, ev'n from angels, bring such
 song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been
 In heav'n as 'tis too often here,
 Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
 But it hath pain and peril near;—
 Where right and wrong so close resemble,
 That what we take for virtue's thrill
 Is often the first downward tremble
 Of the heart's balance unto ill;
 Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
 So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
 In moments, ev'n the most secure,
 Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel—such
 The charm, that sloped his fall along,
 From good to ill, from loving much,
 Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
 Ev'n so that amorous Spirit, bound
 By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
 From the bright things above the moon
 Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
 Till love for the Creator soon
 In passion for the creature ended.

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
 Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
 And voice of her he loved steal o'er
 The silver waters, that lay mute,
 As loth, by even a breath, to stay
 The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,
 Whose echoes still went on and on,
 Till lost among the light that shone
 Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
 There, where the rich cascade of day
 Had, o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
 Into Elysium roll'd away!
 Of God she sung, and of the mild,
 Attendant Mercy, that beside
 His awful throne for ever smiled,
 Ready, with her white hand, to guide
 His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
 That she might quench them on the way!
 Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
 Upon whose star, shining above
 This twilight world of hope and fear,
 The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
 So fond, that with her every tear
 The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
 All this she sung, and such a soul
 Of piety was in that song,
 That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
 Tenderly to his ear, along
 Those lulling waters where he lay,
 Watching the daylight's dying ray,
 Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
 An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
 To Eden's distant harmony,
 Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
 Tracing that music's melting course,
 He saw, upon the golden sand
 Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,
 Before whose feet th' expiring waves
 Flung their last offering with a sigh—
 As, in the East, exhausted slaves
 Lay down the far-brought gift, and
 die—
 And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
 As if unequal to the tide
 Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
 She raised, like one beatified,
 Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather
 given
 To be adored than to adore—
 Such eyes, as may have look'd *from*
 heaven,
 But ne'er were raised to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his
own!

How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranced Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could Zaraph fail to feel
That moment's witcheries?—one, so
fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—
With warmth, that far too dearly
cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
Before Religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die.
Blest union! by that Angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fall'n or exiled from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,
Had, from his station 'mong the blest
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image, there so bright before—
Yet never did that Power look down
On error with a brow so mild;
Never did Justice wear a frown
Through which so gently Mercy smiled.

For humble was their love—with awe
And trembling like some treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law—
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both—but most
In Nama's heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a heaven was
lost,
Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast,
Even bliss was humbled by the thought—
"What claim have I to be so blest?"
Still less could maid, so meek, have
nursed

Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst.
With which the sex hath all been cursed,
From luckless Eve to her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the angels: no—
To love as her own Seraph loved,
With Faith, the same through bliss and
woe—

Faith, that, were even its light
removed,
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
And wait till it shone out again;—
With Patience that, though often bow'd
By the rude storm, can rise anew;
And Hope that, ev'n from Evil's cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through!
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all a Cherub's lore—
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart—th' unreasoning scope
Of all its views, above, below—
So true she felt it that to *hope*,
To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to
pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last!—

Two fallen Splendors, from that tree,
Which buds with such eternally,
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand,)
Their only doom was this—that, long
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here—the same,
Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
Still looking to that goal sublime,

Whose light remote, but sure, they see ;
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity !

Subject, the while, to all the strife
True Love encounters in this life—
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain ;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapour, ere they rise ;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies :—

Still worse, th' illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink ;
That tempt him, on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and
drink,

Where nothing meets his lips, alas !—
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul ;
As free from any fear or doubt

As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again !—
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds
are,

Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far !

Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd
power,

Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness
springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies !

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or
dwell,

God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,

As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts, in every thought, are
one,

Whose voices utter the same wills—
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls'
embrace,

Is not of earth, but from above—
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to th' other
thrown,

Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
'Tis Zaraph and his bride we see ;
And call young lovers round, to view
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
Their pathway towards eternity.



Evenings in Greece.

[A COUPLE of folios, published in 1825 by James Power, of 34, Strand, comprised within them Moore's next production, entitled "Evenings in Greece." The earlier of the two instalments, the price of which was fifteen shillings, contained ten musical compositions, the later and larger, the cost of which was eighteen shillings, containing twelve. These companion parts were respectively entitled "First Evening" and "Second Evening." Their contents announced upon the engraved title-page—"The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq., the Music Composed and Selected by Henry R. Bishop and Mr. Moore." They were inscribed by the poet, with an assurance of his warmest admiration for her musical talents, to Mrs. Robert Arkwright. Moore's design, avowedly throughout, was the stringing together, upon a thread of poetical narrative, of a series of songs in a work thus oddly combining music with recitation. It may be confidently presumed that the production, as thus arranged, never once attained anywhere the honour of a consecutive performance. The scene was laid in the Island of Ceos, called variously Zia and Zea, reputed to be the best cultivated of any of the Grecian Isles, and famous, time out of mind, as the birthplace of Simonides.]

FIRST EVENING.

"THE sky is bright—the breeze is fair,
And the mainsail flowing, full and free—

Our farewell word is woman's pray'r,
And the hope before us—Liberty!
Farewell, farewell.

To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zian
Maid!

The moon is in the heavens above,
And the wind is on the foaming sea—
Thus shines the star of woman's love
On the glorious strife of Liberty!
Farewell, farewell.

To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zian
Maid!"

Thus sung they from the bark, that now
Turn'd to the sea its gallant prow,
Bearing within it hearts as brave,
As e'er sought Freedom o'er the wave;
And leaving on that islet's shore,
Where still the farewell beacons burn,
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er
The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way—
Oh, speed their way,—the chosen
flow'r
Of Zia's youth, the hope and stay
Of parents in their wintry hour,
The love of maidens, and the pride
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died—
All, all are in that precious bark,
Which now, alas! no more is seen—
Though every eye still turns to mark
The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,
And mothers, your beloved are
gone!—

Now may you quench those signal fires,
Whose light they long look'd back
upon
From their dark deck—watching the
flame

As fast it faded from their view,
With thoughts, that, but for manly
shame,

Had made them droop and weep like
you.

Home to your chambers! home, and
pray
For the bright coming of that day,

When, bless'd by Heaven, the Cross shall sweep
 The Crescent from the Ægean deep,
 And your brave warriors, hast'ning back,
 Will bring such glories in their track,
 As shall, for many an age to come,
 Shed light around their name and home !

There is a Fount on Zia's isle,
 Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile
 All the sweet flowers, of every kind,
 On which the sun of Greece looks
 down,

Pleased as a lover on the crown
 His mistress for her brow hath twined,
 When he beholds each flow'ret there,
 Himself had wish'd her most to wear ;
 Here bloom'd the laurel-rose, whose
 wreath

Hangs radiant round the Cypriot
 shrines,
 And here those bramble-flowers, that
 breathe

Their odour into Zante's wines :—
 The splendid woodbine, that, at eve,
 To grace their floral diadems,
 The lovely maids of Patmos weave :—
 And that fair plant, whose tangled
 stems

Shine like a Nereid's hair, when spread,
 Dishevell'd, o'er her azure bed ;—
 All these bright children of the clime,
 (Each at its own most genial time,
 The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)
 Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn
 The Valley, where that Fount is born ;
 While round, to grace its cradle green,
 Groups of Velani oaks are seen,
 Tow'ring on every verdant height—
 Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,
 Like Genii, set to watch the birth
 Of some enchanted child of earth—
 Fair oaks, that over Zia's vales,

Stand with their leafy pride unfur'd ;
 While Commerce, from her thousand
 sails,
 Scatters their fruit throughout the
 world !

'Twas here—as soon as prayer and sleep
 (Those truest friends to all who weep)
 Had lighten'd every heart, and made
 Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade—

'Twas here, in this secluded spot,
 Amid whose breathings calm and
 sweet

Grief might be soothed, if not forgot,
 The Zian nymphs resolved to meet
 Each evening now, by the same light
 That saw their farewell tears that night ;
 And try, if sound of lute and song,
 If wand'ring 'mid the moonlight
 flowers

In various talk, could charm along
 With lighter step, the ling'ring hours,
 Till tidings of that Bark should come,
 Or Victory waft their warriors home !

When first they met—the wonted smile
 Of greeting having gleam'd awhile—
 'Twould touch ev'n Moslem heart to see
 The sadness that came suddenly
 O'er their young brows, when they look'd
 round

Upon that bright, enchanted ground ;
 And thought, how many a time, with
 those

Who now were gone to the rude wars,
 They there had met, at evening's close,
 And danced till morn outshone the
 stars !

But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse
 Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts—
 The breath from her own blushing lips,
 That on the maiden's mirror rests,
 Not swifter, lighter from the glass,
 Than sadness from her brow doth pass.
 Soon did they now, as round the Well
 They sat, beneath the rising moon—
 And some, with voice of awe, would tell
 Of midnight fays, and nymphs who
 dwell

In holy founts—while some would
 tune

Their idle lutes, that now had lain,
 For days, without a single strain ;—
 And others, from the rest apart,
 With laugh that told the lighten'd
 heart,

Sat, whisp'ring in each other's ear
 Secrets, that all in turn would hear ;—
 Soon did they find this thoughtless play
 So swiftly steal their griefs away,
 That many a nymph, though pleased
 the while,

Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,
 And sigh'd to think she *could* be gay.

Among these maidens there was one,
 Who to Leucadia late had been—
 Had stood, beneath the evening sun,
 On its white tow'ring cliffs, and seen
 The very spot where Sappho sung
 Her swan-like music, ere she sprung
 (Still holding, in that fearful leap,
 By her loved lyre,) into the deep,
 And dying quench'd the fatal fire,
 At once, of both her heart and lyre.

Mutely they listen'd all—and well
 Did the young travell'd maiden tell
 Of the dread height to which that steep
 Beetles above the eddying deep—
 Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round
 The dizzy edge with mournful sound—
 And of those scented lilies found
 Still blooming on that fearful place—
 As if call'd up by Love, to grace
 Th' immortal spot, o'er which the last
 Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd!

While fresh to ev'ry listener's thought
 These legends of Leucadia brought
 All that of Sappho's hapless flame
 Is kept alive, still watch'd by Fame—
 The maiden, tuning her soft lute,
 While all the rest stood round her, mute,
 Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,
 That o'er the tender Lesbian stole;
 And, in a voice whose thrilling tone
 Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,
 One of those fervid fragments gave,
 Which still,—like sparkles of Greek
 Fire,
 Undying, ev'n beneath the wave,—
 Burn on through Time, and ne'er ex-
 pire!

—o—

SONG.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid
 In love-sick languor hung her head,
 Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
 She weeping turn'd away, and said,
 "Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—
 I cannot weave, as once I wove—
 So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 With thinking of that youth I love!"

Again the web she tried to trace,
 But tears fell o'er each tangled thread;
 While, looking in her Mother's face,
 Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,

"Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—
 I cannot weave, as once I wove—
 So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 With thinking of that youth I love!

—

A silence follow'd this sweet air,
 As each in tender musing stood,
 Thinking, with lips that moved in pray'r,
 Of Sappho and that fearful flood:
 While some, who ne'er till now had
 known
 How much their hearts resembled hers,
 Felt, as they made her griefs their own,
 That *they*, too, were Love's worship-
 pers.

At length a murmur, all but mute,
 So faint it was, came from the lute
 Of a young melancholy maid,
 Whose fingers, all uncertain play'd
 From chord to chord, as if in chase
 Of some lost melody, some strain
 Of other times, whose faded trace
 She sought among those chords again.
 Slowly the half-forgotten theme
 (Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)
 Came to her memory—as a beam
 Falls broken o'er some shaded spot;—
 And while her lute's sad symphony
 Fill'd up each sighing pause between;
 And Love himself might weep to see
 What ruin comès where he hath
 been—

As wither'd still the grass is found
 Where fays have danced their merry
 round—

Thus simply to the list'ning throng
 She breathed her melancholy song:—

—o—

SONG.

WEeping for thee, my love, through the
 long day,
 Lonely and wearily life wears away.
 Weeping for thee, my love, through the
 long night—
 No rest in darkness, no joy in light!
 Nought left but Memory, whose dreary
 tread
 Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where
 all lies dead—
 Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!

Of many a stanza, this alone
Had 'scaped oblivion—like the one
Stray fragment of a wreck, which,
thrown,

With the lost vessel's name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power—
As when the air is warm, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element—
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That's link'd with feelings, once our
own—

With friends or joys gone by—will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony !

But some there were, among the group
Of damsels there, too light of heart
To let their spirits longer droop,
Ev'n under music's melting art ;
And one upspringing, with a bound,
From a low bank of flowers, look'd round
With eyes that, though so full of light,
Had still a trembling tear within ;
And, while her fingers, in swift flight,
Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,
Thus sung the song her lover late
Had sung to her—the eve before
That joyous night, when, as of yore,
All Zia met, to celebrate
The Feast of May, on the sea-shore.

—o—

SONG.

WHEN the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dante the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
Shall chase them away.
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

Then, at the closing
Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
Beneath the night ray !

Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how featly
The dance we'll renew,
Treading so fleetly
Its light mazes through :
Till stars, looking o'er us
From heaven's high bow'rs,
Would change their bright chorus
For one dance of ours !
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

—

How changingly for ever veers
The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and
tears !

Ev'n as in April, the light vane
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.
Instant this lively lay dispell'd
The shadow from each blooming brow,
And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held
F'ull empire o'er each fancy now.
But say—*what* shall the measure be ?
" Shall we the old Romaika tread
(Some eager ask'd), " as anciently
'Twas by the maids of Delos led,
When, slow at first, then circling fast,
As the gay spirits rose—at last,
With hand in hand, like links, enlock'd,
Through the light air they seem'd to
flit

In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd
The dazzled eye that follow'd it ?"
Some call'd aloud, " The Fountain
Dance !"—

While one young, dark-eyed Amazon,
Whose step was air-like, and whose
glance

Flash'd like a sabre in the sun,
Sportively said, " Shame on these soft
And languid strains we hear so oft.
Daughters of Freedom ! have not we
Learn'd from our lovers and our sires
The Dance of Greece, while Greece was
free—

That Dance, where neither flutes nor
lyres,

But sword and shield clash on the ear—
A music tyrants quake to hear?
Heroines of Zia, arm with me,
And dance the Dance of Victory!"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,
Loosed the wide hat, that o'er her face
(From Anatolia came the maid)

Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;
And, with a fair young armourer's aid,
Fixing it on her rounded arm,
A mimic shield with pride display'd;
Then, springing tow'rds a grove that
spread

Its canopy of foliage near,
Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,
"To arms, to arms!" while o'er her
head

She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all
Obey'd their Chief's heroic call;—

Round the shield-arm of each was tied
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might
be;

The grove, their verdant armoury,
Falchion and lance alike supplied;
And as their glossy locks, let free,
Fell down their shoulders carelessly,
You might have dream'd you saw a
throng

Of youthful Thyads, by the beam
Of a May moon, bounding along
Peneus' silver-eddi'd stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured
tread,

Martially, o'er the shining field;

Now, to the mimic combat led
(A heroine at each squadron's head),

Struck lance to lance and sword to
shield:

While still, through every varying feat,
Their voices, heard in contrast sweet
With some, of deep but soften'd sound,
From lips of aged sires around,
Who smiling watch'd their children's
play—

Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay:—

—o—

SONG.

"RAISE the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here — now there — retreat —
advance!"

Such were the sounds, to which the
warrior boy

Danced in those happy days, when
Greece was free;

When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of
joy,

Thus train'd their steps to war and
victory.

"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here — now there — retreat —
advance!"

Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.

"Grasp the falchion—gird the shield—
Attack—defend—do all, but yield."

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one
glorious night,

Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the
sea

That morning dawn'd by whose immortal
light

They nobly died for thee and liberty!

"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here — now there — retreat —
advance!"

Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

Scarce had they closed this martial lay
When, flinging their light spears away,
The combatants, in broken ranks,

All breathless from the war-field fly;

And down, upon the velvet banks

And flow'ry slopes, exhausted lie,

Like rosy huntresses of Thrace,
Resting at sunset from the chase.

"Fond girls!" an aged Zian said—

One who, himself, had fought and bled,

And now, with feelings, half delight,

Half sadness, watch'd their mimic fight—

"Fond maids! who thus with War can
jest—

Like Love, in Mars's helmet drest,

When, in his childish innocence,

Pleased with the shade that helmet
flings,

He thinks not of the blood, that thence

Is dropping o'er his snowy wings.

Ay—true it is, young patriot maids,

If Honour's arm still won the fray,

If luck but shone on righteous blades,

War were a game for gods to play!

But, no, alas !—hear one, who well
 Hath track'd the fortunes of the
 brave—
 Hear *me*, in mournful ditty, tell
 What glory waits the patriot's
 grave :—

—o—

SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
 A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay,
 Upon the sands, with broken sword,
 He traced his farewell to the Free ;
 And, there, the last unfinish'd word
 He dying wrote was " Liberty !"

At night the sea-bird shriek'd the knell
 Of him who thus for Freedom fell ;
 The words he wrote, ere evening came,
 Were cover'd by the sounding sea ;—
 So pass away the cause and name
 Of him who dies for Liberty !

—

That tribute of subdued applause
 A charm'd, but timid, audience pays,
 That murmur, which a minstrel draws
 From hearts, that feel, but fear to
 praise,
 Follow'd this song, and left a pause
 Of silence after it, that hung
 Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound
 Was heard from 'midst a group, that
 round

A bashful maiden stood, to hide
 Her blushes, while the lute she tried—
 Like roses, gath'ring round to veil
 The song of some young nightingale,
 Whose trembling notes steal out between
 The cluster'd leaves, herself unseen.
 And, while that voice, in tones that more
 Through feeling than through weakness
 err'd,
 Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er
 Th' attentive ear, this strain was
 heard :—

—o—

SONG.

I SAW, from yonder silent cave,
 Two Fountains running, side by side,
 The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
 The other cold Oblivion's tide.
 " Oh Love !" said I, in thoughtless
 dream,
 As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,
 Here in this dark and chilly stream
 Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
 Where joy was lost as well as pain ?
 Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
 And brought the past all back again ;
 And said, " Oh Love ! whate'er my lot,
 Still let this soul to thee be true—
 Rather than have one bliss forgot,
 Be all my pains remember'd too !"

—

The group that stood around, to shade
 The blushes of that bashful maid,
 Had, by degrees, as came the lay
 More strongly forth, retired away,
 Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,
 To show the fairer pearl inside ;
 For such she was—a creature, bright
 And delicate as those day-flow'rs,
 Which, while they last, make up, in
 light
 And sweetness, what they want in
 hours.

So rich upon the ear had grown
 Her voice's melody—its tone
 Gath'ring new courage, as it found
 An echo in each bosom round—
 That, ere the nymph, with downcast eye
 Still on the chords, her lute lay by,
 " Another Song," all lips exclaim'd,
 And each some matchless fav'rite named ;
 While blushing, as her fingers ran
 O'er the sweet chords, she thus began :—

—o—

SONG.

OH, Memory, how coldly
 Thou paintest joy gone by :
 Like rainbows, thy pictures
 But mournfully shine and die.

Or, if some tints thou keepest,
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weepest,
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly
Thou paintest grief that's past ;
Joy's colours are fleeting,
But those of Sorrow last.
And while thou bring'st before us
Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening, closing o'er us,
But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,
In this sweet glade ; and so, with song
And witching sounds—not such as they,
The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,
To chase the moon's eclipse away,
But soft and holy—did each maid
Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,
And win back Sorrow to a smile.

Not far from this secluded place,
On the sea-shore a ruin stood ;—
A relic of th' extinguish'd race,
Who once look'd o'er that foamy
flood,
When fair Ioulis, by the light
Of golden sunset, on the sight
Of mariners who sail'd that sea,
Rose, like a city of chrysolite,
Call'd from the wave by witchery.

This ruin—now by barb'rous hands
Debased into a motley shed,
Where the once splendid column stands
Inverted on its leafy head—
Form'd, as they tell, in times of old,
The dwelling of that bard, whose lay
Could melt to tears the stern and cold,
And sadden, 'mid their mirth, the
gay—

Simonides, whose fame, through years
And ages past, still bright appears—
Like Hesperus, a star of tears !

'Twas hither now—to catch a view
Of the white waters, as they play'd
Silently in the light—a few
Of the more restless damsels stray'd ;
And some would linger 'mid the scent
Of hanging foliage, that perfumed
The ruin'd walls ; while others went,
Culling whatever flow'ret bloom'd

In the lone leafy space between,
Where gilded chambers once had been ;
Or, turning sadly to the sea,
Sent o'er the wave a sigh unblest
To some brave champion of the Free—
Thinking, alas, how cold might be,
At that still hour, his place of rest !

Meanwhile there came a sound of song
From the dark ruins—a faint strain,
As if some echo, that among
Those minstrel halls had slumber'd long,
Were murm'ring into life again.

But, no—the nymphs knew well the
tone—

A maiden of their train, who loved,
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,
Had deep into those ruins roved,
And there, all other thoughts forgot,
Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,
A lay that, on that very spot,
Her lover sung one moonlight night :—

—o—

SONG.

AH ! where are they, who, heard, in
former hours,
The voice of Song in these neglected
bow'rs ?
They are gone—all gone !

The youth, who told his pain in such
sweet tone,
That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain
their own—
He is gone—he is gone !

And, she, who, while he sung, sat list'n-
ing by,
And thought, to strains like these 'twere
sweet to die—
She is gone—she too is gone !

'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will
say
Of her who hears, and him who sings,
this lay—
They are gone—they both are gone !

The moon was now, from heaven's steep,
Bending to dip her silv'ry urn
Into the bright and silent deep—
And the young nymphs, on their
return

From those romantic ruins, found
 Their other playmates, ranged around
 The sacred Spring, prepared to tune
 Their parting hymn, ere sunk the moon,
 To that fair Fountain, by whose stream
 Their hearts had form'd so many a
 dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell
 Of old Eleusis' sacred Well,
 Or heard what legend-songs recount
 Of Syra, and its holy Fount,
 Gushing, at once, from the hard rock
 Into the laps of living flowers—
 Where village maidens loved to flock,
 On summer-nights, and, like the hours,
 Link'd in harmonious dance and song,
 Charm'd the unconscious night along ;
 While holy pilgrims, on their way
 To Delos' isle, stood looking on,
 Enchanted with a scene so gay,
 Nor sought their boats till morning
 shone ?

Such was the scene this lovely glade
 And its fair inmates now display'd,
 As round the Fount, in linked ring,
 They went, in cadence slow and light,
 And thus to that enchanted Spring
 Warbled their Farewell for the
 night :—

—o—
 SONG.

HERE, while the moonlight dim
 Falls on that mossy brim,
 Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
 Maidens of Zia !
 Nothing but Music's strain,
 When Lovers part in pain,
 Soothes, till they meet again,
 Oh, Maids of Zia !

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
 Round which the nymphs of old
 Stood, with their locks of gold,
 Fountain of Zia !
 Not even Castaly,
 Famed though its streamlet be,
 Murmurs or shines like thee,
 Oh, Fount of Zia !

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
 Thy silver voice shall bring,
 Answering, answering,
 Sweet Fount of Zia !
 For, of all rills that run,
 Sparkling by moon or sun,
 Thou art the fairest one,
 Bright Fount of Zia !

Now, by those stars that glance
 Over heaven's still expanse,
 Weave we our mirthful dance,
 Daughters of Zia !
 Such as, in former days,
 Danced they, by Dian's rays,
 Where the Eurotas strays,
 Oh, Maids of Zia !

But, when to merry feet
 Hearts with no echo beat,
 Say, can the dance be sweet ?
 Maidens of Zia !
 No, nought but Music's strain,
 When Lovers part in pain,
 Soothes, till they meet again,
 Oh, Maids of Zia !

—o—
 SECOND EVENING.

—
 SONG.

WHEN evening shades are falling
 O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
 To pilgrims' hearts recalling
 Their home beyond the deep ;
 When, rest o'er all descending,
 The shores with gladness smile,
 And lutes, their echoes blending,
 Are heard from isle to isle,
 Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,
 We pray, we pray, to thee !

The noon-day tempest over,
 Now Ocean toils no more,
 And wings of halcyons hover,
 Where all was strife before.
 Oh thus may life, in closing
 Its short tempestuous day,
 Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
 Shine all its storms away :
 Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
 We pray, we pray, to thee !

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,
 As the last sounds of that sweet hymn
 Floated along its azure tide—
 Floated in light, as if the lay
 Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,
 And light and song together died.
 So soft through evening's air had
 breathed
 That choir of youthful voices, wreathed
 In many-linked harmony,
 That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,
 Paused, when they reach'd this fairy
 shore,
 And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet
 In song and dance this evening's hours,
 Far happier now the bosoms beat,
 Than when they last adorn'd these
 bowers ;
 For tidings of glad sound had come,
 At break of day, from the far isles—
 Tidings like breath of life to some—
 That Zia's sons would soon wing home,
 Crown'd with the light of Vict'ry's
 smiles,
 To meet that brightest of all meeds
 That wait on high, heroic deeds,
 When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,
 Could trace the warrior's parting track,
 Shall, like a misty morn that clears,
 When the long-absent sun appears,
 Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

How fickle still the youthful breast !—
 More fond of change than a young
 moon,
 No joy so new was e'er possess'd
 But Youth would leave for newer soon.
 These Zian nymphs, though bright the
 spot,
 Where first they held their evening
 play,
 As ever fell to fairy's lot
 To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,
 Had now exchanged that shelter'd ence
 For a wide glade beside the sea—
 A lawn, whose soft expanse of green
 Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,
 As though, in conscious beauty bright,
 It joy'd to give him light for light.

And ne'er did evening more serene
 Look down from heav'n on lovelier
 scene.

Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,
 O'er the blue shining element,
 Light barks, as if with fairy feet
 That stir'd not the hush'd waters,
 went ;
 Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er
 The blushing wave, with mainsail free,
 Had put forth from the Attic shore,
 Or the near Isle of Ebony ;—
 Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves
 Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,
 Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves
 Now shot their long and dart-like skiffs.
 Woe to the craft, however fleet,
 These sea-hawks in their course shall meet,
 Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,
 Or rich from Naxos' emery mines ;
 For not more sure, when owlets flee
 O'er the dark crags of Pendelee,
 Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,
 Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade
 Where these young island nymphs are
 met !
 Full-orb'd, yet pure, as if no shade
 Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet ;
 And freshly bright, as if just made
 By Love's own hands, of new-born light
 Stol'n from his mother's star to-night.

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood
 Jutted from that soft glade, there stood
 A Chapel, fronting tow'rd's the sea,—
 Built in some by-gone century,—
 Where, nightly, as the seaman's mark,
 When waves rose high or clouds were
 dark,
 A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,
 Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,
 Waking in way-worn men a sigh
 And pray'r to Heav'n, as they went by.

'Twas there, around that rock-built
 shrine,
 A group of maidens and their sires
 Had stood to watch the day's decline,
 And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,
 Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea
 That soft and holy melody.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song
 Now woo the coming hours along :

For, mark, where smooth the herbage lies,
 Yon gay pavilion, curtain'd deep
 With silken folds, through which bright
 eyes,

From time to time, are seen to peep ;
 While twinkling lights that, to and fro,
 Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,
 Tell of some spells at work, and keep
 Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,
 Watching what next may shine from
 thence.

Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen
 That mystic curtain backward drew,
 And all, that late but shone between,
 In half-caught gleams, now burst to
 view.

A picture 'twas of the early days
 Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays
 Of rich, immortal Mind were hers
 That made mankind her worshippers ;
 While, yet unsung, her landscape shone
 With glory lent by Heaven alone ;
 Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,
 Nor Muse immortalized her rills ;
 Nor aught but the mute poesy
 Of sun, and stars, and shining sea
 Illumed that land of bards to be.
 While, prescient of the gifted race
 That yet would realm so blest adorn,
 Nature took pains to deck the place
 Where glorious Art was to be born.

Such was the scene that mimic stage
 Of Athens and her hills portray'd ;
 Athens, in her first, youthful age,
 Ere yet the simple violet braid,
 Which then adorn'd her, had shone down
 The glory of earth's loftiest crown.
 While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art
 Lay sleeping in the marble mine—
 Sleeping till Genius made them start
 To all but life, in shapes divine ;
 Till deified the quarry shone,
 And all Olympus stood in stone !

There, in the foreground of that scene,
 On a soft bank of living green,
 Sat a young nymph, with her lap full
 Of newly-gather'd flowers, o'er which
 She graceful lean'd, intent to cull
 All that was there of hue most rich,
 To form a wreath, such as the eye
 Of her young lover, who stood by,
 With pallet mingled fresh, might choose
 To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd ; the maiden
 raised

Her speaking eyes to his, while he—
 Oh *not* upon the flowers now gazed,
 But on that bright look's witchery.
 While, quick as if but then the thought,
 Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught
 His pencil up, and, warm and true
 As life itself, that love-look drew :
 And, as his raptur'd task went on,
 And forth each kindling feature shone,
 Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,
 From lips as moonlight fresh and pure,
 Thus hail'd the bright dream passing
 there,
 And sung the Birth of Portraiture.

—o—

SONG.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
 Her garland 'mid the summer bow'rs,
 There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
 To watch her while she wreathed the
 flow'rs.
 The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
 But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
 Nor knew what magic hues the heart
 Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
 All that's fair and bright-below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
 And sketch'd the rays that light the
 brook ;
 But what were these, or what were those,
 To woman's blush, to woman's look ?
 "Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
 This, this," he cried, "is all my pray'r,
 To paint that living light I see,
 And fix the soul that sparkles there:"

His prayer, as soon as breathed, was
 heard ;
 His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew
 warm,
 And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
 From lifeless flow'rs to woman's form.
 Still as from tint to tint he stole,
 The fair design shone out the more,
 And there was now a life, a soul,
 Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
 And lilies into life were brought ;
 While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
 Young roses kindled into thought.
 Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
 Upon the locks of Beauty threw ;
 And violets, transform'd to eyes,
 Inshrined a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
 All that's fair and bright below.
 Song was cold and Painting dim
 Till Song and Painting learn'd from him.

SOON as the scene had closed, a cheer
 Of gentle voices, old and young,
 Rose from the groups that stood to hear
 This tale of yore so aptly sung ;
 And while some nymphs, in haste to tell
 The workers of that fairy spell
 How crown'd with praise their task had
 been,

Stole in behind the curtain'd scene,
 The rest, in happy converse stray'd—
 Talking that ancient love-tale o'er—
 Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,
 Some, to the chapel by the shore,
 To look what lights were on the sea,
 And think of th' absent silently.

But soon that summons, known so well
 Through bow'r and hall, in Eastern
 lands,

Whose sound, more sure than gong or bell,
 Lovers and slaves alike commands,—
 The clapping of young female hands,
 Calls back the groups from rock and field
 To see some new-form'd scene reveal'd ;—
 And fleet and eager, down the slopes
 Of the green glade, like antelopes,
 When, in their thirst, they hear the sound
 Of distant rills, the light nymphs bound.

Far different now the scene—a waste
 Of Libyan sands, by moonlight's ray ;
 An ancient well, whereon were traced
 The warning words, for such as stray
 Unarmed there, "Drink and away !"
 While, near it, from the night-ray
 screen'd,
 And like his bells, in hush'd repose,
 A camel slept—young as if wean'd
 When last the star, Canopus, rose.

Such was the back-ground's silent
 scene ;—

While nearer lay, fast slumb'ring too,
 In a rude tent, with brow serene,
 A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue
 And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale
 That he had been to Mecca's Vale :
 Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now
 Thinking the long-wish'd hour is come
 When, o'er the well-known porch at
 home,

His hand shall hang the aloë bough—
 Trophy of his accomplish'd vow.
 But brief his dream—for now the call
 Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,
 "Bind on your burdens," wakes up all
 The widely slumb'ring caravan ;
 And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear
 Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,
 The song of one who, ling'ring near,
 Had watch'd his slumber, cheerly
 breaks.

—o—

SONG.

UP and march ! the timbrel's sound
 Wakes the slumb'ring camp around ;
 Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
 Armèd sleeper, up, and on !
 Long and weary is our way
 O'er the burning sands to-day ;
 But to pilgrim's homeward feet
 Ev'n the desert's path is sweet.

When we lie at dead of night,
 Looking up to heaven's light,
 Hearing but the watchman's tone
 Faintly chaunting "God is one,"
 Oh what thoughts then o'er us come
 Of our distant village home,
 Where that chaunt, when ev'ning sets,
 Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee !—soon shall signal lights,
 Kindling o'er the Red Sea heights,
 Kindling quick from man to man,
 Hail our coming caravan :
 Think what bliss that hour will be !
 Looks of home again to see,
 And our names again to hear
 Murmur'd out by voices dear.

So pass'd the desert dream away,
Fleeting as his who heard this lay.
Nor long the pause between, nor moved
The spell-bound audience from that
spot ;

While still, as usual, Fancy roved
On to the joy that yet was not ;—
Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come,
Walking for ever in a light
That flows from regions out of sight.

But see, by gradual dawn descried,
A mountain realm—rugged as e'er
Upraised to heav'n its summits bare,
Or told to earth, with frown of pride,
That Freedom's falcon nest was there,
Too high for hand of lord or king
To hood her brow, or chain her wing.

'Tis Maina's land—her ancient hills,
The abode of nymphs—her countless
rills

And torrents, in their downward dash,
Shining, like silver, through the shade
Of the sea-pine and flow'ring ash—
All with a truth so fresh portray'd
As wants but touch of life to be
A world of warm reality.

And now, light bounding forth, a band
Of mountaineers, all smiles, ad-
vance—

Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,
Link'd in the Ariadne dance ;
And while, apart from that gay throng,
A minstrel youth, in varied song,
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills
Of these wild children of the hills,
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,
As war or sport inspires the lay,
Follow each change that wakes the
strings,
And act what thus the lyrist sings.

No life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throned above this world, he
hears

Its strife at distance die.
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, "We come—we come,"
Each crag that tow'rs in air
Gives answer, "Come who dare !"

While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,
And their cry "Hurra !" will be,
"Hurra, to victory !"

Then, when battle's hour is over,
See the happy mountain lover,
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
Seated blushing by his side,—
Every shadow of his lot
In her sunny smile forgot.
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throned above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance die.
Nor only thus through summer suns
His blithe existence cheerly runs—
Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,
Brings joyous hours to him ;
When, his rifle behind him flinging,
He watches the roe-buck springing,
And away, o'er the hills away
Re-echoes his glad "hurra."
Then how blest, when night is closing,
By the kindled hearth reposing,
To his rebeck's drowsy song,
He beguiles the hour along ;
Or, provoked by merry glances,
To a brisker movement dances,
Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,
He dreams o'er chase and dance again,
Dreams, dreams them o'er again.

As slow that minstrel, at the close,
Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose,
Aptly did they, whose mimic art
Follow'd the changes of his lay,
Portray the lull, the nod, the start,
Through which, as faintly died away
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,
Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last.

But now far other song came o'er
Their startled ears—song that, at first,
As solemnly the night-wind bore
Across the wave its mournful burst,
Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge
Of some lone Spirit of the Sea,
Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge
The requiem of her Brave and Free.

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause
The wond'ring nymphs ; and, as the
sound
Of that strange music nearer draws,
With mute inquiring eye look round,

Asking each other what can be
 The source of this sad minstrelsy?
 Nor longer can they doubt, the song
 Comes from some island-bark, which
 now
 Courses the bright waves swift along,
 And soon, perhaps, beneath the brow
 Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its
 prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd
 'Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,
 Flew to the rock, and saw from thence
 A red-sail'd pinnacle tow'rd's them glide,
 Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,
 Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away.
 Soon as the mariners saw that throng
 From the cliff gazing, young and old,
 Sudden they slack'd their sail and song,
 And, while their pinnacle idly roll'd
 On the light surge, these tidings
 told :—

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,
 From Missolonghi, last they came—
 Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet
 O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
 That e'er in life's young glory set !—
 And now were on their mournful way,
 Wafting the news through Helle's
 isles ;—
 News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's
 ray,
 And sadden Vict'ry 'mid her smiles.

Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,
 Out spread the galliot's wings again ;
 And, as she sped her swift career,
 Again that Hymn rose on the ear—
 "Thou art not dead—thou art not
 dead !"
 As oft 'twas sung, in ages flown,
 Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed
 A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

—o—

SONG.

THOU art not dead—thou art not dead !
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.
 Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
 Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,
 Still lights this world below.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes
 tread !

And flow'rs ethereal blow,
 Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
 Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
 Forgets all taste of woe.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread
 Which struck the immortal blow,
 Throughout all time, with leaves un-
 shed—

The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread—
 Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or
 bled,

Though quench'd the vital glow,
 Their mem'ry lights a flame, instead,
 Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
 Of death its beams shall throw.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
 From age to age shall go,
 Long as the oak and ivy wed,
 As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
 Or Helle's waters flow.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

'Mong those who linger'd list'ning
 there,—

List'ning, with ear and eye, as long
 As breath of night could tow'rd's them
 bear

A murmur of that mournful song,—
 A few there were, in whom the lay
 Had call'd up feelings far too sad
 To pass with the brief strain away,
 Or turn at once to theme more glad ;
 And who, in mood untuned to meet
 The light laugh of the happier train,
 Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat
 Where they might rest, in converse
 sweet,
 Till vanish'd smiles should come again.

And seldom e'er hath noon of night
 To sadness lent more soothing light.
 On one side, in the dark blue sky,
 Lonely and radiant, was the eye

Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
 'Mong tiny stars that round her
 gleam'd,
 The young moon, like the Roman mother
 Among her living "jewels," beam'd.
 Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,
 A pensive maid—one who, though
 young,
 Had known what 'twas to see unwound
 The ties by which her heart had
 clung—
 Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,
 And to its faint accords thus sung :—

—o—

SONG.

CALM as, beneath its mother's eyes,
 In sleep the smiling infant lies,
 So, watch'd by all the stars of night,
 Yon landscape sleeps in light.
 And while the night-breeze dies away,
 Like relics of some faded strain,
 Loved voices, lost for many a day,
 Seem whisp'ring round again.
 Oh youth! oh Love! ye dreams, that
 shed
 Such glory once—where are ye fled?
 Pure ray of light that, down the sky,
 Art pointing, like an angel's wand,
 As if to guide to realms that lie
 In that bright sea beyond:
 Who knows but, in some brighter deep
 Than ev'n that tranquil, moon-lit
 main,
 Some land may lie, where those who
 weep
 Shall wake to smile again!

—

With cheeks that had regain'd their
 power
 And play of smiles,—and each bright
 eye,
 Like violets after morning's shower,
 The brighter for the tears gone by,
 Back to the scene such smiles should
 grace
 These wand'ring nymphs their path re-
 trace,
 And reach the spot, with rapture new,
 Just as the veils asunder flew,
 And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,
 The blue-eyed Queen of Wisdom stood;—
 Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,
 With brow unveil'd, divine, severe;
 But soften'd, as on bards she beams,
 When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,
 A music, not her own, she brings,
 And, through the veil which Fancy flings
 O'er her stern features, gently sings.

But who is he—that urchin nigh,
 With quiver on the rose-trees hung,
 Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,
 And stands to watch that maid, with eye
 So full of thought, for one so young?—
 That child—but, silence! lend thine ear,
 And thus in song the tale thou't hear :—

—o—

SONG.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
 Who should he see, at that soft hour,
 But young Minerva, gravely playing
 Her flute within an olive bow'r.
 I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
 That, grave or merry, good or ill,
 The sex all bow to his dominion,
 As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath giv'n
 To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
 So handsome Pallas look'd, that ev'n,
 Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
 Besides, a youth of his discerning
 Knew well that, by a shady rill,
 At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,
 A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms extatic,—
 Wishing it dumb, nor cared how
 soon ;—

For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
 To Love seem always out of tune.
 But long as he found face to flatter,
 The nymph found breath to shake and
 trill ;

As, weak or wise—it doesn't matter—
 Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth ex-
 claiming,

"How rosy was her lip's soft dye!"
 And much that flute, the flatt'rer, blam-
 ing,
 For twisting lips so sweet awry.

The nymph look'd down, beheld her features

Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!

Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the Goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,

Flung it into the glassy brook ;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
'Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,
"Woman, alas, vain woman still !"

An interval of dark repose—
Such as the summer lightning knows,
'Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright

The quick revelation comes and goes,
Op'ning each time the veils of night,
To show, within, a world of light—
Such pause, so brief, now pass'd between
This last gay vision and the scene,

Which now its depth of light disclosed.
A bow'r it seem'd, an Indian bow'r,

Within whose shade a nymph reposed,
Sleeping away noon's sunny hour—
Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves
Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,
And there, as Indian legends say,
Dreams the long summer hours away.
And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems

With some hid fancy—she, too, dreams !
Oh for a wizard's art to tell

The wonders that now bless her sight !
'Tis done—a truer, holier spell
Than e'er from wizard's lip yet fell
Thus brings her vision all to light :—

—o—

SONG.

"WHO comes so gracefully
Gliding along,
While the blue rivulet
Sleeps to her song ;
Song, richly vying
With the faint sighing
Which swans, in dying,
Sweetly prolong?"

So sung the shepherd-hoy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
That Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy,
"Fairy-boat, stay,
Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
Linger, a day."
But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
Song and boat, speeding,
Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
Joy and hope shone ;
So, while we gazed on them,
Fast they flew on ;—
Like flow'rs, declining
Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
And, the next, gone !

Soon as the imagined dream went by,
Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye
Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon

She waited from that sun-bright dome,
And marvell'd that it came not soon
As her young thoughts would have it come.

But joy is in her glance !—the wing
Of a white bird is seen above ;
And oh, if round his neck he bring
The long-wish'd tidings from her love,
Not half so precious in her eyes
Ev'n that high-omen'd bird would be,
Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies
To wear a crown of Royalty.

She had, herself, last evening, sent
A wing'd messenger, whose flight
Through the clear, roseate element,
She watch'd till, less'ning out of sight.
Far to the golden West it went,
Wafting to him, her distant love,
A missive in that language wrought
Which flow'rs can speak, when aptly wove,

Each hue a word, each leaf a thought !

And now—oh speed of pinion, known
To Love's light messengers alone!—
Ere yet another ev'ning takes
Its farewell of the golden lakes,
She sees another envoy fly,
With the wish'd answer, through the sky.

—o—

SONG.

WELCOME, sweet bird, through the
sunny air winging,
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-
shining sea,

Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck
bringing

Love's written vows from my lover to me.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I
number!—

Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he
rest?"

But thou art come at last, take now thy
slumber,

And lull thee in dreams of all thou
lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop—even now while I
utter

Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies
away;

Cheer thee, my bird—were it life's ebb-
ing flutter,

This fondling bosom should woo it to
stay.

But no—thou'rt dying—thy last task is
over—

Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and
to me!

The smiles thou hast waken'd by news
from my lover,

Will now all be turn'd into weeping
for thee.

—

While so this scene of song, the last
That was to charm their fancies, pass'd,
A few presiding nymphs, whose care

Watch'd over all, invisibly,

As do those guardian sprites of air,

Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,

Had from the circle (scarcely miss'd,

Ere they were sparkling there again)

Glided, like fairies, to assist

Their handmaids on the moonlight
plain,

Where, hid by intercepting shade
From the stray glance of curious eyes,
A feast of fruits and wines was laid—
Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!

And now the moon, her ark of light
Steering through heav'n, as though
she bore

In safety through that deep of night,
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,

To some remote immortal shore,

Had half-way sped her glorious way,
When, round reclined on hillocks
green,

In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,
The Zians at their feast were seen.

Gay was the picture—ev'ry maid
Whom late the lighted scene display'd,
Still in her fancy garb array'd;—

The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here

Beside the nymph of India's sky;

While there the Mainiote mountaineer
Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,

And urchin Love stood laughing by.

Meantime the elders round the board,

By mirth and wit themselves made
young,

High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,

And, while the flask went round, thus
sung:—

—o—

SONG.

UP with the sparkling brimmer,

Up to the crystal rim;

Let not a moonbeam glimmer

'Twi'x the flood and brim.

When hath the world set eyes on

Aught to match this light,

Which, o'er our cup's horizon,

Dawns in bumpers bright?

Truth in a deep well lieth—

So the wise aver:

But Truth the fact denieth—

Water suits not her.

No, her abode's in brimmers,

Like this mighty cup—

Waiting till we, good swimmers,

Dive to bring her up.

Thus circled round the song of glee,
 And all was tuneful mirth the while,
 Save on the cheeks of some, whose
 smile,
 As fix'd they gaze upon the sea,
 Turns into paleness suddenly!
 What see they there? a bright blue light
 That, like a meteor, gliding o'er
 The distant wave, grows on the sight
 As though 'twere wing'd to Zia's
 shore.

To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,
 It seem'd the night-light, far away,
 Of some lone fisher, by the blaze
 Of pine torch, luring on his prey;
 While others, as, 'twixt awe and mirth,
 They breathed the bless'd Panaya's
 name,
 Vow'd that such light was not of earth,
 But of that drear, ill-omen'd flame,
 Which mariners see on sail or mast,
 When Death is coming in the blast.

While marv'ling thus they stood, a
 maid,
 Who sat apart, with downcast eye,
 Nor yet had, like the rest, survey'd
 That coming light which now was
 nigh,
 Soon as it met her sight, with cry
 Of pain-like joy, "'Tis he! 'tis he!"
 Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurrying by
 The assembled throng, rush'd tow'rd
 the sea.
 At burst so wild, alarm'd, amazed
 All stood, like statues, mute, and gazed
 Into each other's eyes, to seek
 What meant such mood, in maid so
 meek?

Till now, the tale was known to few,
 But now from lip to lip it flew:—
 A youth, the flower of all the band,
 Who late had left this sunny shore,
 When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,
 Ling'ring, to kiss it o'er and o'er,
 By his sad brow too plainly told
 Th' ill-omen'd thought which cross'd
 him then,
 That once those hands should loose their
 hold,
 They ne'er would meet on earth
 again!

In vain his mistress, sad as he,
 But with a heart from Self as free,
 As gen'rous woman's only is,
 Veil'd her own fears to banish his:—
 With frank rebuke, but still more vain,
 Did a rough warrior, who stood by,
 Call to his mind this martial strain,
 His favourite once, ere Beauty's eye
 Had taught his soldier-heart to
 sigh:—

March! nor heed those arms that hold
 thee,
 Though so fondly close they come;
 Closer still will they enfold thee,
 When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
 Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
 Dost thou live but in her breath?
 March!—one hour of victory now
 Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
 Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
 And, when wreaths our temples cover,
 Lay them shining at her feet!
 Who would not, that hour to reach,
 Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
 Proud as waves that on the beach
 Lay their war-crest down, and die?

There! I see thy soul is burning—
 She herself, who clasps thee so,
 Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
 And, while clasping, bids thee go.
 One deep sigh, to passion given,
 One last glowing tear and then—
 March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
 Brings thee to those arms again.

Even then, e'er loath their hands could
 part,
 A promise the youth gave, which bore
 Some balm unto the maiden's heart,
 That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er,
 To home he'd speed, if safe and free—
 Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come,
 So the blest word of "Victory!"
 Might be the last he'd breathe at home.
 "By day," he cried, "thou'lt know my
 bark;
 But, should I come through midnight
 dark,
 A blue light on the prow shall tell
 That Greece hath won, and all is well!"

Fondly the maiden, every night,
Had stolen to seek that promised light ;
Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd
From watching, when the signal burn'd !

Happy signal—for her, for all—

Fleetly the boat now nears the land,
While voices, from the shore-edge, call
For tidings of the long-wish'd band.

Oh the blest hour, when those who've been
Through peril's paths by land or sea,
Lock'd in our arms again are seen,
Smiling in glad security ;

When heart to heart we fondly strain,
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er—
Then hold them off, to gaze again,
And ask, though answer'd oft before,
If they, *indeed*, are ours once more ?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,
As fathers, sisters, friends all run
Bounding to meet him—all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now behold him, circled round
With beaming faces, at that board,
While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,
Are to the coming warriors pour'd,—
Coming, as he, their herald, told,
With blades from vict'ry scarce yet cold,
With hearts untouch'd by Moslem steel,
And wounds that home's sweet breath
will heal.

"Ere morn," said he,—and, while he,
spoke, [pale,
Turn'd to the east, where, clear, and
The star of dawn already broke—

"We'll greet, on yonder wave, their
sail !"

Then, wherefore part ? all, all agree
To wait them here, beneath this bower ;
And thus, while ev'n amidst their glee,
Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea,
With song they cheer the anxious hour.

—o—

SONG.

"'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !" said the
cup-loving boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love,
and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.

The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it
flamed

Till the sunbeam that kiss'd it look'd
pale :

"'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !" ev'ry
Spirit exclaim'd,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all
hail !"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons
Wit flew,

While a light on the vine-leaves there
broke,

In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all
knew

'Twas the light from his lips, as he
spoke.

"Bright tree ! let thy nectar but cheer
me," he cried,

"And the fount of Wit never can
fail :"

"'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !" hills
and valleys reply,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all
hail !"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to
admire

Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath
of desire,

As made the tree tremble all o'er.

Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or
sky,

Such a soul-giving odour inhale :

"'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !" all re-
echo the cry,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all
hail !"

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and
Wit die,

Came to crown the bright hour with
his ray ;

And scarce had that mirth-waking tree
met his eye,

When a laugh spoke what Joy could
not say ;—

A laugh of the heart, which was echoed
around

Till, like music, it swell'd on the
gale ;

"'Tis the Vine ! 'tis the Vine !" laugh-
ing myriads resound,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all
hail !"

Verses from the Epicurean.

[UNDER the title of "Alciphron," Moore began, at Paris, to write a poem which he never completed. Even as a fragment it was left unpublished until 1839, and a mere fragment it has ever since remained. The extraordinary intricacy of the plot rendered the theme so difficult of treatment, even by Moore, in a metrical narrative, that he found himself impelled at last to shake off the shackles of verse, and with the solid ground, as it were, under his feet as a novelist, to recount in prose the fiction which, by that time, filled and fairly captivated his imagination. The romance, thus transformed, was published by the Messrs. Longman, in 1827, as an octavo of 340 pages, and was inscribed by its Author to Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell, Moore speaking of himself as "One who admires his character and talents, and is proud of his friendship." The tale, as thus told, was gravely set forth as the translation from a curious Greek manuscript which had been purchased by a chance traveller while passing through the Valley of the Lakes of Natron, and tarrying for a while at the Monastery of St. Macarius. The merest shredded blossoms of verse, floating lightly on the current of the narrative, have been here *en passant* caught up and preserved.]

THE CORINTHIAN MAID AND THE STUDENT.

"As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening
shade,
Upon the marble steps below
There sate a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'ershadow all the page."

—o—

THE CANKER OF THE ROSE OF LIFE.

OH, were it not for this sad voice,
Stealing amid our mirth to say,
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's
prey;—
But for this bitter—only this—
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its depth the whole,
I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
If bliss made gods, a deity!

THE LADY OF THE PYRAMID.

"FAIR Rhodope, as story tells,
The bright unearthly nymph, who dwells
'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid!"

—o—

THE LUMINOUS INSCRIPTION.

YOU, who would try
Yon terrible track,
To live, or to die,
But ne'er to look back—

You, who aspire
To be purified there,
By the terrors of Fire,
Of Water, and Air—

If danger, and pain,
And death, you despise,
On—for again
Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light
With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
By the Veils of the Shrine!

THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

WHILE, far as sight could reach, beneath
 as clear
 And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this
 sphere,
 Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and por-
 phyry domes,
 And high-built temples, fit to be the
 homes
 Of mighty gods—and pyramids, whose
 hour
 Outlasts all time, above the waters tower !

 Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy,
 that make
 One theatre of this vast peopled lake,
 Where all that Love, Religion, Com-
 merce gives
 Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
 Here, up the steps of temples, from the
 wave
 Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
 Priests, in white garments, go, with
 sacred wands
 And silver cymbals gleaming in their
 hands :
 While, there, rich barks—fresh from
 those sunny tracts
 Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
 Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
 Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
 Gems from the Isle of Meröe, and those
 grains
 Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian
 rains.

 Here, where the waters wind into a bay,
 Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on
 their way
 To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
 Of lotus-flowers, that close above their
 heads,
 Push their light barks, and hid, as in a
 bower,
 Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour ;
 While, haply, not far off, beneath a bank
 Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
 Is play'd in the cool current by a train
 Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she whose
 chain
 Around two conquerors of the world was
 cast,
 But, for a third too feeble, broke at last !

SONG OF THE TWO CUP-
 BEARERS.

FIRST CUPBEARER.

“DRINK of this cup—Osiris sips
 The same in his halls below ;
 And the same he gives, to cool the lips
 Of the Dead who downward go.

 “Drink of this cup—the water within
 Is fresh from Lethe's stream ;
 'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
 And all its pains and sorrows, seem
 Like a long-forgotten dream !

 “The pleasure, whose charms
 Are steep'd in woe ;
 The knowledge, that harms
 The soul to know ;

 “The hope, that, bright
 As the lake of the waste,
 Allures the sight,
 But mocks the taste ;

 “The love, that binds
 Its innocent wreath,
 Where the serpent winds,
 In venom, beneath ;—

 “All that, of evil or false, by thee
 Hath ever been known or seen,
 Shall melt away in this cup, and be
 Forgotten, as it never had been !”

SECOND CUPBEARER.

“Drink of this cup—when Isis led
 Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,
 She mingled a draught divine, and said—
 ‘Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die !’

 “Thus do I say and sing to thee,
 Heir of that boundless heaven on high,
 Though frail, and fall'n, and lost thou be,
 Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die !

 “And Memory, too, with her dreams
 shall come,
 Dreams of a former, happier day,
 When heaven was still the Spirit's home,
 And her wings had not yet fallen away !

 “Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
 That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
 What once hath been, what now is not,
 But, oh ! what again shall brightly be.”

SONG OF THE NUBIAN GIRL.

“ Oh ! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee ;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.

“ Oh ! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, ‘ Come, rest thee here.’
Oh ! Abyssinian tree
Thus bow thy head to me !”



Cash, Corn, and Catholics.

[A COLLECTION of fifty-two jeux d'esprit, dignified by the title of "Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other Matters," was issued from the press, in 1828, in the form of a duodecimo of 189 pages, by the Messrs. Longman. Though no author's name appeared upon its title-page, everybody in Clubland and its precincts, knew perfectly well whose were those sprightly and often caustic productions. They had originally come before the public, at uncertain intervals, in the columns of the *Times* newspaper. Gathered together at last in book form, they were labelled with the utterly meaningless motto from Figaro, "None but little minds dread little books." Beginning with the "Amatory Colloquy between Bank and Government," they ended with a seeming promise of more, if the title of the last whimsicality, "Write On, Write On," might be regarded as having any significance in the way of an augury. A footnote to the "Ode addressed to the Sublime Porte," indicated clearly enough, in the first imprint of the volume, how its author was smarting, at the moment, under the gibe of a then formidable critic, punningly dubbed by him *en revanche* Fun-blank, "a painstaking gentleman," quoth he, "who had been at the trouble of counting, with the assistance of Cocker, the number of metaphors in Moore's 'Life of Sheridan,' and who had found them to amount, as nearly as possible, to 2,235—and some fractions!" The ripest grain of all, it may be said, in this well-brimmed bushel, is the one which may be found in the very centre of it, and from which it derives the chief part of its title, "Corn and Catholics." Nothing, indeed, could be more felicitous, in the way of innocently derisive banter, in regard to the double craze then, and long afterwards, haunting the brain of John Bull even in his dreams, as Moore (for once indulging in Virgilian puns that would fairly have convulsed Martinus Scriblerus with laughter), thus preposterously expressed it—

Now, Dantzic wheat before you floats—now, Jesuits from California—

Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*, comes dancing through the "Porta *Cornea*."]

AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

1826.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten? those amorous
pranks

You and I, in our youth, my dear
Government, play'd;

When you call'd me the fondest, the
truest of Banks,

And enjoy'd the endearing *advances* I
made!

When left to ourselves, unmolested and
free,

To do all that a dashing young couple
should do,

A law against *paying* was laid upon me,
But none against *owing*, dear helpmate,
on you.

And is it then vanish'd?—that "hour (as
Othello

[*tion?*"]

So happily calls it) of Love and *Dirrec-*
And must we, like other fond doves, my

dear fellow,

Grow good in our old age, and cut the
connexion?

GOVERNMENT.

Even so, my beloved Mrs. Bank, it must
be;

This paying in cash plays the devil with
wooing;

We've both had our swing, but I plainly
foresee

There must soon be a stop to our *bill-*
ing and cooing.

Propagation in reason—a small child or
two—

[friend to;

Even Reverend Malthus himself is a

The issue of some folks is moderate and few—

But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank,
there's no end to!

So—hard though it be on a pair, who've
already

Disposed of so many pounds, shillings,
and pence;

And, in spite of that pink of prosperity,
Freddy,

So lavish of cash and so sparing of
sense—

The day is at hand, my Papyria Venus,

When—high as we once used to carry
our capers—

Those soft *billet-doux* we're now passing
between us,

Will serve but to keep Mrs. Coutts in
curl-papers:

And when—if we *still* must continue our
love,

(After all that has pass'd)—our amour,
it is clear,

Like that which Miss Danæe managed
with Jove,

Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my
dear!

February, 1826.

—o—

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVE- REIGN AND A ONE-POUND NOTE.

"O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
Agnæ lupos, capreæque leones." HOR.

SAID a Sov'reign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,

"How happens it, I prithee,
That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?"

"Like your sex, fond of *change*,
With Silver you can range,
And of lots of young Sixpences be mother;
While with *me*—upon my word,
Not my Lady and my Lord
Of W—stm—th see so little of each
other!"

The indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side),
"Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that roam,
Sir;

One cannot look askance,
But, whip! you're off to France,
Leaving nothing but old rags at home,
Sir.

"Your scampering began
From the moment Parson Van,
Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter;
'For better or for worse'

Is the usual marriage curse,
But ours is all 'worse' and no 'better.'

"In vain are laws pass'd,
There's nothing holds you fast,
Though you know, sweet Sovereign, I
adore you—

At the smallest hint in life,
You forsake your lawful wife,
As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

"I flirt with Silver, true—
But what can ladies do,
When disown'd by their natural pro-
tectors?

And as to falsehood, stuff!
I shall soon be *false* enough,
When I get among those wicked Bank
Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honour,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why—I sold him to a Jew,
And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.

—o—

AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?"
VIRGIL.
1826.

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to
torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheapen-
ing their corn,
When you know, if one hasn't a very
high rental,
'Tis hardly worth while being very
high born?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of
your life,

On a question, my Lord, there's so
much to abhor in?

A question—like asking one, “How is
your wife?”—

At once so confounded *domestic* and
foreign.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly
they feast;

But Peers, and such animals, fed up
for show,

(Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately
deceased),

Take a wonderful quantum of cram-
ming, you know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how
bored and distrest

Were their high noble hearts by your
merciless tale,

When the force of the agony wrung even
a jest

From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord
L—d—d—le!

Bright peer! to whom Nature and Ber-
wickshire gave

A humour, endow'd with effects so
provoking,

That, when the whole House looks un-
usually grave,

You may always conclude that Lord
L—d—d—le's joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of
Perth—

Not to know the vast difference Pro-
vidence dooms

Between weavers of Perth and Peers
of high birth,

'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and
those who've but looms!

“To talk *now* of starving!”—as great
Ath—l said—

(And the nobles all cheer'd, and the
bishops all wonder'd),

“When, some years ago, he and others
had fed

Of these same hungry devils about
fifteen hundred!”

It follows from hence—and the Duke's
very words

Should be publish'd wherever poor
rogues of this craft are—

That weavers, *once* rescued from starving
by Lords,

Are bound to be starved by said Lords
ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her know-
ing patricians

Made “Bread and the Circus” a cure
for each *row*;

But not so the plan of *our* noble
physicians,

“No Bread and the Tread-mill's” the
regimen now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham,
your prose,

As I shall my poetry—*neither* con-
vinces;

And all we have spoken and written but
shows,

When you tread on a nobleman's *corn*,
how he winces.

—o—

THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

“Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking
Fund—these eight millions of surplus above
expenditure, which were to reduce the interest
of the national debt by the amount of four
hundred thousand pounds annually? Where,
indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself?”—*The
Times*.

TAKE your bell, take your bell,
Good Crier, and tell

To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears
are stunn'd,

That, lost or stolen,
Or fall'n through a hole in

The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes! O yes!

Can anybody guess

What the deuce has become of this
Treasury wonder?

It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,

And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a
goose-quill, under.

Folks well knew what
 Would soon be its lot,
 When Frederick and Jenky sat hob-
 nobbing,
 And said to each other,
 "Suppose, dear brother,
 We make this funny old Fund worth
 robbing."

We are come, alas !
 To a very pretty pass—
 Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,
 With but Five in the till,
 'To discharge the bill,
 And even that Five, too, whipp'd away !

Stop thief ! stop thief !
 From the Sub to the Chief,
 These *Gemmen* of Finance are plunder-
 ing cattle—

Call the watch—call Brougham,
 Tell Joseph Hume,
 That best of Charleys, to spring his rattle.

Whoever will bring
 This aforesaid thing
 To the well-known house of Robinson
 and Jenkin,
 Shall be paid, with thanks,
 In the notes of banks,
 Whose Funds have all learn'd "the Art
 of Sinking."

O yes ! O yes !
 Can anybody guess
 What the devil has become of this Treas-
 ury wonder ?
 It has Pitt's name on't,
 All brass, in the front,
 And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a
 goose-quill, under.

—o—

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR TH—M—S L—THBR—E.

"Legiferæ Cereri Phœboque."—VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the
 ancients, we know,
 (Among other odd whims of those
 comical bodies),
 Adorn'd with somniferous poppics, to
 show
 Thou' wert always a true Country-
 gentleman's Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, be-
 fore thee,
 An eloquent Squire, who most humbly
 beseeches,
 Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing
 doesn't bore thee),
 Thou'lt read o'er the last of his—*never-*
 last speeches.

Ah ! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander
 and scorn
 Now heap'd upon England's 'Squire-
 archy, so boasted ;
 Improving on Hunt, 'tis no longer the
 Corn,
 'Tis the *growers* of Corn, that are now,
 alas ! roasted.

In speeches, in books, in all shapes, they
 attack us—
 Reviewers, economists—fellows, no
 doubt,
 That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus,
 and Bacchus,
 And Gods of high fashion know little
 about.

There's B—nth—m, whose English is all
 his own making,—
 Who thinks just as little of settling a
 nation,
 As he would of smoking his pipe, or
 of taking
 (What he, himself, calls) his "post-
 prandial vibration."

There are two Mr. M—lls, too, whom
 those that love reading
 Through all that's unreadable, call
 very clever ;—
 And, whereas M—ll Senior makes war
 on *good* breeding,
 M—ll Junior makes war on all *breed-*
 ing whatever !

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's
 divided
 Between *ultra* blockheads and super-
 fine sages ;—
 With *which* of these classes we, land-
 lords, have sided
 Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt
 read a few pages.

For therein I've proved, to my own satisfaction,

And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,

That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction

To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, such the "chaste notions" of food

That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,

They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,

That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,

When the Land and the Silk shall, in fond combination,

(Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play),

Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and Starvation!

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,

Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he

Keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths, too,—

We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn

To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,

Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,

That last, honest Uni-Corn would be Sir Th—m—s!

—o—

A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

"Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo."

AND now—cross-buns and pancakes o'er—

Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!

The short eclipse of April-Day
Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin,—

With Paddy H—lmes for whipper-in,—
Whate'er the job, prepared to back it;

Come, voters of Supplies—bestowers
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,

At eighty mortal pounds the jacket!

Come—free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares—

Ye Senators of many Shares,
Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary;

So fond of aught like *Company*,

That you would even have taken *tea*

(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry.

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;

Come, wise Sir Thomas—wisest then,

When creeds and corn-laws are debated;

Come, rival even the Harlot Red,

And show how wholly into *bread*

A 'Squire is *transubstantiated*.

Come, L—derd—e, and tell the world,

That—surely as thy scratch is curl'd,

As never scratch was curl'd before—

Cheap eating does more harm than good,

And working-people, spoil'd by food,

The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—lb—rn, with thy glib defence
(Which thou'dst have made for Peter's Pence)

Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter;

Two pipes of port (*old* port, 'twas said

By honest *Newport*) bought and paid

By Papists for the Orange Altar!

Come, H—rt—n, with thy plan, so merry,
For peopling Canada from Kerry—

Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,

As grafting on the dull Canadians

That liveliest of earth's contagions,

The *bull*-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wondrous men

Of wit and wisdom, come again;

Though short your absence, all deplore it—

Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,

That you can, *after* April-Day,

Be just as—sapiant as *before* it.

MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1826.

THE Budget—quite charming and witty
—no hearing,

For plaudits and laughs, the good things
that were in it ;—

Great comfort to find, though the Speech
isn't *cheering*,

That all its gay auditors *were*, every
minute.

What, *still* more prosperity !—mercy
upon us,

“ This boy'll be the death of me ”—oft
as, already,

Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly
undone us,

For *Ruin made easy* there's no one like
Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express'd by
the Peers,

Lest—calling to life the old Peachums
and Lockitts—

The large stock of gold we're to have in
three years,

Should all find its way into highway-
men's pockets !

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY.

Little doing—for sacred, oh Wednesday,
thou art

To the seven-o'clock joys of full many
a table—

When *the Members* all meet, to make
much of that part,

With which they so rashly fell out, in
the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that—as
churchwardens, yearly,

Eat up a small baby—those cormorant
sinners,

The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very
nearly

A moderate - sized bankrupt, *tout*
chaud, for their dinners !

Nota bene—a rumour to day, in the
City,

“ Mr. R—b—ns—n just has resign'd ”—
what a pity !

The Bulls and the Bears all fell a-sobbing,
When they heard of the fate of poor
Cock *Robin* ;

While thus, to the nursery tune, so
pretty,

A murmuring *Stock-dove* breathed her
ditty :—

Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long
And as sweet as a prosperous Cock
could crow ;

But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold-*
finch's song

Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.
Who'll make his shroud ?

“ I,” said the Bank, “ though he play'd
me a prank,

While I have a rag, poor *Rob* shall be
roll'd in't,

With many a pound I'll paper him round,
Like a plump rouleau—*without* the
gold in't.”

* * * * *

—o—

ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA.)

“ The Public Debt is due from ourselves to
ourselves, and resolves itself into a Family
Account.”—*Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

Tune—“ My banks are all furnish'd with bees.”

MY banks are all furnish'd with rags,
So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em ;

I've torn up my old money-bags,
Having little or nought to put in 'em.

My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say ;

For bankrupts, since Adam, are
cousins,—

So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,
As sages the matter explain ;—

Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy
Just owes it to Bob back again.

Since all have thus taken to *owing*,

There's nobody left that can *pay* ;

And this is the way to keep going,—

All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,
To put in Prosperity's budget ;
And though it were billions or trillions,
The generous rogues wouldn't grudge it.
'Tis all but a family *hop*,
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay ;
Hands round !—why the deuce should we
stop ?
'Tis all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,
As any great man of the State does ;
And now the poor devils are put on
Small rations of tea and potatoes.
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,
The King is your father, they say ;
So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,
'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,
My poor ones have nothing to chew ;
And, even if themselves do not grumble,
Their stomachs undoubtedly do.
But coolly to fast *en famille*,
Is as good for the soul as to pray ;
And famine itself is genteel,
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,
A secret for next Budget day ;
Though, perhaps, he may know it
already,
As *he*, too, 's a sage in his way.
When next for the Treasury scene he
Announces "the Devil to pay,"
Let him write on the bills, "*Nota bene*,
'Tis all in the family way."

—o—

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that *whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest, should give way to the other.*"—*Extract from Mr. W. F. B-kes's Letter to Mr. G-lb-n.*

B—KES is weak, and G—lb—n too,
No one e'er the fact denied ;—
Which is "*weakest*" of the two,
Cambridge can alone decide.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is,
B—kes, as much afraid as he ;
Never yet did two old ladies
On this point so well agree.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
Each the same conclusion reaches ;
B—kes is foolish in Reviews,
G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
When his own affairs have gone ill ;
B—kes he dammeth Buckingham,
G—lb—n dammeth Dan O'Connell.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
Fix'd th' election to a throne,
So, which ever first shall *bray*,
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
Choose him, choose him by his bray,
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

June, 1826.

—o—

MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR.—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject.—Yours, &c.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn up !—just as
Eld—n's withdrawing,
To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the
year
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only
wants thawing,
To serve for *our* times quite as well as
the Peer :—

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom
alone [our shelves,
Of our Ancestors, such as 'tis found on
But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and
full-grown,
To shovel up one of those wise bucks
themselves !

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him
safe home—

Let him learn nothing useful or new on
the way ;

With his wisdom kept snug from the
light let him come,

And our Tories will hail him with
“Hear!” and “Hurra!”

What a God-send to *them!*—a good,
obsolete man,

Who has never of Locke or Voltaire
been a reader ;—

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you
can,

And the L—nsd—les and H—rtf—rds
shall choose him for leader.

Yes, sleeper of ages, thou *shalt* be their
chosen ;

And deeply with thee will they sorrow,
good men,

To think that all Europe has, since thou
wert frozen,

So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it
again.

And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad in-
novation

Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy
that he

Has been also laid up in a long conge-
lation,

And is only now thawing, dear Roger,
like thee.

—o—

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIA-
BOLO, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS
SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. James's Street, July 1, 1826.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good
luck to catch

An official young Demon, preparing to
go,

Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-
leg despatch

From the Hell here, at Cr—ckf—rd's
to *our* Hell, below—

I write these few lines to your Highness
Satanic,

To say that, first having obey'd your
directions,

And done all the mischief I could in
“the Panic,”

My next special care was to help the
Elections.

Well knowing how dear were those times
to thy soul,

When every good Christian tormented
his brother,

And caused, in thy realm, such a saving
of coal,

From all coming down, ready grill'd by
each other :

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd
thee to part

With the Old Penal Code—that *chef-
d'œuvre* of Law,

In which (though to own it too modest
thou art)

We could plainly perceive the fine
touch of thy claw ;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good
times revive,

(Though Eld—n, with help from your
Highness, would try,)

'Twould still keep a taste for Hell's music
alive,

Could we get up a thund'ring No-
Popery cry ;—

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics
and clerics,

So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,

That I often nigh laugh myself into
hysterics,

To think that Religion should make it
her own.

So, having sent down for th' original
notes

Of the chorus, as sung by your
Majesty's choir,

With a few pints of lava, to gargle the
throats

Of myself and some others, who sing
it “with fire,”

Thought I, “if the Marseillois Hymn
could command

Such audience, though yell'd by a
Sans-culotte crew,

What wonders shall *we* do, who've men
in our band,

That not only wear breeches, but petti-
coats too."

Such *then* were my hopes; but, with
sorrow; your Highness,

I'm forced to confess—be the cause
what it will,

Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness,
or shyness,— [ill.

Our Beelzebub chorus has gone off but

The truth is, no placeman now knows his
right key, [various;

The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so
And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee

At the *York* music-meeting, now think
it precarious.

Even some of our Reverends *might* have
been warmer,—

Though one or two capital roarers
we've had;

Doctor Wise is, for instance, a charming
performer, [not bad!

And *Huntingdon* Maberlev's yell was

Altogether, however, the thing was not
hearty;—

Even Eld—n allows we got on but
so so; [party,

And when next we attempt a No-Popery
We *must*, please your Highness, recruit

from below.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is crack-
ing his whip—

Excuse me, Great Sir—there's no time
to be civil;—

The next opportunity shan't be let slip,
But, till then,

I'm, in haste, your most dutiful

July, 1826. DEVIL.

—o—

THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE
REVEREND MR. IRV—NG "ON PROPHECY."

1826.

A MILLENNIUM at hand—I'm delighted
to hear it— [now go,

As matters, both public and private,
With multitudes round us all starving, or

near it, [propos.

A good rich Millennium will come à

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to
behold,

Instead of thy bankrupt old City of
Rags,

A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,
Sound bullion throughout, from the
roof to the flags—

A City, where wine and cheap corn shall
abound—

A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery
shelves

We may swear the best things of this
world will be found,

As your Saints seldom fail to take care
of themselves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures
Elysian,

Divine Squintifobus, who, placed with-
in reach

Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of
your vision,

Can cast, at the same time, a sly look
at each;—

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou afford-
est, that we

May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee
share,

Which so long has been promised by pro-
phets like thee,

And so often postponed, we began to
despair.

There was Whiston, who learnedly took
Prince Eugène

For the man who must bring the Mil-
lennium about;

There's Faber, whose pious predictions
have been

All belied, ere his book's first edition
was out;—

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an
Irish M.P.,

Who discoursed on the subject with
signal *éclat*,

And, each day of his life, sat expecting
to see

A Millennium break out in the town of
Armagh!

There was also—but why should I burden
my lay

With your Brotherses, Southcotes, and
names less deserving,

When all past Millenniums henceforth
must give way

To the last new Millennium of Orator
Irv—ng.

Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to
the shelf,—

And when next thou with Prophecy
troublest thy sconce,

Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that
thyself

Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees
nine ways at once.

—o—

THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus lætamur tribus.

1826.

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,
There are three that all Doctors out-
top,

Doctor Eady, that famous M.D.,
Doctor S—th—y, and dear Doctor
Slop.

The purger—the proser—the bard—
All quacks in a different style;

Doctor S—th—y writes books by the
yard,

Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile !

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone
By his scribbling or physicking bro-
ther,

Can dose us with stuff like the one,
Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like the
other.

Doctor Eady good company keeps
With “No Popery” scribes on the
walls;

Doctor S—th—y as gloriously sleeps
With “No Popery” scribes, on the
stalls.

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,
Such Bedlamite slaver lets drop,
That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,
He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,
Doctor S—th—y attacks, like a Turk ;
Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,
Attacks but his maid-of-all-work.

Doctor S—th—y, for *his* grand attack,
Both a laureate and pensioner is ;
While poor Doctor Eady, alack,
Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his !

And truly, the law does so blunder,
That, though little blood has been spilt,
he

May probably suffer as, under
The *Chalking Act*, known to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I
stop)

Of the three greatest lights of our time,
Doctor Eady, and S—th—y, and Slop !

Should you ask me, to *which* of the three
Great Doctors the preference should
fall,

As a matter of course, I agree
Doctor Eady must go to *the wall*.

But as S—th—y with laurels is crown'd,
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,
Let Eady's bright temples be bound
With a swingeing “*Corona Muralis* !”

—o—

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,
For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,
Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,
And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,
He took, of course, to peers' relations ;
And, rather than not sport a Lord,
Put up with even the last creations.

Even Irish names, could he but tag 'em
With “Lord” and “Duke,” were
sweet to call ;
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.

—o—

ODE TO A HAT.

“*altum* JUVENAL.
Ædificat caput.” 1826.

HAIL, reverend Hat!—sublime 'mid all
The minor felts that round thee
grovel;—
Thou, that the Gods “a Delta” call,
While meaner mortals call thee
“shovel.”

When on thy shape (like pyramid,
Cut horizontally in two)
I raptured gaze, what dreams, unbid,
Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

That brim of brims, so sleekly good—
Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans',
down,
But looking (as all churchmen should)
Devoutly upward—towards the
*crow*n.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,
So redolent of Church all over,
What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim,—
Some pig-tail'd, some like cherubim,
With ducklings' wings—around it
hover!

Tenths of all dead and living things,
That Nature into being brings,
From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,
The very cock most orthodox,
To *which*, of all the well-fed throng
Of Zion, joy'st thou to belong?
Thou'rt *not* Sir Harcourt Lee's—no—

For hats grow like the heads that wear
'em;

And hats, on heads like his, would grow
Particularly *harum-scarum*.

Who knows but thou may'st deck the
pate

Of that famed Doctor Ad—mth—te,
(The reverend rat, whom we saw stand
On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,)

Who changed so quick from *blue* to *yel-*
low,

And would from *yellow* back to *blue*,
And back again, convenient fellow,
If 'twere his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,
Thou art the hat of Doctor Ow—n;
The hat that, to his vestry wrangles,
That venerable priest doth go in,—
And, then and there, amid the stare
Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair,
And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,
Th' example of his reverend brothers,
To prove that priests all fleece their
flocks,
And *he* must fleece as well as others.

Blest Hat! (whoe'er thy lord may be)
Thus low I take off mine to thee,
The homage of a layman's *castor*,
To the spruce *delta* of his pastor.
Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceedest,
Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the
brighter,
Till, bowing all the way, thou ledest
Thy sleek possessor to a mitre!

—o—

NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1826.

DEAR COZ, as I know neither you nor
Miss Draper,

When Parliament's up, ever take in a
paper,

But trust for your news to such stray
odds and ends

As you chance to pick up from political
friends—

Being one of this well-inform'd class, I
sit down

To transmit you the last newest news
that's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things
couldn't look better—

His Lordship (who promises now to
fight faster)

Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd
off a letter

To Daniel O'Connell, to make him
Grand Master;

Engaging to change the old name, if he
 can,
 From the Knights of St. John to the
 Knights of St. Dan;—
 Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better
 whim)
 Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to
 him.

From Russia the last accounts are that
 the Czar—
 Most generous and kind, as all sovereigns
 are,
 And whose first princely act (as you know,
 I suppose)
 Was to give away all his late brother's
 old clothes—
 Is now busy collecting, with brotherly
 care,
 The late Emperor's nightcaps, and
 thinks of bestowing
 One nightcap apiece (if he has them to
 spare)
 On all the distinguish'd old ladies now
 going.
 (While I write, an arrival from Riga—
 the "Brothers"—
 Having nightcaps on board for Lord
 Eld—n and others.)

Last advices from India—Sir Archy, 'tis
 thought,
 Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever
 caught,
 In N. Lat. 21.)—and his Highness
 Burmese,
 Being very hard press'd to shell out the
 rupees,
 And not having rhino sufficient, they say,
 meant,
 To pawn his august Golden Foot for the
 payment.
 (How lucky for monarchs, that thus,
 when they choose,
 Can establish a *running* account with the
 Jews!)
 The security being what Rothschild calls
 "goot,"
 A loan will be shortly, of course, set *on*
foot;
 The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring
 and Co.
 With three other great pawnbrokers:
 each takes a toe,

And engages (lest Gold-foot should give
 us *leg-bail*,
 As he did once before) to pay down *on*
the nail.

This is all for the present—what vile pens
 and paper!
 Yours truly, dear Cousin—best love to
 Miss Draper.

September, 1826.

—o—

A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTABEL."

"UP!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could
 pray
 One hasty orison, whirl'd me away
 To a Limbo, lying—I wist not where—
 Above or below, in earth or air;
 For it glimmer'd o'er with a *doubtful*
 light,
 One couldn't say whether 'twas day or
 night;
 And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,
 One didn't know how to get on or back;
 And I felt like a needle that's going
 astray
 (With its *one* eye out) through a bundle
 of hay;
 When the Spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd
 me,
 "Thou'rt now in the Court of
 Chancery!"
 Around me flitted unnumber'd swarms
 Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms;
 (Like bottled-up babes, that grace the
 room
 Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard
 Home)—
 All of them, things half kill'd in rearing;
 Some were lame—some wanted *hearing*;
 Some had through half a century run,
 Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon.
 Others, more merry, as just beginning,
 Around on a *point of law* were spinning;
 Or balanced aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and
Answer,
 Lead at each end, like a tight-rope
 dancer.
 Some were so *cross*, that nothing could
 please 'em;—
 Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease
 'em;—

All were in motion, yet never a one,
Let it *move* as it might, could ever move
on.

"These," said the Spirit, "you plainly
see,
Are what they call suits in Chancery!"

I heard a loud screaming of old and
young,

Like a chorus by fifty Vellutis sung;
Or an Irish Dump ("the words by
Moore")

At an amateur concert scream'd in
score;

So harsh on my ear that wailing fell
Of the wretches who in this Limbo
dwell!

It seem'd like the dismal symphony
Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see;
Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous
cook

Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
"Give us our legs!—give us our legs!"
Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful
scene,

I ask'd what all this yell might mean,
When the Spirit replied, with a grin of
glee,

"'Tis the cry of the Suitors in
Chancery!"

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,
With a wig like a cloud before men's
eyes.

In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,
And they moved and moved, as he waved
it o'er,

But they never got on one inch the more.
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like Ariels round old Prospero—
Saying, "Dear Master, let us go,"

But still old Prospero answer'd "No."
And I heard, the while, that wizard elf
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,
While o'er as many old papers he
turn'd,

As Hume e'er moved for, or Omar burn'd.
He talk'd of his virtue—"though some,
less nice,

(He own'd with a sigh) prefer'd his
Vice—

And he said, "I think"—"I doubt"—
"I hope,"

Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the
Pope;

With many more sleights of tongue and
hand

I couldn't, for the soul of me, understand.
Amazed and posed, I was just about
To ask his name, when the screams with-
out,

The merciless clack of the imps within,
And that conjurer's mutterings, made
such a din,

That, startled, I woke—leap'd up in my
bed—

Found the Spirit, the imps, and the con-
jurer fled,

And bless'd my stars, right pleased to
see

That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.

—o—

THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

1826.

To the people of England, the humble
Petition

Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen,
showing—

That sad, very sad, is our present con-
dition;—

Our jobbing all gone, and our noble
selves going;—

That, forming one-seventh, within a few
fractions,

Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads
and hearts,

We hold it the basest of all base transac-
tions

To keep us from murd'ring the other
six parts;—

That, as to laws made for the good of the
many,

We humbly suggest there is nothing
less true;

As all human laws (and our own, more
than any),

Are made *by* and *for* a particular
few;—

That much it delights every true Orange
brother,
To see you, in England, such ardour
evinced,
In discussing *which* sect most tormented
the other,
And burn'd with most *gusto*, some
hundred years since ;—

That we love to behold, while old
England grows faint,
Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh
coming to blows,
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-
bodied Saint,
Ever truly and really pull'd the Devil's
nose ;

Whether t'other Saint, Dominic, burnt
the Devil's paw—
Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's
old mother—
And many such points, from which
Southey can draw
Conclusions most apt for our hating
each other.

That 'tis very well known this devout
Irish nation
Has now, for some ages, gone happily
on,
Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,
One party in *Trans* and the other in
Con ;

That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in
right
Of the said monosyllable, ravaged the
lands,
And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd,
day and night,
Both the bodies and souls of the
sticklers for *Trans* ;—

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other
such sages,
For keeping us still in the same state
of mind ;
Pretty much as the world used to be in
those ages,
When still smaller syllables madden'd
mankind ;—

When the words *ex* and *per* served as
well to annoy
One's neighbours and friends with, as
con and *trans* now ;
And Christians, like S—th—y, who
stickled for *oi*,
Cut the throats of all Christians who
stickled for *ou*.

That, relying on England, whose kind-
ness already
So often has help'd us to play this
game o'er,
We have got our red coats and our
carabines ready,
And wait but the word to show sport,
as before.

That, as to the expense—the few millions,
or so,
Which for all such diversions John
Bull has to pay—
'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John
Bull to know,
That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill all
find its way.
For which your petitioners ever will
pray,
 &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

—o—

COTTON AND CORN.

A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t'other day,
As they met and exchanged a salute—
(Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,
Poor Cotton, half-famish'd, on foot) :

“Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil
To hint at starvation before you,
Look down on a poor hungry devil,
And give him some bread, I implore
you !”

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
Perceiving he meant to make *free*—
“Low fellow, you've surely forgotten
The distance between you and me !

“To expect that we, Peers of high
birth,
Should waste our illustrious acres,
For no other purpose on earth
Than to fatten curst calico-makers !—

“That Bishops to bobbins should bend—
Should stoop from their Bench’s
sublimity,

Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend
Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

“No—vile Manufacture! ne’er harbour
A hope to be fed at our boards;—
Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,
What claim canst *thou* have upon
Lords?

“No—thanks to the taxes and debt,
And the triumph of paper o’er guineas,
Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,
May defy your whole rabble of
Jennys!”

So saying—whip, crack, and away
Went Corn in his chaise through the
throng,
So headlong, I heard them all say,
“Squire Corn would be *down*, before
long.”

—o—

THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT B—TT—RW—RTH.

“A Christian of the best edition.”—RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him!—yea, verily, we’ll
canonize him;
Though Cant is his hobby, and
meddling his bliss,
Though sages may pity, and wits may
despise him,
He’ll ne’er make a bit the worse Saint
for all this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet
spread
The dominion of humbug o’er land and
o’er sea,
Descend on our B—tt—rw—rth’s biblical
head,
Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and
M. P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from
thy sphere,
And bring little Shiloh—if ’tisn’t too
far—
Such a sight will to B—tt—rw—rth’s
bosom be dear,
His conceptions and *thine* being much
on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to
behold

A world thou hast honour’d by cheat-
ing so many;
Thou’lt find still among us one Person-
age old,
Who also by tricks and the *Seals* makes
a penny.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother
Lee!

Thy smiles to beatified B—tt—rw—
rth deign;
Two “lights of the Gentiles” are thou,
Anne, and he,
One hallowing Fleet Street, and *t’other*
Toad Lane!

The Heathen, we know, made their
Gods out of wood,
And Saints may be framed of as handy
materials;—

Old women and B—tt—rw—rths make
just as good
As any the Pope ever *book’d* as
Ethereals.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles!—not
Mahomet’s pigeon,
When, perch’d on the Koran, he
dropp’d there, they say,
Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o’er
religion
Such glory as B—tt—rw—rth sheds
every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour
he crams
Down Erin’s idolatrous throats, till
they crack again,
Bolus on bolus, good man!—and then
damns
Both their stomachs and souls, if they
dare cast them back again.

How well might his shop—as a type
representing
The creed of himself and his sanctified
clan,
On its counter exhibit “the Art of
Tormenting,”
Bound neatly, and letter’d “Whole
Duty of Man!”

Canonize him!—by Judas, we *will*
canonize him;

For Cant is his hobby, and twaddling
his bliss;

And, though wise men may pity and
wits may despise him,

He'll make but the better *shop-saint*
for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of
Canters,

Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the
nation;

Bring Shakers and Snufflers and Jumpers
and Ranters,

To witness their B—tt—rw—rth's
Canonization!

Yea, humbly I've ventured his merits to
paint,

Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to
portray,

And they form a sum-total for making a
Saint,

That the Devil's own Advocate could
not gainsay.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters
all roar,

While B—tt—rw—rth's spirit, upraised
from your eyes,

Like a kite made of foolscap, in glory
shall soar,

With a long tail of rubbish behind, to
the skies!

—o—

AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

Air—"Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow."

COME with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go;

Bubbles, bright as ever Hope
Drew from fancy—or from soap;

Bright as e'er the South Sea sent
From its frothy element!

Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go.

Mix the lather, Johnny W—lks,
Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks;

Mix the lather—who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,

Great M.P. for *Sudsbury*!

Now the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter, bring thy pipe,—

Thou, whom ancient Coventry
Once so dearly loved, that she

Knew not which to her was sweeter,
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter;—

Puff the bubbles high in air,
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter M—re!

Now the rainbow humbugs soar,
Glitt'ring all with golden hues,

Such as haunt the dreams of Jews;—
Some, reflecting mines that lie

Under Chili's glowing sky,
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep

Cloister'd in the southern deep;
Others, as if lent a ray

From the streaming Milky Way,
Glist'ning o'er with curds and whey

From the cows of Alderney.

Now's the moment—who shall first
Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?

Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,
Br—gd—n, T—ynh—m, P—lm—

t—n;—

John W—lks junior runs beside ye!

Take the good the knaves provide ye!

See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,

Where the *Shareman*, Br—gd—n,
stands,

Gaping for the froth to fall

Down his gullet—*lye* and all.

See!—

But, hark, my time is out—

Now, like some great water-spout,

Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,

Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

[Here the stage darkens—a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra—the broken bubbles descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personæ, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters—all in the suds.]

—o—

A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

1826.

'Twas evening time, in the twilight
sweet

I sail'd along, when—whom should I
meet

But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea,

"On the service of his Majesty."

When spying him first through twilight
dim,

I didn't know what to make of him ;
But said to myself, as slow he plied
His fins, and roll'd from side to side
Concededly o'er the watery path—
" 'Tis my Lord of St—w—ll taking a
bath,

And I hear him now, among the fishes,
Quoting Vatel and Burgersdicius ! "

But, no—'twas, indeed, a Turtle, wide
And plump as ever these eyes descried ;
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet
Glued up the lips of a Baronet !
And much did it grieve my soul to see
That an animal of such dignity,
Like an absentee abroad should roam,
When he *ought* to stay and be ate at
home.

But now, " a change came o'er my
dream,"

Like the magic lantern's shifting
slider ;—
I look'd, and saw, by the evening beam,
On the back of that Turtle sat a
rider—

A goodly man, with an eye so merry,
I knew 'twas our Foreign Secretary,
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,
Like Waterton on his crocodile ;
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,
As made the Turtle squeak with glee,
And own they gave him a lively notion
Of what his *forced*-meat balls would
be.

So, on the Sec. in his glory went,
Over that briny element,
Waving his hand, as he took farewell,
With graceful air, and bidding me tell
Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he
Were gone on a foreign embassy—
To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,
Who is known to dote upon verdant fat,
And to let admiring Europe see,
That *calipash* and *calipee*
Are the English forms of Diplomacy.

—o—

THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

A FABLE.

——— " *fessus jam sudat asellus,
Parce illi ; vestrum delictum est asinus.*"

VIRGIL, *Copa*.

A DONKEY, whose talent for burdens
was wondrous,
So much that you'd swear he rejoiced
in a load,
One day had to jog under panniers so
pond'rous,
That—down the poor Donkey fell
smack on the road !

Her owners and drivers stood round in
amaze—

What ! Neddy, the patient, the prosper-
ous Neddy,
So easy to drive, through the dirtiest
ways,
For every description of job-work so
ready !

One driver (whom Ned might have
" hailed " as a " brother ")
Had just been proclaiming his Don-
key's renown
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or
other—
When, lo ! 'mid his praises, the Donkey
came down.

But, how to upraise him ?—*one* shouts,
l'other whistles,
While Jenky, the Conjurer, wisest of
all,
Declared that an " over-production of
thistles "—
(Here Ned gave a stare)—" was the
cause of his fall."

Another wise Solomon cries, as he
passes—
" There, let him alone, and the fit will
soon cease ;
The beast has been fighting with other
jack-asses,
And this is his mode of ' *transition to
peace.*' "

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with
learned grimaces,

Pronounced that too long without shoes
he had gone,

"Let the blacksmith provide him a
sound metal basis,"

(The wise-acres said), "and he's sure
to jog on."

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture
and fear,

Lay under his panniers, scarce able to
groan; [an ear

And—what was still dolefuller—lending
To advisers, whose ears were a match
for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went
so far

As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as
he pass'd—

"Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts
as ye are,

Or, your prosperous Neddy will soon
kick his last!"

October, 1826.

—o—

ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

1826.

GREAT Sultan, how wise are thy state
compositions!

And oh, above all, I admire that
Decree,

In which thou command'st, that all *she*
politicians

Shall forthwith be strangled and cast
in the sea.

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Ben-
thamite spinster— [puts;

A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy
Who talks, with a lisp, of "the last new

Westminster,"

And hopes you're delighted with
"Mill upon Gluts;"

Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-
blank is,

How charming his Articles 'gainst the
Nobility;—

And assures you that even a gentleman's
rank is,

In Jeremy's school, of no sort of
utility.

To see her, ye Gods, a new Number
perusing—

ART. 1. "On the *Needle's* variations,"
by Pl—e;

ART. 2.—By her fav'rite Fun-blank—so
amusing!

"Dear man! he makes Poetry quite a
Law case."

ART. 3.—"Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's
own—

(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find
readers);—

ART. 4.—"Upon Honesty," author
unknown;—

ART. 5.—(by the young Mr. M——)
"Hints to Breeders."

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the
bag

And the bowstring, like thee, I am
tempted to call—

Though drowning's too good for each
blue-stocking hag,

I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of
them all!

And, lest she should ever again lift her
head

From the watery bottom, her clack to
renew—

As a clog, as a sinker, far better than
lead,

I would hang round her neck her own
darling Review.

—o—

CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum
Durius *borum*?

Incerti Auctoris.

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions,
That with our meals, our slumbers
mix—

That spoil our tempers and digestions—
Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?
Nothing else talk'd of night or morn—
Nothing *in* doors, or *out* of doors,
But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests—
While Ministers, still worse than either,
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
Plague us with both, and settle
neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,
Whether, this year, 'twas bonded
Wheat,
Or bonded Papists, they let out.

Here, landlords, here, polemics nail you,
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake
up ;

Prices and Texts at once assail you—
From Daniel *these*, and *those* from
Jacob.

And when you sleep, with head still torn
Between the two, their shapes you mix,
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn—
Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantzic wheat before you floats—
Now, Jesuits from California—
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,
Comes dancing through the "*Porta
Cornea*."

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,
And a whole crop of heads appears,
Like Papists, *bearding* Church and
State—
Themselves, together *by the ears* !

In short, these torments never cease ;
And oft I wish myself transferr'd off
To some far, lonely land of peace,
Where Corn or Papists ne'er were
heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole ;
For—if my fate is to be chosen
'Twixt bores and icebergs—on my soul,
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen !

—o—

A CASE OF LIBEL.

"The greater the truth, the worse the libel."

A CERTAIN Sprite, who dwells below,
('Twere a libel, perhaps, to mention
where,)
Came up *incog.*, some years ago,
To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and
talk'd,
And hid his tail and horns so handy,
You'd hardly have known him as he
walk'd,
From C——e, or any other Dandy.

(His horns, it seems, are made t'unscrew ;
So, he has but to take them out of the
socket,
And—just as some fine husbands do—
Conveniently clap them into his
pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,
And ev'n contrived—to his own great
wonder—
By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,
To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman hoof'd about,
Unknown to all but a chosen few
At White's and Crockford's, where, no
doubt,
He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,
At night he was seen with Crockford's
crew,
At morn with learned dames would sit—
So pass'd his time 'twixt *black* and
blue.

Some wish'd to make him an M.P.,
But, finding W—lks was also one, he
Swore in a rage, "he'd be d—d, if he
Would ever sit in one house with
Johnny."

At length, as secrets travel fast,
And devils, whether he or she,
Are sure to be found out at last,
The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that snubs
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers—
Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's—
Fired off a squib in the morning
papers :

"We warn good men to keep aloof
From a grim old Dandy, seen about,
With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof
Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking
out."

Now,—the Devil being a gentleman,
 Who piques himself on well-bred
 dealings,—
 You may guess, when o'er these lines he
 ran,
 How much they hurt and shock'd his
 feelings.

Away he posts to a Man of Law,
 And 'twould make you laugh could
 you have seen 'em,
 As paw shook hand, and hand shook
 paw,
 And 'twas "hail, good fellow, well
 met," between 'em.

Straight an indictment was prefer'd—
 And much the Devil enjoyed the jest,
 When, asking about the Bench, he heard
 That, of all the Judges, his own was
Best.

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof
 That Plaintiff's self was the Father of
 Evil—
 Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the
 hoof,
 And Stultz to speak to the tail of the
 Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,
 And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)
 Found for the Plaintiff—on hearing which
 The Devil gave one of his loftiest
 capers.

For oh, 'twas nuts to the Father of Lies
 (As this wily fiend is named in the
 Bible)
 To find it settled by laws so wise,
 That the greater the truth, the worse
 the libel!

—o—

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—Authors of all work, to job
 for the season,
 No matter which party, so faithful to
 neither ;
 Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme
 or a reason,
 Can manage, like ***** , to do with-
 out either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door
 topics ;
 Your gaol is for Travellers a charming
 retreat ;
 They can take a day's rule for a trip to
 the Tropics,
 And sail round the world, at their ease,
 in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of
 schools—
 He can study high life in the King's
 Bench community ;
 Aristotle could scarce keep him more
within rules,
 And of *place* he, at least, must adhere
 to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age
 To have good "Reminiscences" (three
 score or higher),
 Will meet with encouragement — so
 much, *per page*,
 And the spelling and grammar both
 found by the buyer.

No matter with *what* their remembrance
 is stock'd,
 So they'll only remember the *quantum*
 desired ;—
 Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes,
oct.,
 Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's
 required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old
jeu-d'esprits,
 Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical
 frolic ;
 Or kindly inform us, like Madame
 Genlis,
 That gingerbread-cakes always give
 them the colic.

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets
 on Corn,
 By "Farmers" and "Landholders"—
 (worthies whose lands
 Enclosed all in bow-pots, their attics
 adorn,
 Or, whose share of the soil may be
 seen on their hands).

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
 Sure of a market ;—should they, too,
 who pen 'em,
 Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh
 O'S—ll—v—n,
 Something *extra* allow'd for th' additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing,
 Romance,
 All excellent subjects for turning a penny ;—
 To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance
 For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his *tittle* is good,
 The material *within* of small consequence is ;—
 Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
 Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to show,
 That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)
 Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,
 When he wrote thus—"Quodcunque in Fund is, assess it."

—o—

THE IRISH SLAVE.

1827.

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,
 "He is dead—he is dead," the rumour flew ;
 And I raised my chain, and turn'd me round,
 And ask'd, through the dungeon-window, "Who?"

I saw my livid tormentors pass ;
 Their grief 'twas bliss to hear and see!
 For, never came joy to them, alas,
 That didn't bring deadly bane to me.

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,
 And ask'd, "What foe of my race hath died?"

Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,
 Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide—

Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,
 Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt
 What suitors for justice he'd keep in,
 Or what suitors for Freedom he'd shut out—

Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,
 Hangs round her (like the Old Man of the Sea

Round Sinbad's neck), nor leaves a chance
 Of shaking him off—is't he? is't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smiled,
 And thrust me back to my den of woe,
 With a laughter even more fierce and wild
 Than their funeral howling, answer'd
 "No."

But the cry still pierced my prison-gate,
 And again I ask'd, "What scourge is gone?"

Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great,
 Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—

"Whose name is one of th' ill-omen'd words

They link with hate on his native plains ;

And why?—they lent him hearts and swords,

And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains !

"Is it he? is it he?" I loud inquired,
 When, hark !—there sounded a Royal knell ;

And I knew what spirit had just expired,
 And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledged a hate unto me and mine,

He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,

But seal'd that hate with a Name Divine,
 And he now was dead, and—I *couldn't* rejoice !

He had fann'd afresh the burning brands
Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim ;
He had arm'd anew my torturers' hands,
And *them* did I curse—but sigh'd for him.

For, *his* was the error of head, not heart ;
And—oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,
Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,
And carries a smile, with a curse below !

If ever a heart made bright amends
For the fatal fault of an erring head—
Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,
In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,
For Worth he had ever a hand and smile,
And for Misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,
I calmly sunk in my chains again ;
While, still as I said, "Heaven rest his soul !" [“Amen !”]
My mates of the dungeon sigh'd
January, 1827.

—o—

ODE TO FERDINAND.

1827.

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,
Grasp the needle once again ;
Making petticoats is far
Safer sport than making war ;
Trimming is a better thing,
Than the *being* trimm'd, oh King !
Grasp the needle bright with which
Thou didst for the Virgin stitch
Garment, such as ne'er before
Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore,
Not for her, oh semster nimble !
Do I now invoke thy thimble ;
Not for her thy wanted aid is,
But for certain grave old ladies,
Who now sit in England's cabinet,
Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,
Or whatever choice *stoff*e is
Fit for Dowagers in office.

First, thy care, oh King devote
To Dame Eld—n's petticoat.

Make it of that silk, whose dye
Shifts for ever to the eye,
Just as if it hardly knew
Whether to be pink or blue.
Or—material fitter yet—
If thou couldst a remnant get
Of that stuff, with which, of old,
Sage Penelope, we're told,
Still by doing and undoing,
Kept her *suitors* always wooing—
That's the stuff which I pronounce, is
Fittest for Dame Eld—n's flounces.

After this, we'll try thy hand,
Mantua-making, Ferdinand,
For old Goody W—stm—l—d ;
One who loves, like Mother Cole,
Church and State with all her soul ;
And has pass'd her life in frolics
Worthy of your Apostolics.
Choose, in dressing this old flirt,
Something that won't show the dirt,
As, from habit, every minute
Goody W—stm—l—d is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,
Hie thee, monarch, to thy task ;
Finish Eld—n's frills and borders,
Then return for further orders.
Oh what progress for our sake,
Kings in millinery make !
Ribands, garters, and such things,
Are supplied by *other* Kings,—
Ferdinand his rank denotes
By providing petticoats.

—o—

HAT VERSUS WIG.

1827.

“At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eld—n, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony.”

— metus omnes et inexorable fatum
Subject pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

’TWIXT Eld—n's Hat and Eld—n's Wig
There lately rose an altercation,—
Each with its own importance big,
Disputing *which* most serves the
nation.

Quoth Wig, with consequential air,
 "Pooh! pooh! you surely can't
 design,

My worthy beaver, to compare
 Your station in the state with mine.

"Who meets the learned legal crew?
 Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?
 The Wig, the Wig, my friend—while
 you
 Hang dangling on some peg outside.

"Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules, like Love,
 Senate and Court, with like *éclat*—
 And wards below, and lords above,
 For Law is Wig and Wig is Law!

"Who tried the long, *Long* W—ll—sl—y
 suit,
 Which tried one's patience, in return?
 Not thou, oh Hat!—though, *couldst*
 thou do't,
 Of other *brims* than thine thou'dst
 learn.

"'Twas mine our master's toil to share;
 When, like 'Truepenny,' in the play,
 He, every minute, cried out 'Swear,'
 And merrily to swear went they;—

"When, loth poor W—ll—sl—y to con-
 demn, he
 With nice discrimination weigh'd,
 Whether 'twas only 'Hell and Jemmy,'
 Or 'Hell and Tommy' that he play'd.

"No, no, my worthy beaver, no—
 Though cheapen'd at the cheapest
 hatter's,
 And smart enough, as beavers go,
 Thou ne'er wert made for public
 matters."

Here Wig concluded his oration,
 Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise;
 While thus, full cock'd for declamation,
 The veteran Hat enrag'd replies:—

"Ha! dost thou then so soon forget
 What thou, what England owes to
 me?

Ungrateful Wig!—when will a debt,
 So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?

"Think of that night, that fearful night,
 When, through the steaming vault
 below,

Our master dared, in gout's despite,
 To venture his podagric toe!

"Who was it then, thou boaster, say,
 When thou hadst to thy box sneak'd
 off,

Beneath his feet protecting lay,
 And saved him from a mortal cough?

"Think, if Catarrh had quench'd that
 sun,
 How blank this world had been to
 thee!

Without that head to shine upon,
 Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?

"You, too, ye Britons—had this hope
 Of Church and State been ravish'd
 from ye,
 Oh think, how Canning and the Pope
 Would then have play'd up 'Hell and
 Tommy!'

"At sea, there's but a plank, they say,
 'Twixt seamen and annihilation;
 A Hat, that awful moment, lay
 'Twixt England and Emancipation!

"Oh!!!—"

At this "Oh!!!" *The Times*' Reporter
 Was taken poorly, and retired;
 Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric
 shorter,
 Than justice to the case required.

On his return, he found these shocks
 Of eloquence all ended quite;
 And Wig lay snoring in his box,
 And Hat was—hung up for the night.

—o—

THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of
 Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789
 ryals, besides the revenue of the *Locusts* and
Periwinkles, amounting one year with another
 to the value of 2,435,768," &c. &c.—RABELAIS.

"HURRA! hurra!" I heard them say,
 And they cheer'd and shouted all the
 way,

As the Laird of Salmagundi went,
 To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,
Or *thought* they were—no matter which—
For, every year, the Revenue
From their Periwinkles larger grew,
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick
And legerdemain of arithmetic
Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,

5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,
Such various ways, behind, before,
That they made a unit seem a score,
And proved themselves most wealthy
men!

So, on they went, a prosperous crew,
The people wise, the rulers clever—
And God help those, like me and you,
Who dared to doubt (as some now do)
That the Periwinkle Revenue

Would thus go flourishing on for ever.
“Hurra! hurra!” I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the
way,

As the Great Panurge in glory went
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt
What all this conjuring was about;
For, every day, more deep in debt
They saw their wealthy rulers get:—
“Let's look (said they) the items
through,

And see if what we're told be true
Of our Periwinkle Revenue.”
But, Lord! they found there wasn't a
tittle

Of truth in aught they heard before;
For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,
And lost by Locusts ten times more!

These Locusts are a lordly breed
Some Salmagundians love to feed.
Of all the beasts that ever were born,
Your Locust most delights in *corn*;
And, though his body be but small,
To fatten him takes the devil and all!
“Oh fie! oh fie!” was now the cry,
As they saw the gaudy show go by,
And the Laird of Salmagundi went
To open his Locust Parliament!



NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

BATCH THE FIRST.

“His 'prentice han'
He tried on man,
And then he made the lasses.”

1827.

“AND now,” quoth the Minister, (eased
of his panics,
And ripe for each pastime the summer
affords,)

“Having had our full swing at destroy-
ing mechanics,
By way of *set-off*, let us make a few
Lords.

“'Tis pleasant—while nothing but merc-
cantile fractures,
Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn'd
in our ears—

To think that, though robb'd of all coarse
manufactures,

We still have our fine manufacture of
Peers;—

“Those *Gobelin* productions, which
Kings take a pride
In engrossing the whole fabrication
and trade of;

Choice tapestry things, very grand on
one side,
But showing on t'other, what rags
they are made of.”

The plan being fix'd, raw material was
sought,—

No matter how middling, if Tory the
creed be;

And first, to begin with, Squire W—,
'twas thought,

For a Lord was as raw a material as
need be.

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting
and pelf,

The tasteful Sir Charles, so renown'd
far and near,

For purchasing pictures, and selling him-
self—

And *both* (as the public well knows)
very dear.

Beside him Sir John comes, with equal
éclat, in ;—

Stand forth, chosen pair, while for
titles we measure ye ;
Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of
drawing,

Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles on
the Treasury.

But, bless us !—behold a new candidate
come—

In his hand he upholds a prescription,
new written ;
He poisseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and
thumb,
And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers
of Great Britain ! !

“ Forbid it,” cried Jenky, “ ye Viscounts,
ye Earls !—

Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall
disenchanted,
If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of
pearls,
And the strawberry-leaves were by
rhubarb supplanted !

“ No—ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor
H—lf—rd—

If nought but a Peerage can gladden
thy life,
And young Master H—lf—rd as yet is
too small for't,
Sweet Doctor, we'll make a *she* Peer
of thy wife.

“ Next to bearing a coronet on our *own*
brows,

Is to bask in its light from the brows
of another ;
And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from
thy spouse,
As o'er V—y F—tz—d 'twill shine
through his mother.”

Thus ended the *First* Batch—and Jenky,
much tired

(It being no joke to make Lords by the
heap),
Took a large dram of ether—the same
that inspired
His speech 'gainst the Papists—and
prosed off to sleep.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA QUESTION.

BY LORD ELD—N.

“ Vos *iuumbrelles* video.”
Ex. Juvenil. GEORGH CANNINGIL.

1827.

MY Lords, I'm accused of a trick that,
God knows, is

The last into which, at my age, I could
fall—
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by
their noses,
Wherever I choose, princes, bishops,
and all.

My Lords, on the question before us at
present,

No doubt I shall hear, “ 'Tis that
cursed old fellow,
That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and
pleasant,
Who won't let the Lords give the man
his umbrella ! ”

God forbid that your Lordships should
knuckle to me ;

I am ancient—but were I as old as
King Priam,
Not much, I confess, to your credit
'twould be,
To mind such a twaddling old Trojan
as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am
jealous,

And, long as God spares me, will
always maintain,
That, *once* having taken men's rights, or
umbrellas,
We ne'er should consent to restore
them again.

What security have you, ye Bishops and
Peers,

If thus you give back Mr. Bell's para-
pluie,
That he mayn't, with its stick, come
about all your ears,
And then—*where* would your Protes-
tant periwig be ?

No, Heaven be my judge, were I dying
to-day,

Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a
medlar that's mellow,
"For God's sake"—at that awful mo-
ment I'd say—

"For God's sake, *don't* give Mr. Bell
his umbrella."

["This address," says a ministerial journal,
"delivered with amazing emphasis and earnest-
ness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in
the House. Nothing since the memorable ad-
dress of the Duke of York has produced so
remarkable an impression."]]

—o—

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

"*Dublin, March 12, 1827.*—Friday, after the
arrival of the packet bringing the account of the
defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of
Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House
to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball
cartridge to the different garrisons round the
country."—*Freeman's Journal.*

I HAVE found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her ;—
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing !
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood ;—
Ball cartridges, morning and night,
Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of
phials.

One thinks, with his mistress or mate
A good halter is sure to agree—
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd
With a wife that is not over placid,
Consigns the dear charmer to rest,
With a dose of the best Prussic aci'.

Thus, Erin ! my love do I show—
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed !
And, as poison and hemp are too slow,
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be
shaken,

Ask R—d—n, that mildest of saints ;
He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,
Alone can remove thy complaints ;—

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more
pleasant

But being hang'd, tortured, and shot,
Much oftener than thou art at present.

Even W—ll—t—n's self hath averr'd
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,
And I loved him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,
Dear partner, I herewith inclose ;
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,
From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,
How I wish that, before you set out,
The *Devil* of the Freischutz could
know
The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,
Into such supernatural wit,
That you'd all of you know, as you
sped,
Where a bullet of sense *ought* to hit.

—o—

A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.

Regnis EX-sul adentis.—VIRG.

1827.

To Swanage—that neat little town, in
whose bay

Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver
slippers—

Lord Bags took his annual trip t'other
day,

To taste the sea breezes, and chat with
the dippers.

There—learn'd as he is in conundrums
and laws—

Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft
plays the wag on),

"Why are Chancery suitors like bathers?"
—"Because

Their *suits* are *put off*, till—they
haven't a rag on."

Thus on he went chatting—but, lo, while
 he chats,
 With a face full of wonder around him
 he looks ;
 For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel
 hats,
 Who used to flock round him at Swan-
 age like rooks.
 How is this, Lady Bags?—to this re-
 gion aquatic
 Last year they came swarming, to make
 me their bow,
 As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of
 Carnatic,
 Deans, Rectors, D.D.'s—where the
 devil are they now?"

"My dearest Lord Bags!" saith his dame,
 "can you doubt?
 I am loth to remind you of things so
 unpleasant ;
 But *don't* you perceive, dear, the Church
 have found out
 That you're one of the people call'd
Ex's, at present?"
 'Ah, true—you have hit it—I *am*, in-
 deed, one
 Of those ill-fated *Ex's* (his Lordship
 replies),
 And, with tears, I confess—God forgive
 me the pun!—
 We *X's* have proved ourselves *not* to
 be *Y's*."

—o—

WO ! WO !

Wo, wo unto him who would check or
 disturb it—
 That beautiful Light, which is now on
 its way ;
 Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs
 of Belturbet,
 Now brightens sweet Ballinacfad with
 its ray !
 Oh F—rnh—m, Saint F—rnh—m, how
 much do we owe thee !
 How form'd to all tastes are thy vari-
 ous employs !
 The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know
 thee,
 The young as an amateur scourger of
 boys,

Wo, wo, to the man, who such doings
 would smother!—
 On, Luther of Cavan ! On, Saint of
 Kilgroggy !
 With whip in one hand, and with Bible
 in t'other,
 Like Mungo's tormentor, both
 "preachee and floggee."

Come, saints from all quarters, and mar-
 shal his way ;
 Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning pro-
 fane erudition,
 Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river,
 one day,
 Though 'twas only old Bowdler's *Vel-
 luti* edition.

Come, R—den, who doubtest—so mild
 are thy views—
 Whether Bibles or bullets are best for
 the nation ;
 Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to
 choose,
 'Twixt good *old* Rebellion and *new*
 Reformation.

What more from her saints can Hibernia
 require ?
 St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful
 daughter,
 Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual
 fire,
 And Saints keep her, *now*, in eternal
 hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check
 their career,
 Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to
 await us,
 When, bless'd with an orthodox crop
 every year,
 We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast
 as potatoes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we
 know,
 Had been trying their talent for many
 a day ;
 Till F—rnh—m, when all had been tried,
 came to show,
 Like the German flea-catcher, "anoder
 goot way."

And nothing's more simple than F—rn—
h—m's receipt ;—

“ Catch your Catholic, first—soak him
well in *poteen*—

Add *salary* sauce, and the thing is com-
plete,

You may serve up your Protestant,
smoking and clean.”

“ Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh
at such cookery !”

Thus, from his perch, did I hear a
black crow

Caw angrily out, while the rest of the
rookery

Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd “ Wo !
wo !”

—o—

TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

“ If, in China or among the natives of India,
we claimed civil advantages which were con-
nected with religious usages, little as we might
value those forms in our hearts, we should think
common decency required us to abstain from
treating them with offensive contumely; and,
though unable to consider them sacred, we
would not sneer at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at
the imputed divinity of *Visthnou*.”—*Courier*,
Tuesday, Jan. 16.

1827.

COME, take my advice, never trouble your
cranium,

When “ civil advantages” are to be
gain'd,

What god or what goddess may help to
obtain you 'em,

Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only obtain'd.

In this world (let me hint in your organ
auricular)

All the good things to good hypocrites
fall ;

And he, who in swallowing creeds is par-
ticular,

Soon will have nothing to swallow at
all.

Oh place me where *Fo* (or, as some call
him, *Fot*)

Is the god, from whom “ civil advan-
tages” flow,

And you'll find, if there's anything snug
to be got,

I shall soon be on excellent terms with
old *Fo*.

Or were I where *Vishnu*, that four-
handed god,

Is the quadruple giver of pensions and
places,

I own I should feel it unchristian and
odd

Not to find myself also in *Vishnu's*
good graces.

For, among all the gods that humanely
attend

To our wants in this planet, the gods
to *my* wishes

Are those that, like *Vishnu* and others,
descend

In the form, so attractive, of loaves
and of fishes !

So take my advice—for, if even the
devil

Should tempt men again as an idol to
try him,

'Twere best for us Tories, even then, to
be civil,

As nobody doubts we should get some-
thing by him.

—o—

ENIGMA.

Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-
me-ree,

And tell me what my name may be.

I am nearly one hundred and thirty years
old,

And therefore no chicken, as you may
suppose ;—

Though a dwarf in my youth (as my
nurses have told),

I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrow-
ing my clothes ;

Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I
stand,

That, if folks were to furnish me now
with a suit,

It would take ev'ry morsel of *scrip* in the
land

But to measure my bulk from the head
to the foot.

Hence, they who maintain me, grown
 sick of my stature,
 To cover me nothing but *rags* will
 supply ;
 And the doctors declare that, in due
 course of nature,
 About the year 30 in *rags* I shall die.
 Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated
 around,
 An object of *int'rest*, most painful, to
 all ;
 In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace
 I'm found,
 Holding citizen, peasant, and king in
 my thrall.
 Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree.
 Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house
 bends o'er his book,
 Bright pictures of profit delighting to
 draw,
 O'er his shoulders with large cipher eye-
 balls I look,
 And down drops the pen from his
 paralyzed paw !
 When the Premier lies dreaming of dear
 Waterloo,
 And expects through *another* to caper
 and prank it,
 You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow
 out "Boo !"
 How he hides his brave Waterloo head
 in the blanket.
 When mighty Belshazzar brims high in
 the hall
 His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's
 overthrow,
 Lo, "*Eight Hundred Millions*" I write
 on the wall,
 And the cup falls to earth and—the
 gout to his toe !
 But the joy of my heart is when largely
 I cram
 My maw with the fruits of the Squire-
 archy's acres,
 And, knowing who made me the thing
 that I am,
 Like the monster of Frankenstein,
 worry my makers.
 Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-
 me-ree,
 And tell, if thou know'st, who *I* may
 be.

DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

"Vox clamantis in deserto."

SAID Malthus, one day, to a clown
 Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the
 sun,—

"What's the number of souls in this
 town?"—

"The number! Lord bless you, there's
 none.

"We have nothing but *dabs* in this place,
 Of *them* a great plenty there are ;
 But the *soles*, please your rev'rence and
 grace,
 Are all t'other side of the bar."

And so 'tis in London just now,
 Not a soul to be seen, up or down ;—
 Of *dabs* a great glut, I allow,
 But your *soles*, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wond'rous or new ;
 No courtship or scandal, worth know-
 ing ;

Mrs. B—, and a Mermaid or two,
 Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,
 That, some weeks ago, kept us merry ?
 Where, Eld—n, art thou, with thy tears ?
 And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y ?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord
 May'r,
 In the dog-days, with *thee* must be
 puzzled !—

It being his task to take care
 That such animals shan't go un-
 muzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils
 Are so worthy a captain of horse—
 Whose amendments (like honest Sir
 Boyle's)
 Are "*amendments*, that make matters
worse ;"

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains
 To prove—what is granted, *nem.*
con.—

With how mod'rate a portion of brains
 Some heroes contrive to get on.

And, thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah,
where

Is the peer, with a star at his button,
Whose *quarters* could ever compare
With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of
mutton?

Why, why have ye taken your flight,
Ye diverting and dignified crew?
How ill do three farces a night,
At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,
My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st big?
Or, where's the burletta can be
Like L—d—rd—le's wit, and his
wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof could
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)
Invent any joke half so good
As that precious one, "This is too
bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;
And—of all things the funniest—bring
These exalted Grimaldis again!

—o—

THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD LION."

1828.

NEXT week will be publish'd (as
"Lives" are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous
and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in
the cage
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter
'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they
call "sad,"
'Tis a puppy that much to good breed-
ing pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities
had
Of knowing how Lions behave—among
friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores,
how he drinks;

Is all noted down by this Boswell so
small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the
puppy-dog thinks
That the Lion was no such great things
after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well—this the
puppy allows—
It was all, he says, borrow'd—all
second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-
wows
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could
pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could
ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of
rabbits
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to
task, [habits.
And judges of lions by puppy-dog
Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a
dark case)
With sops every day from the Lion's
own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's
carcass,
And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being
rich in [bred,
Examples and warnings to lions high-
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in
their kitchen
Who'll feed on them living, and foul
them when dead.

T. PIDCOCK.

Exeter 'Change.

—o—

ODE TO DON MIGUEL.

Et tu, *Brute!*

1828.

WHAT! Miguel, *not* patriotic? oh, fye,
After so much good teaching 'tis quite
a *take-in*, Sir;—
First school'd, as you were, under Met-
ternich's eye,
And then (as young misses say)
"finish'd" at Windsor!

I ne'er in my life knew a case that was
harder ;—

Such feasts as you had, when you made
us a call !

Three courses each day from his Majesty's
larder,—

And now, to turn absolute Don, after
all !!

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style
and the matter

Of each thing they *write* suit the way
that they *dine*,

Roast sirloin for Epic, broil'd devils for
Satire,

And hotchpotch and *trifle* for rhymes
such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way,
I've no doubt ;—

Great Despots on *bouilli* served up
à la Russe,

Your small German Princes on frogs and
sour crout,

And your Vice-roy of Hanover always
on *goose*.

Some Dons, too, have fancied (though
this may be fable)

A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they
blunder it ;—

Not content with the common *hot* meat
on a table,

They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of
cold under it !

No wonder a Don of such appetites
found

Even Windsor's collations plebeianly
plain ;

Where the dishes most *high* that my
Lady sends round

Are her *Maintenon* cutlets and soup
à la Reine.

Alas ! that a youth with such charming
beginnings,

Should sink, all at once, to so sad a
conclusion,

And, what is still worse, throw the los-
ings and winnings

Of worthies on 'Change into so much
confusion !

The Bulls, in hysterics—the Bears just as
bad—

The few men who *have*, and the many
who've *not* tick,

All shock'd to find out that that promis-
ing lad,

Prince Metternich's pupil, is—*not* pa-
triotic !

—o—

THOUGHTS OF THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

1828.

OFT have I seen, in gay, equestrian
pride,

Some well-rough'd youth round Astley's
Circus ride

Two stately steeds—standing, with grace-
ful straddle,

Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either
saddle,

While to soft tunes—some jigs, and some
andantes—

He steers around his light-paced Rosi-
nantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and
pleasant,

That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at
present ;—

Papist and *Protestant* the coursers twain,
That lend their necks to his impartial
rein,

And round the ring—each honoured, as
they go,

With equal pressure from his gracious
toe—

To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's
Day"

And half "Boyne Water," take their
cant'ring way,

While Peel, the showman in the middle,
cracks

His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubt-
ful hacks.

Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art !
How blest, if neither steed would bolt or
start ;—

If *Protestant's* old restive tricks were
gone,

And *Papist's* winkers could be still kept
on !

But no, false hopes—not even the great
 Ducrow
 'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an
 overthrow :
 If *solar* hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,
 What hope, alas, from hackney's *lunatic* ?
 If once my Lord his graceful balance
 loses,
 Or fails to keep each foot where each
 horse chooses ;
 If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip
 To *Papist's* tail or *Protestant's* ear-tip—
 That instant ends their glorious horse-
 manship !
 Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief
 free,
 And down, between them, plumps Lord
 Anglesea !

—o—

THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTA- TIONS.

A DREAM.

“Ciò che si perde quì, là si raguna.”

ARIOSTO.

“——— a valley, where he sees
 Things that on earth were lost.”

MILTON.

1828.

Know'st thou not him the poet sings,
 Who flew to the moon's serene domain,
 And saw that valley, where all the things,
 That vanish on earth, are found again—
 The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,
 The vow of the lover, the dream of the
 sage,
 The golden visions of mining cits,
 The promises great men strew about
 them ;
 And, pack'd in compass small, the wits
 Of monarchs, who rule as well without
 them !—
 Like him, but diving with wing profound,
 I have been to a Limbo under ground.
 Where characters lost on earth, (and *cried*,
 In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide,)
 In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown,
 And there, so worthless and fly-blown,
 That ev'n the imps would not purloin
 them,
 Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

Curious it was to see this mass
 Of lost and torn-up reputations ;—
 Some of them female wares, alas,
 Mislaid at *innocent* assignations ;
 Some, that had sigh'd their last amen
 From the canting lips of saints that
 would be ;
 And some once own'd by “the best of
 men,”
 Who had proved—no better than they
 should be.
 'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,
 Once shining fair, now soak'd and
 black—
 “No wonder” (an imp at my elbow
 cried),
 “For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack !”

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,
 Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty sum-
 mons ;
 And lo ! a devil right downward sped,
 Bringing, within his claws so red,
 Two statesmen's characters, found, he
 said,
 Last night, on the floor of the House
 of Commons ;
 The which, with black official grin,
 He now to the Chief Imp handed
 in ;—
Both these articles much the worse
 For their journey down, as you may
 suppose ;
 But *one* so devilish rank—“Odds curse !”
 Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his
 nose.

“Ho, ho” quoth he, “I know full well
 From whom these two stray matters
 fell ;”—
 Then, casting away, with loathful shrug,
 Th' uncleaner waif (as he would a drug
 Th' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd),
 His gaze on the other firm he fix'd,
 And trying, though mischief laugh'd in
 his eye,
 To be moral, because of the *young* imps
 by,
 “What a pity !” he cried—“so fresh it's
 gloss,
 So long preserved—'tis a public loss !
 This comes of a man, the careless block-
 head,
 Keeping his character in his pocket :

And there—without considering whether
There's room for that and his gains together—

Cramming, and cramming, and cramming
away,
Till—out slips character some fine day !

“ However ”—and here he view'd it
round—

“ This article still may pass for sound.
Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains
are all

The harm it has had in its luckless fall.
Here, Puck ! ”—and he call'd to one of
his train—

The owner may have this back again.
Though damaged for ever, if used with
skill,

It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still ;
Though the gem can never, as once, be
set,

It will do for a Tory Cabinet.”



HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

'MONG our neighbours, the French, in
the good olden time

When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons
and Dukes

Often set up for authors in prose and in
rhyme,

Bur ne'er took the trouble to write their
own books.

Poor devils were found to do this for
their betters ;—

And one day, a Bishop, addressing a
Blue,

Said, “ Ma'am, have you read my new
Pastoral Letters ? ”

To which the *Blue* answer'd—“ No,
Bishop, have you ? ”

The same is now done by *our* privileged
class ;

And, to show you how simple the pro-
cess it needs,

If a great Major-General wishes to pass
For an author of History, thus he pro-
ceeds :—

First, scribbling his own stock of notions
as well

As he can, with a *goose-quill* that claims
him as *kin,*

He settles his neckcloth—takes snuff—
rings the bell,

And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

The Subaltern comes—sees his General
seated,

In all the self-glory of authorship
swelling ;—

“ There, look, ” saith his Lordship, “ my
work is completed—

It wants nothing now, but the grammar
and spelling.”

Well used to a *breach*, the brave Subal-
tern dreads

Awkward breaches of syntax a hun-
dred times more ;

And, though often condemn'd to see
breaking of heads,

He had ne'er seen such breaking of
Priscian's before.

However, the job's sure to *pay*—that's
enough—

So, to it he sets with his tinkering
hammer,

Convinced that there never was job half
so tough

As the mending a great Major-Gen-
eral's grammar.

But, lo ! a fresh puzzlement starts up to
view—

New toil for the Sub.—for the Lord
new expense :

'Tis discover'd that mending his *grammar*
won't do,

As the Subaltern also must find him in
sense !

At last—even this is achieved by his aid ;
Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and

—the story ;

Drums beat—the new Grand March of
Intellect's play'd—

And off struts my Lord, the Historian,
in glory !



IMITATION OF THE INFERNO
OF DANTE.

"Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali
Di qua, di là, di giù, di su gli mena."

Inferno, canto 5.

I TURN'D my steps, and lo, a shadowy
throng
Of ghosts came fluttering tow'rds me—
blown along,
Like cockchafers in high autumnal
storms,
By many a fitful gust that through their
forms
Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy
puff,
And puff'd as—though they'd never puff
enough.

"Whence and what are ye?" pitying I
inquired
Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, tost,
and tired
With such eternal puffing, scarce could
stand
On their lean legs while answering my
demand.

"We once were authors"—thus the
Sprite, who led
This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said—

"Authors of every sex, male, female,
neuter,

Who, early smit with love of praise and
—*periter*,

On C—l—n's shelves first saw the light
of day,

In —'s puffs exhaled our lives away—
Like summer windmills, doom'd to dusty
peace,

When the brisk gales, that lent them
motion cease.

Ah, little knew we then what ills await
Much-lauded scribblers in their after
state ;

Bepuff'd on earth—how loudly Str—t can
tell—

And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd in
hell !"

Touch'd with compassion for his ghastly
crew,

Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind
sung through

In mournful prose,—such prose as Rosa's
ghost

Still at th' accustom'd hour of eggs and
toast,

Sighs through the columns of the *M—rn—
—ng P—t,—*

Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who
stood

Foremost of all that flatulential brood,
Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,

"Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,
One of our *letter'd* nymphs—excuse the
pun—

Who gain'd a name on earth by—having
none !

And whose initials would immortal be,
Had she but learn'd those plain ones,

A. B. C.
Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry
and neat,

Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes—fit
winding-sheet—

Still marvels much that not a soul should
care

One single pin to know who wrote 'May
fair ;'—

While this young gentleman," (here forth
he drew

A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and
through,

As though his ribs were an Æolian lyre
For the old Row's soft *trade*-winds to
inspire,)

"This modest genius breathed one wish
alone,

To have his volume read, himself un-
known ;

But different far the course his glory took,
All knew the author, and—none read the
book.

"Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,
Who rides the blast, Sir J—n—h B—r—
r—t—n ;—

In tricks to raise the wind his life was
spent,

And now the wind returns the compli-
ment.

This lady here, the Earl of —'s sister,
Is a dead novelist ; and this is Mister—
Begpardon—*Honourable* Mister L—st—r,
A gentleman who, some weeks since,
came over

In a smart puff (wind S.S.E.) to Dover.

Yonder behind us limps young Vivian
Grey,
Whose life, poor youth, was long since
blown away,
Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind
No further purchase for a puff can find."

"And thou thyself"—here, anxious, I
exclaim'd—

"Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself,
art named."

"Me, Sir!" he blushing cried—"Ah,
there's the rub—

Know, then—a waiter once at Brooks's
Club,

A waiter still I might have long remain'd,
And long the club-room's jokes and
glasses drain'd;

But, ah, in luckless hour, this last
December,

I wrote a book, and Colburn dubb'd me
'Member'—

'Member of Brooks's!'—oh Promethean
puff,

To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-
stuff!

With crums of gossip, caught from dining
wits,

And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like
half-chew'd bits,

To be, each night, the waiter's per-
quisites;—

With such ingredients, served up oft
before,

But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd
o'er,

I managed, for some weeks, to dose the
town,

Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me
down;

And, ready still even waiters' souls to
damn,

The Devil but rang his bell, and—here I
am;—

Yes—'Coming up, Sir,' once my
favourite cry,

Exchanged for 'Coming down, Sir,' here
am I!"

Scarce had the spectre's lips these words
let drop,

When, lo, a breeze—such as from ——'s
shop

Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs
prevail,

And speeds the *sheets* and swells the
lagging *sale*—

Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,
And, whirling him and all his grisly

group
Of literary ghosts—Miss X. Y. Z.—

The nameless author, better known than
read—

Sir Jo.—the Honourable Mr. L—st—r,
And, last, not least, Lord Nobody's twin-

sister—
Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose
and rhymes

And sins about them, far into those
climes

"Where Peter pitch'd his waistcoat" in
old times,

Leaving me much in doubt, as on I
prest,

With my great master, through this
realm unblest,

Whether old Nick or C—lb—n puffs the
best.

—o—

LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD B—TH—ST'S TAIL.

ALL *in* again—unlook'd-for bliss!

Yet, ah, *one* adjunct still we miss;—

One tender tie, attach'd so long

To the same head, through right and
wrong.

Why, B—th—st, why didst thou cut off
That memorable tail of thine?

Why—as if *one* was not enough—

Thy pig-tie with thy place resign—

And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run*!

Alas, my Lord, 'twas not well done,

'Twas not, indeed—though sad at heart,

From office and its sweets to part,

Yet hopes of coming in again,

Sweet Tory hopes! beguiled our pain;

But thus to miss that tail of thine,

Through long, long years our rallying
sign—

As if the State and all its powers

By tenancy *in tail* were ours—

To see it thus by scissors fall,

This was "th' unkindest *cut* of all!"

It seem'd as though th' ascendant *day*

Of Toryism had pass'd away,

And, proving Samson's story true,
She lost her vigour with her *queue*.

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said—
The tail directs them, not the head ;
Then, how could *any* party fail, [tail ?
That steer'd its course by B—th—st's
Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's
fight,

E'er shed such guiding glories from it,
As erst, in all true Tories' sight,
Blazed from our old Colonial comet !

If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,
(As W—ll—gt—n will be anon)
Thou might'st have had a tail to spare ;
But no, alas, thou hadst but one,
And *that*—like Troy, or Babylon,
A tale of other times—is gone !

Yet—weep ye not, ye Tories true—
Fate has not yet of all bereft us ;
Though thus deprived of B—th—st's
queue,

We've E—b—h's *curls* still left us ;—
Sweet curls, from which young Love, so
vicious,

His shots, as from nine pounders, issues ;
Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,
Surcharged with all a nation's fate,
His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did,
And oft in thundering talk comes near
him ;—

Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,
And, here, 'tis only those who hear him.
Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil
Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,
With plenty of Macassar oil,

Through many a year your growth to
nourish !

And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath
His barbarous shears such locks to
sever,

Still dear to Tories, even in death,
Their last, loved relics we'll bequeath,
A *hair-loom* to our sons for ever.

—o—

THE CHERRIES.

A PARABLE.

1828.

SEE those cherries, how they cover
Yonder sunny garden wall ;—
Had they not that network over,
Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our posts and pensions,
Ancient sages wove a net,
Through whose holes, of small dimensions,
Only *certain* knaves can get.

Shall we then this network widen ?
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which, even already, slide in
Lots of small dissenting souls ?

“God forbid !” old *Testy* crieth ;
“God forbid !” so echo I ;
Every ravenous bird that fieth
Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
And, behold, what beves break in ;
Here, some curst old Popish crow
Pops his long and lickerish beak in ;

Here, sly Arians flock unnumber'd,
And Socinians, slim and spare,
Who, with small belief encumber'd,
Slip in easy anywhere ;—

Methodists, of birds the aptest,
Where there's *pecking* going on ;
And that water-fowl, the Baptist—
All would share our fruits anon ;

Every bird, of every city,
That, for years, with ceaseless din,
Hath reversed the starling's ditty,
Singing out “I can't get *in*.”

“God forbid !” old *Testy* snivels ;
“God forbid !” I echo too ;
Rather may ten ten thousand d—v—ls
Seize the whole voracious crew !

If less costly fruit won't suit 'em,
Hips and haws, and such like berries,
Curse the cormorants ! stone 'em, shoot
'em,
Anything—to save our cherries.

—o—

STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF DEFEAT.

1828.

Go, seek for some abler defenders of
wrong,
If we *must* run the gauntlet through
blood and expense ;
Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude
strong,
Be content with success, and pretend
not to sense.

If the words of the wise and the gen'rous
are vain,
If Truth by the bowstring *must* yield
up her breath,
Let Mutes do the office—and spare her
the pain
Of an In—gl—s or T—nd—l to talk
her to death.

Chain, persecute, plunder—do all that
you will—
But save us, at least, the old womanly
lore
Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of
ill,
Is, at once, the *two* instruments, Augur
and Bore.

Bring legions of Squires—if they'll only
be mute—
And array their thick heads against
reason and right,
Like the Roman of old, of historic
repute,
Who with droves of dumb animals
carried the fight ;

Pour out, from each corner and hole of
the Court,
Your Bedchamber lordlings, your
salaried slaves,
Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter
what sort,
Have their consciences tack'd to their
patents and staves.

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal
sings,
Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever
they swim ;
With all the base, time-serving *toadies* of
Kings,
Who, if Punch were the monarch,
would worship even him ;

And while, on the *one* side, each name of
renown,
That illumines and blesses our age is
combined ;
While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the
Cannings look down,
And drop o'er the cause their rich
mantles of Mind ;

Let bold Paddy H—lmes show his troops
on the other,
And, counting of noses the quantum
desired,
Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's
famed mother,
“Come forward, my *jewels*”—'tis all
that's required.

And thus let your farce be enacted here-
after—
Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and
chain ;
But spare even your victims the torture
of laughter,
And never, oh never, try *reasoning*
again !

—o—

ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

1828.

LET other bards to groves repair,
Where linnets strain their tuneful
throats,
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where
The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*.
No whispering winds have charms for me,
Nor zephyr's balmy sighs I ask ;
To raise the wind for Royalty
Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task !
And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods,
And all such vulgar irrigation,
Let Gallic rhino through our Woods
Divert its “course of liquid-ation.”
Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well
What Woods and Forests *ought* to be,
When, sly, he introduced in hell
His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree :—
Nor see I why, some future day,
When short of cash, we should not send
Our H—rrs—down—he knows the way—
To see if Woods in hell will *lend*.
Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,
Beneath whose “*branches* of expense”
Our gracious K—g gets all he wants,—
Except a little taste and sense.
Long, in your golden shade reclined,
Like him of fair Armida's bowers,
May W—ll—n some *wood-nymph* find,
To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours ;

To rest from toil the Great Untaught,
And soothe the pangs his warlike brain
Must suffer, when, unused to thought,
It tries to think, and—tries in vain.

Oh long may Woods and Forests be
Preserved, in all their teeming graces,
To shelter Tory bards, like me,
Who take delight in Sylvan *places!*

—o—

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS
OF THE SHANNON.

“Take back the virgin page.” 1828.

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and
uneasy [brother,
At hearing it said by thy Treasury
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my
V—sey,
And he, the dear innocent placeman,
another.

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have
done thee;—

Thou now art a sheet of blank paper
no more;

By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a
lesson upon thee

As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap
before.

Come—on with your spectacles, noble
Lord Duke,

(Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply
would lend you,) [book]

Read V—sey all o'er (as you *can't* read a
And improve by the lesson we, bog-
trotters, send you;

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters
traced,

Whose awful impressions from you
and your kin [effaced—

Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be
Unless, 'stead of *paper*, your mere
asses' skin.

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by
the Gods,

Could I risk a translation, you *should*
have a rare one;

But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke (as you *hinted*
once), wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey
o'er;—

You will find him worth all the old
scrolls of papyrus,

That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical
lore,

Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote
of to tire us.

All blank as he was, we've return'd him
on hand,

Scribbled o'er with a warning to
Princes and Dukes,

Whose plain, simple drift if they *won't*
understand,

Though caress'd at St. James's, they're
fit for St. Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls!—more
meaning convey'd is

In one single leaf such as now we have
spell'd on,

Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the
old ladies

That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls
to Eld—n.

—o—

“IF” AND “PERHAPS.”

OH tidings of freedom! oh accents of
hope!

Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's
blue sea,

And refresh with their sounds every son
of the Pope,

From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donagha-
dee.

“If mutely the slave will endure and
obey,

Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing
his pains,

His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant
day,

May *think* (tender tyrants!) of loosening
his chains.”

Wise “if” and “perhaps”—precious
salve for our wounds,

If he, who would rule thus o'er
manacled mutes,

Could check the free spring-tide of Mind,
that resounds;

Even now, at his feet, like the sea at
Canute's.

But, no, 'tis in vain—the grand impulse
is given—

Man knows his high Charter, and
knowing will claim ; [riven,
And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are
Be theirs, who have forged them, the
guilt and the shame.

“*If* the slave will be silent !”—vain
Soldier, beware—

There *is* a dead silence the wrong'd
may assume,
When the feeling, sent back from the
lips in despair,

But clings round the heart with a dead-
lier gloom ;—

When the blush, that long burn'd on the
suppliant's cheek,

Gives place to th' avenger's pale,
resolute hue ;

And the tongue, that once threaten'd,
disdaining to *speak*, [to *do*.

Consigns to the arm the high office—

If men, in that silence, should think of
the hour,

When proudly their fathers in panoply
stood, [power

Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of
To the despot on land and the foe on
the flood :

That hour, when a Voice had come forth
from the west,

To the slave bringing hopes, to the
tyrant alarms ;

And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught
the opprest,

That kings are as dust before freemen
in arms.

If, awfuller still, the mute slave should
recall

That dream of his boyhood, when
Freedom's sweet day

At length seem'd to break through a
long night of thrall,

And Union and Hope went abroad in
its ray ;—

If Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring
of Good,

Though swiftly its light died away
from his chain,

Though darkly it set in a nation's best
blood, [again ;—

Now wants but invoking to shine out

If—if, I say—breathings like these should
come o'er

The chords of remembrance, and hrill,
as they come,

Then, *perhaps*—ay, *perhaps*—but I dare
not say more ;

Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should
be mute—I am dumb.

—o—

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air—“ Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.”
Salvete, fratres Asini.—ST. FRANCIS.

WRITE ON, write on, ye Barons dear,
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast ;
The good we've sought for many a year
Your quills will bring at last.

One letter more, N—wc—stle, pen
To match Lord K—ny—n's *two*,
And more than Ireland's host of men,
One brace of Peers will do.

Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use
Of pen and ink began,
Did letters, writ by fools, produce
Such signal good to man.
While intellect, 'mong high and low,
Is marching *on*, they say,
Give *me* the Dukes and Lords, who go,
Like crabs, the *other* way.

Write on, write on, &c.

Even now I feel the coming light—
Even now, could Folly lure
My Lord M—ntc—sh—I, too, to write,
Emancipation's sure.

By geese (we read in history)
Old Rome was saved from ill ;
And now, to *quills* of geese, we see
Old Rome indebted still.

Write on, write on, &c.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,
Nor beat for sense about—
Things, little worth a Noble's while,
You're better far without.

Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,
Such miracles were done ;
For, write but four such letters more,
And Freedom's cause is won !

Legendary Ballads.

TO

THE MISS FEILDINGS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THOMAS MOORE.

[A GUINEA folio of eighty-one pages, published, in 1830, by James Power of 34, Strand, contained twelve Legendary Ballads by Thomas Moore, arranged, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Henry R. Bishop. With the exception of one by Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Bishop, and another by Mrs. Robert Arkwright, to whom Moore had already inscribed his "Evenings in Greece," the melodies to which the songs in the present collection were set had been avowedly derived by him and his Collaborateur from various sources, which were left, however, wholly unindicated, and without even a hint of acknowledgment. To another fair amateur, Moore, without mentioning her name, owned himself indebted for the drawings by which the Legendary Ballads were not ungracefully embellished. C. A. F. were the initials of the one whose hand guided the pencil, and as the whole collection is inscribed by the author to the Miss Feildings, we are left to draw our own inference as to the identity of the draughtswoman. Announced, as they were, to be "the young artist's first attempt at original design," they were, beyond doubt, in several instances at least, highly meritorious.]

THE VOICE.

It came o'er her sleep, like a voice of
those days,

When love, only love, was the light of
her ways;

And, soft as in moments of bliss long
ago,

It whisper'd her name from the garden
below.

"Alas," sigh'd the maiden, "how fancy
can cheat!

The world once had lips that could
whisper thus sweet;

But cold now they slumber in yon fatal
deep,

Where, oh that beside them this heart
too could sleep!"

She sunk on her pillow—but no, 'twas
in vain

To chase the illusion, that Voice came
again!

She flew to the casement—but, hush'd as
the grave,

In moonlight lay slumbering woodland
and wave.

"Oh sleep, come and shield me," in
anguish she said,

"From that call of the buried, that cry
of the Dead!"

And sleep came around her—but, start-
ing, she woke,

For still from the garden that spirit Voice
spoke!

"I come," she exclaim'd, "be thy home
where it may,

On earth or in heaven, that call I
obey;"

Then forth through the moonlight, with
heart beating fast

And loud as a death-watch, the pale
maiden past.

Still round her the scene all in loneliness
shone ;
And still, in the distance, that Voice led
her on ;
But whither she wander'd, by wave or by
shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back
no more.

No, ne'er came she back,—but the watch-
man who stood,
That night in the tow'r which o'er-
shadows the flood,
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-
lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden
away.

—o—

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THEY told her that he, to whose vows
she had listen'd
Through night's fleeting hours, was a
Spirit unblest ;—

Unholy the eyes, that beside her had
glisten'd,
And evil the lips she in darkness had
prest.

“When next in thy chamber the bride-
groom reclineth,
Bring near him thy lamp, when in
slumber he lies ;

And there, as the light o'er his dark
features shineth,

Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all
thy sighs !”

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting,
yet fearing,

When calm lay the sleeper she stole
with her light ;

And saw—such a vision !—no image,
appearing

To bards in their day-dreams, was ever
so bright.

A youth, but just passing from child-
hood's sweet morning,

While round him still linger'd its inno-
cent ray ;

Though gleams, from beneath his shut
eyelids gave warning

Of summer-noon lightnings that under
them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal
around it,

While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land
mine,

His sunny hair hung, and the flowers
that crown'd it

Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some
garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride, on that
miracle gazing,

What late was but love is idolatry now ;
But, ah—in her tremor the fatal lamp

raising—

A sparkle flew from it and dropp'd on
his brow.

All's lost !—with a start from his rosy
sleep waking,

The Spirit flash'd o'er her his glances
of fire ;

Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy
arms breaking,

Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow
than ire :

“Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion
hath broken !

Thus ever Affection's fond vision is
cross ;

Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is
but spoken,

And love, once distrusted, for ever is
lost !”

—o—

HERO AND LEANDER.

“THE night-wind is moaning with mourn-
ful sigh,

There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,
No star over Helle's sea ;

Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,
One love-kindled star through the deep

of night,
To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee !”

Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy
stream,

Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam
No eye but a lover's could see ;

And still, as the surge swept over his
head,

“To-night,” he said tenderly, “living or
dead,

Sweet Hero, I'll rest with thee !”

But fiercer around him the wild waves
 speed ;
 Oh, Love ! in that hour of thy votary's
 need,
 Where, where could thy Spirit be ?
 He struggles he sinks—while the hurri-
 cane's breath
 Bears rudely away his last farewell in
 death—
 " Sweet Hero, I die for thee ! "



THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

" TELL me, kind Seer, I pray thee,
 So may the stars obey thee,
 So may each airy
 Moon elf and fairy
 Nightly their homage pay thee !
 Say, by what spell, above, below,
 In stars that wink or flow'rs that blow,
 I may discover,
 Ere night is over,
 Whether my love loves me or no,
 Whether my love loves me. "

" Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
 Hath charms no gold could buy thee ;
 Its stem enchanted,
 By moon-elves planted,
 Will all thou seek'st supply thee.
 Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,
 Bring thence their fairest leaf below ;
 And thou'lt discover,
 Ere night is over,
 Whether thy love loves thee or no,
 Whether thy love loves thee. "

" See, up the dark tree going,
 With blossoms round me blowing,
 From thence, oh Father,
 This leaf I gather,
 Fairest that there is growing.
 Say, by what sign I now shall know
 If in this leaf lie bliss or woe ;
 And thus discover,
 Ere night is over,
 Whether my love loves me or no,
 Whether my love loves me. "

" Fly to yon fount that's welling,
 Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
 Dip in its water
 That leaf, 'oh Daughter,
 And mark the tale 'tis telling ;
 Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
 List thou, the while, that fountain's flow,
 And thou'lt discover
 Whether thy lover,
 Loved as he is, loves thee or no,
 Loved as he is, loves thee. "

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
 To seek that fount benighted ;
 But, scarce a minute
 The leaf lay in it,
 When, lo, its bloom was blighted !
 And as she ask'd, with voice of woe—
 List'ning, the while, that fountain's
 flow—
 " Shall I recover
 My truant lover ? "
 The fountain seem'd to answer, " No ; "
 The fountain answer'd, " No. "



CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A HUNTER once in that grove reclined
 To shun the noon's bright eye,
 And oft he woo'd the wandering wind,
 To cool his brow with its sigh.
 While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,
 Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
 His song was still " Sweet air, oh
 come ! "
 While Echo answer'd, " Come, sweet
 Air ! "

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket
 rise !
 What meaneth that rustling spray ?
 " 'Tis the white-horn'd doe, " the Hunter
 cries,
 " I have sought since break of day. "
 Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,
 The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
 " Hilliho—hilliho ! " he gaily sings,
 While Echo sighs forth " Hilliho ! "

Alas, 'twas not the white-horn'd doe
 He saw in the rustling grove,
 But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
 Of his own young wedded love.

And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
 For pale at his feet he sees her lie ;—
 "I die, I die," was all she said,
 While Echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"

—o—

YOUTH AND AGE.

"TELL me, what's Love?" said Youth,
 one day,
 To drooping Age, who crost his way.—
 "It is a sunny hour of play,
 For which repentance dear doth pay ;
 Repentance! Repentance!
 And this is Love, as wise men say."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth
 once more,
 Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore.—
 "Soft as a passing summer's wind :
 Wouldst know the blight it leaves be-
 hind ?

Repentance! Repentance!
 And this is Love—when love is o'er."
 "Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth
 again,
 Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.
 "Sweet as a May tree's scented air—
 Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,
 Repentance! Repentance!
 This, this is Love—sweet Youth, be-
 ware."

Just then, young Love himself came by,
 And cast on Youth a smiling eye ;
 Who could resist that glance's ray ?
 In vain did Age his warning say,
 "Repentance! Repentance!"
 Youth laughing went with Love away.

—o—

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying
 By the Danube's leafy side,
 Thus faintly said, in dying,
 "Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
 This gift to my lady-bride."

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,
 He flung the scarf he wore
 Into the foaming river,
 Which, ah too quickly, bore
 That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
 The Chieftain's lady stood,
 To watch her love returning
 In triumph down the flood,
 From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated !
 The lady saw, instead
 Of the bark whose speed she waited,
 Her hero's scarf, all red
 With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek—and all was over—
 Her life-pulse ceased to beat ;
 The gloomy waves now cover
 That bridal-flower so sweet,
 And the scarf is her winding sheet!

—o—

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"COME, if thy magic Glass have pow'r
 To call up forms we sigh to see ;
 Show me my love, in that rosy bow'r,
 Where last she pledged her truth to
 me."

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
 Where lone and pale in her bow'r she
 lay ;
 "True-hearted maid," said the happy
 Knight,
 "She's thinking of one, who is far
 away."

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
 Brings tidings to the Lady's ear ;
 "'Tis," said the Knight, "the same
 bright boy,
 Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
 Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flow'r :
 "Such," he exclaim'd, "was the gift
 that she
 Each morning sent me from that
 bow'r!"

She gives her page the blooming rose,
 With looks that say, "Like lightning,
 fly!"
 "Thus," thought the Knight, "she
 soothes her woes,
 By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."

But the page returns, and—oh, what a sight,

For trusting lover's eyes to see!—
Leads to that bow'r another Knight,
As young and, alas, as loved as he!

“Such,” quoth the Youth, “is Woman's love!”

Then, darting forth, with furious bound,

Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,

And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

—o—

THE PILGRIM.

STILL thus, when twilight gleam'd,
Far off his Castle seem'd,

Traced on the sky;
And still, as Fancy bore him
To those dim tow'rs before him,
He gazed, with wishful eye,
And thought his home was nigh.

“Hall of my Sires!” he said,
“How long, with weary tread,
Must I toil on?
Each eve, as thus I wander,
Thy tow'rs seem rising yonder,
But, scarce hath daylight shone,
When, like a dream, thou'rt gone!”

So went the Pilgrim still,
Down dale and over hill,
Day after day;
That glimpse of home, so cheering,
At twilight still appearing,
But still, with morning's ray,
Melting, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?
Here, by this cypress bough,
Closed his career;
That dream, of Fancy's weaving,
No more his steps deceiving,
Alike past hope and fear,
The Pilgrim's home is here.

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

IN vain all the Knights of the Underwald
woo'd her,

Though brightest of maidens, the
proudest was she;

Brave chieftains they sought, and young
minstrels they sued her,

But worthy were none of the high-born
Ladye.

“Whosoever I wed,” said this maid, so
excelling,

“That Knight must the conqu'ror of
conquerors be;

He must place me in halls fit for mon-
archs to dwell in;—

None else shall be Lord of the high-
born Ladye!”

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn
looking round her

On Knights and on Nobles of highest
degree;

Who humbly and hopelessly left as they
found her,

And worshipp'd at distance the high-
born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far
land to woo her,

With plumes on his helm like the foam
of the sea;

His visor was down—but, with voice that
thrill'd through her,

He whisper'd his vows to the high-born
Ladye.

“Proud maiden! I come with high
spousals to grace thee,

In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors
see;

Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll
place thee,

And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-
born Ladye!”

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels
array'd her,

Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt
she;

And proud was the step, as her bride-
groom convey'd her

In pomp to his home, of that high-
born Ladye.

“But whither,” she, starting, exclaims,
 “have you led me?
 Here’s nought but a tomb and a dark
 cypress tree;
 Is *this* the bright palace in which thou
 wouldst wed me?”
 With scorn in her glance, said the high-
 born Ladye.
 “’Tis the home,” he replied, “of earth’s
 loftiest creatures”—
 Then lifted his helm for the fair one to
 see;
 But she sunk on the ground—’twas a
 skeleton’s features,
 And Death was the Lord of the high-
 born Ladye!

—o—

THE INDIAN BOAT.

’Twas midnight dark,
 The seaman’s bark,
 Swift o’er the waters bore him,
 When, through the night,
 He spied a light
 Shoot o’er the wave before him.
 “A sail! a sail!” he cries;
 “She comes from the Indian shore,
 And to-night shall be our prize,
 With her freight of golden ore.
 Sail on! sail on!”
 When morning shone
 He saw the gold still clearer;
 But, though so fast
 The waves he pass’d,
 That boat seem’d never the nearer.
 Bright daylight came,
 And still the same
 Rich bark before him floated;
 While on the prize
 His wishful eyes
 Like any young lover’s doated:
 “More sail! more sail!” he cries,
 While the waves o’ertop the mast;
 And his bounding galley flies,
 Like an arrow before the blast.
 Thus on, and on,
 Till day was gone,
 And the moon through heav’n did hie
 her,
 He swept the main,
 But all in vain,
 That boat seem’d never the nigher.

And many a day
 To night gave way,
 And many a morn succeeded;
 While still his flight,
 Through day and night,
 That restless mariner speeded.
 Who knows—who knows what seas
 He is now careering o’er?
 Behind, the eternal breeze,
 And that mocking bark, before!
 For, oh, till sky
 And earth shall die,
 And their death leave none to rue it,
 That boat must flee
 O’er the boundless sea,
 And that ship in vain pursue it.

—o—

THE STRANGER.

COME list, while I tell of the heart-
 wounded Stranger
 Who sleeps her last slumber in this
 haunted ground;
 Where often, at midnight, the lonely
 wood-ranger
 Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.
 None e’er knew the name of that heart-
 stricken lady,
 Her language, though sweet, none
 could e’er understand:
 But her features so sunn’d, and her eye-
 lash so shady,
 Bespoke her a child of some far
 Eastern land.
 ’Twas one summer night, when the village
 lay sleeping,
 A soft strain of melody came o’er our
 ears;
 So sweet, but so mournful, half song and
 half weeping,
 Like music that Sorrow had steep’d in
 her tears.
 We thought ’twas an anthem some angel
 had sung us;—
 But, soon as the day-beams had gush’d
 from on high,
 With wonder we saw this bright stranger
 among us,
 All lovely and lone, as if stray’d from
 the sky.

<p>Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended, For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue, Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended, And light from another already shines through.</p> <p>Then her eyes, when she sung—oh, but once to have seen them— Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart ; While her looks and her voice made a language between them, That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.</p>	<p>But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her— Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast ; She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her, That song of past days on her lips to the last.</p> <p>Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing— Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb ; For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing, The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.</p>
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The Summer Fête.

[ANOTHER folio of music and poetry was published, in 1831, by James Power of 34, Strand, in which Moore and Bishop again wrote in collaboration. The work, which extended to 108 pages, and the price of which was fifteen shillings, instead of being merely a string of songs, was so far symmetrical in its structure that it could be accurately described as a poem in which eleven musical compositions were introduced. Begun in the August of 1830, according to the Poet's Journal, it is there referred to as a mere bagatelle, "a thing," he slightly terms it, "to be called (I think) The Summer Fête." It celebrated, under the guise of an imaginary *al fresco* feast, a memorable entertainment given, five years previously, on the 30th of June, 1827, at Boyle Farm, then the seat of Lord Henry Fitzgerald. Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor subscribed about £500 a piece towards defraying the expenses. At what would be regarded now as the unearthly hour of half-past five the guests sat down to dinner, in number 450, under a tent upon the lawn, fifty more being at the royal table in the conservatory. Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, Madame Vestris, and others sang barcarolles from gondolas floating on the river. After nightfall the gardens, by the aid of coloured lamps, were brilliantly illuminated. When dancing began, twenty-six of the prettiest girls of the fashionable world, Foresters, Brudenells, De Roos, and others opened the quadrille in the pavilion, arrayed as *rosières*. Caroline Norton (née Sheridan) having been one of the most distinguished ornaments of that radiant evening, Moore, with every feeling of admiration and regard, and speaking of himself in the same breath as her father's warmly attached friend, not unnaturally selected as the one with whose name should be associated a fanciful little poem, designed by him as that summer fête's reflection.

TO
THE HONOURABLE MRS.
NORTON.

FOR the groundwork of the following Poem, I am indebted to a memorable Fête, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. In commemoration of that evening—of which the lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well recollect, one of the most distinguished ornaments—I was induced at the time to write some verses, which were afterwards, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet, whose playful and happy *jeu-d'esprit* on the subject has since been published. It was but

lately, that, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary Fête as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs. Norton it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed by her father's warmly attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

SLOPERTON COTTAGE,
November, 1831.

"WHERE are ye now, ye summer
days,
That once inspired the poet's lays?"

Blest time! ere England's nymphs and swains,

For lack of sunbeams, took to coals—
Summers of light, undimm'd by rains,
Whose only mocking trace remains
In watering-pots and parasols."

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
As, on the morning of that Fête
Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
She backward drew her curtain's shade,
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
Peep'd with the other at the sky—
Th' important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the doom
Of some few hundred Beauties, Wits,
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites.

Faint were her hopes; for June had now
Set in with all his usual rigour!
Young Phegry yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
But Eurus in perpetual vigour;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph now nestling
there—

Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine—
Had, more than once, been caught of
late

Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
With hands uplifted to the flame,
Whose glow, as if to woo them nigher,
Through the white fingers flushing
came.

But oh! the light, th' unhop'd-for
light,
That now illumed this morning's
heaven!

Up sprung Iänthe at the sight,
Though—hark!—the clocks but strike
eleven,

And rarely did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes.

Who now will say that England's sun
(Like England's self, these spendthrift
days)

His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
And must retrench his golden rays—
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
And to mere moonshine come at last?

"Calumnious thought!" Iänthe cries,
While coming mirth lit up each glance,
And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
Already had begun to dance:
For brighter sun than that which now
Sparkled o'er London's spires and
towers,

Had never bent from heaven his brow
To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.
What must it be—if thus so fair
'Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor
Square—

What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes—
A lover, loved for ev'n the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.

In one of those enchanted domes,
One, the most flow'ry, cool, and bright
Of all by which that river roams,
The Fête is to be held to-night—
That Fête already link'd to fame,
Whose cards in many a fair one's
sight
(When look'd for long, at last they
came,)

Seem'd circled with a fairy light;—
That Fête to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank and power,
From the young spinster just come out,
To the old Premier, too long in—
From legs of far descended gout,
To the last new-mustachio'd chin—
All were convoked by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells,
Collecting nightly, to allure us,
Live atoms, which, together hurl'd,
She, like another Epicurus,
Sets dancing thus, and calls "the
World."

Behold how busy in those bowers
(Like May-flies, in and out of flowers,)
The countless menials swarming run,
To furnish forth, ere set of sun,
The banquet-table richly laid
Beneath yon awning's lengthen'd shade,
Where fruits shall tempt, and wines entice,
And Luxury's self, at Gunter's call,
Breathe from her summer-throne of ice
A spirit of coolness over all,

And now th' important hour drew nigh,
When, 'neath the flush of evening's
sky,

The west end "world" for mirth let
loose,

And moved, as he of Syracuse
Ne'er dreamt of moving worlds, by force
Of four-horse power, had all combined
Through Grosvenor Gate to speed their
course,

Leaving that portion of mankind,
Whom they call "Nobody," behind ;—

No star for London's feasts to-day,
No moon of beauty, new this May,
To lend the night her crescent ray ;—

Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,
But veteran belles, and wits gone by,
The relics of a past beau-monde,
A world, like Cuvier's, long dethroned !

Ev'n Parliament this evening nods
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,

On half its usual opiate's share ;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate furnishers of prose
Being all call'd to—prose elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly
square—

That last impregnable redoubt,
Where, guarded with Patrician care,
Primeval Error still holds out—

Where never gleam of gas must dare
'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare

The dowagers one single jolt :—
Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let Intellect march how it will,

They stick to oil and watchmen still :—
Soon as through that illustrious square

The first epistolary bell,
Sounding by fits upon the air,

Of parting pennies rung the knell ;
Warn'd by that telltale of the hours,

And by the daylight's westering beam,
The young l  nthe, who with flowers

Half-crown'd, had sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers roved through that bright
hair,

While, all capriciously, she now
Dislodged some curl from her white
brow,

And now again replaced it there ;—

As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry—
A routing-up of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile—what strain is that which
floats

Through the small boudoir near—like
notes

Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next linnnet music-meeting ?

A voice it was, whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,
Nor yet had ventured to exalt

Its rash ambition to *B alt*,
That point towards which when ladies
rise,

The wise man takes his hat and—flies.

Tones of a harp, too, gently play'd,
Came with this youthful voice com-
muning,

Tones true, for once, without the aid
Of that inflictive process, tuning—

A process which must oft have given
Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound ;

So pleased, among the joys of heav'n,
He specifies "harps *ever* tuned."

She who now sung this gentle strain
Was our young nymph's still younger
sister—

Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train

In their light legions to enlist her,
But counted on, as sure to bring
Her force into the field next spring.

The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
Gave forth "so sweetly and so well,"
Was one in *Morning Post* much famed,

From a *divine* collection, named,
"Songs of the toilet"—every Lay

Taking for subject of its Muse,
Some branch of feminine array,

Some item, with full scope, to choose,
From diamonds down to dancing shoes ;

From the last hat that Herbault's hands
Bequeath'd to an admiring world,

Down to the latest flounce that stands
Like Jacob's Ladder—or expands

Far forth, tempestuously unfurl'd.

Speaking of one of these new Lays,
The *Morning Post* thus sweetly says :—

“Not all that breathes from Bishop’s
lyre,
That Barnett dreams, or Cooke conceives,
Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,
This fine Cantata upon Sleeves.
The very notes themselves reveal
The cut of each new sleeve so well ;
A flat betrays the *Imbécilles*,
Light fugues the flying lappets tell ;
While rich cathedral chords awake
Our homage for the *Manches d’Evêque*.”

’Twas the first op’ning song—the Lay
Of all least deep in toilet-lore,
That the young nymph, to while away
The tiring hour, thus warbled o’er :—

—o—

SONG.

ARRAY thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee ;
The sun’s below—the moon’s above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.
Put on thee all that’s bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that’s bright array thee ;
The sun’s below—the moon’s above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where’er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of
heaven

From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but *one* so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee ;
The sun’s below—the moon’s above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure’s circles hie thee,
And hearts, where’er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.

Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wond’ring eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way !
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure’s circles hie thee,
And hearts, where’er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

—

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fann’d to rest,
Mid the cool airs of Evening lay ;
While round his couch’s golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers,
crept—

Struggling each other’s light to dim,
And catch his last smile e’er he slept.
How gay, as o’er the gliding Thames
The golden eve its lustre pour’d,
Shone out the high-born knights and
dames

Now group’d around that festal board ;
A living mass of plumes and flowers,
As though they’d robb’d both birds and
bowers—

A peopled rainbow, swarming through
With habitants of every hue ;
While, as the sparkling juice of France
High in the crystal brimmers flow’d,
Each sunset ray that mix’d by chance
With the wine’s sparkles, show’d
How sunbeams may be taught to dance.

If not in written form exprest,
’Twas known, at least, to every guest,
That, though not bidden to parade
Their scenic powers in masquerade,
(A pastime little found to thrive
In the bleak fog of England’s skies,
Where wit’s the thing we best contrive,
As masqueraders, to *disguise*,)
It yet was hoped—and well that hope
Was answer’d by the young and gay—
That, in the toilet’s task to-day,
Fancy should take her wildest scope ;—
That the rapt milliner should be
Let loose through fields of poesy,
The tailor, in inventive trance,
Up to the heights of Epic clamber,
And all the regions of Romance
Be ransack’d by the *femme de chambre*.

Accordingly, with gay Sultanas,
Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas—
Circassian slaves whom Love would pay
Half his maternal realms to ransom ;—

Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
In looking most profanely handsome ;—

Muses in muslin—pastoral maids
With hats from the *Arcade-ian* shades,
And fortune-tellers, rich, 'twas plain,
As fortune-hunters form'd their train.

With these, and more such female groups,
Were mix'd no less fantastic troops
Of male exhibitors—all willing
To look, ev'n more than usual, killing ;—
Beau tyrants, smock-faced braggadocios,
And brigands, charmingly ferocious ;—
Grave Friars (staunch No-Popery men),
In close confab with Whig Caciques ;
And M.P. Turks, all Moslem then,
Who, last night, voted for the Greeks.

But where is she—the nymph, whom late
We left before her glass delaying,
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,
In the clear wave her charms surveying,

And saw in that first glassy mirror
The first fair face that lured to error.
“Where is she,” ask'st thou?—watch all looks

As cent'ring to one point they bear,
Like sun-flowers by the sides of brooks,
Turn'd to the sun—and she is there.
Ev'n in disguise, oh never doubt
By her own light you'd track her out :
As when the moon, close shawl'd in fog,
Steals, as she thinks, through heaven *incog.*

Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,
At every step, detects her way.

But not in dark disguise to-night
Hath our young heroine veil'd her light ;—

For see, she walks the earth, Love's own,
His wedded bride, by holiest vow
Pledged in Olympus, and made known
To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glitt'ring on her snowy brow,
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the Soul (though few would think it),

And sparkling thus on brow so white,
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night !

But hark ! some song hath caught her ears—

And, lo, how pleased, as though she'd ne'er

Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,
Her goddess-ship approves the air ;
And to a mere terrestrial strain,
Inspired by nought but pink champagne,
Her butterfly as gaily nods
As though she sat with all her train
At some great Concert of the Gods,
With Phœbus, leader—Jove director,
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came—
A few gay youths, whom round the board

The last-tried flask's superior fame
Had lured to taste the tide it pour'd ;
And one, who, from his youth and lyre,
Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,
Thus gaily sung, while, to his lay,
Less and still less, like dying day,
The flask's rich radiance ebb'd away.

—o—

SONG.

SOME mortals there may be, so wise, or
so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment
to see ;

But, as *I'm* not particular—wit, love, and
wine,

Are for one night's amusement sufficient
for me.

Nay—humble and strange as my tastes
may appear—

If driv'n to the worst, I could manage,
thank Heaven,

To put up with eyes such as beam round
me here,

And such wine as we're sipping, six
days out of seven.

So pledge me a bumper—your sages pro-
found

May be blest, if they will, on their own
patent plan :

But as we are *not* sages, why—send the
cup round—

We must only be happy the best way
we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd,
 we're told,
 To whoe'er could invent a new bliss
 for mankind ;
 But talk of *new* pleasures !—give me but
 the old,
 And I'll leave your inventors all new
 ones they find.
 Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of
 bliss,
 Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some
 day,
 Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be
 this,
 And such eyes as we've here be the stars
 of my way !
 In the meantime, a bumper—your Angels,
 on high,
 May have pleasures unknown to life's
 limited span ;
 But, as we are *not* Angels, why—let the
 flask fly—
 We must only be happy *all* ways that
 we can.

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
 Leaving but so much of its beam
 As gave to objects, late so bright,
 The colouring of a shadowy dream ;
 And there was still where Day had set
 A flush that spoke him loth to die—
 A last link of his glory yet,
 Binding together earth and sky.
 Oh, why is it that twilight best
 Becomes even brows the loveliest ?
 That dimness, with its soft'ning touch,
 Can bring out grace, unfelt before,
 And charms we ne'er can see too
 much,
 When seen but half enchant the more ?
 Why is it, but that every joy
 In fulness finds its worst alloy,
 And half a bliss, but hoped or guess'd,
 Is sweeter than the whole possess'd ;—
 That Beauty, dimly shone upon,
 A creature all ideal grows ;
 And there's no light from moon or sun
 Like that Imagination throws ;—
 It is but that Fancy shrinks
 Ev'n from a bright reality,
 And turning inly, feels and thinks
 Far heav'nlier things than e'er will *be*.

Such was th' effect of twilight's hour
 On the fair groups that, round and
 round,
 From glade to grot, from bank to bow'r,
 Now wander'd through this fairy
 ground ;
 And thus did Fancy—and champagne—
 Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
 Till nymphs that look'd, at noon-day,
 plain,
 Now brighten'd, in the gloom, to
 belles ;
 And the brief interval of time,
 'Twixt after dinner and before,
 To dowagers brought back their prime,
 And shed a halo round two-score.

Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
 The ear, the fancy, quick succeed ;
 And now along the waters fly
 Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,
 With knights and dames, who, calm
 reclined,
 Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide—
 Astonishing old Thames to find
 Such doings on his moral tide.

So bright was still that tranquil river,
 With the last shaft from Daylight's
 quiver,
 That many a group, in turn, were seen
 Embarking on its wave serene ;
 And, 'mong the rest, in chorus gay,
 A band of mariners, from th' isles
 Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,
 As smooth they floated, to the play
 Of their oar's cadence, sung this lay :—

—o—
 TRIO.

OUR home is on the sea, boy,
 Our home is on the sea ;
 When Nature gave
 The ocean-wave,
 She mark'd it for the Free.
 Whatever storms befall, boy,
 Whatever storms befall,
 The island bark
 Is Freedom's ark,
 And floats her safe through *all*.

Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
Behold yon sea of isles,
Where ev'ry shore
Is sparkling o'er
With Beauty's richest smiles.
For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
For us hath Freedom claim'd
Those ocean-nests
Where Valour rests
His eagle wing untamed.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
While Grecian hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his Crescent there?
No—by our fathers, no, boy,
No, by the Cross we show—
From Maina's rills
To Thracia's hills
All Greece re-echoes "No!"

Like pleasant thoughts that o'er the mind
A minute come, and go again,
Ev'n so, by snatches, in the wind,
Was caught and lost that choral strain,
Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near.
At length when, lost, the closing note
Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another fairy boat,
Freighted with music, came this
song:—

—o—

SONG.

SMOOTHLY flowing through verdant
vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
Shelter'd safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flow'ry shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in
vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded
home,
To mingle with the stormy main.

And thou, sweet Youth, too soon wilt
pass
Into the world's unshelter'd sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas,
All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon
Resplendent as a summer noon,
Where 'neath a pendent wreath of
lights,
A Zodiac of flowers and tapers—
(Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds
Its glory o'er young dancers' heads)—
Quadrille performs her mazy rites,
And reigns supreme o'er slides and
capers;—
Working to death each opera strain,
As, with a foot that ne'er reposes,
She jigs through sacred and profane,
From "Maid and Magpie" up to
"Moses;"—
Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes,
Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respire;
Till Meyerbeer for mercy sues,
And Weber at her feet expires.

And now the set hath ceased—the bows
Of fiddlers taste a brief repose,
While light along the painted floor,
Arm within arm, the couples stray,
Talking their stock of nothings o'er,
Till—nothing's left, at last, to say.
When, lo!—most opportunely sent—
Two Exquisites, a he and she,
Just brought from Dandyland, and
meant
For Fashion's grand Menagerie,
Enter'd the room—and scarce were there
When all flock'd round them, glad to
stare
At *any* monsters, *any* where.

Among the critics, as is common, a
Diff'rence arose 'bout these phenomena,
Some thought them perfect, to their
tastes;

While others hinted that the waists
(That in particular of the *he* thing)
Left far too ample room for breathing:
Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,
The isthmus there should be so small,
That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,
Must manage not to breathe at all.

The female (these same critics said),
 Though orthodox from toe to chin,
 Yet lack'd that spacious width of head
 To hat of toadstool much akin—
 That build of bonnet, whose extent
 Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
 Puzzle church-doors to let it in.

However—sad as 'twas, no doubt,
 That nymph so smart should go about,
 With head unconscious of the place
 It *ought* to fill in Infinite Space—
 Yet all allow'd that, of *her kind*,
 A prettier show 'twas hard to find ;
 While of that doubtful genus, “dressy
 men,”

The male was thought a first-rate specimen.
 Such *Savans*, too, as wish'd to trace
 The manners, habits, of this race—
 To know what rank (if rank at all)
 'Mong reas'ning things to them should
 fall—

What sort of notions Heaven imparts
 To high-built heads and tight-laced
 hearts,

And how far Soul, which, Plato says,
 Abhors restraint, can act in stays—
 Might now, if gifted with discerning,
 Find opportunities of learning :
 As these two creatures—from their pout
 And frown, 'twas plain—had just fall'n
 out ;

And all their little thoughts, of course,
 Were stirring in full fret and force ;—
 Like mites, through microscope espied,
 A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek,
 The tempest of their souls to speak ;
 As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,
 To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,
 Even so this tender couple set
 Their well-bred woes to a Duet.

—o—

WALTZ DUET.

HE.

LONG as I waltz'd with only thee,
 Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
 Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee
 Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.

Oh ! ah ! ah ! oh !
 Those happy days are gone—
 heigho !

SHE.

LONG as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
 Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
 No blither nymph teetotum'd round
 To Collinet's immortal strain.
 Oh ! ah ! ah ! oh !
 Those happy days are gone—
 heigho !

HE.

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
 I know no bounds of time or breath ;
 And, should the charmer's head hold out,
 My heart and heels are hers till death.
 Oh ! ah ! ah ! oh !
 Still round and round through life
 we'll go.

SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
 A youth renown'd for waistcoats smart,
 I now have given (excuse the pun)
 A vested interest in my heart.
 Oh ! ah ! ah ! oh !
 Still round and round with him I'll
 go.

HE.

What if, by fond remembrance led
 Again to wear our mutual chain,
 For me thou cut'st Fitznoodle dead,
 And I *levant* from Lady Jane.
 Oh ! ah ! ah ! oh !
 Still round and round again we'll go.

SHE.

Though he the Noodle honours give,
 And thine, dear youth, are not so high,
 With thee in endless waltz I'd live,
 With thee, to Weber's Stop-Waltz,
 die !
 Oh ! ah ! ah ! oh !
 Thus round and round through life
 we'll go.

[*Exeunt waltzing.*]

While thus, like motes that dance away
 Existence in a summer ray,
 These gay things, born but to quadrille,
 The circle of their doom fulfil—

(That dancing doom, whose law decrees
That they should live, on the alert toe,
A life of ups-and-downs, like keys
Of Broadwood's in a long concerto :—)
While thus the fiddle's spell, *within*,
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without, as if some Mandarin
Were holding there his feast of
Lights,
Lamps of all hues, from walks and
bowers,
Broke on the eye, like kindling flowers,
Till, budding into light, each tree
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy.

Here shone a garden—lamps all o'er,
As though the Spirits of the Air
Had tak'n it in their heads to pour
A shower of summer meteors there ;—
While here a lighted shrubb'ry led
To a small lake that sleeping lay,
Cradled in foliage, but, o'er-head,
Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray ;
While round its rim there burning stood
Lamps, with young flowers beside them
bedded,
That shrunk from such warm neighbour-
hood ;
And, looking bashful in the flood,
Blush'd to behold themselves so
wedded.

Hither, to this sweet place of calm,
Fit but for nights whose air is balm ;
Nights, such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour, when all
So silent is, below, on high,
That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall—
Hither, to this recess, a few,
To shun the dancers' wild'ring noise,
And give an hour, ere night-time flew,
To Music's more ethereal joys,
Come with their voices—ready all
As Echo, waiting for a call—
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.

And, first, a dark-eyed nymph, array'd—
Like her, whom Art hath deathless
made,
Bright Mona Lisa—with that braid
Of hair across the brow, and one
Small gem that in the centre shone—

With face, too, in its form resembling
Da Vinci's Beauties—the dark eyes,
Now lucid, as through crystal trembling,
Now soft, as if suffused with sighs—
Her lute, that hung beside her, took,
And, bending o'er it with shy look,
More beautiful, in shadow thus,
Than when with life most luminous,
Pass'd her light finger o'er the chords,
And sung to them these mournful
words :—

—o—

SONG.

BRING hither, bring thy lute, while day
is dying—
Here will I lay me, and list to thy
song ;
Should tones of other days mix with its
sighing,
Tones of a light heart, now banish'd
so long,
Chase them away—they bring but pain,
And let thy theme be woe again.

Sing on, thou mournful lute—day is fast
going,
Soon will its light from thy chords die
away ;
One little gleam in the west is still glow-
ing,
When that hath vanish'd, farewell to
thy lay.
Mark how it fades !—see, it is fled !
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead.

—

The group, that late, in garb of Greeks,
Sung their light chorus o'er the tide—
Forms, such as up the wooded creeks
Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,
Or, nightly, on her glist'ning sea,
Woo the bright waves with melody—
Now link'd their triple league again
Of voices sweet, and sung a strain,
Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear
But caught it, on the fatal steep,
She would have paused, entranced, to
hear,
And, for that day, deferr'd her leap.

—o—

SONG AND TRIO.

ON one of those sweet nights that oft
 Their lustre o'er th' Ægean fling,
 Beneath my casement, low and soft,
 I heard a Lesbian lover sing ;
 And, list'ning both with ear and thought,
 These sounds upon the night-breeze
 caught—

“Oh, happy as the gods is he,
 Who gazes at this hour on thee !”

The song was one by Sappho sung,
 In the first love-dreams of her lyre,
 When words of passion from her tongue
 Fell like a shower of living fire.
 And still, at close of ev'ry strain,
 I heard these burning words again—
 “Oh, happy as the gods is he,
 Who listens at this hour to thee !”

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd
 Each asking eye—nor turn'd in vain ;
 Though the quick, transient blush that
 burn'd

Bright o'er her cheek, and died again,
 Show'd with what inly shame and fear
 Was utter'd what all loved to hear.
 Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
 Did she her lute-song now devote ;
 But thus, with voice that, like a ray
 Of southern sunshine, seem'd to
 float—

So rich with climate was each note—
 Call'd up in every heart a dream
 Of Italy, with this soft theme :—

SONG.

OH, where art thou dreaming,
 On land, or on sea ?
 In my lattice is gleaming
 The watch-light for thee ;
 And this fond heart is glowing
 To welcome thee home,
 And the night is fast going,
 But thou art not come :
 No, thou com'st not !

'Tis the time when night-flowers
 Should wake from their rest ;
 'Tis the hour of all hours,
 When the lute singeth best.
 But the flowers are half sleeping
 Till *thy* glance they see !
 And the hush'd lute is keeping
 Its music for thee.
 Yet, thou com'st not !

Scarce had the last word left her lip,
 When a light, boyish form, with trip
 Fantastic, up the green walk came,
 Prank'd in gay vest, to which the
 flame

Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,
 Or green, or crimson, lent its hue ;
 As though a live cameleon's skin
 He had despoil'd to robe him in.
 A zone he wore of clatt'ring shells,
 And from his lofty cap, where shone
 A peacock's plume, there dangled bells
 That rung as he came dancing on.
 Close after him, a page—in dress
 And shape, his miniature express—
 An ample basket, fill'd with store
 Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore ;
 Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,
 He laid it at his master's feet,
 Who, half in speech and half in song,
 Chaunted this invoice to the throng :—

SONG.

WHO'LL buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll
 buy?—
 We've toys to suit all ranks and
 ages ;
 Besides our usual fools' supply,
 We've lots of playthings, too, for
 sages.
 For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,
 That fullest seems when nothing's in
 it ;
 And nine-pins set, like systems, up,
 To be knock'd down the following
 minute.
 Who'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop,
 who'll buy?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
 For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
 Or bards the bells alone may take,
 And leave to wits the cap and feather.
 Teetotums we've for patriots got,
 Who court the mob with antics
 humble;
 Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot,
 A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.
 Who'll buy, &c. &c.

Here, wealthy misers to inter,
 We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
 While, for their heirs, we've *quicksilver*,
 That, fast as they can wish, will caper.
 For aldermen we've dials true,
 That tell no hour but that of dinner;
 For courtly parsons sermons new,
 That suit alike both saint and sinner.
 Who'll buy, &c. &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
 But whatsoever the whims that seize
 you,
 This oldest of all mortal firms,
 Folly and Co., will try to please you.
 Or, should you wish a darker hue
 Of goods than *we* can recommend you,
 Why then (as we with lawyers do)
 To Knavery's shop next door we'll
 send you.
 Who'll buy, &c. &c.

While thus the blissful moments roll'd,
 Moments of rare and fleeting light,
 That show'd themselves, like grains of
 gold
 In the mine's refuse, few and bright;
 Behold where, opening far away,
 The long Conservatory's range,
 Stripp'd of the flowers it wore all day,
 But gaining lovelier in exchange,
 Presents, on Dresden's costliest ware,
 A supper such as Gods might share.

Ah much-loved Supper!—blithe repast
 Of other times, now dwindling fast,
 Since Dinner far into the night
 Advanced the march of appetite;
 Deploy'd his never-ending forces
 Of various vintage and three courses,
 And, like those Goths who play'd the
 dickens
 With Rome and all her sacred chickens,

Put Supper and her fowls so white,
 Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.

Now waked once more by wine—whose
 tide
 Is the true Hippocrene, where glide
 The Muse's swans with happiest wing,
 Dipping their bills, before they sing—
 The minstrels of the table greet
 The list'ning ear with descant sweet:—



SONG AND TRIO.

THE LEVÉE AND COUCHÉE.

CALL the Loves around,
 Let the whisp'ring sound
 Of their wings be heard alone,
 Till soft to rest
 My Lady blest
 At this bright hour hath gone.
 Let Fancy's beams
 Play o'er her dreams,
 Till, touch'd with light all through,
 Her spirit be
 Like a summer sea,
 Shining and slumb'ring too.
 And, while thus hush'd she lies,
 Let the whisper'd chorus rise—
 "Good evening, good evening, to our
 Lady's bright eyes."

But the day-beam breaks,
 See, our Lady wakes!
 Call the Loves around once more,
 Like stars that wait
 At Morning's gate,
 Her first steps to adore.
 Let the veil of night
 From her dawning sight
 All gently pass away,
 Like mists that flee
 From a summer sea,
 Leaving it full of day.
 And, while her last dream flies,
 Let the whisper'd chorus rise—
 "Good morning, good morning, to our
 Lady's bright eyes."



SONG.

If to see thee be to love thee,
 If to love thee be to prize
 Nought of earth or heav'n above thee,
 Nor to live but for those eyes :
 If such love to mortal given,
 Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heav'n,
 'Tis not for thee the fault to blame,
 For from those eyes the madness came.
 Forgive but thou the crime of loving,
 In this heart more pride 'twill raise
 To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
 Than right, with all a world to praise !

But say, while light these songs resound,
 What means that buzz of whip'ring
 round,

From lip to lip—as if the Power
 Of Mystery, in this gay hour,
 Had thrown some secret (as we fling
 Nuts among children) to that ring
 Of rosy, restless lips, to be
 Thus scrambled for so wantonly ?
 And, mark ye, still as each reveals
 The mystic news, her hearer steals
 A look tow'rds yon enchanted chair,

Where, like the Lady of the Masque,
 A nymph, as exquisitely fair

As Love himself for bride could ask,
 Sits blushing deep, as if aware
 Of the wing'd secret circling there.

Who is this nymph? and what, oh
 Muse,

What, in the name of all odd things
 That woman's restless brain pursues,
 What mean these mystic whisperings ?

Thus runs the tale :—yon blushing maid,
 Who sits in beauty's light array'd,
 While o'er her leans a tall young Der-
 vise,

(Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
 Learning by heart the Marriage Service),
 Is the bright heroine of our song,—
 The Love-wed Psyche, whom so long
 We've miss'd among this mortal train,
 We thought her wing'd to heaven
 again.

But no—earth still demands her smile ;
 Her friends, the Gods, must wait awhile.

And if, for maid of heavenly birth,
 A young Duke's proffer'd heart and
 hand

Be things worth waiting for on earth,
 Both are, this hour, at her command.
 To-night, in yonder half-lit shade,
 For love concerns expressly meant,
 The fond proposal first was made,
 And love and silence blush'd consent.
 Parents and friends (all here, as Jews,
 Enchanters, housemaids, Turks, Hin-
 doos,)

Have heard, approved, and blest the tie ;
 And now, hadst thou a poet's eye,
 Thou might'st behold, in th' air, above
 That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,
 Holding, as if to drop it down
 Gently upon her curls, a crown
 Of Ducal shape—but, oh, such gems !
 Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,
 And set in gold like that which shines
 To deck the Fairy of the Mines :
 In short, a crown all glorious—such as
 Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

But see, 'tis morn in heaven ; the Sun
 Up the bright orient hath begun
 To canter his immortal team ;

And, though not yet arrived in sight,
 His leader's nostrils send a steam
 Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
 As makes their onward path all light.
 What's to be done? If Sol will be
 So deuced early, so must we ;
 And when the day thus shines outright,
 Ev'n dearest friends must bid good
 night.

So, farewell, scene of mirth and mask-
 ing,

Now almost a by-gone tale ;
 Beauties, late in lamp-light basking,
 Now, by daylight, dim and pale ;
 Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,
 Scarcely knowing flats from sharps ;
 Mothers who, while bored you keep
 Time by nodding, nod to sleep ;
 Heads of hair, that stood last night
Crêpé, crispy, and upright,
 But have now, alas, one sees, a
 Leaning like the tower of Pisa ;
 Fare ye well—thus sinks away
 All that's mighty, all that's bright ;
 Tyre and Sidon had their day,
 And ev'n a Ball—has but its night !

Songs and Ballads.

[MOORE'S "Songs and Ballads" ought never to be printed apart from the musical notation by which they were originally designed to be accompanied, without a prefixed reminder to the reader of the anguish expressed by the Poet on his first seeing them separated from the beautiful airs which he modestly regarded as having, until then, formed their chief ornament and strength—their decus et tutamen.]

TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.

To-day, dearest! is ours;
 Why should Love carelessly lose it?
 This life shines or lowers
 Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
 'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs decay,
 To think of the thorns of Sorrow;
 And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
 May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long
 Let the sweet moments fly over?
 Though now, blooming and young,
 Thou hast me devoutly thy lover:
 Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,
 Some treasure may steal or borrow;
 Thy charms may be less in bloom,
 perhaps,
 Or I less in love to-morrow.

—o—

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH
 DELAYS.

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
 As if 'twould linger there for ever;
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,
 Yet still look down, and venture never;
 When, though with fairest nymphs we
 rove,
 There's one we dream of more than
 any—
 If all this is not real love,
 'Tis something wond'rous like it,
 Fanny!

To think and ponder, when apart,
 On all we've got to say at meeting;
 And yet when near, with heart to heart,
 Sit mute, and listen to their beating:
 To see but one bright object move,
 The only moon, where stars are many—
 If all this is not downright love,
 I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny!

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
 Though Reason on the darkest reckons;
 When Passion drives us to the west,
 Though Prudence to the eastward
 beckons;
 When all turns round, below, above,
 And our own heads the most of any—
 If this is not stark, staring love,
 Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

—o—

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

HERE, take my heart—'twill be safe in
 thy keeping,
 While I go wand'ring o'er land and
 o'er sea;
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
 What need I care, so my heart is with
 thee?

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,
 They who have light hearts the happiest
 be,
 Then, happier still must be they who
 have none, love,
 And that will be *my* case when mine
 is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a
 rover,
 I care not how many bright eyes I may
 see ;
 Should Venus herself come and ask me
 to love her,
 I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is
 with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and
 fonder—

For, even should Fortune turn truant
 to me,

Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond
 her,

As long as my heart's out at int'rest
 with thee !

—o—

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

OH, call it by some better name,
 For Friendship sounds too cold,
 While Love is now a worldly flame,
 Whose shrine must be of gold ;
 And Passion, like the sun at noon,
 That burns o'er all he sees,
 Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
 Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
 More free from stain of clay
 Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
 Yet human still as they :
 And if thy lip, for love like this,
 No mortal word can frame,
 Go, ask of angels what it is,
 And call it by that name !

—o—

POOR WOUNDED HEART.

POOR wounded heart, farewell !
 Thy hour of rest is come ;
 Thou soon wilt reach thy home,
 Poor wounded heart, farewell !
 The pain thou'lt feel in breaking
 Less bitter far will be,
 Than that long, deadly aching,
 This life has been to thee.

There—broken heart, farewell !
 The pang is o'er—
 The parting pang is o'er ;
 Thou now wilt bleed no more,
 Poor broken heart, farewell !
 No rest for thee but dying—
 Like waves, whose strife is past,
 On death's cold shore thus lying,
 Thou sleep'st in peace at last—
 Poor broken heart, farewell !

—o—

THE EAST INDIAN.

COME, May, with all thy flowers,
 Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
 Thy cooling ev'ning showers,
 Thy fragrant breath at morn :
 When May-flies haunt the willow,
 When May-buds tempt the bee,
 Then o'er the shining billow
 My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging
 Through wat'ry wilds her way,
 And on her cheek is bringing
 The bright sun's orient ray :
 Oh, come and court her hither,
 Ye breezes mild and warm—
 One winter's gale would wither
 So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
 Are blest with endless light,
 With zephyrs always playing
 Through gardens always bright.
 Then now, sweet May ! be sweeter
 Than e'er thou'st been before ;
 Let sighs from roses meet her
 When she comes near our shore.

—o—

POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

POOR broken flow'r ! what art can now
 recover thee ?
 Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy
 breath—
 In vain the sun-beams seek
 To warm that faded cheek ;
 The dews of heav'n, that once like balm
 fell over thee,
 Now are but tears, to weep thy early
 death.

So droops the maid whose lover hath
forsaken her,—
Thrown from his arms, as lone and
lost as thou ;
In vain the smiles of all
Like sun-beams round her fall ;
The only smile that could from death
awaken her,
That smile, alas ! is gone to others
now.

—o—

THE PRETTY ROSE TREE.

BEING weary of love,
I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest ;
Saying, “ Pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And I’ll worship each bud thou bearest.
For the hearts of this world are hollow,
And fickle the smiles we follow ;
And ’tis sweet, when all
Their witch’ries pall,
To have a pure love to fly to :
So, my pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And the only one now I shall sigh to.”

When the beautiful hue
Of thy cheek through the dew
Of morning is bashfully peeping,
“ Sweet tears,” I shall say
(As I brush them away),
“ At least there’s no art in this weeping.”
Although thou shouldst die to-
morrow,
’Twill not be from pain or sorrow ;
And the thorns of thy stem
Are not like them
With which men wound each other :
So, my pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And I’ll ne’er again sigh to another.

—o—

SHINE OUT, STARS !

SHINE out, Stars ! let Heav’n assemble
Round us ev’ry festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
All to grace this Eve of May.

Let the flow’r-beds all lie waking,
And the odours shut up there,
From their downy prisons breaking,
Fly abroad, through sea and air.
And would Love, too, bring his sweet-
ness,
With our other joys to weave,
Oh what glory, what completeness,
Then would crown this bright May
Eve !
Shine out, Stars ! let night assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
To adorn this Eve of May.

—o—

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF
GRENADA:

OH, the joys of our ev’ning posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Sit and sing the sunshine away ;
So merry, that even the slumbers,
That round us hung, seem gone ;
Till the lute’s soft drowsy numbers .
Again beguile them on.
Oh the joys, &c.

Then as each to his loved sultana
In sleep still breathes the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed Tirana
Escapes our lips as we lie.
Till, with morning’s rosy twinkle,
Again we are up and gone—
While the mule-bell’s drowsy tinkle
Beguiles the rough way on.
Oh the joys of our merry posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Thus sing the gay moments away.

—o—

TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left
lying
Beneath the green arbour, is still lying
there ;
And breezes, like lovers, around it are
sighing,
But not a soft whisper replies to their
prayer.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,
Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from
it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
The maiden is wandering, still let her
be
As true as the lute, that no sighing can
waken,
And blooming for ever, unchanged as
the tree !

—o—

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
Lest too soon, remember'd long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee ;
And that smile the song rewarded—
Worth whole years of fame to me !

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like the star-light, tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading mem'ry fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf shall die !

—o—

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE

OUR first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
And not all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed a lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze serener, grander ;
Our autumn beam
May, like a dream
Of heav'n, die calm away ;
But, no—let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
'Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us
Like that first youthful ray.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em ;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em—
Dear Fanny !
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
“Come and worship my ray—
By adoring, perhaps, you may move
me !”
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
“I love, and am yours, if you love me !”
Yes, Fanny !
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
“I love, and am yours, if you love me !”

Come tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
Oh why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said “No” to a lover ?
Dear Fanny !
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said “No” to a lover ?

—o—

DEAR FANNY.

“SHE has beauty, but still you must keep
your heart cool ;
She has wit, but you mustn't be caught
so :”
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a
fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have
thought so,
Dear Fanny,
'Tis not the first time I have thought
so.

"She is lovely ; then love her, nor let
the bliss fly ;

'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing
season : "

Thus Love has advised me, and who will
deny

That Love reasons much better than
Reason,

Dear Fanny ?

Love reasons much better than Reason.



FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREE- DOM.

FROM life without freedom, say, who
would not fly ?

For one day of freedom, oh ! who would
not die ?

Hark !—hark ! 'tis the trumpet ! the call
of the brave,

The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of
the slave.

Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste
to her aid ;

One arm that defends is worth hosts that
invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope
remains—

The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has
no chains.

On, on to the combat ; the heroes that
bleed

For virtue and mankind are heroes
indeed.

And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world
be driven,

Despair not—at least we shall find her in
heaven.



HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted ;

Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted !

Roses now unheeded sigh ;

Where's the hand to wreathe them ?

Songs around, neglected lie ;

Where's the lip to breathe them ?

Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;

Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.

Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her ;

Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer !

Here's the bower, &c.



I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I SAW the moon rise clear

O'er hills and vales of snow,

Nor told my fleet rein-deer

The track I wish'd to go.

Yet quick he bounded forth ;

For well my rein-deer knew

I have but one path on earth—

The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast

How soon the heart forgets,

When Summer brings, at last,

Her sun that never sets !

So dawn'd my love for you ;

So, fix'd through joy and pain,

Than summer sun more true,

'Twill never set again.



LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a
dark shade,

Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sun-
beam play'd ;

"Why thus in' darkness lie," whisper'd
young Love ;

"Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine
should move ?"

"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the
warm sun,

So noonday and midnight to me, Love,
are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the
shade,

And placed her where heav'n's beam
warmly play'd,

There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing
 eye,
 While, mark'd all with sunshine, her
 hours flew by.
 "Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any
 fair maid,
 That's born to be shone upon, rest in
 the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sun-
 beam's o'er,
 And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no
 more.
 Alone and neglected, while bleak rain
 and winds
 Are storming around her, with sorrow
 she finds
 That Love had but number'd a few sunny
 hours,—
 Then left the remainder to darkness and
 showers!

—o—

LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
 Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
 That Love and Time have only got
 One pair of wings between 'em.
 In courtship's first delicious hour,
 The boy full oft can spare 'em;
 So, loit'ring in his lady's bower,
 He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
 Then is Time's hour of play;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
 When he the wings can borrow;
 If Time to-day has had his flight,
 Love takes his turn to-morrow.
 Ah! Time and Love, your change is
 then
 The saddest and most trying,
 When one begins to limp again,
 And t'other takes to flying.
 Then is Love's hour to stray;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I
 feel,
 And bless the silken fetter,
 Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
 With Love and Time much better.

So well she checks their wanderings,
 So peacefully she pairs 'em,
 That Love with her ne'er thinks of
 wings,
 And Time for ever wears 'em.
 This is Time's Holiday;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

—o—

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before
 us—
 Youth may wither, but feeling will
 last;
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er
 us,
 Love's light summer-cloud only shall
 cast

Oh, if to love thee more
 Each hour I number o'er,
 If this a passion be

Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall
 last:
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er
 thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly
 shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain
 thee,
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou
 steal;

Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall
 stain thee,
 Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.
 Oh, if there be a charm
 In love, to banish harm—
 If pleasure's truest spell
 Be to love well,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall
 last:
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er
 thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly
 shall cast.

—o—

LOVE WAND'RING THROUGH
THE GOLDEN MAZE.

LOVE, wand'ring through the golden
maze

Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly ;
His heart was close confined,
For, every ringlet was a tie—
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM
BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh !
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh !
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour ;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender ;
Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh !
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh !
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness ;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—
Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth,
Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh !
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh !
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's
shades,

When our moments so blissfully flew ;
When you call'd me the flower of Cas-
tilian maids,

And I blush'd to be call'd so by you ;
When I taught you to warble the gay
seguadille,

And to dance to the light castanet ;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam
where you will,

The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's
green isle,

Every hour a new passion can feel ;
And that soon, in the light of some love-
lier smile,

You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the
battle you are,

Or they never could think you would
rove ;

For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in
war

That is fondest and truest in love.



OH, SOON RETURN.

OUR white sail caught the ev'ning ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all the weeping maid could say
Was, " Oh, soon return ! "

Through many a clime our ship was
driven,

O'er many a billow rudely thrown ;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd in summer's zone :

And still, where'er we bent our way,
When evening bid the west wave
burn,

I fancied still I heard her say,
" Oh, soon return ! "

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from
thee,

'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.

But though the war-field's wild alarm
 For gentle love was all unmeet,
 He lent to Glory's brow the charm,
 Which made even danger sweet.
 And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er
 The hearts where rage had ceased to
 burn,
 Those parting words I heard once more,
 "Oh, soon return!—Oh, soon
 return!"

—o—

OH, YES! SO WELL, SO
 TENDERLY.

OH, yes!—so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Were worthless without thee.
 Though brimm'd with blessings, pure
 and rare,
 Life's cup before me lay,
 Unless thy love were mingled there,
 I'd spurn the draught away.
 Love thee?—so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot
 To me were dark and lone,
 While, *with* it, ev'n the humblest cot
 Were brighter than his throne.
 Those worlds, for which the conqu'ror
 sighs,
 For me would have no charms;
 My only world thy gentle eyes—
 My throne thy circling arms!
 Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Whole realms of light and liberty
 Were worthless without thee.

—o—

ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
 First I sigh'd for thee;
 Couldst thou make me feel again
 Every wish I breathed thee then,
 Oh, how blissful life would be!

Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
 Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
 All would wake, couldst thou but give
 me
 One dear smile like those of old.

No—there's nothing left us now,
 But to mourn the past;
 Vain was every ardent vow—
 Never yet did Heaven allow
 Love so warm, so wild, to last.
 Not even hope could now deceive me—
 Life itself looks dark and cold:
 Oh, thou never more canst give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

—o—

OH, YES! WHEN THE BLOOM.

OH, yes! when the bloom of Love's
 boyhood is o'er,
 He'll turn into friendship that feels no
 decay;
 And, though Time may take from him
 the wings he once wore,
 The charms that remain will be bright
 as before,
 And he'll lose but his young trick of
 flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should
 not stay,
 That Friendship our last happy mo-
 ments will crown:
 Like the shadows of morning, Love
 lessens away,
 While Friendship, like those at the clos-
 ing of day,
 Will linger and lengthen as life's sun
 goes down.

—o—

THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling
 Stole o'er the mountain brook,
 With timid ray resembling
 Affection's early look.
 Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!
 The noon-tide ray ascended,
 And o'er the valley's stream
 Diffused a glow as splendid
 As passion's riper dream.
 Thus love expands—warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'ershading
 The glories of the sky,
 Like faith and fondness fading
 From passion's alter'd eye.
 Thus love declines—cold eve of love !

—o—

THE SONG OF WAR.

THE song of war shall echo through our
 mountains,

Till not one hateful link remains
 Of slavery's lingering chains ;
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
 No ! never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny moun-
 tains.

The song of war shall echo through our
 mountains,

Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
 "Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
 And Freedom comes, with new-born
 ray,
 To gild your vines and light your foun-
 tains."

Oh, never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny moun-
 tains.

—o—

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose I give thee, so dewy
 and bright,

Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet
 bird of night,

Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes
 hath hung,

And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay
 he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let
 her life be

Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow
 from thee ;

For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes
 shall thrill,

She'll think the sweet night-bird is court-
 ing her still.

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN midst the gay I meet
 That gentle smile of thine,
 Though still on me it turns most sweet,
 I scarce can call it mine :
 But when to me alone
 Your secret tears you show,
 Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
 And claim them while they flow.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free ;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
 Can smile in many a beam,
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
 How bright soe'er it seem.
 But, when some deep-felt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
 And, melting, turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free ;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

—o—

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
 Upon the rosy sea, love,

I watch the star, whose beam so oft
 Has lighted me to thee, love.

And thou, too, on that orb so dear
 Dost often gaze at even,
 And think, though lost for ever here,
 Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
 There's not a flow'r I see, love,
 But brings to mind some hope that's
 fled,

Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
 And still I wish that hour was near,
 When, friends and foes forgiven,
 The pains, the ills we've wept through
 here,

May turn to smiles in heaven.

—o—

YOUNG JESSICA.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
 With heart o'er idle love-thoughts
 pining ;
 Her needle bright beside her lay,
 So active once !—now idly shining.
 Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
 That love and mischief are most
 nimble ;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
 Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
 The tempter near a needle lays,
 And laughing says, " We'll steal it
 slyly."
 The needle, having nought to do,
 Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle ;
 Till closer, closer come the two,
 And—off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
 To some gay reticule's construction,
 It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
 Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
 Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
 Your snowy fingers must be nimble ;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

—o—

HOW HAPPY, ONCE.

How happy, once, though wing'd with
 sighs,
 My moments flew along,
 While looking on those smiling eyes,
 And list'ning to thy magic song !
 But vanish'd now, like summer dreams,
 Those moments smile no more ;
 For me that eye no longer beams,
 That song for me is o'er.
 Mine the cold brow,
 That speaks thy alter'd vow,
 While others feel thy sunshine now.

Oh, could I change my love like thee,
 One hope might yet be mine—
 Some other eyes as bright to see,
 And hear a voice as sweet as thine :

But never, never can this heart
 Be waked to life again ;
 With thee it lost its vital part,
 And wither'd then !
 Cold its pulse lies,
 And mute are ev'n its sighs,
 All other grief it now defies.

—o—

I LOVE BUT THEE.

IF, after all, you still will doubt and fear
 me,
 And think this heart to other loves will
 stray,
 If I must swear, then, lovely doubter,
 hear me ;
 By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt
 away,
 By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near
 me,
 I love but thee—I love but thee !
 By those dark eyes, where light is ever
 playing,
 Where Love, in depth of shadow,
 holds his throne,
 And by those lips, which give whate'er
 thou'rt saying,
 Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
 A music far beyond all minstrel's play-
 ing,
 I love but thee—I love but thee !

By that fair brow, where Innocence
 reposes,
 As pure as moonlight sleeping upon
 snow,
 And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush
 discloses
 A hue too bright to bless this world
 below,
 And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
 I love but thee—I love but thee !

—o—

LET JOY ALONE BE REMEM-
BER'D NOW.

LET thy joys alone be remember'd now,
 Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile ;
 Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy
 brow,
 Let Love light it up with his smile.



J. STAV'L

YOUNG JESSICA.

"Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once — now idly shining."—P. 490.



For thus to meet, and thus to find,
That Time, whose touch can chill
Each flower of form, each grace of
mind,
Hath left thee blooming still,—
Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or, should thought's dark cloud come
o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden
fade,
If but *one* bright leaf remain,
Of the many that once its glory made,
It is not for us to complain.
But thus to meet and thus to wake
In all Love's early bliss ;
Oh, Time all other gifts may take,
So he but leaves us this !
Then let joy alone be remember'd now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy
brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile !

—o—

LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

LOVE thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which through tears above thee
Shines so sadly fair ;
Though often dim,
With tears, like him,
Like him my truth will shine,
And—love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, that star is not more true ;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine—
But—leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, till death I'm thine.

—o—

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I GIVE thee all—I can no more—
Though poor the off'ring be ;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well ;
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute could tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas !
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay.
And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
A discord o'er life's happy strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again !

—o—

PEACE, PEACE, TO HIM THAT'S GONE !

WHEN I am dead
Then lay my head
In some lone, distant dell,
Where voices ne'er
Shall stir the air,
Or break its silent spell.

If any sound
Be heard around,
Let the sweet bird alone,
That weeps in song
Sing all night long,
“Peace, peace, to him that's gone !”

Yet, oh, were mine
One sigh of thine,
One pitying word from thee,
Like gleams of heav'n,
To sinners giv'n,
Would be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,
My shade would rest
While list'ning to that tone ;
Enough 'twould be
To hear from thee,
“Peace, peace, to him that's gone !”

ROSE OF THE DESERT.

ROSE of the desert! thou, whose blush-
ing ray,
Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away ;
No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy
sigh,—
In vestal silence left to live and die,—
Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like
thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy
doom!
Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom ;
Cull'd ere thy beauty lives through half
its day ;
A moment cherish'd, and then cast away ;
Rose of the Garden! such is woman's
lot,—
Worshipp'd, while blooming—when she
fades, forgot.

—o—

'TIS ALL FOR THEE.

IF life for me hath joy or light,
'Tis all from thee,
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
Are but of thee, of only thee.
Whate'er of hope or peace I know,
My zest in joy, my balm in woe,
To those dear eyes of thine I owe,
'Tis all from thee.

My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
Seem'd doom'd to thee ;
Kept pure till then from other ties,
'Twas all for thee, for only thee.
Like plants that sleep, till sunny May
Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,
Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,
It lived for thee, it lived for thee.

When Fame would call me to her
heights,
She speaks by thee ;
And dim would shine her proudest lights,
Unshared by thee, unshared by thee.
Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,
Where Bards have hung their wreaths
divine,
And wish those wreaths of glory mine,
'Tis all for thee, for only thee.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN
TIME.

THERE'S a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,
When Music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime
Which in youth we loved to hear.

And when all of this life is gone,—
Ev'n the hope, ling'ring now,
Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn's sere and faded bough,—
'Twill seem as still those friends were
near,
Who loved me in youth's early day,
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die
away,—
To that song of the olden time,
Breathed, like Hope's farewell strain,
To say, in some brighter clime,
Life and youth will shine again !

—o—

WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

WAKE thee, my dear—thy dreaming
Till darker hours will keep ;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

Moments there are we number,
Moments of pain and care,
Which to oblivious slumber
Gladly the wretch would spare.
But now—who'd think of dreaming
When Love his watch should keep?
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

If e'er the Fates should sever
My life and hopes from thee, love,
The sleep that lasts for ever
Would then be sweet to me, love ;

But now,—away with dreaming !
 Till darker hours 'twill keep ;
 While such a moon is beaming,
 'Tis wrong tow'ards Heav'n to sleep.

—o—

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,
 Tread the mountains over ;
 Rude is the path thou'st yet to go ;
 Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,
 Fields of ice before thee,
 While the hid torrent moans below.
 Hark, the deep thunder,
 Through the vales yonder !
 'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast ;
 From rock to rock
 Rebounds the shock.
 But courage, boy ! the danger's past.
 Onward, youthful rover,
 Tread the glacier over,
 Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.
 On, ere light forsake thee,
 Soon will dusk o'ertake thee :
 O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way !
 Now, for the risk prepare thee ;
 Safe it yet may bear thee,
 Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling !
 'Tis the wolf prowling,—
 Scent of thy track the foe hath got ;
 And cliff and shore
 Resound his roar.
 But courage, boy,—the danger's past !
 Watching eyes have found thee,
 Loving arms are round thee,
 Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.

—o—

FOR THEE ALONE.

FOR thee alone I brave the boundless
 deep,
 Those eyes my light through ev'ry dis-
 tant sea ;
 My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds
 my sleep,
 The noon-tide rev'rie, all are giv'n to
 thee,
 To thee alone, to thee alone.

Though future scenes present to Fancy's
 eye
 Fair forms of light that crowd the dis-
 tant air,
 When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms
 fly,
 The crowds dissolve, and thou alone
 art there,
 Thou, thou alone, thou, thou
 alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to
 shore,
 While Hope's sweet voice is heard in
 every blast,
 Still whisp'ring on, that when some years
 are o'er,
 One bright reward shall crown my
 toil at last,
 Thy smile alone, thy smile
 alone.

Oh place beside the transport of that
 hour
 All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and
 bright,
 Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones
 of power,—
 Then ask where first thy lover's choice
 would light?
 On thee alone, on thee alone.

—o—

HER LAST WORDS, AT
PARTING.

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I
 forget ?
 Deep treasured through life, in my
 heart they shall stay ;
 Like music, whose charm in the soul
 lingers yet,
 When its sounds from the ear have long
 melted away.
 Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings
 are vain ;
 Those still-breathing words shall my
 talisman be,—
 "Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and
 pain,
 There's one heart, unchanging, that
 beats but for thee."

From the desert's sweet well though the
 pilgrim must hie,
 Never more of that fresh-springing
 fountain to taste,
 He hath still of its bright drops a trea-
 sured supply,
 Whose sweetness lends life to his lips
 through the waste.
 So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to
 remain,
 These words shall my well in the wil-
 derness be,—
 "Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and
 pain,
 There's one heart, unchanging, that
 beats but for thee."

—o—

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

LET's take this world as some wide scene,
 Through which, in frail, but buoyant
 boat,
 With skies now dark and now serene,
 Together thou and I must float ;
 Beholding oft, on either shore,
 Bright spots where we should love to
 stay ;
 But Time plies swift his flying oar,
 And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
 We'll raise our awning 'gainst the
 show'r ;
 Sit closer till the storm is gone,
 And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.
 And if that sunnier hour should shine,
 We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
 But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
 Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
 Down which life's currents all must
 go,—
 The dark, the brilliant, destined all
 To sink into the void below.
 Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,
 If, side by side, still fond we keep,
 And calmly, in each other's arms
 Together link'd, go down the steep.

—o—

LOVE'S VICTORY.

SING to Love—for, oh, 'twas he
 Who won the glorious day ;
 Strew the wreaths of victory
 Along the conqu'ror's way.
 Yoke the Muses to his car,
 Let them sing each trophy won ;
 While his mother's joyous star
 Shall light the triumph on.
 Hail to Love, to mighty Love,
 Let spirits sing around ;
 While the hill, the dale, and grove,
 With "mighty Love" resound ;
 Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal
 Amid the sounds thus echo'd o'er,
 'Twill but teach the god to feel
 His victories the more.

See his wings, like amethyst
 Of sunny Ind their hue ;
 Bright as when, by Psyche kist,
 They trembled through and through.
 Flowers spring beneath his feet ;
 Angel forms beside him run ;
 While unnumber'd lips repeat
 "Love's victory is won !"
 Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c.

—o—

SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.

"I'VE been, oh, sweet daughter,
 To fountain and sea,
 To seek in their water
 Some bright gem for thee.
 Where diamonds were sleeping,
 Their sparkle I sought,
 Where crystal was weeping,
 Its tears I have caught.
 "The sea-nymph I've courted
 In rich coral halls ;
 With Naiads have sported
 By bright waterfalls.
 But sportive or tender,
 Still sought I, around,
 That gem, with whose splendour
 Thou yet shalt be crown'd.
 "And see, while I'm speaking,
 Yon soft light afar ;—
 The pearl I've been seeking
 There floats like a star !

In the deep Indian Ocean
I see the gem shine,
And quick as light's motion
Its wealth shall be thine."

Then eastward, like lightning,
The hero-god flew,
His sunny looks bright'ning
The air he went through.
And sweet was the duty,
And hallow'd the hour,
Which saw thus young Beauty
Embellish'd by Power.

—o—

THE DREAM OF HOME.

WHO has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when ev'ning's star
Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

—o—

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D GUEST.

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng;
No wit like thine to wake the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song;
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.

Alas! alas! how diff'rent flows
With thee and me the time away!
Not that I wish thee sad—Heav'n knows—
Still if thou canst, be light and gay;
I only know, that without thee
The sun himself is dark to me.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
Among the proud and gay to shine?
Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
To flatter other eyes than thine?
Ah no, with me love's smiles are past,
Thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last.

—o—

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

THERE came a nymph dancing
Gracefully, gracefully,
Her eye a light glancing
Like the blue sea;
And while all this gladness
Around her steps hung,
Such sweet notes of sadness
Her gentle lips sung,
That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry
shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young
Indian maid.

Her zone of bells ringing
Cheerily, cheerily,
Chimed to her singing
Light echoes of glee;
But in vain did she borrow
Of mirth the gay tone,
Her voice spoke of sorrow,
And sorrow alone.
Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry
shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young
Indian maid.

—o—

THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

BE still, my heart: I hear them come:
Those sounds announce my lover near:
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,
O'er the mountain's head,
While hills and dales repeat the sound;
And the forest deer
Stand still to hear,
As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still, my heart, I hear them come,
Those sounds that speak my soldier
near; [home,—
Those joyous steps seem wing'd for
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,
 And now they wind to distant glades ;
 Not here their home,—alas, they go
 To gladden happier maids !

Like sounds in a dream,
 The footsteps seem,
 As down the hills they die away ;
 And the march, whose song
 So peal'd along,
 Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er,—hush, heart, thy
 pain !

And though not here, alas, they come,
 Rejoice for those, to whom that strain
 Brings sons and lovers home.

—o—

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

WAKE up, sweet melody !
 Now is the hour
 When young and loving hearts
 Feel most thy pow'r.
 One note of music, by moonlight's soft
 ray—
 Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by
 day.

Then wake up, sweet melody !
 Now is the hour
 When young and loving hearts
 Feel most thy pow'r.

Ask the fond nightingale,
 When his sweet flow'r
 Loves most to hear his song,
 In her green bow'r ?

Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-
 nights long,
 Fondest she lends her whole soul to his
 song.

Then wake up, sweet melody !
 Now is the hour
 When young and loving hearts
 Feel most thy pow'r.

—o—

CALM BE THY SLEEP.

CALM be thy sleep as infants' slumbers !
 Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams !
 May ev'ry joy this bright world numbers
 Shed o'er thee their mingled beams !

Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,
 There ever must some pang remain,
 Still be thy lot with me divided,—
 Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain !

Day and night my thoughts shall hover
 Round thy steps where'er they stray ;
 As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,
 Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.
 If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended
 By worship to its creature be,
 Then let my vows to both be blended,
 Half breathed to Heav'n and half to
 thee.

—o—

THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star
 Saddens with light the glimm'ring sea,
 Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
 Waft me from hope, from love, and
 thee.

Coldly the beam from yonder sky
 Looks o'er the waves that onward
 stray ;

But colder still the stranger's eye
 To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,
 Let thoughts of me come o'er thy
 breast ;

But of the lost one think and speak,
 When summer suns sink calm to rest.
 So, as I wander, Fancy's dream
 Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,
 Thy look, in ev'ry melting beam,
 Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

—o—

THE FANCY FAIR.

COME, maids and youths, for here we
 sell

All wondrous things of earth and air ;
 Whatever wild romancers tell,
 Or poets sing, or lovers swear,
 You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
 And kept, for years, in such repair,
 That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,
 They'll hardly look the worse for wear,
 If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for bards to show'r,
And hearts that such ill usage bear,
That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,
They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking
bear,

If purchased at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'rything,
We've goods to suit each season's air,
Eternal friendships for the spring,
And endless loves for summer wear,—
All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We've reputations white as snow,
That long will last, if used with care,
Nay, safe through all life's journey go,
If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle
ware,"—

Just purchased at the Fancy Fair.

—o—

IF THOU WOULDST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

IF thou wouldst have me sing and play,
As once I play'd and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.
Call back the time when Pleasure's sigh
First breathed among the strings ;
And Time himself, in flitting by,
Made music with his wings.

But how is this ? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.

In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,
From lyre so coldly strung ;
With this I ne'er can sing or play,
As once I play'd and sung.
No, bring that long-loved lute again,—
Though chill'd by years it be,
If *thou* wilt call the slumb'ring strain,
'Twill wake again for thee.

Though time have froz'n the tuneful
stream
Of thoughts that gush'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.

Then give, oh give, that wak'ning ray,
And once more blithe and young,
Thy bard again will sing and play,
As once he play'd and sung.

—o—

STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

STILL when daylight o'er the wave
Bright and soft its farewell gave,
I used to hear, while light was falling,
O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,
Mournfully at distance calling.

Ah ! once how blest that maid would come,
To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home ;
And through the night those sounds re-
peating,

Hail his bark with joyous greeting,
Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were
high,

Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry,
She saw his boat come tossing over
Midnight's wave,—but not her lover !
No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream loth to leave,
She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,
And oft we hear, when night is falling,
Faint her voice through twilight calling,
Mournfully at twilight calling.

—o—

THE SUMMER WEBS.

THE summer webs that float and shine,
The summer dews that fall,
Though light they be, this heart of mine
Is lighter still than all.
It tells me every cloud is past
Which lately seem'd to lour ;
That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,
And now's their nuptial hour !

With light thus round, within, above,
With nought to wake one sigh,
Except the wish, that all we love
Were at this moment nigh,—
It seems as if life's brilliant sun
Had stopp'd in full career,
To make this hour its brightest one,
And rest in radiance here.

MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

MIND not though daylight around us is
breaking,—

Who'd think now of sleeping when
morn's but just waking?

Sound the merry viol, and daylight or
not,

Be all for one hour in the gay dance
forgot.

See young Aurora, up heaven's hill ad-
vancing,

Though fresh from her pillow, ev'n she
too is dancing :

While thus all creation, earth, heaven,
and sea,

Are dancing around us, oh, why should
not we ?

Who'll say that moments we use thus are
wasted ?

Such sweet drops of time only flow to be
tasted ;

While hearts are high beating, and harps
full in tune,

The fault is all morning's for coming so
soon.

—o—

THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet
hour,

And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r
To chase that dream away.

They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight ;
But never more, to bless their eyes,
Can come a dream so bright !

They met but once,—a day was all
Of Love's young hopes they knew ;
And still their hearts that day recall,
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth ! oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow

They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

For, Youth, the spell was only thine ;
From thee alone th' enchantment
flows,

That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.

They met but once,—oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

—o—

WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

WITH moonlight beaming

Thus o'er the deep,
Who'd linger dreaming
In idle sleep ?

Leave joyless souls to live by day,—
Our life begins with yonder ray ;

And while thus brightly
The moments flee,
Our barks skim lightly
The shining sea.

To halls of splendour

Let great ones hie ;
Through light more tender
Our pathways lie.

While round, from banks of brook or
lake,

Our company blithe echoes make ;
And, as we lend 'em,
Sweet word or strain,
Still back they send 'em,
More sweet again.

—o—

CHILD'S SONG. FROM A
MASQUE.

I HAVE a garden of my own,
Shining with flow'rs of ev'ry hue ;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you :
And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst ;
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the noontide heat ;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silv'ry feet.

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER
OCEAN.

THE halcyon hangs o'er ocean,
The sea-lark skims the brine ;
This bright world's all in motion,
No heart seems sad but mine.

To walk through sun-bright places,
With heart all cold the while ;
To look in smiling faces,
When we no more can smile ;

To feel, while earth and heaven
Around thee shine with bliss,
To thee no light is given,—
Oh, what a doom is this !

—o—

THE WORLD WAS HUSH'D.

THE world was hush'd, the moon above
Sail'd through ether slowly,
When, near the casement of my love,
Thus I whisper'd lowly,—
“Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep?
The field I seek to-morrow
Is one where man hath fame to reap,
And woman gleans but sorrow.”

“Let battle's field be what it may,”
Thus spoke a voice replying,
“Think not thy love, while thou'rt away,
Will here sit idly sighing.
No—woman's soul, if not for fame,
For love can brave all danger !”
Then forth from out the casement came
A plumed and armèd stranger.

A stranger? No ; 'twas she, the maid,
Herself before me beaming,
With casque array'd, and falchion blade
Beneath her girdle gleaming !
Close side by side, in freedom's fight,
That blessed morning found us ;
In Vict'ry's light we stood ere night,
And Love, the morrow, crown'd us !

—o—

THE TWO LOVES.

THERE are two Loves, the poet sings,
Both born of Beauty at a birth :
The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,
The other, earthly, walks on earth,

With *this* through bowers below we play,
With *that* through clouds above we
soar ;

With both, perchance, may lose our
way :—

Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The one, when tempted down from air,
At Pleasure's fount to lave his lip,
Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare
His wing within the wave to dip.
While, plunging deep and long beneath,
The other bathes him o'er and o'er
In that sweet current, ev'n to death :—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The boy of heav'n, even while he lies
In Beauty's lap, recalls his home ;
And when most happy, inly sighs
For something happier still to come.
While he of earth, too fully blest
With this bright world to dream of
more,
Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast :—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The maid who heard the poet sing
These twin-desires of earth and sky,
And saw, while one inspired his string,
The other glisten'd in his eye,—
To name the earthlier boy ashamed,
To choose the other fondly loath,
At length, all blushing, she exclaim'd,—
“Ask not which,
Oh, ask not which—we'll worship
both.

“Th' extremes of each thus taught to
shun,
With hearts and souls between them
given,
When weary of this earth with one,
We'll with the other wing to heaven.”
Thus pledged the maid her vow of bliss ;
And while *one* Love wrote down the
oath,
The other seal'd it with a kiss ;
And Heav'n look'd on,
Heav'n look'd on, and hallow'd both

THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE
FAIRY.

WOULDEST know what tricks, by the pale
moonlight,
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp to
the court,
From king to clown, and of all make
sport ;

Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love
the moonlight.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept ;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money
I rang,
And he waked to catch—but away I
sprang,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's
bower,
She was waiting her love at that star-
light hour :

"Hist—hist!" quoth I, with an amorous
sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew
I,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his
love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from
above,
And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas
the ghost, poor man !
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

—o—

BEAUTY AND SONG.

DOWN in yon summer vale,
Where the rill flows,
Thus said a Nightingale
To his loved Rose :—
"Though rich the pleasures
Of Song's sweet measures,
Vain were its melody,
Rose, without thee."

Then from the green recess
Of her night-bow'r,
Beaming with bashfulness,
Spoke the bright flow'r :—
"Though morn should lend her
Its sunniest splendour,
What would the Rose be,
Unsung by thee?"

Thus still let Song attend
Woman's bright way ;
Thus still let woman lend
Light to the lay.
Like stars, through heaven's sea,
Floating in harmony,
Beauty shall glide along,
Circled by Song.

—o—

WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

WHEN thou art nigh, it seems
A new creation round ;
The sun hath fairer beams,
The lute a softer sound.
Though thee alone I see,
And hear alone thy sigh,
'Tis light, 'tis song to me,
'Tis all—when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought
Of grief comes o'er my heart ;
I only think—could aught
But joy be where thou art ?
Life seems a waste of breath,
When far from thee I sigh ;
And death—ay, even death
Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.

—o—

SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN.

I COME from a land in the sun-bright
deep,
Where golden gardens grow ;
Where the winds of the north, becalm'd
in sleep,
Their conch-shells never blow.
Haste to that holy Isle with me,
Haste—haste !

So near the track of the stars are we,
That oft, on night's pale beams,
The distant sounds of their harmony
Come to our ears, like dreams.

Then, haste to that holy Isle with
me, &c. &c.

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh,
That when the night-seer looks
To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,
He can number its hills and brooks.

Then, haste, &c. &c.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres
By day, by night, belong ;
And the breath we draw from his living
fires,

We give him back in song.

Then, haste, &c. &c.

From us descends the maid who brings
To Delos gifts divine ;
And our wild bees lend their rainbow
wings

To glitter on Delphi's shrine.

Then, haste to that holy Isle with me,
Haste—haste !

—o—

THOU BIDST ME SING.

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to
thee

In other days, ere joy had left this
brow ;

But think, though still unchanged the
notes may be,

How different feels the heart that
breathes them now !

The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the
same

We saw this morning on its stem so
gay ;

But, ah ! that dew of dawn, that breath
which came

Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd
away.

Since first that music touch'd thy heart
and mine,

How many a joy and pain o'er both
have past.—

The joy, a light too precious long to shine,
The pain, a cloud whose shadows
always last.

And though that lay would like the
voice of home

Breathe o'er our ear, 'twould waken
now a sigh—

Ah ! not, as then, for fancied woes to
come,

But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.

—o—

CUPID ARMED.

PLACE the helm on thy brow,

In thy hand take the spear ;

Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,

And thy battle-hour is near.

March on ! march on ! thy shaft and bow

Were weak against such charms ;

March on ! march on ! so proud a foe

Scorns all but martial arms.

See the darts in her eyes,

Tipt with scorn, how they shine !

Ev'ry shaft, as it flies,

Mocking proudly at thine.

March on ! march on ! thy feather'd darts

Soft bosoms soon might move ;

But ruder arms to ruder hearts

Must teach what 'tis to love.

Place the helm on thy brow ;

In thy hand take the spear,—

Thou art arm'd Cupid, now,

And thy battle-hour is near.

—o—

ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

ROUND the world goes, by day and night,

While with it also round go we ;

And in the flight of one day's light

An image of all life's course we see.

Round, round, while thus we go round,

The best thing a man can do,

Is to make it, at least, a *merry-go-round*,

By—sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when

Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye—

Season of bliss ! Oh, who wouldn't then

Wish to cry, "Stop !" to earth and
sky ?

But, round, round, both boy and girl

Are whisk'd through that sky of blue ;

And much would their hearts enjoy the
whirl,

If—their heads didn't whirl round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,
Thinking all life a life of light ;
But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,
And, ere we can say, "How short !"
—'tis night.

Round, round, still all goes round,
Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you ;
And the best way to make it a merry-go-
round,
Is to—chorus my song round too.

—o—

OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST.

OH, do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah ! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die ?—
That when most light is on their wings,
They're then but spread to fly !
And, sadder still, the pain will stay—
The bliss no more appears ;
As rainbows take their light away,
And leave us but the tears !
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah ! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

—o—

THE MUSICAL BOX.

"LOOK here," said Rose, with laughing
eyes,
"Within this box, by magic hid,
A tuneful Sprite imprison'd lies,
Who sings to me when'er he's bid.

Though roving once his voice and wing,
He'll now lie still the whole day long ;
Till thus I touch the magic spring—
Then hark, how sweet and blithe his
song !"
(*A symphony.*)

"Ah, Rose," I cried, "the poet's lay
Must ne'er ev'n Beauty's slave become ;
Through earth and air his song may stray,
If all the while his heart's at home.
And though in Freedom's air he dwell,
Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,
Touch but the spring thou know'st so
well,
And—hark, how sweet the love-song
flows !"
(*A symphony.*)

Thus pleaded I for Freedom's right ;
But when young Beauty takes the field,
And wise men seek defence in flight,
The doom of poets is to yield.
No more my heart th' enchantress braves,
I'm now in Beauty's prison hid ;
The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,
And I, too, sing when'er I'm bid.

—o—

WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.

WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,
And tears on those eyelids tremble
like dew,
Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as
they glisten
A sweet holy charm that mirth never
knew.
But when some lively strain resounding
Lights up the sunshine of joy on that
brow,
Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills
bounding
Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as
thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou
gazest,
A lustre so pure thy features then
wear,
That, when to some star that bright eye
thou raisest,
We feel 'tis thy home thou'rt looking
for there,

But, when the word for the gay dance is given,
 So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,
 Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,
 But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."

—o—

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FLY swift, my light gazelle,
 To her who now lies waking,
 To hear thy silver bell
 The midnight silence breaking.
 And, when thou com'st, with glad some feet,
 Beneath her lattice springing,
 Ah, well she'll know how sweet
 The words of love thou'rt bringing.

Yet, no—not words, for they
 But half can tell love's feeling;
 Sweet flowers alone can say
 What passion fears revealing.
 A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
 A tow'ring lily broken,—
 Oh these may paint a grief
 No words could e'er have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazelle,
 The wreath thou speedest over
 Yon moonlight dale, to tell
 My lady how I love her.
 And, what to her will sweeter be
 Than gems the richest, rarest,
 From Truth's immortal tree
 One fadeless leaf thou bearest.

—o—

THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'ER US.

THE dawn is breaking o'er us,
 See, heaven hath caught its hue!
 We've day's long light before us,
 What sport shall we pursue?
 The hunt o'er hill and lea?
 The sail o'er summer sea?
 Oh let not hour so sweet
 Unwing'd by pleasure fleet.

The dawn is breaking o'er us,
 See, heaven hath caught its hue!
 We've day's long light before us,
 What sport shall we pursue?

But see, while we're deciding,
 What morning sport to play,
 The dial's hand is gliding,
 And morn hath pass'd away!
 Ah, who'd have thought that noon
 Would o'er us steal so soon,—
 That morn's sweet hour of prime
 Would last so short a time?
 But come, we've day before us,
 Still heaven looks bright and blue;
 Quick, quick, ere eve comes o'er us,
 What sport shall we pursue?

Alas! why thus delaying?
 We're now at evening's hour;
 Its farewell beam is playing
 O'er hill and wave and bower.
 That light we thought would last,
 Behold, ev'n now, 'tis past;
 And all our morning dreams
 Have vanish'd with its beams!
 But come! 'twere vain to borrow
 Sad lessons from this lay,
 For man will be to-morrow—
 Just what he's been to day.

—o—

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

Ask not if still I love,
 Too plain these eyes have told thee;
 Too well their tears must prove
 How near and dear I hold thee.
 If, where the brightest shine,
 To see no form but thine,
 To feel that earth can show
 No bliss above thee,—
 If this be love, then know
 That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour
 That thou canst know affection's pow'r.
 No, try its strength in grief or pain;
 Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,
 Thou'lt find true love's a chain
 That binds for ever!

DEAR? YES.

DEAR? yes, though mine no more,
 Ev'n this but makes thee dearer ;
 And love, since hope is o'er,
 But draws thee nearer.
 Change as thou wilt to me,
 The same thy charm must be ;
 New loves may come to weave
 Their witch'ry o'er thee,
 Yet still, though false, believe
 That I adore thee, yes, still adore
 thee.
 Think'st thou that aught but death could
 end
 A tie not falsehood's self can rend ?
 No, when alone, far off I die,
 No more to see, no more caress thee,
 Ev'n then, my life's last sigh
 Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless
 thee.

—o—

UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
 From those dark ties unbind thee ;
 Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,
 Too long its links have twined thee.
 Away from earth !—thy wings were
 made
 In yon mid-sky to hover,
 With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
 And heav'n all radiant over.
 Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
 Too long thy soul is sleeping ;
 And thou may'st from this minute's joy
 Wake to eternal weeping.
 Oh, think, this world is not for thee ;
 Though hard its links to sever ;
 Though sweet and bright and dear they
 be,
 Break, or thou'rt lost for ever.

—o—

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

THERE'S something strange, I know not
 what,
 Come o'er me,
 Some phantom I've for ever got
 Before me.

I look on high, and in the sky
 'Tis shining ;
 On earth, its light with all things bright
 Seems twining.
 In vain I try this goblin's spells
 To sever ;
 Go where I will, it round me dwells
 For ever.

And then what tricks by day and night
 It plays me ;
 In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite
 Waylays me.
 Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
 'Tis glancing ;
 Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
 Comes dancing.
 By whispers round of every sort
 I'm taunted.
 Never was mortal man, in short,
 So haunted.

—o—

NOT FROM THEE.

NOT from thee the wound should come,
 No, not from thee.
 I care not what, or whence, my doom,
 So not from thee !
 Cold triumph ! first to make
 This heart thy own ;
 And then the mirror break
 Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.
 Not from thee the wound should come,
 Oh, not from thee.
 I care not what, or whence, my doom,
 So not from thee.

Yet no—my lips that wish recall ;
 From thee, from thee—
 If ruin o'er this head must fall,
 'Twill welcome be.
 Here to the blade I bare
 This faithful heart ;
 Wound deep—thou'lt find that there,
 In ev'ry pulse thou art.
 Yes, from thee I'll bear it all :
 If ruin be
 The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
 'Twere sweet from thee.

GUESS, GUESS.

I LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no-eyes but mine can see ;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she.
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,
Awake the sigh, or wring the tear ;—
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow,
Come o'er me in my darkest ways ;
And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,
Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or woe
But she doth gild with influence
bright ;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow,
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light :
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

--o--

WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.

WHEN Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hove in sight.
"A chase, a chase ! my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Aloft the wingèd sailors sprung,
And, swarming up the mast like bees,
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
"Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all !"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er—the bark was caught,
The wingèd crew her freight explored ;
And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
For all was contraband aboard.
"A prize, a prize, my Cupids all !"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Safe stow'd in many a package there,
And labelled slyly o'er as "Glass,"
Were lots of all th' illegal ware,
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
"O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
With rosy blushes ready made ;
And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.
"Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
Like breezes bought of Lapland
seers,—
Lay ready here to be let loose,
When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.
"Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
Sham invoices of flames and darts,
Professedly for Paphos bound,
But meant for Hymen's golden marts.
"For shame, for shame, my Cupids all !"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Nay, still to every fraud awake,
Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
And hoisted oft his flag, to make
Rich wards and heiresses *bring-to*.
"A foe, a foe, my Cupids all !"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclaims,
"In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
Are lent to cover frauds like these.
Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all !"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—
A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
And swept the whole unhallow'd batch
Of falsehood to the depths below.
"Huzza, huzza ! my Cupids all !"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

--o--

STILL THOU FLIEST.

STILL thou fliest, and still I woo thee,
Lovely phantom,—all in vain ;
Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain.
Such doom, of old, that youth betided,
Who woo'd, he thought, some angel's
charms,
But found a cloud that from him glided,—
As thou dost from these out-stretch'd
arms.

Scarce I've said, "How fair thou shinest,"
 Ere thy light hath vanish'd by ;
 And 'tis when thou look'st divinest
 Thou art still more sure to fly.
 Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing
 The clouds of night, saith, "Look on
 me,"
 Then flits again, its splendour hiding,—
 Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

—o—

THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

THEN first from love, in Nature's bow'rs,
 Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
 And cull the hues of loveliest flow'rs,
 To picture woman lovelier still.
 For vain was every radiant hue,
 Till Passion lent a soul to art,
 And taught the painter, ere he drew
 To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
 Till, lo, one touch his art defies ;
 The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,
 But who could dare to paint those
 eyes ?

'Twas all in vain the painter strove ;
 So turning to that boy divine,
 "Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
 No hand should paint such eyes, but
 thine."

—o—

HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

HUSH, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
 Of past joys, now turn'd to pain ;
 Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,
 But whose burning marks remain.
 In each tone, some echo falleth
 On my ear of joys gone by ;
 Ev'ry note some dream recalleth
 Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
 Once more let thy numbers thrill ;
 Though death were in the strain they
 sing me,

I must woo its anguish still.
 Since no time can e'er recover
 Love's sweet light when once 'tis set,—
 Better to weep such pleasures over,
 Than smile o'er any left us yet.

BRIGHT MOON.

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art
 shining,
 All smiles, as if within thy bower to-
 night
 Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
 And thou wouldst wake him with a
 kiss of light !—
 By all the bliss thy beam discovers,
 By all those visions far too bright for
 day,
 Which dreaming bards and waking lovers
 Behold, this night, beneath thy ling'r-
 ing ray,—

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
 Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in
 the sea,
 Till Anthe, in this bow'r, hath given
 Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss
 to me.

Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,
 Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful
 crescent hide ;
 Let Love but in this bow'r be lighted,
 Then shroud in darkness all the world
 beside.

—o—

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since
 we
 First met in life's young day ;
 And friends long loved by thee and me,
 Since then have dropp'd away ;—
 But enough remain to cheer us on,
 And sweeten, when thus we're met,
 The glass we fill to the many gone,
 And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
 And some hang white and chill ;
 While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's
 snow,
 Retain youth's colour still.
 And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
 Youth's sunny hopes have set,
 Thank Heav'n, not all their light is
 gone,—
 We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
 May thou and I thus meet,
 To brighten still with wine and song
 This short life, ere it fleet.
 And still as death comes stealing on,
 Let's never, old friend, forget,
 Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
 How many are left us yet.

—o—

DREAMING FOR EVER.

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,
 Life to the last pursues its flight;
 Day hath its visions fairly beaming,
 But false as those of night.
 The one illusion, the other real,
 But both the same brief dreams at last;
 And when we grasp the bliss ideal,
 Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,
 Calmly I'll watch, while light and
 gloom
 Flit o'er its face till night is closing—
 Emblem of life's short doom!
 But though, by turns, thus dark and
 shining,
 'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,
 Whose light returns not, once declining,
 Whose cloud, once come, will stay.

—o—

THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS
THE SONG I SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

THOUGH lightly sounds the song I sing
 to thee,
 Though like the lark's its soaring music
 be,
 Thou'lt find ev'n here some mournful
 note that tells
 How near such April joy to weeping
 dwells.
 'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest
 steal
 Those sadd'ning thoughts we fear, yet
 love to feel;
 And music never half so sweet appears,
 As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is
 gay—
 It comes from hearts that, like their
 mountain-lay,
 Mix joy with pain, and oft when plea-
 sure's breath
 Most warms the surface, feel most sad
 beneath.
 The very beam in which the snow-wreath
 wears
 Its gayest smile is that which wins its
 tears,—
 And passion's pow'r can never lend the
 glow
 Which wakens bliss, without some touch
 of woe.

—o—

THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

FLEETLY o'er the moonlight snows
 Speed we to my lady's bow'r;
 Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
 Nor shall stop till morning's hour.
 Bright, my steed, the northern star
 Lights us from yon jewell'd skies;
 But, to greet us, brighter far,
 Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,
 Sleeping out their dream of time,
 Know not half the bliss that's ours,
 In this snowy, icy clime.
 Like yon star that livelier gleams
 From the frosty heavens around,
 Love himself the keener beams
 When with snows of coyne's crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,
 Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and
 dale;—
 What can match a lover's speed?
 See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale!
 Brightly hath the northern star
 Lit us from yon radiant skies;
 But, behold, how brighter far
 Yonder shine my lady's eyes!

—o—

AT NIGHT.

AT night, when all is still around,
 How sweet to hear the distant sound
 Of footstep, coming soft and light!
 What pleasure in the anxious beat,
 With which the bosom flies to meet
 That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
 "'Tis late, my love!" and chide delay,
 Though still the western clouds are
 bright;

Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
 The eloquence of mute caress,
 With those we love exchanged at night!

—o—

FANNY, DEAREST.

YES! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
 Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh;
 And every smile on my cheek should turn
 To tears when thou art nigh.

But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
 So busy a life I live,
 That even the time it would take to weep
 Is more than my heart can give.

Then wish me not to despair and pine,
 Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
 The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
 Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
 Fanny dearest, thy image lies;
 But, ah! the mirror would cease to shine,
 If dimm'd too often with sighs.

They lose the half of beauty's light,
 Who view it through sorrow's tear;
 And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
 That I keep my eye-beams clear.

Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
 Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
 If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
 I shall never attempt it with rain.

—o—

SONG.

WHERE is the heart that would not give
 Years of drowsy days and nights,
 One little hour, like this, to live—
 Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
 Look, look around
 This fairy ground,

With love-lights glittering o'er;
 While cups that shine
 With freight divine
 Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
 Memory lives in those gone by;
 Neither can see the moment's flowers
 Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
 Wouldst thou, or thou,
 Forego what's *now*,
 For all that Hope may say?
 No—Joy's reply,
 From every eye,
 Is, "Live we while we may."

—o—

SONG OF THE POCO CURANTE
SOCIETY.

Haud curat Hippoclidés.

ERASM. *Adag.*

To those we love we've drank to-night;
 But now attend, and stare not,
 While I the ampler list recite
 Of those for whom WE CARE NOT.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
 If on their fronts they bear not
 That noblest gem that decks a crown,
 The People's Love—WE CARE NOT.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
 A despot yoke, yet dare not
 Pronounce the will, whose very breath
 Would rend its links—WE CARE NOT.

For priestly men, who covet sway
 And wealth, though they declare not;
 Who point, like finger-posts, the way
 They never go—WE CARE NOT.

For martial men, who on their sword,
 Howe'er it conquers, wear not
 The pledges of a soldier's word,
 Redeem'd and pure—WE CARE NOT.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
 And, though to lies they swear not,
 Are hardly better than the throng
 Of those who *do*—WE CARE NOT.

For courtly men, who feed upon
 The land, like grubs, and spare not
 The smallest leaf, where they can sun
 Their crawling limbs—WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want—WE CARE NOT.

For prudent men, who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
To Beauty's shaft—WE CARE NOT.

For all, in short, on land or sea,
In camp or court, who *are* not,
Who never *were*, or *e'er will* be
Good men and true—WE CARE NOT.

—o—

SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD.

THE dance was o'er, yet still in dreams
That fairy scene went on ;
Like clouds still flush'd with daylight
gleams,

Though day itself is gone.
And gracefully, to music's sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding
round ;
While thou, the Queen of all, wert
there—

The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then changed—in halls of
state,

I saw thee high enthroned ;
While, ranged around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own'd :
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way—
'Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine !

But, lo, the scene now changed again—

And borne on plumèd steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
Our land's defenders lead ;
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,
Thy very smile was victory !

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone—
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name.

For though she almost blush to reign,
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the
chain,

Disguise our bondage as we will.
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

—o—

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE
AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

COME, play me that simple air again,
I used so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that
then

Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
The tender gloom its strain

Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain—

Say where, where is it now ?

But play me the well-known air once
more,

For thoughts of youth still haunt its
strain,

Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream
bright

That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.

The new-found life that came
With love's first echo'd vow ;—

The fear, the bliss, the shame—
Ah—where, where are they now ?

But, still the same loved notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe *fe's* hour away.

—o—

WHAT SHALL I SING THEE ?

TO ———.

WHAT shall I sing thee ? Shall I tell
Of that bright hour, remember'd well
As though it show'd but yesterday,
When, loitering in the ray

Of a spring-sun, I heard, o'er head,
 My name as by some spirit said,
 And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
 Above me from a casement shine,
 Dazzling my mind with such surprise
 As they, who sail beyond the Line,
 Feel when new stars above them rise ;—
 And it was thine, the voice that spoke,
 Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then ;
 And thine the eye, whose lustre broke—
 Never to be forgot again !

What shall I sing thee ? Shall I weave
 A song of that sweet summer-eve,
 (Summer, of which the sunniest part
 Was that we, each, had in the heart,)
 When thou and I, and one like thee,
 In life and beauty, to the sound
 Of our own breathless minstrelsy,
 Danced till the sunlight faded round,
 Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
 Lights, music, company, and all !
 Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
 Of lute like mine, whose day is past,
 To call up even a dream again
 Of the fresh light those moments
 cast.

GAZEL.

HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh ;
 Already, in th' unopen'd flowers
 That sleep around us, Fancy's eye
 Can see the blush of future bowers ;
 And joy it brings to thee and me,
 My own beloved Maami !

The streamlet frozen on its way,
 To feed the marble Founts of Kings,
 Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,
 Upon its path exulting springs—
 As doth this bounding heart to thee,
 My ever blissful Maami !

Such bright hours were not made to stay ;
 Enough if they a while remain,
 Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
 From time to time, and come again .
 And life shall all one Irem be
 For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart,
 Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
 That rends its inmost leaves apart
 With passion for the nightingale ;
 So languishes this soul for thee,
 My bright and blushing Maami !

Set of Glees.

MUSIC BY MOORE.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone,
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
 "Ship ahoy ! ship ahoy !" our joyful
 cry ;

While answering back the sounds we hear,
 "Ship ahoy ! ship ahoy ! what cheer ?
 what cheer ?"

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come
 Kind words are said of friends and home ;
 And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
 To sail o'er silent seas again.

HIP, HIP, HURRA !

COME, fill round a bumper, fill up to the
 brim,

He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge
 not to him ;

"Here's the girl that each loves, be her
 eye of what hue,

Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but
 true."

Charge ! (*drinks*) hip, hip, hurra,
 hurra !

Come, charge high again, boys, nor let
 the full wine

Leave a space in the brimmer, where day-
 light may shine ;

“Here’s the friends of our youth—
though of some we’re bereft,
May the links that are lost but endear
what are left!”

Charge! (*drinks*) hip, hip, hurra,
hurra!

Once more fill a bumper—ne’er talk of
the hour;

On hearts thus united old Time has no
pow’r.

“May our lives, though, alas! like the
wine of to-night,

They must soon have an end, to the last
flow as bright.”

Charge! (*drinks*) hip, hip, hurra,
hurra!

Quick, quick, now, I’ll give you, since
Time’s glass will run

Ev’n faster than ours doth, three bumpers
in one;

“Here’s the poet who sings—here’s the
warrior who fights—

Here’s the statesman who speaks, in the
cause of men’s rights!”

Charge! (*drinks*) hip, hip, hurra,
hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink
as you please,

Though *who* could fill half-way to toast
such as these?

“Here’s our next joyous meeting—and
oh when we meet,

May our wine be as bright, and our union
as sweet!”

Charge! (*drinks*) hip, hip, hurra,
hurra!

—o—

HUSH, HUSH!

“HUSH, hush!”—how well
That sweet word sounds,
When Love, the little sentinel,
Walks his night-rounds;
Then, if a foot but dare
One rose-leaf crush,
Myriads of voices in the air
Whisper, “Hush, hush!”

“Hark, hark, ’tis he!”

The night-elves cry,
And hush their fairy harmony,

While he steals by;

But if his silv’ry feet

One dew-drop brush,

Voices are heard in chorus sweet,

Whisp’ring, “Hush, hush!”

—o—

THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HE.

ON to the field, our doom is seal’d,

To conquer or be slaves:

This sun shall see our nation free,

Or set upon our graves.

SHE.

Farewell, ah farewell, my love,

May Heav’n thy guardian be,

And send bright angels from above

To bring thee back to me.

HE.

ON to the field, the battle-field,

Where Freedom’s standard waves,

This sun shall see our tyrant yield,

Or shine upon our graves.

—o—

THE WATCHMAN.

A TRIO.

WATCHMAN.

PAST twelve o’clock—past twelve.

Good night, good night, my dearest—

How fast the moments fly!

’Tis time to part, thou hearest

That hateful watchman’s cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o’clock—past one.

Yet stay a moment longer—

Alas! why is it so,

The wish to stay grows stronger,

The more ’tis time to go?

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock—past two.

Now wrap thy cloak about thee—

The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're pass'd without thee,
They're, oh, ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock—past three.

Again that dreadful warning !
Had ever time such flight ?
And see the sky, 'tis morning—
So now, *indeed*, good night.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock—past three.

Good night, good night.

—o—

SAY, WHAT SHALL WE
DANCE ?

SAY, what shall we dance ?

Shall we bound along the moonlight
plain,

To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain ?

Say, what shall we dance ?

Shall we, like those who rove
Through bright Grenada's grove,
To the light Bolero's measures move ?
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,
And thus to its sound die away ?

Strike the gay chords,

Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore
That music haunts, or young feet wander
o'er.

Hark ! 'tis the light march, to whose
measured time,

The Polish lady, by her lover led,
Delights through gay saloons with step
untired to tread,

Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks,
Whose shadows serve to hide

The blush that's raised by him who talks
Of love the while by her side ;

Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose
floating sound

Like dreams we go gliding around,
Say, which shall we dance ? which shall
we dance ?

—o—

THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMB'REST thou that setting sun,

The last I saw with thee,

When loud we heard the ev'ning gun

Peal o'er the twilight sea ?

Boom !—the sounds appear'd to sweep

Far o'er the verge of day,

Till, into realms beyond the deep,

They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,

In pensive dreams of thee,

I sit to hear that ev'ning gun,

Peal o'er the stormy sea.

Boom !—and while, o'er billows curl'd,

The distant sounds decay,

I weep and wish, from this rough world,

Like them, to die away.



Songs from the Greek Anthology.

[TEN lyrics were here selected by Moore for translation from the Greek Anthology, one by an unnamed author, one by Alcæus, one by Philodemus, three by Meleager, and four by Paul the Silentiary. The last-mentioned is chiefly noticeable (through his epigrams) as the son of Cyrus and the grandson of Florus, deriving his distinctive name from the circumstance of his having held the office, under Justinian, of chief of those custodians of the imperial palace who were known as the Silentiarii. Meleager here takes precedence, by right, among the epigrammatists, whose effusions were thus chosen by Moore for rhythmical rendering into English, he being especially memorable as the collector of the very earliest anthologia. As many as 131 of his epigrams are still preserved, although upwards of 2,000 years have elapsed since his death, Meleager having flourished sixty years before Christ at Gadara, in Palestine. Alcæus, who is not, of course, for an instant to be confounded with the great but vanished lyrist eulogized by Horace, from whom that loveliest of lyric metres, the alcaic, derives its designation, was the Messenian epigrammatist who was the contemporary and derider of Philip III. of Macedon. As for Philodemus, who is mentioned alike by Cicero and Horace, he is the Epicurean, several of whose epigrams are referred to in the "Bibliotheca Græca" of Fabricius.]

HERE AT THY TOMB.

BY MELEAGER.

HERE, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,
Tears, which though vainly now they
roll,

Are all love hath to give the dead,
And wept o'er thee with all love's
soul;—

Wept in remembrance of that light,
Which nought on earth, without thee,
gives,

Hope of my heart! now quench'd in
night,

But dearer, dead, than aught that
lives.

Where is she? where the blooming
bough

That once my life's sole lustre made?

Torn off by death, 'tis with'ring now,
And all its flow'rs in dust are laid.

Oh earth! that to thy matron breast
Hast taken all those angel charms,

Gently, I pray thee, let her rest,—
Gently, as in a mother's arms.

SALE OF CUPID.

BY MELEAGER.

WHO'LL buy a little boy? Look, yonder
is he,

Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's
knee;

So bold a young imp 't isn't safe to keep,
So I'll part with him now, while he's
sound asleep.

See his arch little nose, how sharp 'tis
curl'd,

His wings, too, ev'n in sleep unfurl'd;
And those fingers, which still ever ready
are found

For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or
wound.

He'll try with his tears your heart to
beguile,

But never you mind—he's laughing all the
while;

For little he cares, so he has his own
whim,

And weeping or laughing are all one to
him.

His eye is as keen as the lightning's
flash,
His tongue like the red bolt quick and
rash ;
And so savage is he, that his own dear
mother
Is scarce more safe in his hands than
another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
He's a downright pest in all sorts of
ways ;
And if any one wants such an imp to
employ,
He shall have a dead bargain of this little
boy.
But see, the boy wakes—his bright tears
flow—
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him ?
oh no,
Sweet child, no, no—though so naughty
you be
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia
and me.

—o—

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.

BY PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

To weave a garland for the rose,
And think thus crown'd 'twould
lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to
thee.
Where is the pearl whose orient lustre
Would not, beside thee, look less
bright ?
What gold could match the glossy cluster
Of those young ringlets full of light ?
Bring from the land, where fresh it
gleams,
The bright blue gem of India's mine,
And see how soon, though bright its
beams,
'Twill pale before one glance of thine :
Those lips, too, when their sounds have
blest us
With some divine, mellifluous air,
Who would not say that Beauty's cestus
Had let loose all its witch'ries there ?

Here, to this conqu'ring host of charms
I now give up my spell-bound heart,
Nor blush to yield ev'n Reason's arms,
When thou her bright-eyed conqu'ror
art.

Thus to the wind all fears are given ;
Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
Sits beck'ning me to bliss and thee !

—o—

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY?

BY PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

WHY does she so long delay ?
Night is waning fast away ;
Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,
Watching here in solitude.
Where can she so long delay ?
Where, so long delay ?

Vainly now have two lamps shone ;
See the third is nearly gone :
Oh that Love would, like the ray
Of that weary lamp, decay !
But no, alas ! it burns still on,
Still, still, burns on.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear
Swore, by Venus, she'd be here !
But to one so false as she
What is man or deity ?
Neither doth this proud one fear,—
No, neither doth she fear.

—o—

TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY BROW?

BY PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

TWIN'ST thou with lofty wreath thy
brow ?
Such glory then thy beauty sheds,
I almost think, while awed I bow,
'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores whate'er thou art !

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,
Like sunny waves to wander free?
Then, such a chain of charms they
weave,

As draws my inmost soul from me.
Do what thou wilt,—I must
Be charm'd by all thou dost!

Ev'n when, enwrapp'd in silv'ry veils,
Those sunny locks elude the sight,—
Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails
To haunt me with its unseen light.
Change as thy beauty may,
It charms in every way.

For, thee the Graces still attend,
Presiding o'er each new attire,
And lending ev'ry dart they send
Some new, peculiar touch of fire.
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores whate'er thou art!

—o—

WHEN THE SAD WORD.

BY PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

WHEN the sad word, "Adieu," from my
lip is nigh falling,
And with it, Hope passes away,
Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my
fond heart recalling
That fatal farewell, bids me stay.
For oh! 'tis a penance so weary
One hour from thy presence to be,
That death to this soul were less dreary,
Less dark than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world
breaking,
Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness
waking,
Made light what was darkness before.
But mute is the Day's sunny glory,
While thine hath a voice, on whose
breath,
More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,
My hopes hang, through life and
through death!

—o—

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.

BY PHILODEMUS.

MY Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's
soft down,
And, for blushing, no rose can come
near her;
In short, she has woven such nets round
my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa
can part,—
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the
ear,
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight
so clear,
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet
her;
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own
net,
And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er
shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me
alone,
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose
eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could
revive one:
In short, here I swear, that if death were
her doom,
I would instantly join my dead love in
the tomb—
Unless I could meet with a live one.

—o—

STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE
FALLING.

BY MELEAGER.

STILL, like dew in silence falling,
Drops for thee the nightly tear;
Still that voice the past recalling,
Dwells, like echo, on my ear.
Still, still!

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,
 Here for ever fix'd thou art ;
 As thy form first shone before me,
 So 'tis graven on this heart,
 Deep, deep !

Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,
 Dooms me to this lasting pain,
 Thou who cam'st with so much fleetness,
 Why so slow to go again ?
 Why ? why ?

—o—

UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY !

UP, sailor boy, 'tis day !
 The west wind blowing,
 The spring tide flowing,
 Summon thee hence away.

Didst thou not hear yon soaring swallow
 sing ?

Chirp, chirp,—in every note he seem'd
 to say

'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring.
 Up, boy, away,—
 Who'd stay on land to-day ?
 The very flowers
 Would from their bowers
 Delight to wing away !

Leave languid youths to pine
 On silken pillows,
 But be the billows
 Of the great deep thine.

Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, " Let
 us fly ;"

While soft the sail, replying to the
 breeze,

Says, with a yielding sigh,
 " Yes, where you please."

Up, boy ! the wind, the ray,
 The blue sky o'er thee,
 The deep before thee,
 All cry aloud, " Away !"

—o—

IN MYRTLE WREATHS.

BY ALCÆUS.

In myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll
 cover,

Like them of old whose one immortal
 blow

Struck off the galling fetters that hung over
 Their own bright land, and laid her
 tyrant low.

Yes, loved Harmodius, thou'rt undying ;
 Still midst the brave and free,

In isles, o'er ocean lying,
 Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its
 lightning

Like his, the youth, whose ever-glori-
 ous blade

Leap'd forth like flame, the midnight
 banquet bright'ning,

And in the dust a despot victim laid.

Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's story
 Your wedded names shall be ;

A tyrant's death your glory,
 Your meed, a nation free !



Miscellaneous Poems.

[TRIFLES, squibs, jeux d'esprit, quips, cranks, occasional verses, fugitive pieces, the effervescence of which has not yet ceased (in some instances even giving promise of never becoming vapid), are here collected together from a wonderful variety of sources. Clusters of these miscellaneous poems, to begin with, have been taken from the closing pages of many of Moore's works as originally published. Here and there, again, a minor volume has been issued from the press, in which less, perhaps, than half a dozen of them have made their first collective appearance. A single instance of the kind will suffice, by way of illustration, in a little octavo of eighty-eight pages, published by the Messrs. Longman in 1819. "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, with a Preface, Notes, and an Appendix by one of the Fancy," was followed by the address "To Sir Hudson Lowe," originally published in the *Morning Chronicle*, by Old Prosy the Jew's "Annual Pill," by "Jack Holmes's Ya-hip, my Hearties," and by a characteristic apostrophe to Miss Grace Maddox, the Fair Pugilist. Stray songs, glees, epigrams, witticisms, the merest odds and ends of verse collected together from books, magazines, and newspapers are here massed, indeed, necessarily with but slight regard, if any, to chronological arrangement. The Attic bees now merely swarm again, it being obviously impossible to indicate precisely when each, in turn, first started from the lips or brain of Moore, to disport with sting and honey-bag in the flower-garden of his poetry.]

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. CORRY, IN THE CHARACTER OF
VAPID, AFTER THE PLAY OF THE DRAMA-
TIST, AT THE KILKENNY THEATRE.

(*Entering as if to announce the Play.*)

LADIES and Gentlemen, on Monday
night,
For the ninth time—oh accents of de-
light
To the poor author's ear, when *three*
times three
With a full bumper crowns his Comedy!
When, long by money, and the muse,
forsaken,
He finds at length his jokes and boxes
taken,
And sees his play-bill circulate—alas,
The only bill on which his name will
pass!
Thus, Vapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls
of fame
Through box and gall'ry waft your well-
known name,

While critic eyes the happy cast shall
con,
And learned ladies spell your *Dram.*
Person.

'Tis said our worthy Manager intends
To help my night, and *he*, you know,
has friends.
Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or
parts,
Engaging actors, or engaging hearts,
There's nothing like him! wits, at his
request,
Are turn'd to fools, and dull dogs learn
to jest;
Soldiers, for him, good "trembling
cowards" make,
And beaus, turn'd clowns, look ugly for
his sake;
For him ev'n lawyers talk without a fee,
For him (oh friendship!) *I* act tragedy!
In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive
tricks
Make *boars* amusing, and put life in *sticks*.

With *such* a manager we can't but please,
Though London sent us all her loud
O. P.'s.

Let them come on, like snakes, all hiss
and rattle,

Arm'd with a thousand fans, we'd give
them battle ;

You, on our side, R. P. upon our ban-
ners,

Soon should we teach the saucy O. P.'s
manners :

And show that, here—howe'er John Bull
may doubt—

In all *our* plays, the Riot-Act's cut out ;
And, while we skim the cream of many
a jest,

Your well-timed thunder never sours its
zest.

Oh gently thus, when three short weeks
are past,

At Shakspeare's altar, shall we breathe
our last ;

And, ere this long-loved dome to ruin
nods,

Die all, die nobly, die like demigods !

—o—

EXTRACT

FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY
THE AUTHOR, AT THE OPENING OF THE
KILKENNY THEATRE, OCTOBER, 1809.

* * * * *

YET, even here, though fiction rules the
hour,

There shine some genuine smiles, beyond
her power ;

And there are tears, too—tears that
Memory sheds

Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic fancy
spreads,

When her heart misses *one* lamented guest,
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all
the rest ;

There, there, indeed, the Muse forgets
her task,

And drooping weeps behind Thalia's
mask.

Forgive this gloom—forgive this joyless
strain,

Too sad to welcome pleasure's smiling
train.

But, meeting thus, our hearts will part
the lighter,

As mist at dawn but makes the setting
brighter ;

Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue
fails—

As glow-worms keep their splendour for
their tails.

I know not why—but time, methinks,
hath pass'd

More fleet than usual since we parted
last.

It seems but like a dream of yester-
night,

Whose charm still hangs, with fond,
delaying light ;

And, ere the memory lose one glowing
hue

Of former joy, we come to kindle new.
Thus ever may the flying moments haste

With trackless foot along life's vulgar
waste,

But deeply print and lingeringly move,
When thus they reach the sunny spots
we love.

Oh yes, whatever be our gay career,
Let this be still the solstice of the year,

Where Pleasure's sun shall at its height
remain,

And slowly sink to level life again.

—o—

THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A SYLPH, as bright as ever sported
Her figure through the fields of air,

By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,
And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch

A pair so sorted could not show,

But how refuse?—the Gnome was rich,
The Rothschild of the world below ;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,
Are told, betimes, they must consider

Love as an auctioneer of features,
Who knocks them down to the best
bidder.

Home she was taken to his Mine—

A Palace, paved with diamonds all—

And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,
Sent out her tickets for a Ball.

The *lower* world, of course, was there,
And all the best ; but of the *upper*
The sprinkling was but shy and rare,
A few old Sylphids, who loved supper.

As none yet knew the wondrous Lamp
Of Davy, that renown'd Aladdin,
And the Gnome's Halls exhaled a damp,
Which accidents from fire were bad
in ;

The chambers were supplied with light
By many strange but safe devices ;
Large fire-flies, such as shine at night
Among the Orient's flowers and
spices ;—

Musical flint-mills—swiftly play'd
By elfin hands—that, flashing round,
Like certain fire-eyed minstrel maids,
Gave out, at once, both light and
sound.

Bologna stones, that drink the sun ;
And water from that Indian sea,
Whose waves at night like wild-fire
run—
Cork'd up in crystal carefully.

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,
Like little light-houses, were set up ;
And pretty phosphorescent fishes,
That by their own gay light were eat
up.

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came
That wicked Sylph, whom Love we
call ;

My lady knew him but by name,
My lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 'tis said, apprized
That he was coming, and, no doubt,
Alarm'd about his touch, advised
He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapproved this plan,
And, by his flame though somewhat
frighted,

Thought Love too much a gentleman,
In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, *there* he was—and dancing
With the fair Sylph, light as a feather ;
They look'd like two fresh sunbeams,
glancing,
At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,
But for that plaguy torch, whose light,
Though not *yet* kindled—who could tell
How soon, how devilishly, it *might* ?

And so it chanced—which, in those dark
And fireless halls, was quite amazing ;
Did we not know how small a spark
Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.

Whether it came (when close entangled
In the gay waltz) from her bright eyes,
Or from the *luciole*, that spangled
Her locks of jet—is all surmise ;

But certain 'tis th' ethereal girl
Did drop a spark, at some odd turn-
ing,
Which, by the waltz's windy whirl,
Was fann'd up into actual burning.

Oh for that Lamp's metallic gauze,
That curtain of protecting wire,
Which Davy delicately draws
Around illicit, dangerous fire !—

The wall he sets 'twixt Flame and Air,
(Like that, which barr'd young Thisbe's
bliss,)

Through whose small holes this danger-
ous pair
May see each other, but not kiss.

At first the torch look'd rather blueely,
A sign, they say, that no good boded—
Then quick the gas became unruly,
And, crack ! the ball-room all ex-
ploded.

Sylphs, gnomes, and fiddlers mix'd to-
gether,
With all their aunts, sons, cousins,
nieces,

Like butterflies in stormy weather,
Were blown—legs, wings, and tails—
to pieces !

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,
The Sylph, alas, too bore her part—
Found lying with a livid scorch,
As if from lightning, o'er her heart !

* * * * *

“ Well done ”—a laughing Goblin said—
Escaping from this gaseous strife—
“ 'Tis not the *first* time Love has made
A *blow-up* in connubial life ! ”

REMONSTRANCE.

*After a Conversation with Lord John Russell,
in which he had intimated some Idea of
giving up all Political Pursuits.*

WHAT! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth,
and thy name—
Thou, born of a Russell—whose in-
stinct to run
The accustom'd career of thy sires, is
the same
As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on
the sun!
Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd
with a seal,
Far, far more ennobling than monarch
e'er set;
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up
for the weal
Of a nation, that swears by that
martyrdom yet!
Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from
the strife,
From the mighty arena, where all that
is grand,
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in
life,
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like
thine to command?
Oh no, never dream it—while good men
despair
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid
men bow,
Never think, for an instant, thy country
can spare
Such a light from her darkening horizon
as thou.
With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of
those
Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd
and warm;
Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and
breasted her storm;
With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in
youth,
It first kindles the bard and gives life
to his lyre;
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness
of truth,
Which tempers, but chills not, the
patriot fire;

With an eloquence—not like those rills
from a height,
Which sparkle, and foam, and in
vapour are o'er;
But a current, that works out its way
into light
Through the filtering recesses of thought
and of lore.

Thus gifted, *thou* never canst sleep in
the shade;
If the stirrings of Genius, the music
of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not
power to persuade,
Yet think how to Freedom thou'rt
pledged by thy Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by
Delphi's decree
Set apart for the Fane and its service
divine,
So the branches, that spring from the old
Russell tree,
Are by Liberty *claim'd* for the use of
her Shrine.

—o—

MY BIRTH-DAY.

“MY birth-day”—what a diff'rent sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—“were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he *had* done.”—
Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly;
Of counsel mock'd; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;

Of nursing many a wrong desire ;
 Of wandering after Love too far,
 And taking every meteor fire,
 That cross'd my pathway, for his
 star.—

All this it tells, and, could I trace
 Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
 With pow'r to add, retouch, efface
 The lights and shades, the joy and
 pain,

How little of the past would stay !
 How quickly all should melt away—
 All—but that Freedom of the Mind,
 Which hath been more than wealth to
 me ;

Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
 And kept till now unchangingly ;
 And that dear home, that saving ark,
 Where Love's true light at last I've
 found,

Cheering within, when all grows dark,
 And comfortless, and stormy round !

—o—

FANCY.

THE more I've view'd this world, the
 more I've found,

That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and
 creatures rare,

Fancy commands, within her own bright
 round,

A world of scenes and creatures far
 more fair.

Nor is it that her power can call up
 there

A single charm, that's not from nature
 won,—

No more than rainbows, in their pride,
 can wear

A single tint unborrow'd from the
 sun ;

But 'tis the mental medium it shines
 through,

That lends to Beauty all its charm and
 hue ;

As the same light, that o'er the level
 lake

One dull monotony of lustre flings,
 Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop,
 make

Colours as gay as those on angels'
 wings !

TRANSLATIONS FROM
 CATULLUS.

Carm. 70.

Dicebas quondam, &c.

TO LESBIA.

THOU told'st me, in our days of love,
 That I had all that heart of thine ;
 That, ev'n to share the couch of Jove,
 Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from
 mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then !
 Not with the vague and vulgar fires
 Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—
 But loved, as children by their sires.

That flatt'ring dream, alas, is o'er ;—
 I know thee now—and though these
 eyes

Dote on thee wildly as before,
 Yet, even in doting, I despise.

Yes, sorceress—mad as it may seem—
 With all thy craft, such spells adorn
 thee,

That passion even outlives esteem,
 And I, at once, adore—and scorn
 thee.

Carm. 11.

Pauca nunciate meæ puellæ.

* * * * *

COMRADES and friends! with whom,
 where'er

The fates have will'd through life I've
 roved,

Now speed ye home, and with you bear
 These bitter words to her I've loved.

Tell her from fool to fool to run,
 Where'er her vain caprice may call ;
 Of all her dupes not loving one,
 But ruining and madd'ning all.

Bid her forget—what now is past—
 Our once dear love, whose ruin lies
 Like a fair flow'r, the meadow's last,
 Which feels the ploughshare's edge,
 and dies !

Carm. 29.

*Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle.*

SWEET Sirmio ! thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's
smiles—

How gladly back to thee I fly !
Still doubting, asking—*can* it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee ?

Oh ! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past ;
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last :

When, tired with toil o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wish'd-for bed once more.

This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track.—
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
Sweet Sirmio ! greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heav'n like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me !

—o—

TIBULLUS TO SULPICIA.

Nulla tuum nobis subducat femina lectum, &c.
Lib. iv. Carm. 13.

“NEVER shall woman's smile have pow'r
To win me from those gentle
charms !”—

Thus swore I, in that happy hour,
When Love first gave thee to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight—
Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces, fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,
And couldst no heart but mine
allure !—

To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest
Of others' envy, others' praise ;
But, in its silence safely blest,
Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life ! by whose sweet pow'r
All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued—
My light, in ev'n the darkest hour,
My crowd, in deepest solitude !

No, not though heav'n itself sent down
Some maid, of more than heav'nly
charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would he for her forsake those arms !

—o—

IMITATION,

FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH women and apples both Paris and
Adam

Made mischief enough in their day :—
God be praised that the fate of mankind,
my dear Madam,

Depends not on *us*, the same way.
For, weak as I am with temptation to
grapple,

The world would have doubly to rue
thee ;

Like Adam, I'd gladly take *from* thee
the apple,

Like Paris, at once give it *to* thee.

—o—

INVITATION TO DINNER,

ADDRESSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

September, 1818.

SOME think we bards have nothing real ;
That poets live among the stars so,
Their very dinners are ideal,—

(And, Heaven knows, too oft they *are*
so.)—

For instance, that we have instead
Of vulgar chops, and stews, and
hashes,

First course—a Phoenix, at the head,
Done in its own celestial ashes ;
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing
All the time its neck was wringing.

Side dishes, thus—Minerva's owl,
 Or any such like learned fowl :
 Doves, such as heav'n's poulterer gets,
 When Cupid shoots his mother's pets.
 Larks, stew'd in Morning's roseate
 breath,
 Or roasted by a sunbeam's splendour ;
 And nightingales, berhymed to death—
 Like young pigs whipp'd to make
 them tender.

Such fare may suit those bards who're able
 To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table ;
 But as for me, who've long been taught
 To eat and drink like other people ;
 And can put up with mutton, bought
 Where Bromham rears its ancient
 steeple—

If Lansdowne will consent to share
 My humble feast, though rude the fare,
 Yet, season'd by that salt he brings
 From Attica's salinest springs,
 'Twill turn to dainties ;—while the cup
 Beneath his influence bright'ning up,
 Like that of Baucis, touch'd by Jove,
 Will sparkle fit for gods above !



VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.

WRITTEN MAY, 1832.

ALL, as he left it !—ev'n the pen,
 So lately at that mind's command,
 Carelessly lying, as if then
 Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him ? scarce an hour,
 A little hour, seems to have past,
 Since Life and Inspiration's pow'r
 Around that relic breathed their last.

Ah, pow'rless now—like talisman,
 Found in some vanish'd wizard's halls,
 Whose mighty charm with him began,
 Whose charm with him extinguish'd
 falls.

Yet though, alas ! the gifts that shone
 Around that pen's exploring track,
 Be now, with its great master, gone,
 Nor living hand can call them back ;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
 Rest on the enchanter's broken wand,
 Each earth-born spell it work'd arise
 Before him in succession grand ?—

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er.
 all ;
 The unshrinking Truth, that lets her
 light
 Through Life's low, dark, interior fall,
 Opening the whole, severely bright :

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
 O'er scenes which angels weep to see—
 Where Truth herself half veils the
 Wrong,
 In pity of the Misery.

True bard !—and simple, as the race
 Of true-born poets ever are,
 When, stooping from their starry place,
 They're children, near, though gods,
 afar.

How freshly doth my mind recall,
 'Mong the few days I've known with
 thee,
 One that, most buoyantly of all,
 Floats in the wake of memory ;

When he, the poet, doubly graced,
 In life, as in his perfect strain,
 With that pure, mellowing power of
 Taste,
 Without which Fancy shines in vain ;

Who in his page will leave behind,
 Pregnant with genius though it be,
 But half the treasures of a mind,
 Where Sense o'er all holds mastery :—

Friend of long years ! of friendship tried
 Through many a bright and dark
 event ;
 In doubts, my judge—in taste, my
 guide—
 In all, my stay and ornament !

He, too, was of our feast that day,
 And all were guests of one, whose hand
 Hath shed a new and deathless ray
 Around the lyre of this great land ;

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
 Where Ocean's voice of majesty
 Seems still to sound—immortal dwells
 Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host ; and though, since
then,
Slight clouds have ris'n 'twixt him and
me,

Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretch'd forth again in amity ?

Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away ?

Bright was our board that day—though
one
Unworthy brother there had place ;
As 'mong the horses of the Sun,
One was, they say, of earthly race.

Yet, *next* to Genius is the power
Of feeling where true Genius lies ;
And there was light around that hour
Such as, in memory, never dies ;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,
Brightly, indeed—but mournfully !

—o—

TO

CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS VAL- LETORT.

WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.

WHEN I would sing thy beauty's light,
Such various forms, and all so bright,
I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,
I know not which to call most fair,
Nor 'mong the countless charms that
spring
For ever round thee, *which* to sing.

When I would paint thee, as thou *art*,
Then all thou *wert* comes o'er my
heart—

The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,
Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,
Or peeping out—like a young moon
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon.
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,
As from thy own loved Abbey-tow'r

I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,
With smiles that to the hoary frown
Of centuries round thee lent a ray,
Chasing even Age's gloom away ;—
Or, in the world's resplendent throng,
As I have mark'd thee glide along,
Among the crowds of fair and great
A spirit, pure and separate,
To which even Admiration's eye
Was fearful to approach too nigh ;—
A creature, circled by a spell
Within which nothing wrong could
dwell ;

And fresh and clear as from the source,
Holding through life her limpid course,
Like Arethusa through the sea,
Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light !
As noble bride, still meekly bright,
Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above
All earthly price, pure woman's love ;
And show'st what lustre Rank receives,
When with his proud Corinthian leaves
Her rose thus high-bred Beauty weaves.

Wonder not if, where all's so fair
To choose were more than bard can
dare ;

Wonder not if, while every scene
I've watch'd thee through so bright hath
been,

Th' enamour'd Muse should, in her quest
Of beauty, know not where to rest,
But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,
Hailing thee beautiful in all !

—o—

A SPECULATION.

OF all speculations the market holds
forth,

The best that I know for a lover of
pelf,
Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is
worth,

And then sell him at that which he sets
on himself.

—o—

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and
high,

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downwards again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering
friends,
And fed with fame (*if* fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

—o—

LOVE AND HYMEN.

LOVE had a fever—ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking;
And wild and strange enough, Heav'n
knows,
The things he raved about while
waking.

To let him pine so were a sin;—
One, to whom all the world's a
debtor—
So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather
better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,
Though still some ugly fever latent;—
“Dose, as before”—a gentle opiate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue! to downright
snoring.

—o—

LINES

ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO
NAPLES, 1821.*Carbone notati.*

AY—down to the dust with them, slaves
as they are,

From this hour, let the blood in their
dastardly veins, [war,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in
chains.

On, on like a cloud, through their beau-
tiful vales,

Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them
o'er—

Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye
sails

From each slave-mart of Europe, and
shadow their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word—let men
of all lands

Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring
to the poles,

When each sword, that the cowards let
fall from their hands,

Shall be forged into fetters to enter
their souls.

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is
driv'n,

Base slaves! let the whet of their agony
be, [that heav'n

To think—as the Doom'd often think of
They had once within reach—that they
might have been free.

Oh shame! when there was not a bosom,
whose heat

Ever rose 'bove the zero of C——h's
heart,

That did not, like echo, your war-hymn
repeat,

And send all its prayers with your
Liberty's start;

When the world stood in hope—when a
spirit, that breathed

The fresh air of the olden time, whis-
per'd about;

And the swords of all Italy, half-way
unsheath'd,

But waited one conquering cry, to flash
out!

When around you the shades of your
Mighty in fame,
Filicajas and Petrarchs, seem'd burst-
ing to view,
And their words, and their warnings, like
tongues of bright flame
Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling
on you !

Oh shame ! that, in such a proud moment
of life,
Worth the hist'ry of ages, when, had
you but hurl'd
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had
spread through the world—

That then—oh ! disgrace upon manhood
—ev'n then,
You should falter, should cling to your
pitiful breath ;
Cow'r down into beasts, when you might
have stood men,
And prefer the slave's life of prostration
to death.

It is strange, it is dreadful :—shout,
Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces,
"Freedom is o'er ;"
If there lingers one spark of her light,
tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness
once more.

For, if *such* are the braggarts that claim
to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let
me kiss ; [thee,
Far nobler to live the brute bondman of
Than to sully ev'n chains by a struggle
like this !

—o—

TO LADY HOLLAND.

ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX.

GIFT of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever
nigh ;
Oh ! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could
not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY OF
"INA."

LAST night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and—all
that,
And wondering much what little knavish
sprite
Had put it first in women's heads to
write :
Sudden I saw—as in some witching
dream—
A bright-blue glory round my book-case
beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure
light
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his
head,
Some sunny morning, from a violet bed.
"Bless me !" I starting cried, "what imp
are you ?"—
"A small he-devil, Ma'am—my name
Bas Bleu—
A bookish sprite, much giv'n to routs and
reading ;
'Tis I who teach your spinsters of good
breeding,
The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
The last new bounds of tuckers and of
maps,
And, when the waltz has twirl'd her giddy
brain,
With metaphysics twirl it back again !"
I view'd him, as he spoke—his hose was
blue,
His wings—the covers of the last
Review—
Cerulean, border'd with a jaundice hue,
And tinsell'd gaily o'er for evening wear,
Till the next quarter brings a new fledged
pair.
"Inspired by me—(pursued this waggish
Fairy)—
That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady
Mary,
Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and
shoes,
For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
And mingle Love's blue brilliances with
mine ;

For me she sits apart, from coxcombs
shrinking,
Looks wise—the pretty soul!—and *thinks*
she's thinking.
By my advice Miss Indigo attends
Lectures on Memory, and assures her
friends,
'Pon honour!—(*mimics*)—nothing can
surpass the plan
Of that professor—(*trying to recollect*)—
psha! that memory-man—
That—what's his name?—him I attended
lately—
'Pon honour, he improved *my* memory
greatly.'

Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-
legg'd sprite,
What share he had in this our play to-
night.
"Nay, there—(he cried)—there I am
guiltless quite—
What! choose a heroine from that Gothic
time,
When no one waltz'd, and none but
monks could rhyme;
When lovely woman all unschool'd and
wild,
Blush'd without art, and without culture
smiled—
Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they
shone,
Ere Science call'd their brilliant world
her own,
Ranged the wild, rosy things in learned
orders,
And fill'd with Greek the garden's blush-
ing borders!
No, no—your gentle Inas will not do—
To-morrow evening, when the lights burn
blue,
I'll come—(*pointing downwards*)—you
understand—till then adieu!"

And *has* the sprite been here? No—
jest's apart—
Howe'er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman's glories is the
heart.
And, if our Muse have sketch'd with
pencil true
The wife—the mother—firm, yet gentle
too—

Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath
spun,
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one;
Who loves—yet dares even Love himself
disown,
When Honour's broken shaft supports his
throne,
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and—Blue
Devils.

—o—

THE DAY-DREAM.

THEY both were hush'd, the voice, the
chords,—
I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away;
Traces remember'd here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.
Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled;
And, though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone;—
Gone, like the thoughts that once were
ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer
flowers,
Though *what* they were, we now
forget.
In vain, with hints from other strains,
I woo'd this truant air to come—
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain:—the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face—the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a
shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought—
Came with its music close to mine ;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er,—
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,—
All perfect, all again my own !

Like parted souls, when, 'mid the Blest
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in
quest,
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Not even in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again ;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

—o—

ANNE BOLEYN.

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL "HISTOIRE
D'ANNE BOLEYN."

S'elle estoit belle et de taille élégante,
Estoit des yeulx encor plus attirante,
Lesquelz sçavoit bien conduyre à propos
En les tenant quelquefois en repos ;
Aucunefoys envoyant en message
Porter de cuer le secret tesmoignage.

MUCH as her form seduced the sight,
Her eyes could even more surely woo ;
And when and how to shoot their light
Into men's hearts full well she knew.
For sometimes, in repose, she hid
Their rays beneath a downcast lid ;
And then again, with wakening air,
Would send their sunny glances out,
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO
SISTERS.

FROM DANTE.

Neil ora, credo, che dell' oriente
Prima raggio nel monte Citea,
Che di fuoco d' amor par sempre ardente,
Giovane e bella in sogno mi pareo
Donna vedere andar per una landa
Cogliendo fiori ; e cantando dicea :—

Sappia qualunque 'l mio nome dimanda,
Ch' io mi son Lia, e vo movendo 'ntorno
Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda—
Per piacermi allo specchio qui m'adorno ;
Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga
Dal suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto il giorno.

Ell' è de' suoi begli occhi veder vaga,
Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani ;
Lei lo vedere e me l'ovrare appaga.

DANTE, *Purg.* canto xxvii.

'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright, above,
The star of Beauty beam'd,
While lull'd by light so full of love,
In slumber thus I dream'd—
Methought, at that sweet hour,
A nymph came o'er the lea,
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,
Thus said and sung to me :—
"Should any ask what Leila loves,
Say thou, To wreath her hair
With flow'rets cull'd from glens and
groves,
Is Leila's only care.

"While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,
O'er hill and dale I roam,
My sister, Rachel, far more fair,
Sits lone and mute at home.
Before her glass untiring,
With thoughts that never stray,
Her own bright eyes admiring,
She sits the live-long day ;
While I !—oh, seldom even a look
Of self salutes my eye ;—
My only glass, the limpid brook,
That shines and passes by."

—o—

SCEPTICISM.

ERE Psyche drank the cup, that shed
Immortal Life into her soul,
Some evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said,
One drop of Doubt into the bowl—

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,
To Psyche's lips—she knew not why—
Made even that blessed nectar seem
As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,
A chill came o'er her heart—a fear
That Death might, even yet, remove
Her spirit from that happy sphere.

“Those sunny ringlets,” she exclaim'd,
Twining them round her snowy fingers;
“That forehead, where a light, unnamed,
Unknown on earth, for ever lingers;

“Those lips, through which I feel the
breath
Of Heaven itself, when'er they
sever—

Say, are they mine, beyond all death,
My own, hereafter, and for ever?

“Smile not—I know that starry brow,
Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,
Will always shine, as they do now—
But shall I live to see them shine?”

In vain did Love say, “Turn thine eyes
On all that sparkles round thee here—
Thou'rt now in heaven, where nothing
dies,
And in these arms—what *canst* thou
fear?”

In vain—the fatal drop, that stole
Into that cup's immortal treasure,
Had lodged its bitter near her soul,
And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And, though there ne'er was transport
given
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in heaven,
That wears a cloud amid its joy.

—o—

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

“COME, come,” said Tom's father, “at
your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus play-
ing the rake—

It is time you should think, boy, of taking
a wife”—

“Why, so it is, father—whose wife
shall I take?”

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

PURE as the mantle, which, o'er him who
stood

By Jordan's stream, descended from
the sky,
Is that remembrance, which the wise
and good

Leave in the hearts that love them,
when they die.

So pure, so precious shall the memory be,
Bequeath'd, in dying, to our souls by
thee—

So shall the love we bore thee, cherish'd
warm

Within our souls through grief, and
pain, and strife,

Be, like Elisha's cruse, a holy charm,
Wherewith to “heal the waters” of
this life!

—o—

TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE
STRAINER.

Brighton, June, 1825.

THIS life, dear Corry, who can doubt?—
Resembles much friend Ewart's wine;
When *first* the rosy drops come out,
How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus, while they keep their tint,
So free from even a shade with some,
That they would smile, did you but hint,
That darker drops would *ever* come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,
Each minute makes the sad truth
plainer,
Till life, like old and crusty port,
When near its close, requires a
strainer.

This friendship can alone confer,
Alone can teach the drops to pass,
If not as bright as *once* they were,
At least unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine.
Of which this heart were fonder,
vainer,
Than thus, if life grow like old wine,
To have *thy* friendship for its strainer

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

HERE lies Factotum Ned at last ;
 Long as he breathed the vital air,
 Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,
 In which Ned hadn't some small
 share.

Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out*,
 Whatever statesmen did or said,
 If not exactly brought about,
 'Twas all, at least, contrived by Ned.

With Nap, if Russia went to war,
 'Twas owing, under Providence,
 To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—
 (Vide his pamphlet—price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo—
 As all but Frenchmen think she was—
 To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
 Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news—no envoy's bag
 E'er pass'd so many secrets through
 it ;

Scarcely a telegraph could wag
 Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
 With foreign names, one's ear to buzz
 in !

From Russia, *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,
 From Poland, *owskis* by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's
 creed,

Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,
 And men ask'd—who advised the deed ?
 Ned modestly confess'd 'twas he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,
 He had not downright *seen* the King,
 He sent such hints through Viscount
This,

To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the
 thing.

The same it was in science, arts,
 The Drama, Books, MS. and printed—
 Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest
 parts,
 And Scott's last work by him was
 hinted.

"Childe Harold" in the proofs he read,
 And, here and there, infused some soul
 in't—

Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,
 Had—odd enough—an awkward hole
 in't.

'Twas thus, all-doing and all-knowing,
 Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,
 Whatever was the best pie going,
 In *that* Ned—trust him—had his
 finger.

* * * * *

—o—

COUNTRY DANCE AND
QUADRILLE.

ONE night the nymph call'd Country
 Dance—

(Whom folks, of late, have used so
 ill,

Preferring a coquette from France,
 That mincing thing, *Mamselle* Qua-
 drille)—

Having been chased from London down
 To that most humble haunt of all
 She used to grace—a Country Town—
 Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried,
 "though driven
 From London's gay and shining
 tracks—

Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
 I've lost, for ever lost, Almack's—

Though not a London Miss alive
 Would now for her acquaintance own
 me ;

And spinsters, even, of forty-five,
 Upon their honours ne'er have known
 me ;

Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
 And—spite of some few dandy Lancers,
 Who vainly try to preach Quadrille—
 See nought but *true-blue* Country
 Dancers.

Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
 My throne, like Magna Charta, raise
 'Mong sturdy, freeborn legs and arms,
 That scorn the threaten'd *chaîne*
Anglaise."

'Twas thus she said, as 'mid the din
Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squires and their Squireesses all,
With young Squirinas, just *come out*,
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no
doubt,)—

All these, as light she tripp'd upstairs,
Were in the cloak-room seen assembling—
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops—she listens—*can* it be?
Alas, in vain her ears would scape
it—

It is "Di tanti palpiti"
As plain as English bow can scrape it.

"Courage!" however—in she goes,
With her best, sweeping country
grace;

When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
Quadrille, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and
trickery.

There stood Quadrille, with cat-like face
(The beau-ideal of French beauty),
A band-box thing, all art and lace
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-
tie.

Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine*—
From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair—
Her poetry, from *Lamartine*—
Her morals, from—the Lord knows
where.

And, when she danced—so slidingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face too, all the while, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright *pendule's* dial-plate—
So still, you'd hardly think 'twas *going*.

Full fronting her stood *Country Dance*—
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would
know

For English, at a single glance—
English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little *gauche*, 'tis fair to own,
And rather given to skips and
bounces;

Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing, oft, the devil with
flounces.

Unlike *Mamselle*—who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)

A thousand flaws of character,
To one vile rumple of a frill.

No rouge did she of Albion wear;
Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a *Set*, not Dian e'er
Came rosier from the woodland chase.

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in't
Such anger now—whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,
Which English maids call "*Water-
loo*")—

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While—to the tune of "*Money Musk*,"
Which struck up now—she proudly
spoke:—

"Heard you that strain—that joyous
strain?"

'Twas such as England loved to hear,
Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,
Corrupted both her foot and ear—

"Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
Presumed, in sight of all beholders,
To lay his rude, licentious hands
On virtuous English backs and shoul-
ders—

"Ere times and morals both grew bad,
And, yet unfleeced by funding block-
heads,

Happy John Bull not only *had*,
But danced to, 'Money in both pock-
ets.'

"Alas, the change!—Oh, L—d—y,
Where is the land could 'scape disas-
ters,

With *such* a Foreign Secretary,
Aided by Foreign Dancing Masters?"

“Woe to ye, men of ships and shops !
Rulers of day-books and of waves !
Quadrilled, on one side, into fops,
And drill'd, on t'other, into slaves !

“Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,
Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,
With elbows, *à la crapaudine*,
And feet in—God knows what position ;

“Hemm'd in by watchful chaperons,
Inspectors of your airs and graces,
Who intercept all whisper'd tones,
And read your telegraphic faces ;

“Unable with the youth adored,
In that grim *cordon* of Mammas,
To interchange one tender word,
Though whisper'd but in *queue de chats*.

“Ah did you know how blest we ranged,
Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle—
What looks in *setting* were exchanged,
What tender words in *down the middle* ;

“How many a couple, like the wind,
Which nothing in its course controls,
Left time and chaperons far behind,
And gave a loose to legs and souls ;

“How matrimony throve—ere stopp'd
By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting—
How charmingly one's partner popp'd
Th' important question in *poussetting*.

“While now, alas—no sly advances—
No marriage hints—all goes on badly—

*Twixt Parson Malthus and French
Dances,
We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

“Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
Declares not half so much is made
By licences—and he must know well—
Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade.”

She ceased—tears fell from every Miss—
She now had touch'd the true pathetic :—
One such authentic fact as this
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was “Country dance !”
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The Steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birthright place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceased,
Now tuned again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England's triumph was complete.

—o—

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ., OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his who, mourn'd by many,
sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart above all worldly wiles ;
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles ;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads ;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift by fortune given ;
That, wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.

All these were his.—Oh, thou who read'st
this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die !

GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scriptis quidem fata, sed sequitur.

SENECA.

OF old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,
As Nature meant, supreme, alone ;
With mind uncheck'd, and hands un-
chain'd,
His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave
With its own sceptre, could not last ;
So Genius' self became the slave
Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forged the chain of Fate,
Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it ;
His nods, his struggles, all too late—
“*Quæ semel jussit, semper parat.*”

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne in-
vaded,
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,
Afraid of even his own ambition,
His very victories were by rule,
And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds—the same,
That dazzled, when spontaneous ac-
tions—
Now, done by law, seem'd cold and tame,
And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,
Instant the Vizir's Council sat—
“Good Lord, your Highness can't go
there—
Bless me, your Highness can't do that.”

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy
Rich jewels for his diadem,
“The taste was bad, the price was
high—
A flower were simpler than a gem.”

To please them if he took to flowers—
“What trifling, what unmeaning
things!
Fit for a woman's toilet hours,
But not at all the style for Kings.”

If, fond of his domestic sphere,
He play'd no more the rambling
comet—

“A dull, good sort of man, 'twas clear,
But, as for great or brave, far from it.”

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthrone
him?

“Saint Aristotle, what wild notions !
Serve a 'ne exeat regno' on him.”

At length, their last and worst to do,
They round him placed a guard of
watchmen,

Reviewers, knaves, in brown, or blue
Turn'd up with yellow,—chiefly Scotch-
men ;

To dog his footsteps all about,
Like those in Longwood's prison
grounds,

Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,
For fear the Conqueror should break
bounds.

Oh for some Champion of his power,
Some *Ultra* spirit, to set free,
As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign hour,
The thunders of his Royalty !—

To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one,
Of Right eternal and divine,
That rules beneath the blessed sun.

—o—

TO LADY J * R * * Y,

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING IN
HER ALBUM.

Written at Middleton.

OH albums, albums, how I dread
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl !
How often wish that from the dead,
Old Omar would pop forth his head,
And make a bonfire of you all !

So might I 'scape the spinster band,
The blushless blues, who, day and
night,

Like duns in doorways, take their stand,
To waylay bards, with book in hand,
Crying for ever, “Write, sir, write !”

So might I shun the shame and pain,
That o'er me at this instant come,
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,
Knocks at the portal of my brain,
And gets, for answer, "Not at home!"
November, 1828.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

ON LOOKING THROUGH HER ALBUM.

No wonder bards, both high and low,
From Byron down to * * * * and me,
Should seek the fame, which all bestow
On him whose task is praising thee.

Let but the theme be J * r * * y's eyes,
At once all errors are forgiven;
As ev'n old Sternhold still we prize,
Because, though dull, he sings of
heaven.

—o—

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."—Lord CASTLEREAGH'S *Speech upon Colonel M. Mahon's Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said,
"I'll think of Viscount C—stl—r—gh,
And of his speeches—that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.
And then I dream'd—O frightful dream!
Fuseli has no such theme;
—— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror half so horrid!

Methought the P——e, in whisker'd
state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for
vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the *Morning Post.*

When lo! the papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced, O jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness!"

The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
As if *determined* to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount
high;
Nay, e'en Death-Warrants thought they'd
best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh, the basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections"—
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "*et tu Brute!*"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I waked—and pray'd with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this dream prove
true;
Though Paper overwhelms the land,
Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

—o—

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment
is nigh,
When, with P—rc—v—I's leave, I may
throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first
thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to
you.

* * * * *

I meant before now to have sent you this
 Letter,
 But Y—rm—th and I thought perhaps
 'twould be better
 To wait till the Irish affairs were
 decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and
 divided,
 With all due appearance of thought and
 digestion—
 For, though H—rtf—rd House had long
 settled the question,
 I thought it but decent, between me and
 you,
 That the two *other* Houses should settle
 it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly
 bad
 Our affairs were all looking when Father
 went mad ;
 A strait-waistcoat on him and restrictions
 on me,
 A more *limited* Monarchy could not well
 be.
 I was call'd upon then, in that moment
 of puzzle,
 To choose my own Minister—just as they
 muzzle
 A playful young bear, and then mock his
 disaster,
 By bidding him choose out his own
 dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful
 son,
 Was to do as Old Royalty's self would
 have done.
 So I sent word to say, I would keep the
 whole batch in,
 The same chest of tools, without cleans-
 ing or patching ;
 For tools of this kind, like Martinus's
 sconce,
 Would lose all their beauty if purified
 once ;
 And think—only think—if our Father
 should find,
 Upon graciously coming again to his
 mind,
 That improvement had spoil'd any
 favourite adviser—
 That R—se was grown honest, or
 W—stm—rel—nd wiser—

That R—d—r was, e'en by one twinkle,
 the brighter—
 Or L—v—rp—l's speeches but half a
 pound lighter—
 What a shock to his old royal heart it
 would be !
 No !—far were such dreams of improve-
 ment from me :
 And it pleased me to find, at the house,
 where, you know,
 There's such good mutton cutlets and
 strong curaçoa,
 That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous
 old boy,
 And my Y—rm—th's red whiskers grew
 redder for joy !

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft,
 if I *would*,
 By the law of last Sessions I *might* have
 done good.
 I *might* have withheld these political
 noodles
 From knocking their heads against hot
 Yankee Doodles ;
 I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her
 lot,
 Might have sooth'd her with hope—but
 you know I did not.
 And my wish is, in truth, that the best
 of old fellows
 Should not, on recovering, have cause to
 be jealous,
 But find that, while he has been laid on
 the shelf,
 We've been all of us nearly as mad as
 himself.
 You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors
 and I,
 Are the last that can think the K—ng
ever will die !

A new era's arrived—though you'd
 hardly believe it—
 And all things, of course, must be new
 to receive it.
 New villas, new fêtes (which e'en Waith-
 man attends)—
 New saddles, new helmets, and—why not
new friends ?
 * * * * *

I repeat it, "New Friends"—for I can-
 not describe
 The delight I am in with this P—rc—v—l
 tribe.

Such capering! — Such vapouring! —
 Such rigour! — Such vigour!
 North, South, East, and West, they have
 cut such a figure,
 That soon they will bring the whole
 world round our ears,
 And leave us no friends—but Old Nick
 and Algiers,
 When I think of the glory they've beam'd
 on my chains,
 'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious
 brains!
 It is true we are bankrupts in commerce
 and riches,
 But think how we furnish our Allies with
 breeches!
 We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish,
 'tis granted,
 But then we've got Java, an island much
 wanted,
 To put the last lingering few who remain,
 Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their
 pain.
 Then how Wellington fights! and how
 squabbles his brother!
For Papist the one, and *with* Papists the
 other;
 One crushing Napoleon by taking a city,
 While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic
 committee!
 Oh, deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or
 flinch,
 With such prospects before me? by Jove,
 not an inch.
 No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if
 they will,
 We'll look after th' affairs of the *Con-*
tinent still,
 And, with nothing at home but starva-
 tion and riot,
 Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily
 quiet.
 I am proud to declare I have no predilec-
 tions,
 My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd
 affections
 Are just danced about for a moment or
 two,
 And the *finer* they are, the more sure to
 run through:
 Neither have I resentments, nor wish
 there should come ill
 To mortal—except (now I think on't)
 Beau Br—mm—I,

Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine
 passion,
 To cut *me*, and bring the old K—ng into
 fashion.
 This is all I can lay to my conscience at
 present,
 When such is my temper, so neutral, so
 pleasant,
 So royally free from all troublesome feel-
 ings,
 So little encumber'd by faith in my deal-
 ings
 (And that I'm consistent the world will
 allow,
 What I was at Newmarket, the same I
 am now).
 When such are my merits (you know I
 hate cracking),
 I hope, like the vender of Best Patent
 Blacking,
 "To meet with the generous and kind
 approbation
 Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal
 nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent
 letter
 (No man, except Pole, could have writ
 you a better),
 'Twould please me if those, whom I've
 humbugg'd so long
 With the notion (good men!) that I knew
 right from wrong,
 Would a few of them join me—mind,
 only a few—
 To let *too* much light in on me never
 would do;
 But even Grey's brightness shan't make
 me afraid,
 While I've C—md—n and Eld—n to fly
 to for shade;
 Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us
 much harm,
 While there's W—stm—rel—nd near him
 to weaken the charm.
 As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can
 subdue it,
 Sure joining with H—rtf—rd and
 Y—rm—th will do it!
 Between R—d—r and Wh—rt—n let
 Sheridan sit,
 And the fogs will soon quench even
 Sheridan's wit;

And against all the pure public feeling
 that glows
 E'en in Whitbread himself we've a host
 in G—rge R—se !
 So, in short, if they wish to have places,
 they may,
 And I'll thank you to tell all these
 matters to Grey,
 Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's
 no time to lose),
 By the twopenny post to tell Grenville
 the news ;
 And now, dearest Fred (though I've no
 predilection),
 Believe me yours always with truest affec-
 tion.

P.S. A copy of this is to P—rc—v—l
 going—
 Good Lord ! how St. Stephens will ring
 with his crowing !

—o—

ANACREONTIC.

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan !
 Best of Plumists, if you can
 With your art so far presume,
 Make for me a P—e's Plume—
 Feathers soft and feathers rare,
 Such as suits a P—e to wear !

First, thou downiest of men !
 Seek me out a fine Pea-hen ;
 Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
 As by Juno's side might stand,
 If there were no Cocks at hand !
 Seek her feathers, soft as down,
 Fit to shine on P—e's crown ;
 If thou canst not find them, stupid !
 Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
 Pluck me next an old Cuckoo ;
 Emblem of the happy fates
 Of easy, kind, cornuted mates !
 Pluck him well—be sure you do—
 Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
 Thus to have his plumage blest,
 Beaming on a R—y—I crest ?

Bravo, Plumist !—now what bird
 Shall we find for Plume the third ?
 You must get a learned Owl,
 Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
 Bigot bird, that hates the light,
 Foe to all that's fair and bright !
 Seize his quills (so form'd to pen
 Books, that shun the search of men ;
 Books, that, far from every eye,
 In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie !)
 Stick them in between the two,
 Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
 Bind the kindred stems together
 With a silken tie, whose hue
 Once was brilliant Buff and Blue ;
 Sullied now—alas, how much !
 Only fit for Y—rm—th's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done,
 Present worthy G—ge's Son !
 Now, beneath, in letters neat,
 Write "I serve" and all's complete.

—o—

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M—nch—st—r Square took a
 canter just now—
 Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a
 low bow.
 This I did, of course, thinking 'twas
 loyal and civil,
 But got such a look, oh, 'twas black as
 the devil !
 How unlucky !—*incog.* he was travelling
 about,
 And I, like a noodle, must go find him
 out !

Mem.—When next by the old yellow
 chariot I ride,
 To remember there *is* nothing princely
 inside.

Thursday.

At levee to-day made another sad blun-
 der—
 What *can* be come over me lately, I
 wonder ?

The P——e was as cheerful, as if all his
 life, [or a wife—
 He had never been troubled with friends
 "Fine weather," says he—to which I,
 who *must* prate,
 Answer'd, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable*
 rather, of late."
 He took it, I fear, for he look'd some-
 what gruff,
 And handled his new pair of whiskers so
 rough,
 That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd
 come off,
 And then, Lord! how Geramb would
 triumphantly scoff!

Mem.—To buy for son Dicky some un-
 guent or lotion
 To nourish his whiskers—sure road to
 promotion!

Saturday.

Last night a concert—vastly gay—
 Given by Lady C—stl—r—gh.
 My Lord loves music, and we know,
 Has two strings always to his bow.
 In choosing songs, the R—g—t named
 "Had I a heart for falsehood framed."
 While gentle H—rtf—d begg'd and
 pray'd
 For "Young I am and sore afraid."

—o—

EPIGRAM.

WHAT news to-day?—"Oh! worse and
 worse—
 M—c is the Pr——ce's Privy Purse!"—
 The Pr——ce's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
 You mean the Pr——ce's *Ridicule.*

—o—

KING CRACK AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOTIATION FOR
 A NEW M—N—STRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible
 Kings
 (At least, so his courtiers would swear
 to you gladly),
 But Crack now and then would do het'ro-
 dox things,
 And, at last, took to worshipping
Images sadly.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had
 been placed

In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleased him
 so much,

That he knelt down and worshipp'd,
 though—such was his taste!—

They were monstrous to look at, and
 rotten to touch!

And these were the beautiful Gods of
 King Crack!—

Till his people, disdainingly to worship
 such things,

Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your
 Godships must pack—

You will not do for *us*, though you *may*
 do for *Kings.*"

Then, trampling the gross Idols under
 their feet,

They sent Crack a petition, beginning,
 "Great Cæsar!

We are willing to worship, but only en-
 treat

That you'll find us some *decenter* God-
 heads than these are."

"I'll try," says King Crack—then they
 furnish'd him models

Of better-shaped Gods, but he sent
 them all back;

Some were chisell'd too fine, some had
 heads 'stead of noddles,

In short, they were all *much* too god-
 like for Crack!

So he took to his darling old Idols again,
 And, just mending their legs and new
 bronzing their faces,

In open defiance of Gods and of men,
 Set the monsters up grinning once more
 in their places!

—o—

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—sc—nt
 C—stl—r—gh?

Ans. Because it is a slender thing of
 wood,

That up and down its awkward arm
 doth sway,

And coolly spout and spout and spout
 away,

In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE
AND HIS R-Y-L H-GHN-SS THE D—E
OF C-B-L-D.

SAID his Highness to Ned, with that
grim face of his,

“Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic
Neddy?”—

“Because, Sir,” said Ned, looking full
in his phiz,

“You’re *forbidding* enough, in all con-
science, already!”

—o—

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton’s
bowers—

Or (if sweeter that abode)
From the King’s well-odour’d Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us,
Those who rule and (some say) fool us—
Flora, sure, will love to please
England’s Household Deities!

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an Orange lily—
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—ff—rd can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old Eld—n’s wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
For the head of L—v—rp—l!
’Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffer’d (what a pity)
On the road to Paris city.

Next, our C—stl—r—gh to crown,
Bring me, from the county Down,
Wither’d Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o’er, to hide the green

(Such as H—df—t brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick’s Day)—
Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads of *every hue*—
And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture*, now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That’s enough—away, away—
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that grows
Must be pluck’d to deck Old R—e—
How the Doctor’s brow should smile
Crown’d with wreaths of Camomile;
But time presses—to thy taste
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

—o—

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER
MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—KM—TH S
FETE.

“I WANT the *Court-Guide*,” said my
Lady, “to look
If the House, Seymour Place, be at
30 or 20”—
“We’ve lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma’am,
but here’s the *Red Book*,
Where you’ll find, I dare say, *Seymour*
Places in plenty!”

—o—

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.

COME, Y—im—th, my boy, never
trouble your brains,
About what your old croney,
The Emperor Boney,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy’s plains;
Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our
granaries;
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of
the Stannaries!

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may ;
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes
away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and—all that,
And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of
their wits ;

Thy whiskers, too, Y—rm—th !—alas,
even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy
whiskers !) to Grey.

Then why, my Lord Warden ! oh ! why
should you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't
understand ?
Or why should you write yourself down
for an idiot,
Because "you," forsooth, "*have the
pen in your hand !*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the bye),
How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under
the bust
Of old Charley, my friend here, and
drink like a new one ;
While Charley looks sulky, and frowns
at me, just
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns
at Don Juan !

To crown us, Lord Warden !
In C—mb—rl—nd's garden
Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous
sprigs ;
While Otto of Roses
Refreshing all noses
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers
and wigs.

What youth of the household will cool
our noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That down, midst the dishes,
All full of good fishes,
Romantic doth flow ?—
Or who will repair
Unto M——— Sq——e,
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there ?

Go—bid her haste hither,
And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's
going—
Oh ! let her come, with her dark tresses
flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—Ackermann's Dresses
for May !

—o—

HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I. .

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

THE man who keeps a conscience pure
(If not his own, at least his Prince's),
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces !

No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb ;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists
swagger,
He does not care one single d-mn !

Whether 'midst Irish chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blow-
ing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne
Alley.

When lo ! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and
big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scared at me e'en without my wig !

Yet a more fierce and raw-boned dog
Goes not to mass in Dublin city,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee !

Oh ! place me 'midst O'Rourkes,
O'Tooles,
The ragged royal-blood of Tara ;
Or place me where Dick M—rt—n rules,
The houseless wilds of Connemara ;

Of Church and State I'll warble still,
 Though e'en Dick M—rt—n's self
 should grumble,
 Sweet Church and State, like Jack and
 Jill,
 So lovingly upon a hill—
 Ah ! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble !

—o—

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I NEVER give a kiss," says Prue,
 "To naughty man, for I abhor it."—
 She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true ;
 She'll *take* one though, and thank you
 for it !

—o—

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance con-
 fine,
 Bût has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine* !

—o—

TO ———.

Moria pur quando viot, non ð bisogna mutar ni
 faccia ni voce per ceser un angelo.

DIE when you will, you need not wear
 At Heaven's Court a form more fair
 Than Beauty here on earth has given ;
 Keep but the lovely looks we see—
 The voice we hear—and you will be
 An angel *ready-made* for heaven !

—o—

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE
 MINISTERS.

— nova monstra creavit.

OVID. *Metamorph.* lib. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave
 Major Camac,
 With a swinging horse-tail at each
 valorous back,

And such helmets, God bless us ! as
 never deck'd any
 Male creature before, except Signor
 Giovanni—
 "Let's see," says the R—g—t (like
 Titus, perplex'd
 With the duties of empire), "whom *shall*
 I dress next ?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection is
 there,
 Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to
 a hair ;
 Not a single *ex-curl* on his forehead he
 traces—
 For curls are like Ministers, strange as
 the case is,
 The *falsier* they are, the more firm in
 their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who
 could doubt ?
 For his Y—rm—th's own Frenchified
 hand cut it out ;
 Every pucker and seam were made
 matters of State,
 And a grand Household Council was
 held on each plait !

Then whom shall he dress ? shall he new-
 rig his brother,
 Great C—mb—rl—d's Duke, with some
 kickshaw or other ?
 And kindly invent him more Christian-
 like shapes
 For his feather-bed neckcloths and
 pillory capes ?

Ah ! no—here his ardour would meet
 with delays,
 For the Duke had been lately pack'd up
 in new stays,
 So complete for the winter, he saw very
 plain
 'Twould be devilish hard work to *unpack*
 him again !

So, what's to be done?—there's the
 Ministers, bless 'em !—
 As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't
 he *dress* 'em ?
 "An excellent thought !—call the tailors
 —be nimble—
 Let Cum bring his spy-glass, and H—rt-
 f—d her thimble ;

While Y—rm—th' shall give us, in spite
of all quizzers,
The last Paris cut with his true Gallic
scissors."

So saying, he calls C—stl—r—gh, and
the rest

Of his Heaven-born statesmen, to come
and be dress'd,

While Y—rm—th, with snip-like and
brisk expedition,

Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic
In long tailors' measures, (the P—e
crying "Well done!")

And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chan-
cellor Eld—n.

* * * * *

—o—

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON THE
ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) "HAV-
ING LAW ON ONE'S SIDE."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

"LEGGE AUREA,
S'ei piace, ei lice."

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties
so bloomy

To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old
ones look gloomy,

But, dearest! we've Law on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers
congenial,

Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures
how *venial*,

When once they've got Law on their
side!

'Tis a thing that in every king's reign
has been done, too;

Then why should it now be decried?
If the father has done it, why shouldn't
the son, too?

For so argues Law on our side!

And, e'en should our sweet violation of
duty

By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune,"
my beauty,

As long as we've Law on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good sir! go a little
more slowly,

For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we are a little too *lowly*,
To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great prince, to whose
star shining o'er 'em

The people should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!)
might kick down decorum—

You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you e'en an old Marquis, in
mischief grown hoary,

Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its
glory—

You still would have Law on your
side!

But for *you*, sir, crim. con. is a path full
of troubles,

By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those princoes
and nobles

Who have *such* a Law on their side!

—o—

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF
ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN
SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COS-
TUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

THIS day a New House, for your edifica-
tion,

We open, most thinking and right-headed
nation!

Excuse the materials—though rotten and
bad,

They're the best that for money just now
could be had;

And, if *echo* the charm of such houses
should be,

You will find it shall echo my speech to
a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company
yet,

The same motley, odd, tragi-comical
set:

And considering they all were but clerks
t'other day,

It is truly surprising how well they can
play.

Our manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries
first,

But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better
thing,

Changed his note of a sudden, to *God*
save the King;))

Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as
he's clever,

Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as
ever,

Here offers you still the full use of his
breath,

Your devoted and long-winded proser till
death !

You remember last season, when things
went perverse on,

We had to engage (as a block to rehearse
on),

One Mr. V—n—t—t, a good sort of
person,

Who's also employ'd for this season to
play,

In "Raising the Wind," and "The Devil
to Pay."

We expect too—at least we've been plot-
ting and planning—

To get that great actor from Liverpool,
C—nn—ng ;

And, as at the Circus there's nothing
attracts,

Like a good *single combat* brought in
'twixt the acts,

If the manager should, with the help of
Sir P—ph—m,

Get up new *diversions*, and C—nn—ng
should stop 'em,

Who knows but we'll have to announce
in the papers,

"Grand fight—second time—with addi-
tional capers."

Be your taste for the ludicrous, hum-
drum, or sad,

There is plenty of each in this house to
be had ;

Where our manager ruleth, there weep-
ing will be,

For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was
he ;

And there never was dealer in dagger
and cup,

Who so *smilingly* got' all his tragedies
up.

His powers poor Ireland will never
forget,

And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er
them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret
machinery,

Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of
scenery,

Y—rm—th and Cum are the best we can
find,

To transact all that trickery business
behind.

The former's employ'd too to teach us
French jigs,

Keep the whisks in curl, and look after
the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House* not as yet sold
away,

May be had of the manager, Pat
C—stl—r—gh.

—o—

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni.—TACITUS.

HERE'S a choice set of Tools for you,
ge'mmen and ladies,

They'll fit you quite handy, whatever
your trade is ;

(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt
In that delicate service they're rather
worn out ;

Though their owner, bright youth ! if
he'd had his own will,

Would have bungled away with them
joyously still.)

You can see they've been pretty well
hack'd—and alack !

What tool is there job after job will not
hack ?

Their edge is but dullish, it must be con-
fess'd,

And their temper, like E—nb'r—h's,
none of the best ;

But you'll find them good hard-working
Tools, upon trying,
Were't but for their *brass* they are well
worth the buying ;
They're famous for making *blinds,*
sliders, and *screens,*
And they're, some of them, excellent
turning machines !

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a
Chancellor)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and
seller—
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of
note 'tis,
'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's
notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as
thou shapest—
'Twill make a good thumbscrew to tor-
ture a Papist ;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the
wall
Of some church that old women are fear-
ful will fall ;
Or better, perhaps (for I'm guessing at
random),
A heavy *drag-chain* for some lawyer's old
Tandem.
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure,
sir—
Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone !
—it is yours, sir.
To pay ready money you shan't be dis-
tress'd,
As a *bill at long date* suits the Chancellor
best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis
here in a trice—
This implement, ge'mmen, at first was a
Vice
(A tenacious and close sort of Tool, that
will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens
to get),
But it since has received a new coating of
Tin,
Bright enough for a prince to behold
himself in !
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly!
bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—
quite gone !

God be with it, such tools, if not quickly
knock'd down,
Might at last cost their owner—how
much? why a *Crown* !

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had
handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold
by the gross ;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to
shave close,
And like *other* close shavers, some
courage to gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on
leather !
You shall have it for nothing—then mar-
vel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there
must be,
Where a tool such as this is (I'll leave
you to judge it)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of the
Budget !

—o—

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF "THERE WAS A
LITTLE MAN, AND HE WOODED A LITTLE
MAID," DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HON.
CH—RL—S ABB—T.

"Arcades ambo
Et cant-are pares."

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a
little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try,
try, try,
Whether it's within our reach
To make up a little Speech,
Just between little you and little I, I, I,
Just between little you and little I!"

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are stout,
stout, stout,
But, if it's not uncivil,
Pray tell me what the devil
Must our little, little speech be about,
bout, bout,
Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big,
 With th' assistance of his wig,
 And he call'd his little Soul to order,
 order, order,
 Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in
 To jail like Thomas Croggan
 (As she wasn't Duke or Earl), to reward
 her, ward her, ward her,
 As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward
 her.

The little Man then spoke,
 "Little Soul, it is no joke,
 For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a
 sup, sup, sup,
 I will tell the Prince and People
 What I think of Church and Steeple,
 And my little patent plan to prop them
 up, up, up,
 And my little patent plan to prop
 them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
 Little Man and little Soul
 Went and spoke their little speech to a
 tittle, tittle, tittle,
 And the world all declare
 That this priggish little pair
 Never yet in all their lives look'd so
 little, little, little,
 Never yet in all their lives look'd so
 little!



REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD
 WELLINGTON.

suosque tibi commendat Troja PENATES
 Hos cape fatorum comites.—VIRGIL.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily
 got,
 And the Marshal *must* have them—pray,
 why should we not,
 As the last and, I grant it, the worst of
 our loans to him,
 Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to
 him?
 There's not in all England, I'd venture to
 swear,
 Any men we could half so conveniently
 spare,

And, though they've been helping the
 French for years past,
 We may thus make them useful to
 England at last.

C—stl—r—gh in our sieges might save
 some disgraces,
 Being used to the *taking* and *keeping* of
places;
 And Volunteer C—nn—g, still ready for
 joining,
 Might show off his talent for *sly under-*
mining.
 Could the Household but spare us its
 glory and pride,
 Old H—df—t at *horn-works* again might
 be tried,
 And the Ch—f J—st—e make a *bold*
charge at his side!
 While V—ns—tt—t could victual the
 troops *upon tick*,
 And the Doctor look after the baggage
 and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R—g—t
 himself
 Should, in times such as these, stay at
 home on the shelf;—
 Though through narrow defiles he's not
 fitted to pass,
 Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en*
masse?
 And though oft, of an evening, perhaps,
 he might prove,
 Like our brave Spanish allies, "unable
 to move,"
 Yet there's *one* thing, in war of advantage
 unbounded,
 Which is that he could not with ease be
surrounded!

In my next I shall sing of their arms and
 equipment!
 At present no more but—good luck to
 the shipment!



HORACE, ODE I. LIB. III.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
 Favete linguis : carmina non prius
 Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
 Virginibus puerisque canto.
 Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
 Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, O Mob ! as my lady hates
 delf :

To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps
 and thy hisses,
 Leave old Magna Charta to shift for it-
 self,
 And, like G—dw—n, write books for
 young masters and misses.

Oh ! it is not high rank that can make
 the heart merry,

Even monarchs themselves are not
 free from mishap,

Though the Lords of Westphalia must
 quake before Jerry,

Poor Jerry himself has to quake before
 Nap.

* * * * *

—o—

HORAT. LIB. I. ODE XXXVIII.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus :
 Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ.
*Mitte sectari ROSA quo locorum
 Sera moretur.*

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE
 WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON.
 G—RGE R—SE.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-
 nackeries,

Fricassées, vol-au-vents, puffs and gim-
 crackeries—

Six by the Horse-Guards !—old Georgy
 is late—

But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds !
 do not wait,

Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is
 staying,

At which of his places old R—e is
 delaying !

* * * * *

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT
 PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF
 BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great
 difference is,

Though a Paradise each has been
 forced to resign,

That he never wore breeches till turn'd
 out of his,

While, for want of my breeches, I'm
 banished from mine.

—o—

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE
MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smiled,
 While in battle he shone forth so

terribly grand,
 That the emblem they graved on his seal

was a child,
 With a thunderbolt placed in its

innocent hand.

O Wellington ! long as such Ministers
 wield

Your magnificent arm, the same
 emblem will do ;

For while they're in the Council and you
 in the Field,

We've the *babies* in *them*, and the
thunder in *you* !

—o—

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR.
P—RC—V—L.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure
 was heard,

Unembitter'd and free did the tear-
 drop descend ;

We forgot, in that hour, how the states-
 man had err'd,

And wept for the husband, the father,
 and friend.

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity
won,

And gen'rous indeed were the tears
that we shed,

When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he
had done,

And, though wrong'd by him, living,
bewail'd him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion in-
trude,

'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier
state,

Had known what he was—and, content
to be *good*,

Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be
great.

So, left through their own little orbit to
move,

His years might have roll'd inoffensive
away ;

His children might still have been bless'd
with his love,

And England would ne'er have been
cursed with his sway.

—o—

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

IN order to explain the following Frag-
ment, it is necessary to refer your readers
to a late florid description of the Pavi-
lion at Brighton, in the apartments of
which, we are told, "FUM, *The Chinese
Bird of Royalty*," is a principal orna-
ment.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MUM.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty,
Fum,

Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty,
Hum,

In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton,
which is it?)

Where Fum had just come to pay Hum
a short visit.—

Near akin are these Birds, though they
differ in nation

(The breed of the Hums is as old as crea-
tion) ;

Both, full-craw'd Legitimates—both, birds
of prey,

Both, cackling and ravenous creatures,
half way

'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like
Lord C—stl—r—gh.

While Fum deals in Mandarins, Bonzes,
Bohea,

Peers, Bishops, and Punch, Hum, are
sacred to thee !

So congenial their tastes, that, when Fum
first did light on

The floor of that grand China-warehouse
at Brighton,

The lanterns, and dragons, and things
round the dome

Were so like what he left, "Gad," says
Fum, "I'm at home."—

And when, turning, he saw Bishop
L—ge, "Zooks, it is,"

Quoth the Bird, "Yes—I know him—a
Bonze, by his phyz—

And that jolly old idol he kneels to so
low

Can be none but our round-about god-
head, fat Fo !"

It chanced at this moment, th' Episcopal
Prig

Was imploring the P—e to dispense
with his wig,

Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high
o'er his head,

And some Tobit-like marks of his patron-
age shed,

Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idol-
atrous eye,

That, while Fum cried "Oh Fo !" all
the court cried "Oh *ſæ* !"

But, a truce to digression ;—these Birds
of a feather,

Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State mat-
ters together ;

(The P—e just in bed, or about to de-
part for't,

His legs full of gout, and his arms full of
H—rtf—d,)

"I say, Hum," says Fum—Fum, of
course, spoke Chinese,

But, bless you, that's nothing—at Brighton one sees
 Foreign lingoos and Bishops *translated*
 with ease—
 "I say, Hum, how fares it with Royalty
 now?
 Is it *up*? is it *prime*? is it *spooney*—or
 how?"
 (The Bird had just taken a flash-man's
 degree
 Under B—rr—m—re, Y—th, and young
 Master L—e.)
 "As for us in Pekin"—here, a devil
 of a din
 From the bed-chamber came, where that
 long Mandarin,
 C—stl—r—gh (whom Fum calls the *Con-*
fucius of Prose),
 Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's
 repose
 To the deep double bass of the fat Idol's
 nose.

(*Nota bene*—his Lordship and L—v—r—
 p—l come,
 In collateral lines, from the old Mother
 Hum,
 C—stl—r—gh a *Hum-bug*—L—v—rp—l
 a *Hum-drum*.)
 The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd
 C—stl—r—gh,
 Saddled Hum in a hurry, and, whip,
 spur, away,
 Through the regions of air, like a Snip
 on his hobby,
 Ne'er paused, till he lighted in St. Ste-
 phen's lobby.

* * * * *

—o—

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SH—R—D—N.

Principibus placuisse viris!—HORAT.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast
 falling tear
 Shall be mingled with deep execrations
 on those,
 Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian
 career,
 And yet leave it thus lonely and dark
 at its close :—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while
 fed
 By the odour his fame in its summer-
 time gave ;—
 Whose vanity now, with quick scent for
 the dead,
 Like the Ghole of the East, comes to
 feed at his grave.

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so
 hollow,
 And spirits so mean in the great and
 high-born ;
 To think what a long line of titles may
 follow
 The relics of him who died—friendless
 and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral
 array
 Of one, whom they shunn'd in his
 sickness and sorrow :—
 How bailiffs may seize his last blanket,
 to-day,
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles
 to-morrow !

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epi-
 cure's dream,
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had
 pass'd,
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-
 giving beam,
 Which his friendship and wit o'er thy
 nothingness cast :—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that
 supplies thee
 With millions to heap upon Foppery's
 shrine ;—
 No, not for the riches of all who despise
 thee,
 Though this would make Europe's
 whole opulence mine ;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart
 that thou hast—
 All mean as it is—must have con-
 sciously burn'd,
 When the pittance, which shame had
 wrung from thee at last,
 And which found all his wants at an
 end, was return'd ;

“Was *this* then the fate,”—future ages
will say,
When *some* names shall live but in
history’s curse ;
When Truth will be heard, and these
Lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools, or remember’d as
worse ;—

“Was this then the fate of that high-
gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bow’r and
the hall,
Theorator,—dramatist,—minstrel,—who
ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and
was master of all ;—

“Whose mind was an essence, com-
pounded with art
From the finest and best of all other
men’s pow’rs ;—
Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of
the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring
down its show’rs ;—

“Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s
light,
Play’d round every subject, and shone
as it play’d ;—
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as
bright,
Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on
its blade ;—

“Whose eloquence—bright’ning what-
ever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or
the grave,—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a
tide,
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its
wave !”

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched
his fate ;—
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have
to grieve,
Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams
of the Great,
And expect ’twill return to refresh them
at eve.

In the woods of the North there are
insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very
last sigh ;
Oh, Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than
they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave
thee to die !

—o—

EPISTLE

FROM

TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE
TRANSACTION.

“Ahi, mio Ben !”—METASTASIO.

WHAT ! BEN, my old hero, is this your
renown ?Is *this* the new *go* ?—kick a man when
he’s down !When the foe has knock’d under, to tread
on him then—By the fist of my father, I blush for thee,
Ben !“Foul ! foul !” all the lads of the Fancy
exclaim—Charley Shock is electrified—Belcher
spits flame—And Molyneux—ay, even Blacky cries
“shame !”Time was, when John Bull little differ-
ence spied’Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend
at his side :When he found (such his humour in fight-
ing and eating)His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter
for beating.But this comes, Master Ben, of your curst
foreign notions,Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold
lace and lotions ;Your Noyeaus, Curaçoas, and the Devil
knows what—(One swig of *Blue Ruin* is worth the
whole lot !)Your great and small *crosses*—(my eyes,
what a brood !A *cross*-buttock from *me* would do some
of them good !)

Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop,
 my old porpoise,
 Of pure English *claret* is left in your
corpus ;
 And (as Jim says) the only one trick,
 good or bad,
 Of the Fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my
 lad.
 Hence it comes—Boxiana, disgrace to thy
 page !—
 Having floor'd, by good luck, the first
swell of the age,
 Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that
mill'd us all round,
 You kick'd him, old Ben, as he gasp'd
 on the ground !
 Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if
 you'd got any—
 Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd* him
 to Botany !
 Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger* ! you,
 who, alas,
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Moun-
 seers in brass,
 On that great day of *milling*, when blood
 lay in lakes,
 When Kings held the bottle, and Europe
 the stakes,
 Look down upon Ben—see him, *dunghill*
 all o'er,
 Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him
 no more !
 Out, cowardly *spooney* !—again and again,
 By the fist of my father, I blush for thee,
 Ben.
 To *show the white feather* is many men's
 doom,
 But, what of *one* feather ?—Ben shows a
whole Plume.

—o—

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effare causam nominis,
 Utrumne mores hoc tui
 Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
 Secuta morum regula.—AUSONIUS.

1816.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Lowe*,
 (By name, and ah ! by nature so)
 As thou art fond of persecutions,
 Perhaps thou'st read or heard repeated,
 How Captain Gulliver was treated,
 When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men
 did—
 And having valiantly ascended
 Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
 They did so strut !—upon my soul,
 It must have been extremely droll
 To see their pigmy pride's exuberance !
 And how the doughty mannikins
 Amused themselves with sticking pins,
 And needles in the great man's
 breeches :
 And how some *very* iittle things,
 That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings
 Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas ! that it should happen
 To mighty men to be caught napping !—
 Though different, too, these persecu-
 tions ;
 For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,
 While *here* the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,
 Is taken by the Lilliputians !

—o—

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Supposed to be sung by Old Prosy, the Jew, in
 the character of Major C—rtw—ght.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
 Dat's to purify everyting nashty away ?
 Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say
 vat I vill,
 Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds
 vat I say !

'Tis so pretty a bolus !—just down let it
 go,
 And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange
 you vill see,
 Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse
 in de show,
 If your heads all vere found, vere your
 tailsh ought to be !

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual
 Pill*, &c.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge away
 clear

Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in
 deir hands—

'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dul-
 ness, ma tear,

Though the case vas as desperate as
 poor Mister Van's.

Dere is nothing at all vat dis Pill vill not reach—

Give the Sinecure Shentlemen von little grain,

Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,

And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence up again!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint—

But among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,

It vill cure de *Proad Potton*—a common complaint

Among M.P.'s and weavers—from *sitting* too long,

Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce

(Vat is often de case), it vill stop de disease,

And pring away all de long speeches at vonce,

Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come by degrees!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,

Dat's to purify everyting nashty away?

Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me s'y vat I vill,

Not a Christian or Shentlern'n minds vat I say!

—o—

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent."

MILTON.

IT is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
"Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,

Ye Tenths of all conceivable things,
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,

After the feast of fruit abhorr'd—

First indigestion on record!—

Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,

Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,

Or of Calvin's most select depraved,

In the Church must have your bacon saved;—

Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,

And, whatso'er *himself* believes,

Must bow to th' Establish'd Church belief,

That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf;—

Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven

Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven;

Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,

Eggs, timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;

All things, in short, since earth's creation,

Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,

To suffer eternal decimation—

Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,

Reduced to nine parts out of ten;

Or—as we calculate thefts and arsons—

Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device

For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—

The whole put down, in the simplest way,

By the souls resolving *not* to pay!

And even the Papists, thankless race,

Who have had so much the easiest case—

To *pay for* our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,

But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too—

(Our holy business being, 'tis known,

With the ears of their barley, not their own,)

Even *they* object to let us pillage,

By right divine, their tenth of tillage,

And, horror of horrors, even decline

To find us in sacramental wine!

IT is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,

Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,

Like the Shepherds of Israel, idly eat,

And make of his flock "a prey and meat."

No more shall be his the pastoral sport

Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,

Through various steps, Citation, Libel—
Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible ;
 Working the Law's whole apparatus,
 To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
 And summoning all the powers of wig,
 To settle the fraction of a pig !—
 Till, parson and all committed deep
 In the case of " *Shepherds versus*
Sheep,"

The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
 And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
 While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
 Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not
 Heaven's,

For *tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
 Seeking what parsons love no less
 Than tragic poets—a good *distress*.
 Instead of studying St. Augustin,
 Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin
 (Books fit only to hoard dust in),
 His reverence stints his evening readings

To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,

Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
 Which forms his only *ancient* study ;—
 Port so old, you'd swear its tartar
 Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
 And, had he sipp'd of such, no doubt
 His martyrdom would have been—to
 gout.

Is all then lost ?—alas, too true—
 Ye tenths beloved, adieu, adieu !
 My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er—
 Like old Thumb's ghost, " I can no
 more."

—o—

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

" We are told that the bigots are growing old
 and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let
 us die in peace?"—Lord BEXLEY'S *Letter to*
the Freeholders of Kent.

STOP, Intellect, in mercy stop,
 Ye curst improvements, cease ;
 And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
 Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,
 Young Freedom, veil thy head ;
 Let nothing good be thought or done,
 Till Nick V—ns—tt—t's dead !

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
 Who much doth light detest ;
 And let his last few drivelling years
 Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
 Speed not so fast away—
 Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,
 A few months longer stay.

Together soon, or much I err,
 You *both* from life may go—
 The notes unto the scavenger,
 And Nick—to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
 Be all reforms suspended ;
 In compliment to dear old Van,
 Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
 Your cry politely cease,
 And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings
 That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime]
 By few old rag-men gain'd ;
 Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
 Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages past,
 And dolts ungotten yet,
 Date from " the days of Nicholas,"
 With fond and sad regret ;—

And sighing say, " Alas, had he
 Been spared from Pluto's bowers,
 The blessed reign of Bigotry
 And Rags might still be ours !"

—o—

TO THE REVEREND ———.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF
 NOTTINGHAM.

1828.

WHAT, *you*, too, my ***** , in hashes so
 knowing,

Of sauces and soups Aristarchus pro-
 fest !

Are *you*, too, my savoury Brunswicker,
 going

To make an old fool of yourself with
 the rest ?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts ;

And—if you want *something* to tease
—for variety,

Go study how Ude, in his “Cookery,”
treats

Live eels, when he fits them for polish'd
society.

Just snuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of
the fire,

He leaves them to wriggle and writhe
on the coals,

In a manner that H—rn—r himself
would admire,

And wish, 'stead of *eels*, they were
Catholic souls.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels ;
While Papists, of late, have more
sensitive grown ;*

So, take my advice, try your hand at live
eels, [alone.

And, for *once*, let the other poor devils

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your
cook—

How to make a goose die of confirm'd
hepatitis ;

And, if you'll, for once, *fellow-feelings*
o'erlook,

A well-tortured goose a most capital
sight is.

First, catch him, alive—make a good
steady fire— [tied,

Set your victim before it, both legs being
(As, if left to himself, he *might* wish to
retire,)

And place a large bowl of rich cream
by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd,
and faint,

Having drunk all the cream, you so
civilly laid, off,

He dies of as charming a liver complaint
As ever sleek parson could wish a pie
made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Six-
teen,

What an emblem this bird, for the
epicure's use meant,

Presents of the mode in which Ireland
has been

Made a tit-bit for yours and your
brethren's amusement :

Tied down to the stake while her limbs,
as they quiver,

A slow fire of tyranny wastes by
degrees—

No wonder disease should have swell'd
up her liver,

No wonder you, Gourmands, should
love her disease.

—o—

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions

The Irish once were Carthaginians ;

But, trusting to more late descriptions,

I'd rather say they were Egyptians.

My reason's this :—the Priests of Isis,

When forth they march'd in long array,

Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,

A Sacred Ass to lead the way ;

And still the antiquarian traces

'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,

For still, in all religious cases,

They put Lord K—d—n in the van.

—o—

A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer
who writes letters,

For which the waste-paper folks much
are his debtors)

Hath one little oddity, well worth re-
citing,

Which puzzleth observers, even more
than his writing.

Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance
to behold

A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie *must*
be cold—

His Lordship looks solemn (few people
know why),

And he makes a low bow to the said
Apple-pie.

This idolatrous act, in so “vital” a Peer,
Is, by most serious Protestants, thought
rather queer—

Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the
head

(Vide *Crustium*, chap. iv.) of the Worship
of Bread.

Some think 'tis a tribute, as author, he
owes

For the service that pie-crust hath done
to his prose ;—

The only good things in his pages, they
swear,

Being those that the pastry-cook some-
times puts there.

Others say, 'tis a homage, through pie-
crust convey'd,

To our Glorious Deliverer's much-
honour'd shade ;

As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you
please)

Was as fond of cold pie as he was of
green peas,

And 'tis solely in loyal remembrance of
My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie take
off his hat.

While others account for this kind
salutation

By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concat-
enation ;"

A certain good-will that, from sympathy's
ties,

'Twixt old *Apple*-women and *Orange*-
men lies.

But 'tis needless to add, these are all
vague surmises,

For thus, we're assured, the whole matter
arises :

Lord K—ny—n's respected old father
(like many [penny ;

Respected old fathers) was fond of a
And loved so to save, that—there's not the
least question—

His death was brought on by a bad
indigestion,

From cold apple-pie crust his Lordship
would stuff in,

At breakfast, to save the expense of hot
muffin.

Hence it is, and hence only, that cold
apple-pies

Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent
eyes—

Just as honest King Stephen his beaver
might doff

To the fishes that carried his kind uncle
off—

And while *filial* piety urges so many on,
'Tis pure *apple*-pie-ety moves my Lord
K—ny—n.

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

SIR,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted
with the anecdote told of a certain, not over-
wise, judge, who, when in the act of delivering
a charge in some country court-house, was inter-
rupted by the braying of an ass at the door.
"What noise is that?" asked the angry judge.
"Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court,
my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary
echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps,
be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the follow-
ing few lines suggested by them.

Yours, &c.

S.

Huc coeamus, ait ; nullique libentius unquam
Responsura sono, Coeamus, retulit echo.

OVID.

THESE are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the
dale,"

To the "airy-tongued babbler," that
sports
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart *mot* they have
heard ;

There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes there dwell,
Who, on being ask'd, "How do you
do ?"
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more
Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,
When Britain has new ones in store,
That transcend them by many degrees ?

For, of all repercussions of sound,
Concerning which bards make a
pothor,

There's none like that happy rebound
When one blockhead echoes another ;—

When K—ny—n commences the bray,
And the Borough-Duke follows his
track ;

And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
R—thd—ne brays, with interest,
back ;—

And while, of *most* echoes the sound
On our ear by reflection doth fall,
These Brunswickers pass the bray round,
Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
Who can name all the echoes there
are
From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,
From Benledi to wild Uamvar ;

I might track, through each hard Irish
name,
The rebounds of this asinine strain,
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
To the *chief* Neddy, K—ny—n, again ;

Might tell how it roar'd in R—thd—ne,
How from D—ws—n it died off
genteelly—
How hollow it rung from the crown
Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y ;

How, on hearing my Lord of G—e,
Thistle-caters, the stoutest, gave way,
Outdone, in their own special line,
By the forty-ass power of his bray !

But, no—for so humble a bard
'Tis a subject too trying to touch on ;
Such noblemen's names are too hard,
And their noddles too soft to dwell
much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
Of the dell, and the deep-sounding
shelves ;
If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
Take to fools who are charm'd with
themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring,
To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
You may meet with N—wc—stle, admir-
ing
His own lengthen'd ears in the tide !

Or, on into Cambria straying,
Find K—ny—n, that double-tongued
elf,
In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying
A Brunswick duet with himself !

INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE
BRUNSWICKERS."

1828.

SCENE.—*Penenden Plain. In the middle, a
caldron boiling. Thunder.—Enter Three
Brunswickers.*

1st *Brun.*—THRICE hath scribbling

K—ny—n scrawl'd,

2d *Brun.*—Once hath fool N—w-
c—stle bawl'd,

3d *Brun.*—B—xl—y snores :— tis
time, 'tis time,

1st *Brun.*—Round about the caldron
go ;

In the poisonous nonsense throw.
Bigot spite, that long hath grown,
Like a toad within a stone,
Sweltering in the heart of Sc—tt,
Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense drib-
ble,

El—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

2d *Brun.*—Slaver from N—wc—stle's
quill

In the noisome mess distil,
Brimming high our Brunswick broth
Both with venom and with froth.
Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,
Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,
'With that malty stuff which Ch—nd—s
Drivels as no other man does.

Catch (*i.e.*, if catch you can)

One idea, spick and span,
From my Lord of S—l—sb—y,—

One idea, though it be
Smaller than the "happy flea,"
Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
Wedded to immortal verse.

Though to rob the son is sin,
Put his *one* idea in ;

And, to keep it company,
Let that conjuror W—nch—ls—a
Drop but *half* another there,
If he hath so much to spare.

Dreams of murders and of arsons,
Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where ferocious priests, like H—rn—I,
Purely for religious good,
Cry aloud for Papist's blood,

Blood for W—lls, and such old women,
At their ease to wade and swim in.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,

B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
3d Bruns.—Now the charm begin to brew;

Sisters, sisters, add thereto
Scraps of L—thbr—dge's old speeches,
Mix'd with leather from his breeches.
Rinsings of old B—xl—y's brains,
Thicken'd (if you'll take the pains)
With that pulp which rags create,
In their middle, *nympha* state,
Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
Forth they wing abroad as money.
There—the Hell-broth we've enchant-
ed—

Now but *one* thing more is wanted.
Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,
C—— keeps cork'd for use,
Which, to work the better spell, is
Colour'd deep with blood of ——,
Blood, of powers far more various,
Even than that of Januarius,
Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,
England's parsons bow before it!

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,

B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
2d Bruns.—Cool it now with ——'s
blood,

So the charm is firm and good.

[*Exeunt.*

—o—

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

WHEN'E'R you're in doubt, said a Sage
I once knew,
'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course
to pursue,
Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she
advise,
Do the very reverse, and you're sure to
be wise.

Of the same use as guides, are the Bruns-
wicker throng:
In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so
instinctively wrong,

That whatever they counsel, act, talk, or
indite,

Take the opposite course, and you're sure
to be right.

So golden this rule, that, had Nature
denied you

The use of that finger-post, Reason, to
guide you—

Were you even more doltish than any
given man is,

More soft than N—wc—stle, more
twaddling than Van is,

I'd stake my repute, on the following
conditions,

To make you the soundest of sound poli-
ticians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some
high-flying Tory—

Some Brunswicker parson of port-drink-
ing glory,—

Watch well how he dines, during any
great Question—

What makes him feed gaily, what spoils
his digestion—

And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a
stew

Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to
you.

Read him backwards, like Hebrew—
whatever he wishes,

Or praises, note down as absurd, or per-
nicious.

Like the folks of a weather-house, shift-
ing about,

When he's *out*, be an *In*—when he's *in*,
be an *Out*.

Keep him always reversed in your
thoughts, night and day,

Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong
way:—

If he's *up*, you may swear that foul wea-
ther is nigh;

If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of
blue sky.

Never mind what debaters or journalists
say,

Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think
t'other way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then
firmly rely

The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though
you don't know why.

Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's
 your man.
 Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly
 to Dan.
 Is he all for the Turks? then, at once,
 take the whole
 Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all)
 to your soul.
 In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or
 is,
 Be your thoughts, words, and essence the
 contrast of his.
 Nay, as Siamese ladies—at least, the
 polite ones—
 All paint their teeth black, 'cause the
 devil has white ones—
 If ev'n. by the chances of time or of tide,
 Your r'ory, for once, should have sense
 on his side,
 Even *then* stand aloof—for, be sure that
 Old Nick,
 When a Tory talks sensibly, means you
 some trick.
 Such my recipe is—and, in one single
 verse,
 I shall now, in conclusion, its substance
 renearse.
 Be all that a Brunswicker *is* not, nor *could*
 be,
 And then—you'll be all that an honest
 man should be.

—o—

EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,

FROM A SLAVE-LORD TO A COTTON-LORD.

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of
 affairs!
 How unjustly we both are despoil'd of
 our rights!
 Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave
 to my heirs,
 Nor must *you* any more work to death
 little whites.
 Both forced to submit to that general
 controller
 Of Kings, Lords, and cotton mills,
 Public Opinion,
 No more shall *you* beat with a big-billy-
 roller,
 Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my
 dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we
 please
 With our Blacks and our Whites, as of
 yore we were let,
 We might range them alternate, like
 harpsichord keys,
 And between us thump out a good
 piebald duet.
 But this fun is all over;—farewell to the
 zest
 Which Slavery now lends to each tea-
 cup we sip,
 Which makes still the cruellest coffee the
 best,
 And that sugar the sweetest which
 smacks of the whip.
 Farewell, too, the Factory's white pica-
 ninnies—
 Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd
 to their tasks,
 Mix so well with their namesakes, the
 "Billies" and "Jennies,"
 That *which* have got souls in 'em no-
 body asks;—
 Little Maids of the Mill, who, them-
 selves but ill-fed,
 Are obliged, 'mong their other benevo-
 lent cares,
 To "keep feeding the scribblers,"—and
 better, 'tis said,
 Than old Blackwood or Fraser have
 ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my*
 loss is,
 So hard 'tis to part from the smack of
 the thong,
 That I mean (from pure love for the old
 whipping process),
 To take to whipt syllabub all my life
 long.

—o—

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator!
 OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
 And he stood by the bed of the Ben-
 thamite,
 And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the
 frame,
 "If ever the sound of Marathon's name

Hath fired thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so
high,

That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh, 'twas a sight for the Ghost to
see,

For never was Greek more Greek than
he!

And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose—so much *per cent.*,
(As we see in a glass, that tells the wea-
ther,

The heat and the *silver* rise together,)
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd
"Scrip!"

The Ghost of Miltiades came again ;—
He smiled, as the pale moon smiles
through rain,

For his soul was glad at that patriot
strain ;

(And poor, dear ghost—how little he
knew

The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene
crew !)

" Blessings and thanks !" was all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night-dream,
fled !

The Benthamite hears—amazed that
ghosts

Could be such fools,—and away he posts,
A patriot still ? Ah no, ah no—

Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion, when under
par.

The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the d—l had Crescent and
Cross,

Ere *he* had been forced to sell at a loss.
They quote him the Stock of various
nations,

But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations* !

" Who'll buy my Scrip ? Who'll buy my
Scrip ? "

Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,

As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, " Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,
Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break
Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine—

If you'll only consent to buy up *mine* ! "

The Ghost of Miltiades came once
more ;— [o'er,
His brow, like the night, was lowering
And he said, with a look that flash'd
dismay,

" Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on Freedom's
shrine ! " [flight,

Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to
Jerry—

And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry !

—o—

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—
REVOLUTION IN THE DIC-
TIONARY—ONE GALT AT
THE HEAD OF IT.

GOD preserve us !—there's nothing now
safe from assault ;—

Thrones toppling around, churches
brought to the hammer ;

And accounts have just reach'd us that
one Mr. Galt

Has declared open war against English
and Grammar !

He had long been suspected of some
such design,

And, the better his wicked intents to
arrive at,

Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of
the line

(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as
private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words
at command,

Scotch, English, and slang, in promi-
scuous alliance,

He, at length, against Syntax has taken
his stand,

And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech
at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford ;

In the meantime the danger most imminent grows,
He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,

And whom he'll *next* murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday Evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene ;

Though the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,

Has seized a great Powder—no, Puff Magazine,

And th' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,

As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)

Of lyrical "ichor," "gelatinous" prose,
And a mixture call'd amber immortalization.

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,

Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a sonnet ;

Now, talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,

With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it !

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines ;
Something bad they must mean, though we can't make it out ;

For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,

That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can doubt.

—o—

RESOLUTIONS

PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS
AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

RESOLVED—to stick to every particle
Of every Creed and every Article ;
Reforming nought, or great or little,
We'll stanchly stand by every tittle,
And scorn the swallow of that soul
Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolved that, though St. Athanasius
In damning souls is rather spacious—
Though wide and far his curses fall,
Our Church "hath stomach for them
all ;"

And those who're not content with such,
May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

Resolved—such liberal souls are we—
Though hating Nonconformity,
We yet believe the cash no worse is
That comes from Nonconformist purses.
Indifferent *whence* the money reaches
The pockets of our reverend breeches,
To us the Jumper's jingling penny
Chinks with a tone as sweet as any ;
And even our old friends Yea and Nay
May through the nose for ever pray,
If *also* through the nose they'll pay.

Resolved, that Hooper, Latimer,
And Cranmer, all extremely err,
In taking such a low-bred view
Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do :—
All owing to the fact, poor men,
That Mother Church was modest then,
Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
The Public, would in time produce.
One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
To far more lordly thoughts would stir
'em.

Resolved, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
Whose income just enough affords
To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
Giving the poor the largest shares—
Our answer is, in one short word,
We think it pious, but absurd.
Those good men made the world their
debtor,
But we, the Church reform'd, know
better ;
And, taking all that all can pay,
Balance th' account the other way.

Resolved, our thanks profoundly due are
To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,
Who proves (by arguments so clear
One sees how much he holds *per year*)
That England's Church, though out of
date,
Must still be left to lie in state,

As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
The mummy of King Osymandyas,
All pickled snug—the brains drawn out—
With costly cerements swathed about,—
And “Touch me not,” those words
terrific,
Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

—o—

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

“Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis ;
Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent.”

PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 7.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy-chair Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I
can.

He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's high Tory days,
And just at the time that gravest of Courts
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports.
Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—
It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
When the people from church were com-
ing away ;

And Andrew with horror heard this song,
As the smiling sinners flock'd along :—
“Long life to the Bishops, hurrah !
hurrah !

For a week of work and a Sunday of play
Make the poor man's life run merry
away.”

“The Bishops !” quoth Andrew, “Pop-
ish, I guess,”
And he grinned with conscious holiness.
But the song went on, and, to brim the cup
Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up !

“Come, take out the lasses—let's have a
dance—

For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
Well knowing that no one's the more in
advance

On the road to heaven for standing still.

Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces
Should sour the cream of a creed of
love ;

Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces,
Alone should sit among cherubs above.
Then hurrah for the Bishops, &c.

“For Sunday fun we never can fail,
When the Church herself each sport
points out ;—

There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-
ale,

And a May-pole high to dance about.
Or, should we be for a pole hard driven,
Some lengthy saint, of aspect fell,
With his pockets on earth, and his nose
in heaven,

Will do for a May-pole just as well.

“Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah !
hurrah !

A week of work and a Sabbath of play
Make the poor man's life run merry
away.”

To Andy, who doesn't much deal in
history,

This Sunday scene was a downright
mystery ;

And God knows where might have ended
the joke,

But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he
woke,

And the odd thing is (as the rumour
goes)

That since that dream—which, one would
suppose,

Should have made his godly stomach
rise,

Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday
pies—

He has view'd things quite with different
eyes ;

Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sport-*
ing line—

Is all for Christians jiggling in pairs,
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers ;—

Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,

That all good Protestants, from this date,
May, freely and lawfully, recreate,

Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and
Judy.

SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

PUIR, profligate Londoners, having
heard tell

That the De'il's got amang ye, and
fearing 'tis true,

We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for
his spell,

A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel'
Will be glad to keep clear of, one
Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day
entire

In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil
enough,

As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a
Scotch squire,

An' would sooner gae roast by his ain
kitchen fire

Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew
Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his
ain way,

He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say
"mew;"

Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie
maun play,

An' Phœbus himsel' could na travel that
day,

As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie
Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he
cries,

"Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an'
who stew!

Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-baked
pies,

For as surely again shall the crust thereof
rise

In judgment against ye," saith Andrew
Agnew!

Ye may think, from a' this, that our
Andie's the lad

To'ca' o'er the coals your nobeelity, too;
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi'

flunkies, a' clad

Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak
the mon mad—

But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie
Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday,
think right

To gang to the deevil—as maist o'
them do—

To stop them our Andie would think na
polite;

And 'tis odds (if the chiel could get ony-
thing by't)

But he'd follow 'em, booing, would
Andrew Agnew.

—o—

A BLUE LOVE-SONG.

TO MISS ———.

Air—"Come live with me, and be my love."

COME wed with me, and we will write,
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.

Chased from our classic souls shall be
All thoughts of vulgar progeny;

And thou shalt walk through smiling
rows

Of chubby duodecimos,

While I, to match thy products nearly,
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.

'Tis true, ev'n books entail some trouble;
But *live* productions give one double.

Correcting children is *such* bother,—
While printers' devils correct the other.

Just think, my own Malthusian dear,
How much more decent 'tis to hear

From male or female—as it may be—
"How is your book?" than "How's

your baby?"

And, whereas physic and wet nurses
Do much exhaust paternal purses,

Our books, if rickety, may go
And be well dry-nursed in *the Row*;

And, when God wills to take them hence,
Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides (as 'tis well proved by thee,
In thy own Works, vol. 93),

The march, just now, of population
So much outstrips all moderation,

That even prolific herring shoals
Keep pace not with our erring souls.

Oh far more proper and well-bred
To stick to writing books instead!

And show the world how two Blue
lovers

Can coalesce, like two book-covers,

(Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise
leather,)
Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,
Fondly as first the binder fixed 'em,
With nought but—literature betwixt 'em.

—o—

AWFUL EVENT.

YES, W—nch—ls—a (I tremble while I
pen it),
W—nch—ls—a's Earl hath cut the
British Senate—
Hath said to England's Peers, in accent
gruff,
“That for ye all” [snapping his fingers],
and exit, in a huff!

Disastrous news!—like that, of old,
which spread
From shore to shore, “our mighty Pan
is dead,”
O'er the cross benches (cross from *being*
cross)
Sounds the loud wail, “Our W—nch—l-
s—a is lost!”

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can
forget
The deep impression of that awful threat,
“I quit your house!!”—'midst all that
histories tell,

I know but *one* event that's parallel:—

It chanced at Drury Lane, one Easter
night,
When the gay gods, too blest to be
polite,
Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd
Lucretius,
Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously
facetious—
A well-dress'd member of the middle
gallery,
Whose “ears polite” disdain'd such low
canaillerie,
Rose in his place—so grand, you'd almost
swear
Lord W—nch—ls—a himself stood
towering there—
And like that Lord of dignity and *nous*,
Said, “Silence, fellows, or—I'll leave
the house!!”

How brook'd the gods this speech? Ah
well-a-day,
That speech so fine should be so thrown
away!
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee
Assert his own two-shilling dignity—
In vain he menaced to withdraw the ray
Of his own full-price countenance away—
Futh against Dignity is fearful odds,
And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled
then the gods!

—o—

THE NUMBERING OF THE
CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S
FAMOUS ODE,

“COME C), AND GIVE ME SWEET KISSES.”

“We want more Churches and more Clergy-
men.”—*Bishop of London's late Charge.*

“Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus,
augent.”—CLAUDIAN *in Eutrop.*

COME, give us more Livings and
Rectors,
For, richer no realm ever gave;
But why, ye unchristian objectors,
Do ye ask us how many we crave?

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings
For souls of the Pluralist kind,
Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,
To numbers can ne'er be confined.

Count the cormorants hovering about,
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners-out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest's in play,
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,
On their way to some titheable shore;
And when *so* many Parsons you've given,
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would sub-
merge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment,
For the wretch who could number the
Clergy,
With few will be ever content.

—o—

A SAD CASE.

“If it be the undergraduate season at which
this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what
security has Mr. G—lb—n against it at this
moment, when his son is actually exposed to
the full venom of an association with Dissenters?”
—*The Times*, March 25, 1834.

How sad a case!—just think of it—
If G—lb—n junior should be bit
By some insane Dissenter, roaming
Through Granta's halls, at large and
foaming,
And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed
Which marks Dissenters when they're
rabid!

God only knows what mischiefs might
Result from this one single bite,
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
Might spread and rage through kith and
kin.

Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations:
So that *one* G—lb—n, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,
Where Tory blood now redly reigns;—
And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in th' opposite direction,
And think, poor man, 'tis only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach heaven!

Just fancy what a shock 'twould be
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once loved Nine and Thirty Articles;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,
For Gospel, t'other night, mistook;)
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers—
Wishing the ropes might hang the
ringers—

Pelting the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson B—v—r—
l—y's;—
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any creedless reprobate,
Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles “Atheists!”

But 'tis too much—the Muse turns pale,
And o'er the picture drops a veil,
Praying, God save the G—lb—rns all
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

—o—

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

— *risum* teneatis, amici.

“THE longer one lives, the more one
learns,”

Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Bemused with thinking of Tithe con-
cerns,
And reading a book, by the Bishop of
Ferns,

On the Irish Church Establishment.
But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch'd away
To a goodly city in Hindostan—
A city, where he, who dares to dine
On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And, accordingly—never drest for
dinner.

“But how is this?” I wond'ring cried—
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
And saw, in every marble street,

A row of beautiful butchers' shops—
“What means, for men who don't eat
meat,

This grand display of loins and
chops?”

In vain I ask'd—'twas plain to see
That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
And you can't conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd—a roseate crew,
Inshrined in *stalls*, with nought to do;
While some on a *bench*, half-dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still posed to think, what all this scene
Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,
"And, pray," ask'd I—"by whom is
paid

The expense of this strange masquerade?"—

Th' expense!—oh, that's of course de-
fray'd

(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)
By yonder rascally rice-consumers."

"What! *they*, who mustn't eat meat!"—

"No matter—

(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew
fatter,)

The rogues may munch their *Paddy*
crop,

But the rogues must still support *our*
shop.

And, depend upon it, the way to treat

Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,

Is to burden all that won't eat meat,

With a costly MEAT ESTABLISH-
MENT."

On hearing these words so gravely said,

With a volley of laughter loud I
shook;

And my slumber fled, and my dream was
sped,

And I found I was lying snug in bed,

With my nose in the Bishop of Ferns'
book.

—o—

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone Hall, September 1, 1828.

Private.—LORD BELZEBUB presents To the Brunswick Club his compliments, And much regrets to say that he Cannot, at present, their Patron be. In stating this, Lord Belzebug Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,

That 'tisn't from any lukewarm lack
Of zeal or fire he thus holds back—
As even Lord *Coal* himself is not
For the Orange party more red-hot:

But the truth is, till their Club affords
A somewhat decenter show of Lords,
And on its list of members gets
A few less rubbishy Baronets,
Lord Belzebug must beg to be
Excused from keeping such company.

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
Are Lord Gl—nd—ne, and Lord D—nlo?
Or who, with a grain of sense, would go
To sit and be bored by Lord M—yo?

What living creature—*except his nurse*—
For Lord M—ntc—sh—l cares a curse,
Or thinks 'twould matter if Lord
M—sk—rry

Were t'other side of the Stygian ferry?
Breathes there a man in Dublin town,
Who'd give but half of half-a-crown
To save from drowning my Lord

R—thd—ne,

Or who wouldn't also gladly hustle in
Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and
J—c—l—n?

In short, though, from his tenderest years,
Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,

Lord Belzebug much questions whether
He ever yet saw, mix'd together,

As 'twere in one capacious tub,

Such a mess of noble silly-bub

As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick
Club.

'Tis therefore impossible that Lord B.

Could stoop to such society,

Thinking, he owns (though no great
prig),

For one in his station 'twere *infra dig.*

But he begs to propose, in the interim
(Till they find some prop'rer Peers for
him),

His Highness of C—mb—d, as *Sub*,

To take his place at the Brunswick
Club—

Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub

Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the R—y—l Duke

Resembles so much, in air and look,

The head of the Belzebug family,

That few can any difference see;

Which makes him, of course, the better
suit

To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.

—o—

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆ-
COCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

— "Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
Delegit pacisque bonas bellique ministras."

VIRGIL.

As Whig Reform has had its range,
And none of us are yet content,
Suppose, 'my friends, by way of change,
We try a *Female Parliament* ;
And since, of late, with *he* M.P.'s
We've fared so badly, take to she's—
Petticoat patriots, flounced John Russells,
Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in
bustles.

The plan is startling, I confess—
But 'tis but an affair of dress ;
Nor see I much there is to choose
'Twixt Ladies (so they're thorough
bred ones)
In ribands of all sorts of hues,
Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,
Whatever other trade advances ;
As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,
We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet
dances ;
Nor let this world's important questions
Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,
To Weippert's band they may go
better ;
There's Lady ***, in one quadrille,
Would settle Europe, if you'd let her :
And who the deuce or asks, or cares,
When Whigs or Tories have undone
'em,
Whether they've *danced* through State
affairs,
Or simply, dully, *dined* upon 'em ?

Hurrah then for the Petticoats !
To them we pledge our free-born votes ;
We'll have all *she*, and only *she*—
Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"
Old dowagers our Bishops be,
And termagants our Agitators,

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,
Her own Olympus will abandon,
And help to prop th' Administration,
It *can't* have better legs to stand on.
The famed Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
Each evening, forth in learn'd oration ;
Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh!")
For full returns of population :
And, finally, to crown the whole,
The Princess Olive, Royal soul,
Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
And, 'mid our Union's loyal chorus,
Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

—o—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE * * *

SIR,

Having heard some rumours respecting the
strange and awful visitation under which Lord
H—nl—y has for some time past been suffering,
in consequence of his declared hostility to
"anthems, solos, duets," &c., I took the liberty
of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this
morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you
such particulars as I could collect. It is said
that the screams of his Lordship, under the
operation of this nightly concert (which is, no
doubt, some trick of the Radicals), may be heard
all over the neighbourhood. The female who
personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same
that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis,
at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed,
I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, &c. P. P.

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST.
CECILIA.

— in Metii descendat Judices aures.

HORAT.

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,
Revolving much his own renown,
And hoping to add thereto a ray,
By putting duets and anthems down,
Sudden a strain of choral sounds
Mellifluous o'er his senses stole ;
Whereat the Reformer mutter'd,
"Zounds !"
For he loathed sweet music with all
his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight,
That well might shock so learn'd a
snorer—
Saint Cecilia, robed in light,
With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were Cherubs, on rainbow
wings,
Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire
of flitting,
So begg'd they'd sit—but ah! poor
things,
They'd none of them got the means of
sitting.

“Having heard,” said the Saint, “you're
fond of hymns,
And indeed, that musical snore be-
tray'd you,
Myself, and my choir of cherubims,
Are come, for a while, to serenade
you.”

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say
“’Twas all a mistake”—“she was
misdirected;”
And point to a concert over the way,
Where fiddlers and angels were
expected.

In vain—the Saint could see in his looks
(She civilly said) much tuneful lore;
So, at once, all open'd their music-books,
And herself and her Cherubs set off
at score.

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
Nay, long quintets most dire to hear;
Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,
And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep—but it wouldn't do;
So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend
to 'em;
Though Cherub's songs, to his cost he
knew,
Were like themselves, and had no end
to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
Who meddle with music's sacred
strains!
Judge Midas tried the same of old,
And was punish'd, like H—nl—y, for
his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas!
Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's
throne;
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
While H—nl—y is doom'd to keep
his own!

ADVERTISEMENT.

1830.

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,
A Waterloo coin, whereon was traced
Th' inscription, “Courage!” in letters
bright,
Though a little by rust of years
defaced.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
And ('tis thought of late) mix'd up
with brass;
But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,
And through all Posterity's hands will
pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
But certain *City* thieves, they say,
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
And filch'd this “gift of gods” away!

One ne'er could, of course, the *Cits*
suspect,
If we hadn't, that evening, chanced to
see,
At the rob'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,
With an ass to keep her company.

Whosce'er of this lost treasure knows,
Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
As the owner can't well face his foes,
Nor even his friends, just now, without
it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,
He shall have a ride on the whitest hack
That's left in old King George's stable.

—o—

MISSING.

Carlton Terrace, 1832.

WHEREAS, Lord ***** de *****
Left his home last Saturday,
And, though inquired for, round and
round,
Through certain purlieus, can't be found;
And whereas, none can solve our queries
As to where this virtuous Peer is,

Notice is hereby given that all
May forthwith to inquiring fall,
As, once the thing's well set about,
No doubt but we shall hunt him out.

His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,
Hath been in an uneasy way,
Himself and colleagues not being let
To climb into the Cabinet,
To settle England's state affairs,
Hath much, it seems, *unsettled* theirs ;
And chief to this stray Plenipo
Hath been a most distressing blow.
Already,—certain to receive a
Well-paid mission to the Neva,
And be the bearer of kind words
To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords,—
To fit himself for free discussion,
His Lordship had been learning Russian ;
And all so natural to him were
The accents of the Northern bear,
That, while his tones were in your ear,
you

Might swear you were in sweet Siberia.
And still, poor Peer, to old and young,
He goes on raving in that tongue ;
Tells you how much you would enjoy a
Trip to Dalnodoubrowskoya ;
Talks of such places, by the score, on
As Oulisfirmchinagoboron,
And swears (for he at nothing sticks)
That Russia swarms with Raskol-niks,
Though *one* such Nick, God knows, must
be
A more than ample quantity.

Such are the marks by which to know
This stray'd or stolen Plenipo ;
And whosoever brings or sends
The unhappy statesman to his friends,
On Carlton Terrace, shall have thanks,
And—any paper but the Bank's.

P.S.—Some think, the disappearance
Of this our diplomatic Peer hence
Is for the purpose of reviewing,
In person, what dear Mig is doing ;
So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters
Bout B—s—d, and such abettors,—
The only "wretches" for whose aid
Letters seem *not* to have been made.

—o—

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS ;

OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.

A DREAM.

1833.

"Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Præsules*, for no other reason than that they led off these dances.—*Cyclopaedia*, art. *Dances*."

I'VE had such a dream—a frightful
dream—
Though funny, mayhap, to wags 'twill
seem,
By all who regard the Church, like us,
'Twill be thought exceedingly ominous !

As reading in bed I lay last night—
Which (being insured) is my delight—
I happen'd to doze off just as I got to
The singular fact which forms my motto.
Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,
Of a party of Churchmen dancing the
hay !
Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the
ball !

Scarce had my eyelids time to close
When the scene I had fancied before me
rose—
An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand.
For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees
To make it a Dance of Dignities,
And I saw—oh brightest of Church
events !

A quadrille of the two Establishments,
Bishop to Bishop *vis-à-vis*,
Footing away prodigiously.

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
And Cork with London making merry ;
While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.
There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's
smile,

Performing a *chaîne des Dames* in style ;
While he who, whene'er the Lords
House dozes,

Can waken them up by citing Moses,
The portly Tuam was all in a hurry
To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury.

Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his
pockets,
(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets,)
Our Exeter stood forth to caper,
As high on the floor as he doth on
paper—

Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
Who pirouettes his whole church-ser-
vice—

Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,
Such *balonnés*, such—*rigmaroles*,
Now high, how low, now this, now that,
That none could guess what the devil
he'd be at ;

Though, watching his various steps, some
thought
That a step in the Church was all he
sought.

But alas, alas ! while thus so gay,
These reverend dancers frisk'd away,
Nor Paul himself (not the saint, but he
Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
There gather'd a gloom around their
glee—

A shadow, which came and went so fast,
That ere one could say, "'Tis there,"
'twas past—

And, lo, when the scene again was
clear'd,

Ten of the dancers had disappear'd !
Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
From the hallow'd floor where late they
stept,

While twelve was all that footed it still,
On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille !

Nor this the worst :—still danced they on,
But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile
was gone ;

And again, from time to time, the same
Ill-omen'd darkness round them came—
While still, as the light broke out anew,
Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or
two ;

Till ah ! at last there were only found
Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-
round ;

And when I awoke, impatient getting,
I left the last holy pair *poussetting* !

N.B.—As ladies in years, it seems,
Have the happiest knack of solving
dreams,

I shall leave to my ancient feminine
friends
Of the *Standard* to say what *this* por-
tends.

—o—

DICK * * * *

A CHARACTER.

OF various scraps and fragments built,
Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,
Made up of new, old, motley bits—
Where, if the *Co.* call'd in their shares,
If petticoats their quota got,
And gowns were all refunded theirs,
The quilt would look but shy, God
wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,
Reversed Ventriloquism's trick,
For, 'stead of Dick through others
speaking,

'Twas others we heard speak through
Dick.

A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats ;
One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick !—and how else could it be ?
With notions all at random caught,
A sort of mental fricassee,
Made up of legs and wings of thought—
The leavings of the last Debate, or
A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
Where Dick sat by, and, like a waiter,
Had the scraps for perquisites.

—o—

A CORRECTED REPORT OF
SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another
saint said unto that saint."

1834.

ST. S—NCL—R rose and declared in
sooth,

That he wouldn't give sixpence to May-
nooth.

He had hated priests the whole of his
life,

For a priest was a man who had no wife,

And, having no wife, the Church was his
mother,
The Church was his father, sister, and
brother.
This being the case, he was sorry to say,
That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant
lay,
So deep and wide, scarce possible was it
To say even "How d'ye do?" across it:
And though your Liberals, nimble as
fleas,
Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,
'Twas a jump that nought on earth could
make
Your proper, heavy-built Christian take,
No, no,—if a Dance of Sects *must* be,
He would set to the Baptist willingly,
At the Independent deign to smirk,
And rigadon with old Mother Kirk;
Nay even, for once, if needs must be,
He'd take hands round with all the
three;
But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—
To the Harlot ne'er would he point his
toe.

St. M—n—d—v—le was the next that
rose,—
A Saint who round, as pedlar, goes,
With his pack of piety and prose,
Heavy and hot enough, God knows,—
And he said that Papists were much in-
clined
To extirpate all of Protestant kind,
Which he couldn't, in truth, so much
condemn,
Having rather a wish to extirpate *them*;
That is,—to guard against mistake,—
To extirpate them for their doctrine's
sake;
A distinction Churchmen always make,—
Insomuch that, when they've prime con-
trol,
Though sometimes roasting heretics
whole,
They but cook the body for sake of the
soul.

Next jump'd St. J—hnst—n jollily forth,
The spiritual Dogberry of the North,
A right "wise fellow, and, what's more,
An officer," like his type of yore;
And he ask'd, if we grant such tolera-
tion,
Pray, what's the use of our Reformation?

What is the use of our Church and
State?
Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?
And, still as he yell'd out "what's the
use?"
Old echoes, from their cells recluse,
Where they'd for centuries slept, broke
loose,
Yelling responsive, "*What's the use?*"

—o—

MORAL POSITIONS.

A DREAM.

"His Lordship said that it took a long time
for a moral position to find its way across the
Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage
had been so long," &c.—*Speech of Lord Dudley
and Ward on Colonial Slavery*, March 8.

T'OTHER night, after hearing Lord
Dudley's oration
(A treat that comes once a year as
May-day does),
I dreamt that I saw—what a strange
operation!
A "moral position" shipp'd off for
Barbadoes.

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by in
grave attitudes,
Packing the article tidy and neat;—
As their Rev'rences know, that in
southerly latitudes
"Moral positions" don't keep very
sweet.

There was B—th—st arranging the
custom-house pass;
And, to guard the frail package from
tousing and routing,
There stood my Lord Eld—n, endorsing
it "Glass,"
Though as to which side should lie
uppermost, doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe
in the hold;
The winds were polite, and the moon
look'd romantic,
While off in the good ship "The
Truth" we were roll'd,
With our ethical cargo, across the
Atlantic.

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage
we made ;
For "The Truth," at all times but a
very slow sailer,
By friends, near as much as by foes, is
delay'd,
And few come aboard her, though so
many hail her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through
"tare and tret,"
Deliver'd my goods in the primest
condition,
And next morning read, in the *Bridgetown
Gazette*,
"Just arrived by 'The Truth,' a new
moral position."

"The Captain"—here, startled to find
myself named
As "the Captain"—(a thing which, I
own it with pain,
I through life have avoided,) I woke—
look'd ashamed,
Found I *wasn't* a cap'tain, and dozed
off again.

—o—

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT

1832-3.

"Mutantem regna cometer."—LUCAN.

"THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we
count upon fail,
Though cholera, hurricanes, Wellington
leave us,
We've still in reserve, mighty Comet,
thy tail ;—
Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too
deceive us ?

"No—'tis coming, 'tis coming, th'
avenger is nigh,
Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how
Herapath flatters ;
One whisk from that tail, as it passes us
by,
Will settle, at once, all political
matters ;—

"The East-India Question, the Bank, the
Five Powers,
(Now turn'd into two) with their rig-
marole Protocols ;—
Ha ! ha ! ye gods, how this new friend
of ours
Will knock, right and left, all diplo-
macy's what-d'ye-calls !

"Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall
should mock,
Meet planets, and suns, in one general
hustle !
While, happy in vengeance, we welcome
the shock
That shall jerk from their places, Grey,
Althorp, and Russell."

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope
raised,
His wild Tory eye on the heavens he
set ;
And, though nothing destructive appear'd
as he gazed,
Much hoped that there *would* before
Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit
through his glass,
"Ha ! there it is now," the poor
maniac cries ;
While his fancy with forms but too mon-
strous, alas !
From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the
skies :—

"Now I spy a big body, good heavens,
how big !
Whether Bucky or Taurus I cannot
well say :—
And, yonder, there's Eld—n's old Chan-
cery-wig,
In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

"I see, 'mong those fatuous meteors
behind,
L—nd—nd—ry, *in vacuo*, flaring
about ;—
While that dim double star, of the nebu-
lous kind,
Is the Gemini, R—d—n and L—rt—n,
no doubt.

“ Ah, El—b'r—h ! 'faith, I first thought
'twas the Comet ;
So like that in Milton, it made me
quite pale ;
The head with the same 'horrid hair'
coming from it,
And plenty of vapour, but—where is
the tail ? ”

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer
elated—
For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon
show'd,
Which he took to be C—mb—rl—d,
upwards translated,
Instead of his natural course, *l'other*
road !

But too awful that sight for a spirit so
shaken,—
Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits
and grimaces,
Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street
was taken,
And is now one of Halford's most
favourite cases.

—o—

FROM THE HON. HENRY _____,
TO LADY EMMA _____.

Paris, March 30, 1832.

YOU bid me explain, my dear angry
Ma'amselle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying
farewell ;
And the truth is,—as truth you *will* have,
my sweet railer,—
There are two worthy persons I always
feel loth
To take leave of at starting,—my mistress
and tailor,—
As somehow one always has *scenes* with
them both ;
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in
tears,
She calling on Heaven, and he on th'
attorney,—
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns
and her dears,
A young gentleman risks being stopp'd
in his journey.

But, to come to the point,—though you
think, I dare say,
That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me
away,
'Pon honour, you're wrong ;—such a mere
bagatelle
As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days,
fears ;
And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolt-
ing, pell-mell,
To get out of the way of these horrid
new Peers ;
This deluge of coronets, frightful to think
of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on
the brink of ;
This coinage of *nobles*,—coin'd, all of
'em, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a *discount*
most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning
the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inunda-
tion ;
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no
protection,
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every
direction,—
Things created in haste, just to make a
Court list of,
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of :
The prospect's quite frightful, and what
Sir George R—se
(My particular friend) says is perfectly
true, [knows,
That, so dire the alternative, nobody
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence,
what he's to do ;
And Sir George even doubts,—could he
choose his disorder,—
'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would
order.

This being the case, why, I thought, my
dear Emma,
'Twere best to fight shy of so cursed a
dilemma ;
And though I confess myself somewhat a
villain,
To've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week
hence, from Milan
I'll send you—some news of Bellini's
last trio.

N. B.—Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
 Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without—
 Viz., a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,
 Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might chap.
 Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles
 The creatures abroad as your golden-eyed needles.
 A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd
 To think one knows Latin, when—one, perhaps, doesn't ;
 With some little book about heathen mythology,
 Just large enough to refresh one's theology ;
 Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
 Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras,
 Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
 And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

—o—

TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY.

"COLLEGE.—We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday ; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."—*Dublin Evening Post*, Dec. 20, 1832.

AY. yoke ye to the bigots' car,
 Ye chosen of Alma Mater's scions !—
 Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
 Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
 And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
 Drove four young panthers in his team.
 Thus classical L—fr—y, for once, is,
 Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
 He harnesses young sucking dunces,
 To draw him, as their Chief, about,
 And let the world a picture see
 Of Dulness yoked to Bigotry :

Showing us how young College hacks
 Can pace with bigots at their backs,
 As though the cubs were *born* to draw
 Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.

Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
 Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
 This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
 As aliens to her foggy shore :
 Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
 Whose very name her shame recalls ;
 Whose effigy her bigot crew
 Reversed upon their monkish walls,—
 Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)
 To your mute Mother's dull renown,
 Then famous but for Wit turn'd out,
 And Eloquence *turn'd upside down* ;
 But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
 Beyond all fame of former days,
 By breaking thus young donkeys in
 To draw M. P.'s, amid the brays
 Alike of donkeys and M. A.'s ;
 Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
 In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

—o—

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

Scripta manet.

1833.

'Twas grav'd on the Stone of Destiny,
 In letters four and letters three ;
 And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go
 by
 But those awful letters scared his eye ;
 For he knew that a Prophet Voice had
 said,
 "As long as those words by man were
 read,
 The ancient race of the Gulls should
 ne'er
 One hour of peace or plenty share."
 But years on years successive flew,
 And the letters still more legible grew,—
 At top, a T, an H, an E,
 And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Somethought them Hebrew, such as Jews,
 More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture, use ;
 While some surmised 'twas an ancient way
 Of keeping accounts, (well known in the
 day

Of the famed Didlerius Jeremias,
 Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
 And proved in books most learnedly
 boring,
 'Twas called the Pontick way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet
 Seven letters of the alphabet,
 That 'twixt them form'd so grim a spell,
 Or scared a Land of Gulls so well,
 As did this awful riddle-me-ree
 Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

Hark!—it is struggling Freedom's cry;
 "Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
 'Tis Freedom's fight, and, on the field
 Where I expire, *your* doom is seal'd."
 The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
 He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots
 all,
 And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we
 Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
 Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"
 And they answer, with voice of thunder,
 "No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air!—
 But,—why do they rest suspended there?
 What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
 Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each
 arm?

Alas! some withering hand hath thrown
 The Veil from off that fatal stone,
 And pointing now, with sapless finger,
 Showeth where dark those letters linger,
 —
 Letters four, and letters three,
 T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
 Powerless falls from every hand;
 In vain the Patriot knits his brow,—
 Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
 In vain the King like a hero treads,
 His Lords of the Treasury shake their
 heads;

And to all his talk of "brave and free,"
 No answer getteth His Majesty
 But "T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short, the whole Gull nation feels
 They're fairly spell-bound, neck and
 heels;

And so, in the face of the laughing world,
 Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,
 Adjourning all their dreams sublime
 Of glory and war to—some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

OF all the misfortunes as yet brought to
 pass

By this comet-like Bill, with its long
 tail of speeches,
 The saddest and worst is the schism
 which, alas!

It has caused between W—th—r—I's
 waistcoat and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union pro-
 pensity

Had oft broken out in that quarter
 before;

But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd
 such immensity,

Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd
 it more.

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good
 order,

Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the mo-
 ment is past;

Who can doubt that we tread upon
 Anarchy's border,

When the ties that should hold men
 are loosening so fast?

Make W—th—r—I yield to "some sort
 of Reform"

(As we all must, God help us! with
 very wry faces),

And loud as he likes let him bluster and
 storm

About Corporate Rights, so he'll only
 wear braces.

Should those he now sports have been
 long in possession,

And, like his own borough, the worse
 for the wear,

Advise him, at least, as a prudent con-
 cession

To Intellect's progress, to buy a new
 pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal
 he stands,

With a look something midway 'twixt
 Filch's and Lockit's,

While still, to inspire him, his deeply
 thrust hands

Keep jingling the rhino in both
 breeches-pockets—

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan
and through cough,
To the speeches inspired by this music
of pence,—
But must grieve that there's anything like
falling off
In that great nether source of his wit
and his sense ?

Who that knows how he look'd when,
with grace debonair,
He began first to court—rather late in
the season—
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the
chair
Of his old friend, the Nottingham
Goddess of Reason ;

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue
attracted
All mongers in *both* wares to proffer
their love ;
Whose chair like the stool of the Python-
ess acted,
As W—th—r—l's rants, ever since, go
to prove ;

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man
of his graces
Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by
the past,
The "moderate Reform" of a pair of
new braces,
Till, some day,—he'll all fall to pieces
at last.

—o—

TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself through thick and thin,
To labour still, with zeal devout,
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
Of ways and means of ruling ill,
To make the most of what are left,
And stick to all that's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
And drones no more take all the
honey,
I pledge myself to cram myself
With all I can of public money ;

To quarter on that social purse
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse
How much 'tis at th' expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
And Might on any point divide,
Not to ask which is black or white,
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
I'm *for* the Reverend encroachers :—
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Rus-
sians,—
Am *for* the Squires *against* the Poach-
ers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
I've not the slightest hesitation,—
The people *must* be starved t'insure
The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
With Ireland's wrongs beprosed or
shamm'd,—
I vote her grievances a *bore*,
So she may suffer, and be d—d.

Or if she kicks, let it console us,
We still have plenty of red coats,
To cram the Church, that general bolus,
Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—
Think newspapers the worst of crimes ;
And would, to give some chance of quiet,
Hang all the writers of *The Times* ;

Break all their correspondents' bones,
All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,
To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose ;
And though I can't now offer gold,
There's many a way of buying those
Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,
A toast, of which you'll not com-
plain,—
"Long life to jobbing ; may the days
Of Peculation shine again !"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT.

1832.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,

"I've heard much of English bishops,"
quoth he,

"And shall now take a trip to earth, to see

How far they agree, in their lives and ways,

With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd—but learn'd without n^r's-givings—

Their love for good living, and eke good livings;

Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)

That good *living* means claret and fricassees,

While its plural means simply—p^ruralities.

"From all I hear," said the innocent man,

"They are quite on the good old primitive plan,

For wealth and pomp they little can care,
As they all say "*No*" to th' Episcopal chair;

And their vestal virtue it well denotes,
That they all, good men, wear petticoats."

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,

And knocks at th' Archbishop of Canterbury's.

The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
Saying, "What's your business with his Grace?"

"His Grace!" quoth Jerome—for posed was he,

Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could be;

Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,

Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular*—

In short, he rummaged his holy mind,
Th' exact description of Grace to find,

Which thus could represented be
By a footman in full livery.

At last, out loud in a laugh he broke
(For dearly the good saint loved his joke),

And said—surveying, as sly he spoke,
The costly palace from roof to base—

"Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace!"

"Umph," said the lackey, a man of few words,

"Th' Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords."

"To the House of the Lord you mean, my son,

For in *my* time, at least, there was but one;

Unless such many-*fold* priests as these
Seek, ev'n in their Lord, pluralities!"

"No time for gab," quoth the man in lace:

Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,

With a curse to the single knockers all,
Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,

And propose a toast (humanely meant
To include even Curates in its extent),

"To all as *serves* th' Establishment."

—o—

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since *lording*
and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come
down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they
preached and *lorded* not: and now they *lord*
and preach not Ever since the Prelates
were made Lords and Nobles, the plough
standeth; there is no work done, the people
starve."—LATIMER, *Sermon of the Plough*.

"ONCE more," said Jerome, "I'll run
up and see

How the Church goes on,"—and off set
he.

Just then the packet-boat, which trades
Betwixt our planet and the shades,

Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
"My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have
we here?"—

For he saw, when nearer he explored,
They'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.

"They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon,
"all,

Once worn by nob's Episcopal.

For folks on earth, who've got a store
Of cast-off things they'll want no more,
Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,
To a certain Gentleman here below."
"A sign of the times, I plainly see,"
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering,
he
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

Arrived on earth, quoth he, "No more
I'll affect a body, as before ;
For I think I'd best, in the company
Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
And glide, unseen, from See to See."
But oh ! to tell what scenes he saw,—
It was more than Rabelais' pen could
draw.

For instance, he found Ex—t—r,
Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir,—
For love of God ? for sake of King ?
For good of people ?—no such thing ;—
But to get for himself, by some new trick,
A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,
Much with his money-bags bewilder'd ;
Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess,
Because the rogues show'd restlessness
At having too little cash to touch,
While he so Christianly bears too much.
He found old Sarum's wits as gone
As his own beloved text in John,—
Text he hath prosed so long upon,
That 'tis thought when ask'd, at the gate
of heaven,
His name, he'll answer "John, v. 7."

"But enough of Bishops I've had to-
day,"
Said the weary Saint,—"I must away.
Though I own I should like, before I go,
To see for once (as I'm ask'd below
If really such odd sights exist)
A regular six-fold Pluralist."
Just then he heard a general cry—
"There's Doctor Hodgson galloping
by !"

"Ay, that's the man," says the Saint,
"to follow,"
And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,
At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,
A glimpse of this singular plural man.
But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird !
To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.

"Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor
gone ?"—

"He is now at his living at Hilling-
don."—

"No, no,—you're out, by many a mile,
He's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle."—

"Pardon me, sir ; but I understand
He's gone to his living in Cumber-
land."—

"God bless me, no,—he can't be there ;
You must try St. George's, Hanover
Square."

Thus all in vain the Saint inquired,
From living to living, mock'd and
tired ;—

'Twas Hodgson here, 'twas Hodgson
there,

'Twas Hodgson nowhere, everywhere ;
Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,
And flitted away to the Stygian shore,
To astonish the natives under ground
With the comical things he on earth had
found.

—o—

THOUGHTS ON TAR-BARRELS.

(VIDE DESCRIPTION OF A LATE FÊTE.)

1832.

WHAT a pleasing contrivance ! how aptly
devised

'Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle
one's noses !

And how the tar-barrels must all be sur-
prised

To find themselves seated like "Love
among roses !"

What a pity we can't, by precautions like
these,

Clear the air of that other still viler
infection ;

That radical pest, that old whiggish
disease,

Of which cases, true-blue, are in every
direction.

'Stead of barrels, let's light up an Auto
da Fé

Of a few good combustible Lords of
"the Club ;"

They would fume, in a trice, the Whig
cholera away,

And there's B—cky would burn like a
barrel of bub.

How R—d—n would blaze ! and what
rubbish throw out !

A volcano of nonsense, in active display ;

While V—ne, as a butt, amidst laughter,
would spout

The hot nothings he's full of, all night
and all day.

And then, for a finish, there's C—m—
b—r—l—nd's Duke,—

Good Lord, how his chin-tuft would
crackle in air !

Unless (as is shrewdly surmised from his
look)

He's already bespoke for combustion
elsewhere.

—o—

THE CONSULTATION.

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonder-
ful."—*The Critic*.

1833.

*Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in
consultation. Patient on the floor between
them.*

Dr. Whig.—THIS wild Irish patient *does*
pester me so,

That what to do with him, I'm curst if I
know ;

I've *promised* him anodynes——

Dr. Tory. Anodynes !—Stuff.

Tie him down—gag him well—he'll be
tranquil enough.

That's *my* mode of practice.

Dr. Whig. True, quite in
your line,

But unluckily not much, till lately, in
mine.

'Tis so painful——

Dr. Tory.—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude
how he feels,

When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares
his live eels,

By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the
fire,

And letting them wriggle on, there till
they tire.

He, too, says "'tis painful"—quite makes
his heart bleed"—

But "your eels are a vile, oleaginous
breed."—

He would fain use them gently, but
Cook'ry says "No."

And—in short—eels were *born* to be
treated just so.

'Tis the same with these Irish,—who're
odder fish still,—

Your tender Whig heart shrinks from
using them ill ;

I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get
wise,

Used, at some operations, to blush to the
eyes ;—

But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may
make bold

To style you, as Peachum did Lockit,
of old,—

We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness
of Ude,

And, indifferent like him,—so the fish is
but stew'd,—

Must torture live Pats for the general
good.

[*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*

Dr. Whig.—But what, if one's patient's
so devilish perverse,

That he *won't* be thus tortured ?

Dr. Tory. Coerce, sir, coerce.

You're a juv'nile performer, but once you
begin,

You can't think how fast you may train
your hand in :—

And (*smiling*) who knows but old Tory
may take to the shelf,

With the comforting thought that, in
place and in pelf,

He's succeeded by one just as—bad as
himself ?

Dr. Whig (looking flattered).—Why,
to tell you the truth, I've a small
matter here,

Which you help'd me to make for my
patient last year,—

[*Goes to a cupboard and brings out
a strait-waistcoat and gag.*

And such rest I've enjoy'd from his raving
since then,

That I've made up my mind he shall
wear it again.

Dr. Tory (embracing him).—Oh,
charming ! My dear Doctor
Whig, you're a treasure.

Next to torturing *myself*, to help *you* is a
pleasure.

[*Assisting Dr. Whig.*

Give me leave—I've some practice in
these mad machines ;
There—tighter—the gag in the mouth,
by all means.
Delightful !—all's snug — not a squeak
need you fear,—
You may now put your anodynes off till
next year. [Scene closes.]

—o—

TO THE
REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

AUTHOR OF THE "POETICAL PORTRAITURE
OF THE CHURCH."

1833.

SWEET singer of Romalldkirk, thou who
art reckon'd,
By critics Episcopal, David the Second,
If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would*
write !
Once fairly inspired by the "Tithe-
crown'd Apollo,"
(Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus
hollow,
Having gotten, besides the old *Nine's*
inspiration,
The *Tenth* of all eatable things in
creation,)
There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like
you,
So *be-nined* and *be-tenth'd*, couldn't
easily do.
Round the lips of the sweet-tongued
Athenian, they say,
While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage
to tell
Of the sweet-flowing words that thence
afterwards fell.
Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no
doubt,
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen
flitting about ;
Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd
decimation,
Came, shadowing forth its adult destina-
tion,

And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical
droves,
Announced the Church poet whom
Chester approves.

O Horace ! when thou, in thy vision of
yore,
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage
came o'er
Thy etherealized limbs, stealing downily
on,
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert
turn'd to a swan,
Little thought'st thou such fate could a
poet befall,
Without any effort of fancy, at all ;
Little thought'st thou the world would in
Ov—rt—n find
A bird, ready-made, somewhat different
in kind,
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could
produce,
By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a *goose*

—o—

SCENE

FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED
"MATRICULATION."

1834.

(*Boy discovered at a table with the Thirty-nine
Articles before him.—Enter the Rt. Rev
Doctor PH—LLP—TS.*)

Doctor P.—THERE, my lad, lie the
Articles—(*Boy begins to count them*)
—just thirty-nine—
No occasion to count—you've now only
to sign.
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-
church than we,
The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd
into Three.
Let's run o'er the items ;—there's Justifi-
cation,
Predestination, and Supererogation,—
Not forgetting Salvation and Creed
Athanasian,
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's
Ratification.
That's sufficient—now, sign—having read
quite enough,
You "believe in the full and true mean-
ing thereof?" (*Boy starts.*)

Oh, a mere form of words, to make
things smooth and brief,—
A commodious and short make-believe of
belief,
Which our Church has drawn up, in a
form thus articular,
To keep out, in general, all who're partic-
tular.
But what's the boy doing? what! read-
ing all through,
And my luncheon fast cooling!—this
never will do.

Boy (poring over the Articles).—Here
are points which—pray, Doctor,
what's "Grace of Congruity?"

Doctor P. (sharply).—You'll find out,
young sir, when you've more
ingenuity.

At present, by signing, you pledge your-
self merely,
Whate'er it may be, to believe it
sincerely.
Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the
same plan,—
First, swallow all down, then digest—as
we can.

Boy (still reading).—I've to gulp, I see,
St. Athanasius's Creed,

Which, I'm told, is a very tough morsel,
indeed;
As he damns—

Doctor P. (aside).—Ay, and so would
I willingly, too,

All confounded particular young boobies;
like you.

This comes of Reforming!—all's o'er
with our land,

When people won't stand what they can't
under-stand;

Nor perceive that our ever-revered
Thirty-Nine

Were made, not for men to *believe*, but
to *sign*.

[*Exit Dr. P. in a passion.*]

—o—

FOOL'S PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been, in
a trice,
To a realm they call Fool's Paradise,

Lying N.N.E. of the Land of Sense,
And seldom bless'd with a glimmer
thence.

But they want it not in this happy place,
Where a light of its own gilds every
face;

Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
'Tis the *wish* to look wise,—not knowing
how.

Self-glory glistens o'er all that's there,
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air,
The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
The snow, if it snows, is *rouleur de rose*,
The falling founts in a titter fall,
And the sun looks simpering down on
all.

Oh, 'tisn't in tongue or pen to trace
The scenes I saw in that joyous place.
There were Lords and Ladies sitting to-
gether,

In converse sweet, "What charming
weather!—

You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,
Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;
And the Premier says my youngest
brother

(Him in the Guards) shall have another.
Isn't this very, *very* gallant!—

As for my poor old virgin aunt
Who has lost her all, poor thing, at
whist,

We must quarter *her* on the Pension
List."

Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,
Where all who liked might have a slice,
So rich was that Fool's Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they
spent

Was a puppet-show called Parliament,
Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
As large as life, who rose to prose,
While, hid behind them, lords and
squires,

Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;
And thought it the very best device
Of that most prosperous Paradise,
To make the vulgar pay through the nose
For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
In this Eden of Church, and State, and
Law;

Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk
As those who had the *best* of the joke.
There were Irish Rectors, such as resort
To Cheltenham yearly, to drink—port,
And bumper, "Long may the Church
endure,

May her cure of souls be a sinecure,
And a score of Parsons to every soul,
A moderate allowance on the whole."
There were Heads of Colleges, lying
about,

From which the sense had all run out,
Even to the lowest classic lees,
'Till nothing was left but *quantities* ;
Which made them heads most fit to be
Stuck up on a University,
Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
In this happiest possible Paradise.
But plain it was to see, alas !
That a downfall soon must come to pass,
For grief is a lot the good and wise
Don't quite so much monopolize,
But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)
Even blessed fools must have their share.
And so it happen'd :—but what befell,
In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

—o—

LATE TITHE CASE.

"Sic vos non vobis."

1833.

"The Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state
that, in consequence of the passing of a recent
Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt
measures which may by some be considered
harsh or precipitate ; but, *in duty to what he
owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve
the rights of the vicarage."—*Letter from Mr.
S. Powell*, August 6.

No, *not* for yourselves, ye reverend men,
Do you take one pig in every ten,
But for Holy Church's future heirs,
Who've an abstract right to that pig, as
theirs ;—

The law supposing that such heirs male
Are already seised of the pig, in tail.

No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's
priest

His "well-beloved" of their pennies
fleeced :

But it is that, before his prescient eyes,
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,
With their embryo daughters, nephews,
nieces,

And 'tis for *them* the poor he fleeces.
He heareth their voices, ages hence,
Saying "Take the pig"—"oh take the
pence ;"

The cries of little Vicarial dears,
The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his
ears ;

And, did he resist that soft appeal,
He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n !
A Rector true, if e'er there was one,
Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming
ages,

Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.
'Tis true, in the pockets of *thy* small-
clothes [goes ;

The claim'd "obvention" of four-pence
But its abstract spirit, unconfined,
Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
Warning them all to their rights to wake,
And rather to face the block, the stake,
Than give up their darling right *to take*.

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
(So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
'Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.
Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,
Grasp every penny on every side,
From every wretch, to swell its tide :
Remembering still what the Law lays
down,

In that pure poetic style of its own,
"If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he
Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

—o—

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

1833.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of
our daddies,

That plan was commenced, which the
wise now applaud,

Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent
Paddies,

As good raw materials for *settlers*,
abroad.

Some West-Indian Island, whose name
I forget,
Was the region then chosen for this
scheme so romantic ;
And such the success the first colony met,
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er
th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd
for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the
Shannon might greet,
And thinking of friends whom, but two
years before,
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would
soon again meet.

And, hark ! from the shore a glad
welcome there came—
“ Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you,
my sweet boy ? ”
While Pat stood astounded, to hear his
own name
Thus hail'd by black devils, who
caper'd for joy !

Can it possibly be ?—half amazement—
half doubt,
Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and
looks steady ;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror
yells out,
“ Good Lord ! only think—black and
curly already ! ”

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue
in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in these wool-
headed figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than
two years
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into
niggers !

MORAL.

'Tis thus,—but alas ! by a marvel more
true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's
best stories,—
Your Whigs, when in office a short year
or two,
By a *lusus nature*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them “ strong
measures ” advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have
time to get steady,
I say, while I listen, with tears in my
eyes,
“ Good Lord !—only think,—black
and curly already ! ”

THE RECTOR AND HIS
CURATE ;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

“ I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace
and charity. My last payment to you paid your
salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I
owe you for one month, which, being a long
month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as
I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings.
My steward returns you as a debtor to the
amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR
CON-ACRE-GROUND, which leaves some trifling
balance in my favour.”—*Letter of Dismissal*
from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate,
the Rev. T. A. Lyons.

THE account is balanced—the bill drawn
out,—
The debit and credit all right, no doubt—
The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
Owes to his Curate six pound eight ;
The Curate, that *least* well-fed of men,
Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,
Which maketh the balance clearly due
From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven !
But sure to be all set right in heaven,
Where bills like these will be check'd,
some day,
And the balance settled the other way :
Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung
sum
Will back to his shade with interest
come ;
And Marcus, the Rector, deep may rue
This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.



COCKER, ON CHURCH RE-
FORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

1833.

FINE figures of speech let your orators
follow

Old Cocker has figures that beat them
all hollow ;

Though famed for his rules *Aristotle* may
be,

In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,
For, as honest Joe Hume says, the
"tottle" for me !

For instance, while others discuss and
debate,

It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate.
In England, where, spite of the infidel's
laughter,

'Tis certain our souls are look'd *very* well
after,

Two Bishops can well (if judiciously
sunder'd)

Of parishes manage two thousand two
hundred,—

Said number of parishes, under said
teachers,

Containing three millions of Protestant
creatures,—

So that each of said Bishops full ably
controls

One million and five hundred thousands
of souls.

And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland,
we're told,

Half a million includes the whole
Protestant fold ;

If, therefore, for *three* million souls 'tis
conceded [needed,

Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is
'Tis plain, for the Irish *half* million who
want 'em,

One-third of *one* Bishop is just the right
quantum.

And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule
of Three,

The Irish Church question's resolved to
a T ;

Keeping always that excellent maxim in
view,

That, in saving men's souls, we must
save money too.

Nay, if—as St. Roden complains is the
case—

The half million of *soul* is decreasing
apace,

The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall
off,

Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be
enough.

But, as fractions imply that we'd have
to dissect,

And to cutting up Bishops I strongly
object,

We've a small, fractious prelate whom
well we could spare,

Who has just the same decimal worth
to a hair ;

And, not to leave Ireland too much in the
lurch,

We'll let her have Ex—t—r, *sole*, as her
Church.

—o—

LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

1834.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man
will not only walk and speak, and perform most
of the outward functions of animal life, but
(being wound up once a week) will perhaps
reason as well as most of your country parsons."
—*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet
With Parsons that don't want to eat,
Fit men to fill those Irish rectories,
Which soon will have but scant refec-
tories,

It has been suggested,—lest that Church
Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,
For want of reverend men endued

With this gift of ne'er requiring food,—
To try, by way of experiment, whether
There couldn't be made, of wood and
leather,

(How'er the notion may sound chimeri-
cal,)

Jointed figures not *lay*, but clerical,
Which, wound up carefully once a week,
Might just like parsons look and speak,
Nay even, if requisite, reason too,
As well as most Irish parsons do.

Th' experiment having succeeded quite,
(Whereat those Lords must much delight,

Who've shown, by stopping the Church's
food,
They think it isn't for her spiritual good
To be served by parsons of flesh and
blood,)

The Patentees of this new invention
Beg leave respectfully to mention,
They now are enabled to produce
An ample supply, for present use,
Of these reverend pieces of machinery,
Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery,
Or any such-like post of skill
That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,
We can't recommend a wooden parson :
But, if the Church any such appoints,
They'd better, at least, have iron joints.
In parts, not much by Protestants
haunted,
A figure to *look at's* all that's wanted—
A block in black, to eat and sleep,
Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes
cheap.

P.S.—Should the Lords, by way of a
treat,
Permit the clergy again to eat,
The Church will, of course, no longer
need
Imitation-parsons that never feed ;
And these *wood* creatures of ours will
sell
For secular purposes just as well—
Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons
stout,
May, 'stead of beating their own about,
Be knocking the brains of Papists out ;
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all
means,
Should transmigrate into *turning*
machines.

—o—

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER,

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DIS-
CLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK.

1834.

CHOOSE some title that's dormant—the
Peerage hath many—
Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as
any.

Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct
Peer,
And marry him off-hand, in some given
year,
To the daughter of somebody,—no
matter who,—
Fig, the grocer himself, if you're hard
run, will do ;
For, the Medici *pills* still in heraldry tell,
And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as
well?

Thus, having your couple, and one a
lord's cousin,
Young materials for peers may be had by
the dozen ;
And, 'tis hard if, inventing each small
mother's son of 'em,
You can't somehow manage to prove
yourself one of 'em.
Should registers, deeds, and such matters
refractory,
Stand in the way of this lord-manufac-
tory,
I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,
One *grand* rule of enterprise,—*don't* be
particular.
A man who once takes such a jump at
nobility,
Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of
nihilism,
But clear thick and thin with true lordly
agility.

'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from
Kings,
Parish-registers sometimes are trouble-
some things ;
As oft, when the vision is near brought
about,
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins
out ;
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord
mingles bloods,
And one's patent of peerage is left in the
suds.

But there *are* ways—when folks are
resolved to be lords—
Of expurg'ing ev'n troublesome parish
records :
What think ye of scissors? depend on't
no heir
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with
a pair ;

As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore
may invent,
Your scissors does wonders in proving
descent.

Yes, poets may sing of those terrible
shears

With which Atropos snips off both bump-
kins and peers,

But they're nought to that weapon which
shines in the hands

Of some would-be Patrician, when
proudly he stands

O'er the careless churchwarden's bap-
tismal array,

And sweeps at each cut generations
away.

By some babe of old times is his peerage
resisted?

One snip,—and the urchin hath *never*
existed!

Does some marriage, in days near the
Flood, interfere

With his one sublime object of being a
Peer?

Quick the shears at once nullify bride-
groom and bride,—

No such people have ever lived, married,
or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-
minded elves,

Who've a fancy for making great lords of
themselves.

Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st
for a peerage,

Take S—m for thy model and B—z for
thy steerage,

Do all and much worse than old Nicholas
Flam does,

And—*who* knows but you'll be Lord
Baron of Shamdos?

—o—

THE DUKE IS THE LAD.

Air—"A master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun."

Castle of Andalusia.

THE Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
Galloping, dreary duke;

The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
He's an ogre to meet, and the d—l to
pass,

With his charger prancing,
Grim eye glancing,
Chin, like a Mufti,
Grizzled and tufty,
Galloping, dreary Duke.

Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood
Of this galloping dreary Duke;
Avoid him, all who see no good
In being run o'er by a Prince of the
Blood.

For, surely, no nymph is
Fond of a grim phiz,
And of the married,
Whole crowds have miscarried
At sight of this dreary Duke.

—o—

EPISTLE

FROM ERASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERO IN THE
SHADES.

Southampton.

As 'tis now, my dear Tully, some weeks
since I started

By rail-road, for earth, having vow'd, ere
we parted,

To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter
post,

Just to say how I thrive, in my new line
of ghost,

And how deucedly odd this live world all
appears

To a man who's been dead now for three
hundred years,

I take up my pen, and, with news of this
earth,

Hope to waken, by turns, both your
spleen and your mirth.

In my way to these shores, taking Italy
first,

Lest the change from Elysium too sudden
should burst,

I forgot not to visit those haunts where,
of yore,

You took lessons from Pætus in cookery's
lore,

Turn'd aside from the calls of the rostrum
and Muse,

To discuss the rich merits of *rôties* and
stews,

And preferr'd to all honours of triumph
or trophy,
A supper on prawns with that rogue,
little Sophy.

Having dwelt on such classical musings
awhile,

I set off, by a steam-boat, for this happy
isle,

(A conveyance *you* ne'er, I think, sail'd
by, my Tully,

And, therefore, *per* next, I'll describe it
more fully,)

Having heard, on the way, what dis-
tresses me greatly,

That England's o'er-run by *idolaters*
lately,

Stark, staring adorers of wood and of
stone, [alone.

Who will let neither stick, stock, or statue
Such the sad news I heard from a tall
man in black,

Who from sports continental was hurry-
ing back,

To look after his tithes;—seeing, doubt-
less, 'twould follow,

That, just as, of old, your great idol,
Apollo,

Devour'd all the Tenth, so the idols in
question,

These wood and stone gods, may have
equal digestion,

And th' idolatrous crew, whom this
Rector despises,

May eat up the tithe-pig which *he* idol-
izes.

London.

'Tis all but too true—grim Idolatry
reigns,

In full pomp, over England's lost cities
and plains!

On arriving just now, as my first thought
and care

Was, as usual, to seek out some near
House of Prayer,

Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians
to pray on,

I was shown to—what think you?—a
downright Pantheon!

A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and
halls,

Full of idols and gods, which they nick-
name St. Paul's;—

Though 'tis clearly the place where the
idolatrous crew,

Whom the Rector complain'd of, their
dark rites pursue;

And 'mong all the "strange gods"
Abraham's father carved out,

That he ever carved *stranger* than these
I much doubt.

Were it even, my dear Tully, your Hebes
and Graces,

And such pretty things, that usurp'd the
Saints' places,

I shouldn't much mind,—for, in this
classic dome,

Such folks from Olympus would feel quite
at home.

But the gods they've got here!—such a
queer omnium gatherum

Of misbegot things, that no poet would
father 'em;— [skies,—

Britannias, in light, summer-wear for the
Old Thames, turn'd to stone, to his no

small surprise,—

Father Nile, too—a portrait, (in spite of
what's said,

That no mortal e'er yet got a glimpse of
his head,)

And a Ganges, which India would think
somewhat fat for't,

Unless 'twas some full-grown Director
had sat for't;—

Not to mention th' *et ceteras* of Genii
and Sphinxes,

Fame, Victory, and other such semi-clad
minxes;—

Sea Captains,—the idols here most
idolized;

And of whom, some, alas, might too
well be comprised

Among ready-made Saints, as they died
canonized;—

With a multitude more of odd cockney-
fied deities,

Shrined in such pomp that quite shock-
ing to see it 'tis;

Nor know I what better the Rector
could do

Than to shrine there his own beloved
quadraped too;

As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the
world thinks, is

A much fitter beast for a church than a
Sphinx is.

But I'm call'd off to dinner—grace just
has been said,
And my host waits for nobody, living or
dead.

—o—

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—STL—R—GH
AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

*At Paris et Frates, et qui rapuere sub illis,
Vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas.*
OVID. *Metam.* lib. xiii. v. 202.

Go, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright
pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you
both with their pinions!
The *one*, the best lover we have—*of his
years*,
And the *other*, Prime Statesman of
Britain's dominions.

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the
smile
Of the Misses that love, and the
monarchs that prize thee;
Forget Mrs. Ang—lo T—yl—r awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well
dandifies thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry
scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits
may thwart thee,
But show the young Misses thou'rt
scholar enough
To translate "Amor Fortis" a love,
about forty!

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as
young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the
Orders you'd earn'd in't,
That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out,
"My stars!"
And forget that the *Moon*, too, was
some way concern'd in't.

For not the great R—g—t himself has
endured
(Though I've seen him with badges
and orders all shine,
Till he look'd like a house that was
over-insured) [thine.
A much heavier burden of glories than

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young
lady so mad is,
Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,
As to marry old Dandies that might be
their daddies,
The *stars* are in fault, my Lord
St—w—rt, not they!

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of
Tories,
Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose
lips
Such a smooth rigmarole about "mon-
archs," and "glories,"
And "*nullidge*," and "features," like
syllabub slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy
vocation
Of adding fresh sums to this National
Debt of ours,
Leaguings with Kings, who, for mere
recreation,
Break promises, fast as your Lordship
breaks metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright pair of
Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you
both with their pinions!
The *one*, the best lover we have—*of his
years*,
And the *other*, Prime Statesman of
Britain's dominions.

—o—

TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH LORD C—STL—R—GH SAILED FOR
THE CONTINENT.

Imitated from HORACE, lib. i. ode 3.

So may my Lady's prayers prevail,
And C—nn—g's too, and *lucid*
Br—gge's,
And Eld—n beg a favouring gale,
From Eolus, that *older* Bags,
To speed thee on thy destined way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—stl—r—gr
Our gracious R—g—t's better half,
And, *therefore*, quarter of a King—
(As Van, or any other calf,
May find, without much figuring).

Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
Waft this Lord of place and pelf,
Anywher his Lordship pleases,
Though 'twere to Old Nick himself !

Oh, what a face of brass was his,
Who first at Congress show'd his phiz—
To sign away the Rights of Man
To Russian threats and Austrian
juggle ;
And leave the sinking African
To fall without one saving struggle—
'Mong ministers from North and South,
To show his lack of shame and sense,
And hoist the sign of " Bull and Mouth,"
For blunders and for eloquence !

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home
To mind their papers, desks, and
shelves,
If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam,
And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case—
For matchless impudence of face,
There's nothing like your Tory race !
First, Pitt, the chosen of England,
taught her
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor, for our ease,
With E—d—ns, Ch—th—ms, H—wk—
—b—s,
And other deadly maladies.

When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs :
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,
When these, in turn, were put to
fight, too
Illustrious T—mp—e flew away
With *lots of pens he had no right to !*
In short, what *will* not mortal man do ?
And now, that—strife and bloodshed
past—
We've done on earth what harm we can
do,
We gravely take to heaven at last,
And think its favourite smile to purchase
(Oh Lord, good Lord !) by—building
churches !

SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF A NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA.

"And now," quoth the goddess, in
accents jocose,
"Having got good materials, I'll brew
such a dose
Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall
say,
They've not known its equal for many a
long day."
Here she wink'd to her subaltern imps to
be steady,
And all wagg'd their fire-tipp'd tails and
stood ready.
"So now for th' ingredients :—first, hand
me that bishop ;"
Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to
fish up,
From out a large reservoir, wherein they
pen 'em,
The blackest of all its black dabblers in
venom ;
And wrapping him up (lest the virus
should ooze,
And one "drop of th' immortal" Right
Rev. they might lose)
In the sheets of his own speeches,
charges, reviews,
Pop him into the caldron, while loudly a
burst
From the by-standers welcomes ingre-
dient the first !
"Nowfetch the Ex-Chancellor," mutter'd
the dame—
He who's call'd after Harry the Older,
by name."
"The Ex-Chancellor !" echoed her imps,
the whole crew of 'em—
"Why talk of *one* Ex, when your mis-
chief has *two* of 'em ?"
"True, true," said the hag, looking arch
at her elves,
"And a double-*Ex* dose they compose,
in themselves."
This joke, the sly meaning of which was
seen lucidly,
Set all the devils a-laughing most deu-
cedly,
So, in went the pair, and (what none
thought surprising)
Show'd talents for sinking as great as for
rising ;

While not a grim phiz in that realm but
was lighted

With joy to see spirits so twin-like
united—

Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a
feather,

In one mess of venom thus spitted to-
gether.

Here a flashy imp rose—some connection,
no doubt,

Of the young lord in question—and,
scowling about,

“Hoped his fiery friend, St—nl—y,
would not be left out ;

As no schoolboy unwhipp'd, the whole
world must agree,

Loved mischief, *pure* mischief, more
dearly than he.”

But, no—the wise hag wouldn't hear of
the whipster ;

Not merely because, as a shrew, he
eclipsed her,

And nature had given him, to keep him
still young,

Much tongue in his head and no head in
his tongue ;

But because she well knew that, for
change ever ready, [steady ;

He'd not even to mischief keep properly
That soon even the *wrong* side would

cease to delight,

And, for want of a change, he must
swerve to the *right* ;

While, on *each*, so at random his missiles
he threw,

That the side he attack'd was most safe
of the two.—

This ingredient was therefore put by on
the shelf,

There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by
itself.

“And now,” quoth the hag, as her cal-
dron she eyed,

And the titbits so friendly rankling in-
side,

“There wants but some seasoning ;—so,
come, ere I stew 'em,

By way of a relish, we'll throw in ‘+John
Tuam.’

In cooking up mischief, there's no flesh
or fish

Like your meddling High Priest, to add
zest to the dish.”

Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand
Lama—

Which great event ends the First Act of
the Drama.

—o—

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THOUGH famed was Mesmer, in his day,
Nor less so, in ours, is Dupotet,

To say nothing of all the wonders done
By that wizard, Dr. Elliottson,

When, standing as if the gods to invoke,
he

Up waves his arm, and—down drops
Okey !

Though strange these things, to mind and
sense,

If you wish still stranger things to
see—

If you wish to know the power immense
Of the true magnetic influence,

Just go to Her Majesty's Treasury,
And learn the wonders working there—

And I'll be hang'd if you don't stare !
Talk of your animal magnetists,

And that wave of the hand no soul resists,
Not all its witcheries can compete

With the friendly beckon tow'rd's Down-
ing Street,

Which a Premier gives to one who wishes
To taste of the Treasury loaves and fishes.

It actually lifts the lucky elf,
Thus acted upon, *above* himself ;—

He jumps to a state of *clairvoyance*,
And is placeman, statesman, all, at once !

These effects observe (with which I be-
gin),

Take place when the patient's motion'd
in ;

Far different, of course, the mode of
affection,

When the wave of the hand's in the *out*
direction ;

The effects being then extremely unplea-
sant,

As is seen in the case of Lord B—m,
at present ;

In whom this sort of manipulation
Has lately produced such inflammation,

Attended with constant irritation,

That, in short—not to mince his situa-
tion—

It has work'd in the man a transforma-
tion

That puzzles all human calculation !

Ever since the fatal day which saw
That "pass" perform'd on this Lord of
Law—

A pass potential, none can doubt,
As it sent Harry B—m to the right
about—

The condition in which the patient has
been

Is a thing quite awful to be seen.
Not that a casual eye could scan
This wondrous change by outward
survey ;

It being, in fact, th' *interior* man
That's turn'd completely topsy-
turvy :—

Like a case that lately, in reading o'er
'em,

I found in the *Acta Eruditorum*,
Of a man in whose inside, when dis-
closed,

The whole order of things was found
transposed ;

By a *lusus naturæ*, strange to see,
The liver placed where the heart should
be,

And the *spleen* (like B—m's, since laid
on the shelf)

As diseased and as much *out of place* as
himself.

In short, 'tis a case for consultation,
If e'er there was one, in this thinking
nation ;

And therefore I humbly beg to propose,
That those *savans* who mean, as the
rumour goes,

To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case,
Should also Lord Harry's case embrace ;
And inform us, in *both* these patients'
states,

Which *ism* it is that predominates,
Whether magnetism and somnambulism,
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

THE SONG OF THE BOX.

LET History boast of her Romans and
Spartans,

And tell how they stood against
tyranny's shocks ;

They were all, I confess, in *my* eye, Betty
Martins,

Compared to George Gr—te and his
wonderful Box.

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat?—
Oh, it isn't

By Delaware's banks or on Switzer-
land's rocks ;—

Like an imp in some conjurer's bottle
imprison'd,

She's slyly shut up in Gr—te's wonder-
ful Box.

How snug!—'stead of floating through
ether's dominions,

Blown *this* way and *that*, by the
"populi vox,"

To fold thus in silence her sinecure
pinions,

And go fast asleep in Gr—te's wonder-
ful Box.

Time was, when free speech was the life-
breath of freedom—

So thought once the Seldens, the
Hampdens, the Lockes ;

But mute be *our* troops, when to ambush
we lead 'em,

For "Mum" is the word with us
Knights of the Box.

Pure, exquisite Box ! no corruption can
soil it ;

There's Otto of Rose, in each breath
it unlocks ;

While Gr—te is the "Betty," that serves
at the toilet,

And breathes all Arabia around from
his Box.

'Tis a singular fact, that the famed Hugo
Grotius

(A namesake of Gr—te's—being both
of Dutch stocks),

Like Gr—te, too, a genius profound as
precocious,

Was also, like him, much renown'd for
a Box ;—

An immortal old clothes-box, in which
the great Grotius
When suffering, in prison, for views
het'rodox,
Was pack'd up *incog.*, spite of gaolers
ferocious,
And sent to his wife, carriage free, in
a Box !

But the fame of old Hugo now rests on
the shelf,
Since a rival hath risen that all parallel
mocks ;—
That Grotius ingloriously saved but him-
self,
While *ours* saves the whole British
realm by a Box !

And oh when, at last, even this greatest
of Gr—tes
Must bend to the power that at every
door knocks,
May he drop in the urn like his own
“ silent votes,”
And the tomb of his rest be a large
Ballot-Box.

While long at his shrine, both from
county and city,
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in
flocks,
And sing, while they whimper, th' appro-
priate ditty,
“ Oh breathe not his *name*, let it sleep
—in the Box.”

— o —

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW THALABA.

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

WHEN erst, my Southey, thy tuneful
tongue
The terrible tale of Thalaba sung—
Of him, the Destroyer, doom'd to rout
That grim divan of conjurers out,
Whose dwelling dark, as legends say,
Beneath the roots of the ocean lay,
(Fit place for deep ones, such as they,)
How little thou knew'st, dear Doctor
Southey,
Although bright genius all allow thee,

That, some years thence, thy wond'ring
eyes

Should see a second Thalaba rise—
As ripe for ruinous rigs as thine,
Though his havoc lie in a different line,
And should find this new, improved

Destroyer

Beneath the wig of a Yankee lawyer ;
A sort of an “ alien,” *alias* man,
Whose country or party guess who can,
Being Cockney half, half Jonathan ;
And his life, to make the thing completer,
Being all in the genuine Thalaba metre,
Loose and irregular as thy feet are ;—
First, into Whig Pindarics rambling,
Then in low Tory doggrel scrambling ;
Now *love* his theme, now *Church* his glory
(At once both Tory and ama-tory),
Now in th' Old Bailey-*lay* meandering,
Now in soft *couplet* style philandering ;
And, lastly, in lame Alexandrine,
Dragging his wounded length along,
When scourged by Holland's silken thong.

In short, dear Bob, Destroyer the Second
May fairly a match for the First be
reckon'd ;

Save that *your* Thabala's talent lay
In sweeping old conjurers clean away,
While ours at aldermen deals his blows,
(Who no great conjurers are, God knows,
Lays Corporations, by wholesale, level,
Sends Acts of Parliament to the devil,
Bullies the whole Milesian race—
Seven millions of Paddies, face to face ;
And, seizing that magic wand, himself,
Which erst thy conjurers left on the shelf,
Transforms the boys of the Boyne and
Liffey

All into *foreigners*, in a jiffey—
Aliens, outcasts, every soul of 'em !
Born but for whips and chains, the whole
of 'em !

Never, in short, did parallel
Betwixt two heroes *gee* so well ;
And, among the points in which they
fit,

There's one, dear Bob, I can't omit.
That hacking, hectoring blade of thine
Dealt much in the *Domdaniel* line ;
And 'tis but rendering justice due,
To say that ours and his Tory crew
Damn Daniel most devoutly too.

RIVAL TOPICS.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

OH W—ll—ngt—n and Stephenson,
 Oh morn and evening papers,
Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,
 When ye will cease our ears to stun
 With these two heroes' capers?
 Still "Stephenson" and "W—ll—ngt—n,"

The everlasting two!—
 Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,
 To hear what mischief one has done,
 And t'other means to do:—
 What Bills the banker pass'd to friends,
 But never meant to pay;
 What Bills the other wight intends,
 As honest, in their way;—
 Bills, payable at distant sight,
 Beyond the Grecian kalends;
 When all good deeds will come to light,
 When W—ll—ngt—n will do what's
 right,
 And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,
 But still the rogue unhurt is;
 While t'other juggler—who'd have
 thought?
 Though slippery long, has just been
 caught
 By old Archbishop Curtis;—
 And, such the power of papal crook,
 The crosier scarce had quiver'd
 About his ears, when, lo, the Duke
 Was of a Bull deliver'd!

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide
 That Rowland "must be mad,"
 In private coach, with crest, to ride,
 When chaises could be had.
 And t'other hero, all agree,
 St. Luke's will soon arrive at,
 If thus he shows off publicly,
 When he might pass in private.

Oh W—ll—ngt—n, oh Stephenson,
 Ye ever-boring pair,
 Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,
 Ye haunt me everywhere.
 Though Job had patience tough enough,
 Such duplicates would try it;
 Till one's turn'd out and t'other off,
 We shan't have peace or quiet.

But small's the chance that Law affords—
 Such folks are daily let off;
 And, 'twixt th' Old Bailey and the Lords,
 They both, I fear, will get off.

—o—

THE BOY STATESMAN.

BY A TORY.

"That boy will be the death of me."

Mathews at Home.

AH, Tories dear, our ruin is near,
 With St—nl—y to help us, we can't
 but fall;
 Already a warning voice I hear,
 Like the late Charles Mathews' croak in
 my ear,
 "That boy—that boy'll be the death of
 you all."

He will, God help us!—not even Scri-
 blerius

In the "Art of Sinking" his match
 could be;

And our case is growing exceeding
 serious,

For, all being in the same boat as he,
 If down my Lord goes, down go we,
 Lord Baron St—nl—y and Company,
 As deep in Oblivion's swamp below
 As such "Masters Shallow" well could go;
 And where we shall all, both low and high,
 Embalm'd in mud, as forgotten lie
 As already doth Gr—h—m of Netherby!
 But that boy, that boy!—there's a tale I
 know,

Which in talking of him comes *à propos*.

Sir Thomas More had an only son,
 And a foolish lad was that only one,
 And Sir Thomas said, one day to his
 wife,

"My dear, I can't but wish you joy,
 For you pray'd for a boy, and you now
 have a boy,

Who'll continue a boy to the end of his
 life."

Even such is our own distressing lot,
 With the ever-young statesman we have
 got;—

Nay even still worse; for Master More
 Wasn't more a youth than he'd been
 before,

While *ours* such power of boyhood
shows,
That, the older he gets, the more juv'-
nile he grows,
And, at what extreme old age he'll close
His schoolboy course, Heaven only
knows ;—
Some century hence, should he reach so
far,
And ourselves to witness it Heaven con-
demn,
We shall find him a sort of *cub* Old Parr,
A whipper-snapper Methusalem ;
Nay, ev'n should he make still longer
stay of it,
The boy'll want *judgment*, ev'n to the
day of it !
Meanwhile, 'tis a serious, sad infliction ;
And, day and night, with awe I recall
The late Mr. Mathews' solemn predic-
tion,
"That boy'll be the death, the death
of you all."

—o—

LETTER

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO THE REV.
MURTAGH O'MULLIGAN.

ARRAH, where were *you*, Murthagh, that
beautiful day ?—
Or, how came it your riverence was
laid on the shelf,
When that poor craythur, Bobby—as *you*
were away—
Had to make *twice* as big a Tom-fool
of *himself*.
Throth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in
the lurch
A boy so desarving your tindh'rest
affection ;—
Two such iligant Siamase twins of the
Church,
As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut
the connection.
If thus in two different directions you
pull,
'Faith, they'll swear that yourself and
your riverend brother
Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's
Bull,
Whose tails were join'd *one* way, while
they look'd *another* !

Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,
That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of
a Letter !

Not ev'n my own self, though I some-
times make free
At such bull-manufacture, could make
him a better.

To be sure, when a lad takes to *forgin'*,
this way,
'Tis a thrick he's much timpted to
carry on gaily ;
Till, at last, his "injanious devices,"
some day,
Show him up, not at Exether Hall,
but th' Ould Bailey.

That parsons should forge thus appears
mighty odd,
And (as if somethin' "odd" in their
names, too, must be,)
One forger, of ould, was a riverend Dod,
While a riverend Todd's now his
match, to a T.

But, no matter *who* did it—all blessins
betide him,
For dishin' up Bob, in a manner so
nate ;
And there wanted but *you*, Murthagh
'vourneen, beside him,
To make the whole grand dish of *bull-*
calf complate.

—o—

MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED
PEER.

OF all the odd plans of this monstrously
queer age,
The oddest is that of reforming the
peerage ;—
Just as if we, great dons, with a title and
star,
Did not get on exceedingly well, as we
are,
And perform all the functions of noodles,
by birth,
As completely as any born noodles on
earth.
How *acres* descend, is in law-books dis-
play'd,
But we as *wiscacres* descend, ready made ;

And, by right of our rank in Debrett's
nomenclature,
Are, all of us, born legislators by
nature ;—
Like ducklings, to water instinctively
taking,
So we, with like quackery, take to law-
making ;
And God forbid any reform should come
o'er us,
To make us more wise than our sires
were before us.
Th' Egyptians of old the same policy
knew—
If your sire was a cook, you must be a
cook too :
Thus making, from father to son, a good
trade of it,
Poisoners *by right* (so no more could be
said of it),
The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty
mess made of it ;
While, famed for *conservative* stomachs,
th' Egyptians
Without a wry face bolted all the pre-
scriptions.
It is true, we've among us some peers of
the past,
Who keep pace with the present most
awfully fast—
Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light
now arising
With speed that to *us*, old conserves, is
surprising,
Conserves, in whom—potted, for grand-
mamma uses—
'Twould puzzle a sunbeam to find any
juices.
'Tis true, too, I fear, 'midst the general
movement,
Ev'n *our* House, God help it, is doom'd
to improvement,
And all its live furniture, nobly descended,
But sadly worn out, must be sent to be
mended.
With *moveables* 'mong us, like Br—m
and like D—rh—m,
No wonder ev'n *fixtures* should learn to
bestir 'em ;
And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible
day,
When—as playful Old Nick, for his
pastime, they say,

Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in
a storm—
So *ours* may be whipt off, some night, by
Reform ;
And, as up, like Loretto's famed house,
through the air,
Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall
bear,
Grim, radical phizzes, unused to the sky,
Shall flit round, like cherubs, to wish us
“good-bye.”
While, perch'd up on clouds, little imps
of plebeians,
Small Grotes and O'Connells, shall sing
To Pæans.

—o—

THE

REVEREND PAMPHLETEER.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

OH, have you heard what hap'd of late ?
If not, come lend an ear,
While sad I state the piteous fate
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All praised his skilful jockeyship,
Loud rung the Tory cheer,
While away, away, with spur and whip,
Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode—how *could* it err ?
'Twas the same that took, last year,
That wonderful jump to Exeter
With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men say,
The course he will take is clear ;
And in *that* direction lay the way
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

“Stop, stop !” said Truth, but vain her
cry—
Left far away in the rear,
She heard but the usual gay “Good-bye”
From her faithless Pamphleteer.

You may talk of the jumps of Homer's
gods
When cantering o'er our sphere—
I'd back for a *bounce*, 'gainst any odds,
This Reverend Pamphleteer.

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath !
 In the midst of his career,
 A file of *The Times* lay right in the path
 Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripp'd or shy'd thereat,
 Doth not so clear appear :
 But down he came, as his sermons
 flat—
 This Reverend Pamphleteer !

Lord King himself could scarce desire
 To see a spiritual Peer
 Fall much more dead, in the dirt and
 mire,
 Than did this Pamphleteer.

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,
 Shall visit his silent bier,
 And, thinking the while of Stanhope, say
 "Poor dear old Pamphleteer !

"He has finish'd, at last, his busy span,
 And now *lies coolly* here—
 As often he did in life, good man,
 Good, Reverend Pamphleteer !"

—o—

A RECENT DIALOGUE.

1825.

A BISHOP and a bold dragoon,
 Both heroes in their way,
 Did thus, of late, one afternoon,
 Unto each other say :—
 "Dear bishop," quoth the brave hussar,
 "As nobody denies
 That you a wise logician are,
 And I am—otherwise,
 'Tis fit that in this question, we
 Stick each to his own art—
 That *yours* should be the sophistry,
 And *mine* the *fighting* part.
 My creed, I need not tell you, is
 Like that of W——n,
 To whom no harlot comes amiss,
 Save her of Babylon ;
 And when we're at a loss for words,
 If laughing reasoners flout us,
 For lack of sense we'll draw our swords,—
 The sole thing sharp about us."—

"Dear bold dragoon," the bishop said,
 "'Tis true for war thou art meant ;
 And reasoning—bless that dandy head !—
 Is not in thy department.
 So leave the argument to me—
 And, when my holy labour
 Hath lit the fires of bigotry,
 Thou'lt poke them with thy sabre.
 From pulpit and from sentry-box,
 We'll make our joint attacks,
 I at the head of my *Cassocks*,
 And you of your *Cossacks*.
 So here's your health, my brave hussar,
 My exquisite old fighter—
 Success to bigotry and war,
 The musket and the mitre !"
 Thus pray'd the minister of heav'n—
 While Y—k, just entering then,
 Snored out (as if some *Clerk* had given
 His nose the cue) "Amen."

T. B.

—o—

THE WELLINGTON SPA.

"And drink *oblivion* to our woes."

ANNA MATILDA.

1829.

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and
 Harrowgate springs,
 'Tis from *Lethe* we now our potations
 must draw ;
 Your *Lethe's* a cure for—all possible
 things,
 And the doctors have named it the
 Wellington Spa.

Other physical waters but cure you in
 part ;
One cobbles your gout—*l'other* mends
 your digestion—
 Some settle your stomach, but *this*—
 bless your heart !—
 It will settle, for ever, your Catholic
 Question.

Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at
 present,
 This Wellington Nostrum, restoring by
 stealth,
 So purges the mem'ry of all that's un-
 pleasant,
 That patients *forget* themselves into
 rude health,

For instance, th' inventor—his having
once said

“He should think himself mad, if, at
any one's call,
He became what he is”—is so purged
from his head,

That he now doesn't think he's a mad-
man at all.

Of course, for your mem'ries of very
long standing—

Old chronic diseases, that date back,
undaunted,

To Brian Boroo and Fitz-Stephens' first
landing—

A dev'l of a dose of the *Lethe* is
wanted.

But ev'n Irish patients can hardly regret
An oblivion, so much in their own
native style,

So conveniently plann'd, that, whate'er
they forget,

They may go on rememb'ring it still,
all the while !

—o—

A CHARACTER.

1834.

HALF Whig, half Tory, like those mid-
way things,

'Twixt bird and beast, that by mistake
have wings ;

A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two factions
nurst,

Who, of the faults of each, combines the
worst—

The Tory's loftiness, the Whigling's
sneer,

The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's
fear ;

The thirst for meddling, restless still to
show

How Freedom's clock, repair'd by
Whigs, will go ;

Th' alarm when others, more sincere
than they,

Advance the hands to the true time of
day.

By Mother Church, high-fed and haughty
dame,

The boy was dandled, in his dawn of
fame ;

List'ning, she smiled, and bless'd the
flippant tongue

On which the fate of unborn tithe-pigs
hung.

Ah, who shall paint the grandam's grim
dismay,

When loose Reform enticed her boy
away ;

When shock'd she heard him ape the
rabble's tone,

And, in old Sarum's fate, foredoom her
own !

Groaning she cried, while tears roll'd
down her cheeks,

“Poor, glib-tongued youth, he means
not what he speaks.

Like oil at top, these Whig professions
flow,

But, pure as lymph, runs Toryism be-
low.

Alas, that tongue should start thus, in
the race,

Ere mind can reach and regulate its
pace !—

For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor,
lagging mind,

At every step, still further limps behind.
But, bless the boy !—whate'er his wand'ring be,

Still turns his heart to Toryism and me.
Like those odd shapes, portray'd in

Dante's lay,

With heads fix'd on, the wrong and back-
ward way,

His feet and eyes pursue a diverse track,
While *those* march onward, *these* look

fondly back.”

And well she knew him—well foresaw
the day,

Which now hath come, when snatch'd
from Whigs away,

The self-same changeling drops the mask
he wore,

And rests, restored in granny's arms once
more.

But whither now, mixt brood of modern
light

And ancient darkness, canst thou bend
thy flight ?

Tried by both factions, and to neither
true,

Fear'd by the *old* school, laugh'd at by
the *new* ;

For *this* too feeble, and for *that* too
rash,
This wanting more of fire, *that* less of
flash ;
Lone shalt thou stand, in isolation cold,
Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the
old,
A small and "vex'd Bermoothes," which
the eye
Of venturous seaman sees—and passes
by.

—o—

A GHOST STORY.

TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY."

1835.

NOT long in bed had L—ndh—rst lain,
When, as his lamp burnt dimly,
The ghosts of corporate bodies slain,
Stood by his bed-side grimly.
Dead aldermen, who once could feast,
But now, themselves, are fed on,
And skeletons of mayors deceased,
This doleful chorus led on :—
"Oh Lord L—ndh—rst,
Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst,
Corpses we,
All burk'd by thee,
Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst !"

"Avaunt, ye frights !" his Lordship
cried,

"Ye look most glum and whitely."

"Ah, L—ndh—rst, dear !" the frights
replied,

You've used us unpolitely.

And now, ungrateful man ! to drive

Dead bodies from your door so,

Who, quite corrupt enough, alive,

You've made, by death, still more so.

Oh, Ex-Chancellor,

Destructive Ex-Chancellor,

See thy work,

Thou second Burke,

Destructive Ex-Chancellor !"

Bold L—ndh—rst then, whom nought
could keep

Awake, or surely *that* would,

Cried "Curse you all"—fell fast asleep—

And dreamt of "Small *v.* Attwood."

While, shock'd, the bodies flew down
stairs,

But, courteous in their panic,
Precedence gave to ghosts of mayors
And corpses aldermanic,

Crying, "Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,

That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst,
Not Old Scratch

Himself could match

That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst."

—o—

THOUGHTS

ON THE LATE

DESTRUCTIVE PROPOSITIONS OF THE TORIES.

BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

1835.

I SAT me down in my easy-chair,
To read, as usual, the morning papers ;
But—who shall describe my look of de-
spair,

When I came to Lefroy's "destruc-
tive" capers !

That *he*—that, of all live men, Lefroy
Should join in the cry "Destroy, de-
stroy !"

Who, ev'n when a babe, as I've heard
said,

On Orange conserve was chiefly fed,
And never, till now, a movement made
That wasn't most manfully retrograde !
Only think—to sweep from the light of
day

Mayors, maces, criers, and wigs away ;

To annihilate—never to rise again—

A whole generation of aldermen,

Nor leave them ev'n th' accustom'd tolls,

To keep together their bodies and
souls !

At a time, too, when snug posts and
places

Are falling away from us one by one,

Crash—crash—like the mummy-cases

Belzoni, in Egypt, sat upon,

Wherein lay pickled, in state sublime,

Conservatives of the ancient time ;—

To choose such a moment to overset

The few snug nuisances left us yet ;

To add to the ruin that round us reigns,
By knocking out mayors' and town-
clerks' brains;

By dooming all corporate bodies to fall,
Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all—
Nought but the ghost of by-gone glory,
Wrecks of a world that once was Tory!
Where pensive criers, like owls unblest,
Robb'd of their roosts, shall still hoot
o'er them!

Nor *mayors* shall know where to seek a
nest,

Till Gally Knight shall *find* one for
them;—

Till mayors and kings, with none to rue
'em,

Shall perish all in one common
plague;

And the *sovereigns* of Belfast and Tuam
Must join their brother, Charles Dix,
at Prague.

Thus mused I, in my chair, alone
(As above described), till dozy grown,
And nodding assent to my own opinions,
I found myself borne to sleep's do-
minions,

Where, lo, before my dreaming eyes,
A new House of Commons appear'd to
rise,

Whose living contents, to fancy's survey,
Seem'd to me all turn'd topsy-turvy—
A jumble of polypi—nobody knew
Which was the head or which the
queue.

Here, Inglis, turn'd to a sans-culotte,
Was dancing the hays with Hume and
Grote;

There, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw
Was learning from Roebuck "Ça-ira;"
While Stanley and Graham, as *poissarde*
wenches,

Scream'd "*à bas!*" from the Tory
benches;

And Peel and O'Connell, cheek by
jowl,

Were dancing an Irish *carmagnole*.

The Lord preserve us!—if dreams come
true,

What *is* this hapless realm to do?

—o—

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

ONE summer morning early,
When the dews of night were pearly,
And the wee white roses were blowing,
Like snow-balls slowly growing,
Through a garden I stole creeping,
And found Love sleeping, sleeping.

When that summer evening darken'd
I waited for him and hearken'd;
The moon clomb up through the starlight,
And my cottage fire was a far light,
Towards which I went sadly creeping,
Love had left me weeping, weeping.

—o—

ANTICIPATED MEETING

OF THE

BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR 2836.

1836.

AFTER some observations from Dr.
M'Grig

On that fossil reliquium call'd Petrified
Wig,

Or *Perruquolithus*—a specimen rare
Of those wigs, made for antediluvian wear,
Which, it seems, stood the Flood with-
out turning a hair—

Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested
attention

To facts no less wondrous which *he* had
to mention.

Some large fossil creatures had lately been
found

Of a species no longer now seen above
ground,

But the same (as to Tomkins most clearly
appears)

With those animals, lost now for hundreds
of years,

Which our ancestors used to call
"Bishops" and "Peers,"

But which Tomkins more erudite names
has bestow'd on,

Having call'd the Peer fossil th' *Aristo-*
cratodon,

And, finding much food under t'other
one's thorax,
Has christen'd that creature th' Episcopus
Vorax.

Lest the *savans* and dandies should think
this all fable,

Mr. Tomkins most kindly produced on
the table,

A sample of each of these species of
creatures,

Both tol'rably human, in structure and
features,

Except that th' Episcopus seems, Lord
deliver us!

To've been carnivorous as well as grani-
vorous;

And Tomkins, on searching its stomach,
found there

Large lumps, such as no modern stomach
could bear,

Of a substance call'd Tithe, upon which,
as 'tis said,

The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;
And which having lately himself decom-
pounded,

Just to see what 'twas made of, he
actually found it

Composed of all possible cookable things
That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd
upon wings—

All products of earth, both gramineous,
herbaceous,

Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farin-
aceous,

All clubbing their quotas to glut the
oesophagus

Of this ever greedy and grasping Titho-
phagus.

"Admire," exclaim'd Tomkins, "the
kind dispensation

By Providence shed on this much-favour'd
nation,

In sweeping so ravenous a race from the
earth,

That might else have occasion'd a general
And thus burying 'em, deep as even Joe

Hume would sink 'em,
With the Ichthyosaurus and Palæoryn-
chum,

And other queer *ci-devant* things, under
ground—

Not forgetting that fossilized youth, so
renown'd,

Who lived just to witness the Deluge—
was gratified
Much by the sight, and has since been
found *stratified!*"

This picturesque touch—quite in Tom-
kins's way—

Call'd forth from the *savans* a general
hurrah;

While inquiries among them went rapidly
round,

As to where this young stratified man
could be found.

The "learn'd Theban's" discourse next
as livelily flow'd on,

To sketch t'other wonder, th' *Aristocra-
todon*—

An animal, differing from most human
creatures

Not *so* much in speech, inward structure,
or features,

As in having a certain excrescence, T.
said,

Which in form of a coronet grew from
its head,

And devolved to its heirs, when the
creature was dead;

Nor matter'd it, while this heir-loom was
transmitted,

How unfit were the *heads*, so the *coronet*
fitted.

He then mention'd a strange zoological
fact,

Whose announcement appear'd much
applause to attract.

In France, said the learned professor,
this race

Had so noxious become, in some
centuries' space,

From their numbers and strength, that
the land was o'errun with 'em,

Every one's question being, "What's to
be done with 'em?"

When, lo! certain knowing ones—
savans, mayhap,

Who, like Buckland's deep followers,
understood *trap*,

Slyly hinted that nought upon earth was
so good

For *Aristocratodons*, when rampant and
rude,

As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of
food.

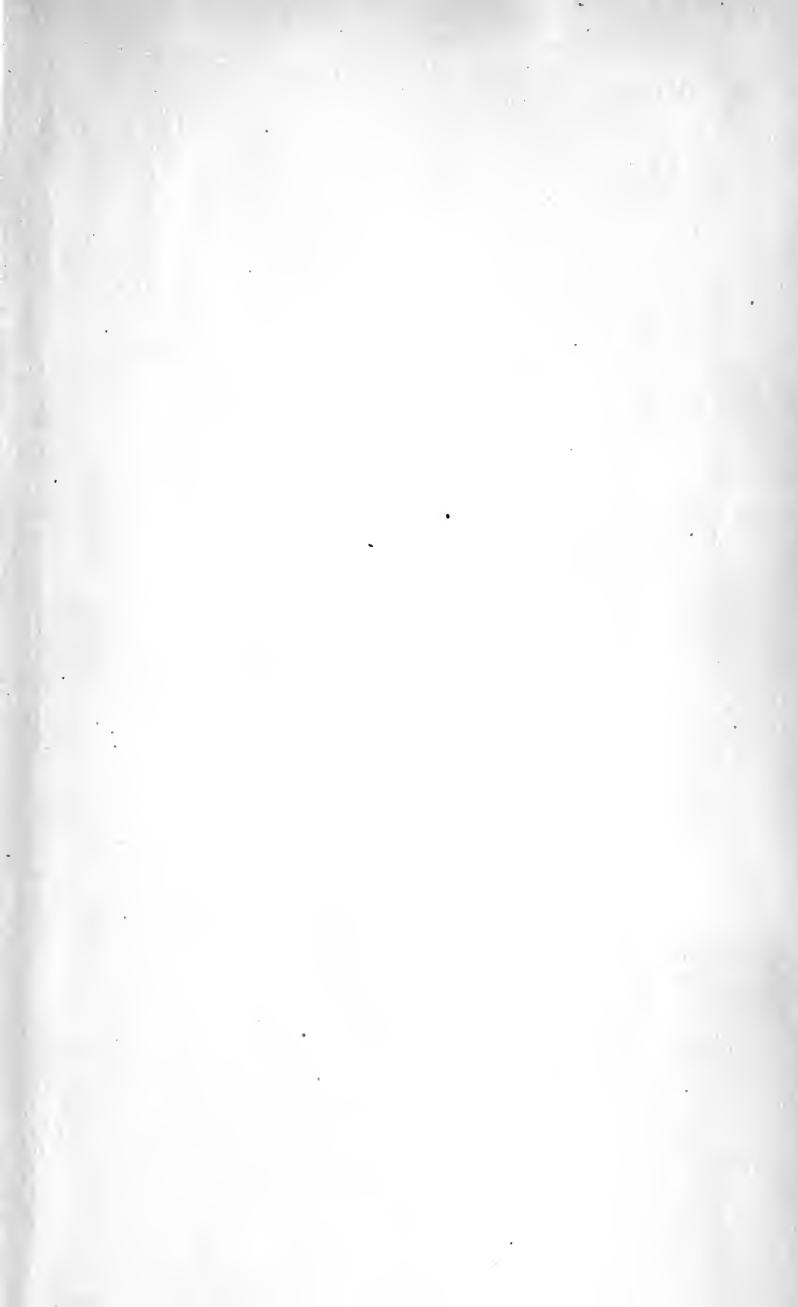
<p>This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords Of th' effect that short commons will have upon lords ; For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's morn, Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn, And the moment these gewgaws fell off, they became</p>	<p>Quite a new sort of creature—so harm- less and tame, That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em To be near akin to the <i>genus humanum</i>, And th' experiment, tried so successfully then, Should be kept in remembrance, when wanted again.</p>
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* * * * *



THE END

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