



Book
Review

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Anna (Cochran)

18

13

Mrs. J. Purley

Hamilton

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THE
WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON.

VOL. XI.

CONTAINING:

HEAVEN AND EARTH.—THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.—
THE ISLAND.—DON JUAN, CANTOS XII, XIII, XIV.



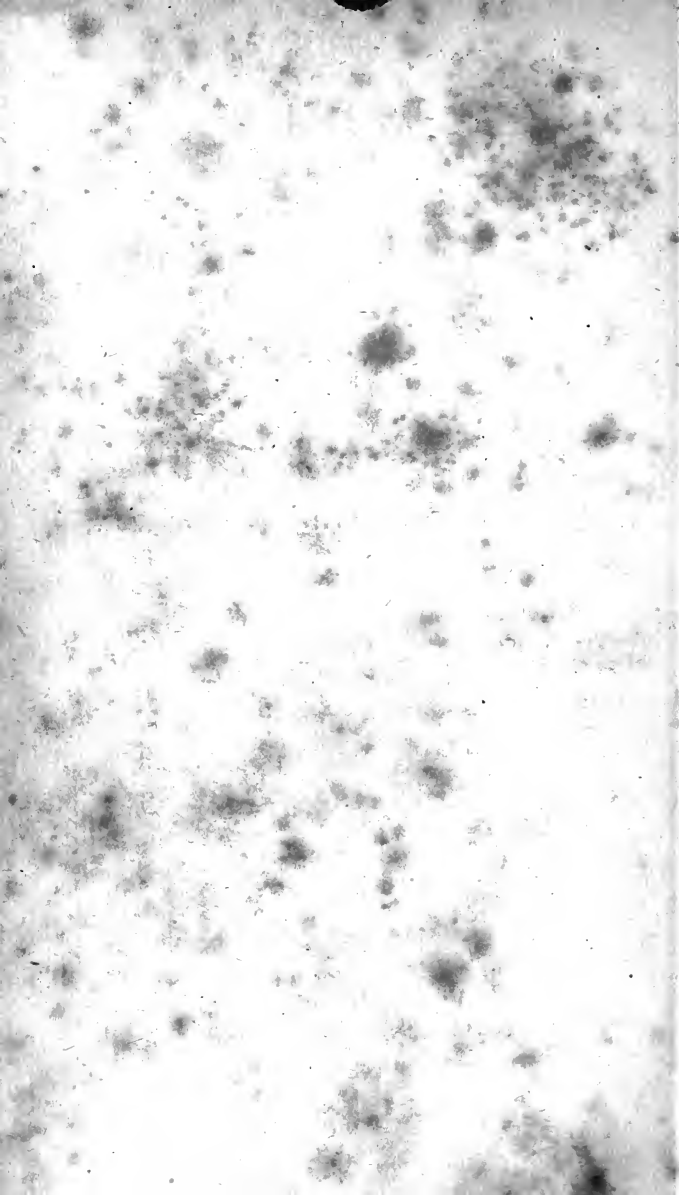
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1823.



HEAVEN AND EARTH, A MYSTERY,

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.

« And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. »

« And woman wailing for her demon lover. »—COLERIDGE.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

January 10, 1887.

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

APRIL 18, 1886.

ALBANY:

WHELAN & SON, PRINTERS, 1887.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANGELS.

SAMIASA.

AZAZIEL.

RAPHAEL, *the Archangel.*

MEN.

NOAH, *and his Sons.*

IRAD.

WOMEN.

ANAH.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth.—Chorus of Mortals.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND

VOLUME

AND

THE END OF THE

WORK

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

PART I.

SCENE I.

A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat.—

TIME—midnight.

Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.

ANAH.

OUR father sleeps : it is the hour when they
Who love us are accustom'd to descend
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat :—
How my heart beats !

AHOLIBAMAH.

Let us proceed upon

Our invocation.

ANAH.

But the stars are hidden.

I tremble.

AHOLIBAMAH.

So do I, but not with fear
Of aught save their delay.

ANAH.

My sister, though
I love Azazel more than—oh, too much !
What was I going to say ? my heart grows impious.

AHOLIBAMAH.

And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures ?

ANAH.

But, Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his angel loved me :

This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Then wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long;
Marry, and bring forth dust!

ANAH.

I should have loved
Azazel not less were he mortal; yet
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
As he adores the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible; but yet I pity him;
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I the Seraph,
And he the perishable.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Rather say,
That he will single forth some other daughter
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.

ANAH.

And if it should be so, and she so loved him,
Better thus than that he should weep for me.

AHOLIBAMAH.

If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All Seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation! 'Tis the hour.

ANAH.

Seraph!

From thy sphere!

Whatever star contain thy glory ;
In the eternal depths of Heaven
Albeit thou watchest with « the seven , » *
Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!

And though she nothing is to thee ,
Yet think that thou art all to her.

Thou canst not tell,—and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—
The bitterness of tears.

Eternity is in thine years,
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes ;
With me thou canst not sympathize ,
Except in love, and there thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne'er wept beneath the skies.

Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st
The face of Him who made thee great,
As He hath made me of the least

Of those cast out from Eden's gate :
Yet, Seraph dear!

Oh hear!

For thou hast loved me, and I would not die
Until I know what I must die in knowing,
That thou forget'st in thine eternity

Her whose heart death could not keep from
o'erflowing

For thee, immortal essence as thou art!

* The Archangels, said to be seven in number.

Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
 And such I feel are waging in my heart
 A war unworthy : to an Adamite
 Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts appear,
 For sorrow is our element;

Delight

An Eden kept afar from sight,
 Though sometimes with our visions blent.

The hour is near

Which tells me we are not abandon'd quite.—

Appear! Appear!

Seraph!

My own Azazel! be but here,
 And leave the stars to their own light.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Samiasa!

Wheresoe'er

Thou rulest in the upper air—

Or warring with the spirits who may dare

Dispute with Him

Who made all empires, empire; or recalling,
 Some wandering star which shoots through the abyss,

Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling,

Share the dim destiny of clay in this;

Or joining with the inferior cherubim,

Thou deignest to partake their hymn—

Samiasa!

I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.

Many worship thee, that will I not :

If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,

Descend and share my lot!

Though I be form'd of clay,

And thou of beams

More bright than those of day
On Eden's streams,
Thine immortality can not repay
With love more warm than mine
My love. There is a ray
In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,
I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.
It may be hidden long : death and decay
Our mother Eve bequeath'd us—but my heart
Defies it : though this life must pass away,
Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part?
Thou art immortal—so am I : I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—"thou livest for ever!"
But if it be in joy
I know not, nor would know;
That secret rests with the Almighty giver
Who folds in clouds the founts of bliss and woe.
But thee and me He never can destroy;
Change us He may, but not o'erwhelm; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With Him if He will war with us : with *thee*
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,
And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity?
No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me
thorough,
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
Around me still! and I will smile
And curse thee not; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold

As——but descend; and prove
A mortal's love

For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!

ANAH.

Sister, sister! I view them winging
Their bright way through the parted night.

AHOLIBAMAH.

The clouds from off their pinions flinging
As though they bore to-morrow's light.

ANAH.

But if our Father see the sight!

AHOLIBAMAH.

He would but deem it was the moon
Rising unto some sorcerer's tune
An hour too soon.

ANAH.

They come! *he* comes! Azazel!

AHOLIBAMAH.

Haste

To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
My spirit, while they hover there,
To Samiasa's breast!

ANAH.

Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset;—lo!
On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-colour'd bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Return'd to night, as rippling foam,
Which the leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home,

When sporting on the face of the calm deep,
 Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
 Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.

AHOLIBAMAH.

They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!

ANAH.

My Azaziel!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

Enter IRAD and JAPHET.

IRAD.

Despond not : wherefore wilt thou wander thus
 To add thy silence to the silent night,
 And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?
 They cannot aid thee.

JAPHET.

But they soothe me—now

Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.
 Methinks a being that is beautiful
 Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
 The eternal beauty of undying things.
 Oh, Anah!

IRAD.

But she loves thee not.

JAPHET.

Alas!

IRAD.

And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.

JAPHET.

I feel for thee too.

IRAD.

Let her keep her pride,

Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn;
It may be, time too will avenge it.

JAPHET.

Canst thou
Find joy in such a thought?

IRAD.

Nor joy, nor sorrow.
I loved her well; I would have loved her better,
Had love been met with love : as 'tis, I leave her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

JAPHET:

What destinies?

IRAD.

I have some cause to think
She loves another.

JAPHET.

Anah!

IRAD.

No; her sister.

JAPHET.

What other?

IRAD.

That I know not; but her air,
If not her words, tells me she loves another.

JAPHET.

Ay, but not Anah: she but loves her God.

IRAD.

Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,
What can it profit thee?

JAPHET.

True, nothing; but

I love:

IRAD.

And so did I.

JAPHET.

And now thou lov'st not,
Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?

IRAD.

Yes.

JAPHET.

I pity thee.

IRAD.

Me! why?

JAPHET.

For being happy,
Deprived of that which makes my misery.

IRAD.

I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,
And would not feel as thou dost, for more shekels
Than all our father's herds would bring if weigh'd
Against the metal of the sons of Cain—
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,
As if such useless and discolour'd trash,
The refuse of the earth, could be received
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all
Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Japhet,
Sigh to the stars as wolves howl to the moon—
I must back to my rest.

JAPHET.

And so would I

If I could rest.

IRAD.

Thou wilt not to our tents then?

JAPHET.

No, Irad; I will to the cavern: whose
Mouth they say opens from the internal world
To let the inner spirits of the earth
Forth when they walk its surface.

IRAD.

Wherefore so?

What wouldst thou there?

JAPHET.

Soothe further my sad spirit
 With gloom as sad : it is a hopeless spot,
 And I am hopeless.

IRAD.

But 'tis dangerous;
 Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with terrors.
 I must go with thee.

JAPHET.

Irada, no; believe me
 I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.

IRAD.

But evil things will be thy foe the more
 As not being of them : turn thy steps aside
 Or let mine be with thine.

JAPHET.

No; neither, Irada;
 I must proceed alone.

IRAD.

Then peace be with thee!

*(Exit IRAD.)*JAPHET, *(solus)*.

Peace ! I have sought it where it should be found,
 In love—with love too, which perhaps deserved it;
 And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart—
 A weakness of the spirit—listless days,
 And nights inexorable to sweet sleep—
 Have come upon me. Peace ! what peace ? the calm
 Of desolation, and the stillness of
 The untrodden forest, only broken by

The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs;
Such is the sullen or the fitful state
Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked,
And many signs and portents have proclaim'd
A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom
To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!
When the dread hour denounced shall open wide
The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou
Have lain within this bosom, folded from
The elements; this bosom, which in vain
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,
While thine——Oh, God! at least remit to her
Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the failing
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,
Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!
How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not;
And still would I redeem thee—see thee live
When Ocean is Earth's grave, and, unopposed
By rock or shallow, the leviathan,
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

(Exit JAPHET.)

(Enter NOAH and SHEM.)

NOAH.

Where is thy brother Japhet?

SHEM.

He went forth,
According to his wont, to meet with Irad,
He said; but, as I fear, to bend his steps
Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers nightly
Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest;
Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern
Which opens to the heart of Ararat.

NOAH.

What doth he there? It is an evil spot
 Upon an earth all evil; for things worse
 Than even wicked men resort there: he
 Still loves this daughter of a fated race,
 Although he could not weed her if she loved him,
 And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts
 Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well
 The destiny and evil of these days,
 And that the hour approacheth, should indulge
 In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way;
 He must be sought for!

SHEM.

Go not forward, father:

I will seek Japhet.

NOAH.

Do not fear for me:

All evil things are powerless on the man
 Selected by Jehovah—let us on.

SHEM.

To the tents of the father of the sisters?

NOAH.

No; to the cavern of the Caucasus.

(Exeunt NOAH and SHEM.)

SCENE III.

*The mountains.—A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.*JAPHET (*solus*).

Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
 Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
 So varied and so terrible in beauty;
 Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
 And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone

In perpendicular places, where the foot
 Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
 Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
 Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
 Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,
 Which seems to lead into a lower world,
 Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
 And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
 And man——Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who
 Shall weep above your universal grave,
 Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
 Alas! what am I better than ye are,
 That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
 The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
 While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
 Scarce less beloved, where I despaired for her?
 And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,
 Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
 Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
 No more to have the morning sun break forth,
 And scatter back the mists in floating folds
 From its tremendous brow? no more to have
 Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
 Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
 No more to be the beacon of the world,
 For angels to alight on, as the spot
 Nearest the stars? And can those words "*no more*"
 Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
 And the predestined creeping things reserved
 By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve *them*, and *I* not have the power
 To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
 A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,

Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,
 To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
 Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
 Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until
 The salt morass subside into a sphere
 Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
 The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,
 Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
 Breath will be still'd at once! All beauteous world!
 So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
 With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
 And night by night, thy number'd days and nights.
 I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
 Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
 A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
 Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
 Such as— Oh God! and canst thou——

(He pauses.)

*(A rushing sound from the cavern is heard and shouts of
 laughter—afterwards a Spirit passes.)*

JAPHET.

In the name

Of the most High, what art thou?

SPIRIT *(laughs)*.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

JAPHET.

By all that earth holds holiest, speak!

SPIRIT *(laughs)*.

Ha! Ha!

JAPHET.

By the approaching deluge! by the earth
 Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
 The deep which will lay open all her fountains!

The Heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,
 And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes !
 Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
 Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me !
 Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh ?

SPIRIT.

Why weep'st thou ?

JAPHET.

For earth and all her children.

SPIRIT.

Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

(Spirit vanishes.)

JAPHET.

How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,
 The coming desolation of an orb,
 On which the sun shall rise and warm no life !
 How the earth sleeps ! and all that in it is
 Sleep too upon the very eve of death !
 Why should they wake to meet it ? What is here,
 Which look like death in life, and speak like things
 Born ere this dying world ? They come like clouds !

(Various Spirits pass from the cavern.)

SPIRIT.

Rejoice !

The abhorred race

Which could not keep in Eden their high place,

But listen'd to the voice

Of knowledge without power,

Are nigh the hour

Of death !

Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,

Nor years, nor heart-break, nor Time's sapping
 motion,

Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow !

Earth shall be ocean!

And no breath,

Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!

Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:

Not even a rock from out the liquid grave

Shall lift its point to save,

Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,

After long looking o'er the ocean wide

For the expected ebb which cometh not:

All shall be void,

Destroy'd!

Another element shall be the lord

Of life, and the abhorr'd

Children of dust be quench'd; and of each hue

Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;

And of the variegated mountain

Shall nought remain

Unchanged, or of the level plain;

Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:

All merged within the universal fountain,

Man, earth, and fire, shall die,

And sea and sky

Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.

Upon the foam

Who shall erect a home?

JAPHET (*coming forward*).

My sire!

Earth's seed shall not expire;

Only the evil shall be put away

From day,

Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!

Who howl your hideous joy

When God destroys whom you dare not destroy;

Hence! haste!

Back to your inner caves!

Until the waves

Shall search you in your secret place,

And drive your sullen race

Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds

In restless wretchedness along all space!

SPIRIT.

Son of the saved!

When thou and thine have braved

The wide and warring element;

When the great barrier of the deep is rent,

Shall thou and thine be good or happy?—No!

Thy new world and new race shall be of woe—

Less goodly in their aspect, in their years

Less than the glorious giants, who

Yet walk the world in pride,

The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.

Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.

And art thou not ashamed

Thus to survive,

And eat, and drink, and wife?

With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,

As even to hear this wide destruction named;

Without such grief and courage, as should rather

Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,

Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,

And build thy city o'er the drown'd Earth's grave?

Who would outlive their kind,

Except the base and blind?

Mine

Hateth thine

As of a different order in the sphere,

But not our own.

There is not one who hath not left a throne
 Vacant in Heaven to dwell in darkness here,
 Rather than see his mates endure alone.

Go, wretch! and give
 A life like thine to other wretches—live!
 And when the annihilating waters roar
 Above what they have done,
 Envy the Giant Patriarchs then no more,
 And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
 Thyself for being his son!

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.

Rejoice!

No more the human voice
 Shall vex our joys in middle air
 With prayer;

No more
 Shall they adore;

And we, who ne'er for ages have adored
 The prayer-exacting Lord,
 To whom the omission of a sacrifice
 Is vice;

We, we shall view the deep salt sources pour'd
 Until one element shall do the work
 Of all in chaos; until they,

The creatures proud of their poor clay,
 Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk
 In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where
 The Deep shall follow to their latest lair;

Where even the brutes, in their despair,
 Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,
 And the striped tiger shall lie down to die

Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother;
 Till all things shall be as they were,
 Silent and uncreated, save the sky :
 While a brief truce
 Is made with Death, who shall forbear
 The little remnant of the past creation,
 To generate new nations for his use;
 This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
 Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,
 When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil
 Into a world, shall give again to Time
 New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—crime—
 With all companionship of hate and toil,
 Until——

JAPHET (*interrupting them*).

The eternal will

Shall deign to expound this dream
 Of good and evil; and redeem
 Unto Himself all times, all things;
 And, gather'd under his almighty wings,
 Abolish hell!

And to the expiated Earth
 Restore the beauty of her birth,
 Her Eden in an endless paradise,
 Where man no more can fall as once he fell,
 And even the very demons shall do well!

SPIRITS.

And when shall take effect this wond'rous spell?

JAPHET.

When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,
 And then in glory.

SPIRIT.

Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,

Till earth wax hoary;
 War with yourselves, and Hell, and Heaven, in vain,
 Until the clouds look gory
 With the blood reeking from each battle plain;
 New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but still
 The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,
 Shall be amongst your race in different forms;
 But the same moral storms
 Shall oversweep the future, as the waves
 In a few hours the glorious Giants' graves. *

Chorus of Spirits.

Brethren, rejoice;
 Mortal, farewell!

Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice
 Of growing Ocean's gloomy swell;
 The winds, too, plume their piercing wings!
 The clouds have nearly fill'd their springs;
 The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,
 And Heaven set wide her windows; while mankind
 View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token—
 Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
 We hear the sound they cannot hear,
 The mustering thunders of the threatening sphere;
 Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd;
 Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
 Yet undisplay'd,
 Save to the Spirits' all-pervading eye.
 Howl! howl! oh Earth!
 Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:

* «And there were Giants in those days, and after; mighty men, which were of old men of renown.»—*Genesis*.

Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The ocean's overflow!

The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,

The little shells of ocean's least things be

Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—

How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!

And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,

Unanswer'd save by the encroaching swell;—

While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,

The wings which could not save:—

Where could he rest them, while the whole space
brings

Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?

Brethren, rejoice!

And loudly lift each superhuman voice—

All die,

Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—

The seed of Seth,

Exempt for future Sorrow's sake from death.

But of the sons of Cain

None shall remain;

And all his goodly daughters

Must lie beneath the desolating waters;

Or, floating upward with their long hair laid

Along the wave, the cruel Heaven upbraid,

Which would not spare

Beings even in death so fair.

It is decreed,

All die!

And to the universal human cry

The universal silence shall succeed!

Fly, brethren, fly!

But still rejoice!

We fell!

They fall!

So perish all

These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from Hell!

(The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.)

JAPHET (*solus*).

God hath proclaim'd the destiny of Earth;
 My father's ark of safety hath announced it;
 The very demons shriek it from their caves;
 The scroll * of Enoch prophesied it long
 In silent books, which, in their silence, say
 More to the mind than thunder to the ear :
 And yet men listen'd not, nor listen; but
 Walk darkling to their doom; which, though so nigh,
 Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,
 Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose,
 Or deaf obedient Ocean, which fulfils it.
 No sign yet hangs its banner in the air;
 The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture;
 The sun will rise upon the earth's last day
 As on the fourth day of creation, when
 God said unto him, « Shine! » and he broke forth
 Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
 Uniform'd forefather of mankind—but roused
 Before the human orison the earlier
 Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,
 Which in the open firmament of Heaven
 Have wings like angels, and like them salute
 Heaven first each day before the Adamites!
 Their matins now draw nigh—the East is kindling—

* The Book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the Flood.

And they will sing ! and day will break ! Both near,
 So near the awful close ! For these must drop
 Their outworn pinions on the deep ; and day,
 After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—
 Ay, day will rise ; but upon what ? A chaos,
 Which was ere day ; and which , renew'd , makes time
 Nothing ! for, without life, what are the hours ?
 No more to dust than is eternity
 Unto Jehovah, who created both.
 Without him, even Eternity would be
 A void : without man, Time, as made for man,
 Lies with man, and is swallow'd in that Deep
 Which has no fountain ; as his race will be
 Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world.—
 What have we here ? Shapes of both earth and air ?
 No—all of Heaven, they are so beautiful.
 I cannot trace their features ; but their forms,
 How lovely they move along the side
 Of the gray mountain, scattering its mist !
 And after the swart savage spirits, whose
 Infernal Immortality pour'd forth
 Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
 Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
 To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
 For which I have so often pray'd—They come !
 Anah ! oh God ! and with her——

(Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBAMAH.)

ANAH.

Japhet !

SAMIASA.

Lo !

A son of Adam !

AZAZIEL.

What doth the Earth-born here,
While all his race are slumbering?

JAPHET.

Angel! what
Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be on high?

AZAZIEL.

Know'st thou not, or forget'st thou, that a part
Of our great function is to guard thine earth?

JAPHET.

But all good angels have forsaken earth,
Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly
The approaching Chaos. Anah! Anah! my
In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!
Why walk'st thou with this Spirit, in those hours
When no good spirit longer lights below?

ANAH.

Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet
Forgive me——

JAPHET.

May the Heaven, which soon no more
Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!
We know thee not.

JAPHET.

The hour may come when thou
May'st know me better; and thy sister know
Me still the same which I have ever been.

SAMIASA.

Son of the Patriarch, who hath ever been
Upright before his God, whate'er thy griefs,

And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with wrath,
How have Azaziel, or myself, brought on thee
Wrong?

JAPHET.

Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou
Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not
Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
That word so often! but now say it, ne'er
To be repeated. Angel! or what'er
Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
To save this beautiful—*these* beautiful
Children of Cain?

AZAZIEL.

From what?

JAPHET.

And is it so,
That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye
Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now must
Partake his punishment; or at the least
My sorrow.

SAMIASA.

Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.

JAPHET.

And hath not the Most High expounded them?
Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

AHOLIBAMAH.

So be it!
If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink
More to be mortal, than I would to dare
An immortality of agonies
With Samiasa!

ANAH.

Sister ! sister ! speak not.

Thus.

AZAZIEL.

Fearest thou, my Anah ?

ANAH.

Yes, for thee ;

I would resign the greater remnant of
This little life of mine , before one hour
Of thine eternity should know a pang.

JAPHET.

It is for *him* , then ! for the Seraph thou
Hast left me ! That is nothing , if thou hast not
Left thy God too ! for unions like to these ,
Between a mortal and immortal , cannot
Be happy or be hallow'd . We are sent
Upon the earth to toil and die ; and they
Are made to minister on high unto
The Highest ; but if he can *save* thee , soon
The hour will come in which celestial aid
Alone can do so .

ANAH.

Ah ! he speaks of death .

SAMIASA.

Of death to *us* ! and those who are with us !
But that the man seems full of sorrow , I
Could smile .

JAPHET.

I grieve not for myself , nor fear ;
I am safe , not for my own deserts , but those
Of a well-doing sire , who hath been found
Righteous enough to save his children . Would
His power was greater of redemption ! or

That by exchanging my own life for hers,
 Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
 The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share
 The Ark which shall receive a remnant of
 The seed of Seth!

AHOLIBAMAH.

And dost thou think that we,
 With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood
 Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who was begotten
 In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's children?
 Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
 No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!
 Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine
 From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

JAPHET.

I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
 Too much of the forefather, whom thou vauntest,
 Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
 From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!
 But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
 Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word I cannot
 Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
 Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
 Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
 Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art.
 The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,
 For all of them are fairest in their favour——

AHOLIBAMAH (*interrupting him.*)

And wouldst thou have her like our father's foe
 In mind, in soul? If I partook thy thought,
 And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her*!—
 Get thee hence, son of Noah; though mak'st strife.

JAPHET.

Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!

AHOLIBAMAH.

But

He slew not Seth: and what hast thou to do
With other deeds between his God and him?

JAPHET.

Thou speakest well: his God hath judged him, and
I had not named his deed, but that thyself
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
From what he had done.

AHOLIBAMAH.

He was our fathers' father;
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him,
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days—

JAPHET.

They are number'd.—

AHOLIBAMAH.

Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers!

JAPHET.

My sire and race but glory in their God,
Anah! and thou?—

ANAH.

Whate'er our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey:
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt

Of all my house. My sister! Oh, my sister!
 What were the world, or other worlds, or all
 The brightest future without the sweet past—
 Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all
 The things which sprung up with me, like the stars,
 Making my dim existence radiant with
 Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
 Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:
 I abhor death, because that thou must die.

AHOLIBAMAH.

What! hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,
 The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
 Shaken *my* sister? Are *we* not the loved
 Of seraphs? and if we were not must we
 Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?
 Rather than thus——But the enthusiast dreams
 The worst of dreams, the fantasies engender'd
 By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who
 Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,
 And bid those clouds and waters take a shape
 Distinct from that which we and all our sires
 Have seen them wear on their eternal way?
 Who shall do this?

JAPHET.

He, whose one word produced them.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Who *heard* that word?

JAPHET.

The Universe, which leap'd
 To life before it. Ah! smil'st thou still in scorn?
 Turn to thy seraphs; if they attest it not,
 They are none.

SAMIASA.

Aholibamah, own thy God!

AHOLIBAMAH.

I have ever hail'd Our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine, and mine : a God of love, not sorrow.

JAPHET.

Alas! what else is Love but Sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.

AHOLIBAMAH.

'Tis said so.

JAPHET.

(Enter NOAH and SHEM.)

It is even so.

NOAH.

Japhet! What

Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?
Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?

JAPHET.

Father, it cannot be a sin to seek
To save an earth-born being; and behold,
These are not of the sinful, since they have
The fellowship of angels.

NOAH.

These are they, then,
Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives
From out the race of Cain; the sons of Heaven,
Who seek Earth's daughters for their beauty?

AZAZIEL.

Patriarch!

Thou hast said it.

NOAH.

Woe, woe, woe to such communion!
Has not God made a barrier between Earth
And Heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

SAMIASA.

Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?
 Did God not love what he had made? And what
 Do we but imitate and emulate
 His love unto created love?

NOAH.

I am

But man, and was not made to judge mankind,
 Far less the sons of God, but as our God
 Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
 Of seraphs from their everlasting seat
 Unto a perishable and perishing,
 Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,
 Cannot be good.

AZAZIEL.

What! though it were to save?

NOAH.

Not ye in all your glory can redeem
 What He who made you glorious hath condemn'd.
 Were your immortal mission safety, 'twould
 Be general, not for two, though beautiful,
 And beautiful they are, but not the less
 Condemn'd.

JAPHET.

Oh father! say it not.

NOAH.

Son! son!

If that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget
 That they exist; they soon shall cease to be,
 While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,
 And better.

JAPHET.

Let me die with *this*, and *them*!

NOAH.

Thou *shouldst* for such a thought, but shalt not; He
Who *can*, redeems thee.

SAMIASA.

And why him and thee,
More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?

NOAH.

Ask him who made thee greater than myself
And mine, but not less subject to his own
Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and
Least to be tempted Messenger appears!

(Enter RAPHAEL the Archangel.)

RAPHAEL.

Spirits!

Whose seat is near the throne,
What do ye here?
Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown
Now that the hour is near
When earth must be alone?

Return!

Adore and burn
In glorious homage with the elected « seven. »
Your place is Heaven.

SAMIASA.

Raphael!

The first and fairest of the sons of God,
How long hath this been law,
That earth by angels must be left untrod?
Earth! which oft saw
Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!
The world He loved, and made
For love; and oft have we obey'd
His frequent mission with delighted pinions.

Adoring Him in his least works display'd;
 Watching this youngest star of His dominions :
 And as the latest birth of his great word,
 Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.

Why is thy brow severe?

And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?

RAPHAEL.

Had Samiasa and Azaziel been
 In their true place, with the angelic choir,
 Written in fire
 They would have seen
 Jehovah's late decree,
 And not inquired their Maker's breath of me :
 But ignorance must ever be

A part of sin ;

And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less
 As they wax proud within ;
 For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.

When all good angels left the world, ye stay'd
 Stung with strange passions, and debased
 By mortal feelings for a mortal maid ;
 But ye are pardon'd thus far, and replaced
 With your pure equals : Hence ! Hence ! away ! away !

Or stay,

And lose eternity by that delay !

AZAZIEL.

And Thou ! if earth be thus forbidden

In the decree

To us until this moment hidden,

Dost thou not err as we

In being here ?

RAPHAEL.

I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,

In the great name and at the word of God!
Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear

That which I came to do : till now we trod
Together the eternal space, together

Let us still walk the stars. True, Earth must die!
Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither;

And much which she inherits; but oh! why
Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,
Without involving ever some vast void

In the immortal ranks? immortal still

In their immeasurable forfeiture.

Our brother Satan fell, his burning will

Rather than longer worship dared endure!

But ye who still are pure!

Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest one,

Think how he was undone!

And think if tempting man can compensate

For Heaven desired too late?

Long have I warr'd,

Long must I war

With him who deem'd it hard

To be created, and to acknowledge him

Who 'midst the cherubim

Made him as suns to a dependant star,

Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim!

I loved him—beautiful he was : oh Heaven!

Save *His* who made, what beauty and what power

Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour

In which he fell could ever be forgiven!

The wish is impious : but oh ye!

Yet undestroy'd, be warn'd! Eternity

With him, or with his God, is in your choice :

He hath not tempted you, he cannot tempt

The angels, from his further snares exempt ;

But man hath listen'd to his voice ,

And ye to woman's—beautiful she is ,

The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss ,

The snake but vanquish'd dust ; but she will draw

A second host from Heaven, to break Heaven's law.

Yet, yet, oh fly !

Ye cannot die ,

But they

Shall pass away ,

While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky

For perishable clay ,

Whose memory in your immortality

Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day ,

Think how your essence differeth from theirs

In all but suffering ! Why partake

The agony to which they must be heirs—

Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,

And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil ?

Even had their days been left to toil their path

Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath ,

Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's spoil.

AHOLIBAMA.

Let them fly !

I hear the voice which says that all must die ,

Sooner than our white-bearded Patriarchis died ;

And that on high

An ocean is prepared ,

While from below

The deep shall rise to meet Heaven's overflow !

Few shall be spared ;

It seems ; and, of that few, the race of Cain

Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.

Sister! since it is so,
 And the eternal Lord
 In vain would be implored.

For the remission of one hour of woe,
 Let us resign even what we have adored,
 And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
 If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,
 And wailing less for us than those who shall
 Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
 And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,
 Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.
 Fly, Seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
 Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.

Our portion is to die,
 And yours to live for ever :
 But which is best, a dead eternity,
 Or living, is but known to the great Giver :
 Obey him, as we shall obey ;
 I would not keep this life of mine in clay
 An hour beyond His will ;
 Nor see ye lose a portion of His grace,
 For all the mercy which Seth's race
 Find still.

Fly!

And as your pinions bear ye back to Heaven,
 Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,
 Samiasa !
 And if I look up with a tearless eye,
 'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep—
 Farewell! Now rise, inexorable Deep!

ANAH.

And must we die?
 And must I lose thee too,

Azazel?

Oh, my heart! my heart!

Thy prophecies were true,

And yet thou wert so happy too!

The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new;

But yet depart!

Ah, why?

Yet let me not retain thee—fly!

My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be

Eternal, if repulsed from Heaven for me.

Too much already hast thou deign'd

To one of Adam's race!

Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,

But to the spirits who have not disdain'd

To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace:

The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurl'd

From his once archangelic throne

Into some unknown world:

And thou, Azazel! No—

Thou shalt not suffer woe

For me. Away! nor weep!

Thou canst not weep; but yet

May'st suffer more, not weeping: then forget

Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling Deep

Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!

Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.

JAPHET.

Oh say not so!

Father! and thou, archangel, thou!

Surely celestial Mercy lurks below

That pure severe serenity of brow:

Let them not meet this sea without a shore,

Save in our ark, or let me be no more!

NOAH.

Peace; child of passion, peace!
 If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue
 Do God no wrong!
 Live as he wills it—die, when he ordains,
 A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.
 Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease
 To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
 Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?

Such would it be
 To alter his intent

For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!
 And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.

JAPHET.

Ay, father! but when they are gone,
 And we are all alone,
 Floating upon the azure desert, and
 The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
 And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
 Buried in its immeasurable breast,
 Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then com-
 mand?
 Can we in desolation's peace have rest?
 Oh God! be thou a God, and spare
 Yet while 'tis time!

Renew not Adam's fall:
 Mankind were then but twain,
 But they are numerous now as are the waves
 And the tremendous rain,
 Whose drops shall be less thick than would their
 graves,
 Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.

NOAH.

Silence, vain boy ! each word of thine's a crime !
 Angel ! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

RAPHAEL.

Seraphs ! these mortals speak in passion : Ye !
 Who are , or should be , passionless and pure ,
 May now return with me.

SAMIASA.

It may not be :
 We have chosen , and will endure.

RAPHAEL.

Say'st thou ?

AZAZIEL.

He hath said it , and I say , Amen !

RAPHAEL.

Again !

Then from this hour ,
 Shorn as ye are of all celestial power ,
 And aliens from your God ,
 Farewell !

JAPHET,

Alas ! where shall they dwell ?
 Hark ! hark ! Deep sounds , and deeper still ,
 Are howling from the mountain's bosom :
 There's not a breath of wind upon the hill ,
 Yet quivers every leaf , and drops each blossom :
 Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

NOAH.

Hark ! hark ! the sea-birds cry !
 In clouds they overspread the lurid sky
 And hover round the mountain , where before
 Never a white wing , wetted by the wave ,
 Yet dared to soar ,

Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.
 Soon it shall be their only shore,
 And then, no more!

JAPHET.

The sun! the sun!
 He riseth, but his better light is gone;
 And a black circle, bound
 His glaring disk around,
 Proclaims earth's last of summer days hath shone!
 The clouds return into the hues of night,
 Save where their brazen-colour'd edges streak
 The verge where brighter morns were wont to
 break.

NOAH.

And lo! yon flash of light,
 The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!
 It cometh! hence, away,
 Leave to the elements their evil prey!
 Hence to where our all-hallow'd ark uprears
 Its safe and wreckless sides.

JAPHET.

Oh, father, stay!
 Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!

NOAH.

Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!

JAPHET.

Not I.

NOAH.

Then die

With them!

How dar'st thou look on that prophetic sky,
 And seek to save what all things now condemn,
 In overwhelming unison
 With just Jehovah's wrath?

JAPHET.

Can rage and justice join in the same path?

NOAH.

Blasphemer! dar'st thou murmur even now?

RAPHAEL.

Patriarch, be still a father! smoothe thy brow:

Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink;
 He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink
 With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters;
 But be, when Passion passeth, good as thou,
 Nor perish like Heaven's children with Man's
 daughters.

AHOLIBAMAH.

The Tempest cometh; Heaven and Earth unite
 For the annihilation of all life.

Unequal is the strife

Between our strength and the Eternal Might!

SAMIASA.

But ours is with thee: we will bear ye far
 To some untroubled star,
 Where thou and Anah shall partake our lot:
 And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth,
 Our forfeit Heaven shall also be forgot.

ANAH.

Oh! my dear father's tents, my place of birth!
 And mountains, land, and woods, when ye are not,
 Who shall dry up my tears?

AZAZIEL.

Thy Spirit-lord.

Fear not, though we are shut from Heaven,
 Yet much is ours, whence we can not be driven.

RAPHAEL.

Rebel!! thy words are wicked, as thy deeds

Shall henceforth be but weak : the flaming sword,
Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

AZAZIEL.

It cannot slay us : threaten dust with death,
And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds !
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes ?

RAPHAEL.

The moment cometh to approve thy strength ;
And learn at length
How vain to war with what thy God commands :
Thy former force was in thy faith.

(*Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.*)

Chorus of Mortals.

The heavens and earth are mingling—God ! oh God !
What have we done ? Yet spare !
Hark ! even the forest beasts howl for their prayer !
The dragon crawls from out his den,
To herd in terror innocent with men ;
And the birds scream their agony through air.
Yet, yet, Jehovah ! yet withdraw thy rod
Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despair !
Hear not Man only but all Nature plead !

RAPHAEL.

Farewell, thou earth ! ye wretched sons of clay,
I cannot, must not aid you. 'Tis decreed !

(*Exit RAPHAEL.*)

JAPHET.

Some clouds sweep on, as vultures for their prey,
While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word
At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.
No azure more shall robe the firmament,
Nor spangled stars be glorious : Death hath risen :

In the Sun's place a pale and ghastly glare
Hath wound itself around the dying air.

AZAZIEL.

Come, Anah! quit this chaos-founded prison,
To which the elements again repair,
To turn it into what it was: beneath
The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,
As was the eagle's nestling once within
Its mother's.—Let the coming chaos chafe
With all its elements! Heed not their din!
A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe
Ethereal life, will we explore:
These darken'd clouds are not the only skies.

(AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off, and disappear
with ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.)

JAPHET.

They are gone! They have disappear'd amidst the roar
Of the forsaken world; and never more,
Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes.

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!
What, wilt thou leave us all—all—*all* behind?
While safe, amidst the elemental strife,
Thou sit'st within thy guarded ark?

A MOTHER (*offering her infant to JAPHET.*)

Oh let this child embark!

I brought him forth in woe,

But thought it joy

To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born?

What hath he done—

My unwean'd son—

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?

What is there in this milk of mine, that Death
Should stir all Heaven and Earth up to destroy

My boy,

And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?

Save him, thou seed of Seth!

Or cursed be—with Him who made

Thee and thy race, for which we are betray'd!

JAPHET.

Peace! 'tis no hour for curses, but for prayer!

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!

And where

Shall prayer ascend,

When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend

And burst,

And gushing oceans every barrier rend,

Until the very deserts know no thirst?

Accursed

Be He, who made thee and thy sire!

We deem our curses vain; we must expire;

But, as we know the worst,

Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent

Before the implacable Omnipotent,

Since we must fall the same?

If He hath made earth, let it be His shame,

To make a world for torture:—Lo! they come,

The loathsome waters in their rage!

And with their roar make wholesome Nature dumb!

The forest's trees (coeval with the hour

When Paradise upsprung,

Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,
Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung;

So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,
Are overtopp'd,

Their summer blossoms by the surges lopp'd,
Which rise, and rise, and rise.

Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—

They meet the seas,
And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.

Fly, son of Noah, fly, and take thine ease
In thine allotted Ocean-tent;

And view, all floating o'er the Element,
The corpses of the world of thy young days:

Then to Jehovah raise

Thy song of praise!

A MORTAL.

Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord!

And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,
Yet, as *His* word,

Be the decree adored!
He gave me life—He taketh but

The breath which is His own:
And though these eyes should be for ever shut,

Nor longer this weak voice before His throne
Be heard in supplicating tone,

Still blessed be the Lord,
For what is past,

For that which is:
For all are His,

From first to last—
Time—space—eternity—life—death—

The vast known and immeasurable unknown.
 He made, and can unmake;
 And shall I, for a little gasp of breath,
 Blaspheme and groan?
 No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
 Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of Mortals.

Where shall we fly?
 Not to the mountains high;
 For now their torrents rush with double roar,
 To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
 Already grasps each drowning hill,
 Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.

(Enter a Woman.)

WOMAN.

Oh, save me, save!
 Our valley is no more:
 My father and my father's tent,
 My brethren and my brethren's herds,
 The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent
 And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,
 The little rivulet which freshen'd all
 Our pastures green,
 No more are to be seen.
 When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,
 I turn'd to bless the spot,
 And not a leaf appear'd about to fall;—
 And now they are not!—
 Why was I born?

JAPHET.

To die! in youth to die;
 And happier in that doom,

Than to behold the universal tomb

Which I

Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain.

Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

(The Waters rise : Men fly in every direction ; many are overtaken by the waves ; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the Mountains ; JAPHET remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.)

END OF PART FIRST.

200
I am to behold the universal tomb

Which I

Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain,
Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

The Waters run: then he in every fountain;
over which by the waves; the Chorus of flowers
in quest of every up the glaucous; I thus remain
upon a rock, while the heart torn he him in the
distant

END OF THE FIRST

THE
VISION OF JUDGMENT.
BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR
OF « WAT TYLER. »

« A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. »

THE

VISION OF JUDGMENT

BY OF FATHER BRIVIA

PROFESSOR OF THE SACRAMENTS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
AND
OF THE SACRAMENTS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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VISION OF JUDGMENT.

I.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate,
 His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
 So little trouble had been given of late;
 Not that the place by any means was full,
 But since the Gallic era «eighty-eight,»
 The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
 And «a pull altogether,» as they say
 At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
 And hoarse with having little else to do,
 Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
 Or curb a runaway young star or two,
 Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
 Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
 Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
 As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
 Finding their charges past all care below;
 Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
 Save the recording angel's black bureau;
 Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
 With such rapidity of vice and woe,
 That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
 And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
 That he was forced, against his will, no doubt
 (Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers),
 For some resource to turn himself about,
 And claim the help of his celestial peers,
 To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
 By the increased demand for his remarks;
 Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
 And yet they had even then enough to do,
 So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
 So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
 Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,
 Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
 They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
 The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
 What angels shrink from: even the very devil
 On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,
 So surfeited with the infernal revel;
 Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
 It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
 (Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion—
 'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
 Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
 And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,
 With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't;

'Twill one day finish : meantime they increase,
 « With seven heads and ten horns, » and all in front,
 Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born
 Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
 Died George the Third ; although no tyrant , one
 Who shielded tyrants , till each sense withdrawn
 Left him nor mental nor external sun :
 A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn ;
 A worse king never left a realm undone !
 He died—but left his subjects still behind ,
 One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

IX.

He died!—his death made no great stir on earth ;
 His burial made some pomp ; there was profusion
 Of velvet , gilding , brass , and no great dearth
 Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion ;
 For these things may be bought at their true worth :
 Of elegy there was the due infusion—
 Bought also ; and the torches , cloaks , and banners ,
 Heralds , and relics of old Gothic manners ,

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all
 The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show ,
 Who cared about the corpse ? The funeral
 Made the attraction , and the black the woe.
 There throb'd not there a thought which pierced the
 pall ;
 And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low ,
 It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
 The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
 Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
 The natural compound left alone to fight
 Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
 But the unnatural balsams merely blight
 What nature made him at his birth, as bare
 As the mere million's base unmummied clay—
 Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done :
 He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
 Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
 For him, unless he left a German will;
 But where's the proctor who will ask his son?
 In whom his qualities are reigning still,
 Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
 Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

« God save the king! » It is a large economy
 In God to save the like; but if he will
 Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
 Of those who think damnation better still :
 I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
 In this small hope of bettering future ill
 By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
 The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know
 'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
 For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
 I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd

With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow ;

I know that all save England's church have sham'd,
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

XV.

God help us all ! God help me , too ! I am ,

God knows , as helpless as the devil can wish ,
And not a whit more difficult to damn

Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish ,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb ;

Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost every body born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate ,

And nodded o'er his keys ; when lo ! there came
A wonderous noise he had not heard of late—

A rushing sound of wind , and stream , and flame ;
In short , a roar of things extremely great ,

Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim ;
But he , with first a start and then a wink ,
Said , « There's another star gone out , I think ! »

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose ,

A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—
At which Saint Peter yawn'd , and rubb'd his nose :

« Saint porter , » said the Angel , « prithee rise ? »
Waving a goodly wing , which glow'd , as glows

An earthly peacock's tail , with heavenly dyes ;
To which the Saint replied , « Well , what's the matter ;
« Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter ? »

XVIII.

« No, » quoth the Cherub; « George the Third is dead. »

« And who is George the Third? » replied the Apostle;
 « *What George? what Third?* » « The King of Eng-
 land, » said

The Angel. « Well! he wont find kings to jostle
 « Him on his way; but does he wear his head?

« Because the—we saw here had a tussle,
 « And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,
 « Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

« He was, if I remember, king of——

« That head of his, which could not keep a crown
 « On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance

« A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:
 « If I had had my sword, as I had once

« When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
 « But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
 « I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX.

« And then he set up such a headless howl,

« That all the saints came out, and took him in;
 « And there he sits by Saint Paul, cheek by jowl;

« That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin
 « Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl

« In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin
 « So as to make a martyr, never sped

« Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI.

« But had it come up here upon its shoulders,

« There would have been a different tale to tell:
 « The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders

« Seems to have acted on them like a spell,

« And so this very foolish head heaven solders
 « Back on its trunk : it may be very well ,
 « And seems the custom here to overthrow
 « Whatever has been wisely done below. »

XXII.

The Angel answer'd, « Peter ! do not pout ;
 « The king who comes has head and all entire,
 « And never knew much what it was about—
 « He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,
 « And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt :
 « My business and your own is not to inquire
 « Into such matters, but to mind our cue—
 « Which is to act as we are bid to do. »

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
 Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
 Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
 Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,
 Or Thames, or Tweed), and midst them an old man
 With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
 Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
 Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host,
 A spirit of a different aspect waved
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved ;
 His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost ;
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
 And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate,
 Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or sin,
 With such a glance of supernatural hate,
 As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
 He potter'd with his keys at a great rate;
 And sweated through his apostolic skin:
 Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled altogether,
 Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt
 A tingling to the tip of every feather,
 And form'd a circle, like Orion's belt,
 Around their poor old charge, who scarce knew whither
 His guards had led him, though they gently dealt
 With royal manes (for, by many stories,
 And true, we learn the angels all are Tories),

XXVII.

As things where in this posture, the gate flew
 Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
 Flung over space an aniversal hue
 Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges
 Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a new
 Aurora borealis spread its fringes
 O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound,
 By Captain Parry's crews, in « Melville's Sound. »

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
 Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
 Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:

My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
 With earthly likenesses, for here the night
 Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
 Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

'Twas the archangel Michael : all men know
 The make of angels and archangels, since
 There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
 From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
 There also are some altar-pieces, though
 I really can't say that they much evince
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
 A goodly work of him from whom all glory
 And good arise; the portal pass'd—he stood;
 Before him the young cherubs and saint hoary,
 (I say *young*, begging to be understood
 By looks, not years; and should be very sorry
 To state, they were not older than Saint Peter,
 But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter.)

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
 That arch-angelic Hierarch, the first
 Of Essences angelical, who wore
 The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
 Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
 No thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
 Intrude, however glorified and high;
 He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—

They knew each other both for good and ill; do
Such was their power, that neither could forget
His former friend and future foe; but still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret
In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their «Champ Clos» the spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space; we know
From Job, than Sathan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;
And that «the Sons of God,» like those of clay,
Must keep him company; and we might show,
From the same book, in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil—but 'twould take up hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic
If Job be allegory or a fact,
But a true narrative; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
The gate of Heaven; like eastern threshold is
The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,
And souls dispatched to that world or to this;

And therefore Michael and the other wore

A civil aspect : though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bow'd , not like a modern beau ,

But with a graceful Oriental bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
But kindly; Sathan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow

An instant; and then, raising it, he stood
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
Cause why King George by no means could or should
Make out a case to be exempt from woe
Eternal, more than other kings endued
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have «paved hell with their good intentions.»

XXXVIII.

Michael began : « What wouldst thou with this man,
« Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
« Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
« That thou canst claim him? Speak ! and do thy will,
« If it be just : if in this earthly span
« He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
« His duties as a king and mortal, say,
« And he is thine; if not, let him have way. »

XXXIX.

« Michael! » replied the Prince of Air, « even here,
 « Before the gate of him thou servest, must
 « I claim my subject; and will make appear
 « That as he was my worshipper in dust,
 « So shall he be in spirit, although dear
 « To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
 « Were of his weaknesses! yet on the throne
 « He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL.

« Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was,
 « *Once, more* thy master's: but I triumph not
 « In this poor planet's conquest, nor, alas!
 « Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
 « With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
 « In worship round him, he may have forgot
 « Yon weak creation of such paltry things;
 « I think few worth damnation save their kings,

XLI.

« And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
 « Assert my right as lord; and even had
 « I such an inclination, 'twere (as you
 « Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,
 « That hell has nothing better left to do
 « Than leave them to themselves: so much more mad
 « And evil by their own internal curse,
 « Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII.

« Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
 « When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor
 worm
 « Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign;
 « The world and he both wore a different form,

« And much of earth and all the watery plain
 « Of ocean call'd him king : through many a storm
 « His isles had floated on the abyss of Time;
 « For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII.

« He came to his sceptre, young ; he leaves it, old :
 « Look to the state in which he found his realm,
 « And left it; and his annals, too, behold,
 « How to a minion first he gave the helm;
 « How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
 « The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
 « The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
 « Thine eye along America and France!

XLIV.

« 'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
 « (I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
 « So let him be consumed! From out the past
 « Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
 « Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
 « Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's school,
 « Take the worst pupil, and produce a reign
 « More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the
 slain!

XLV.

« He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
 « Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
 « So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'
 « Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose
 « History was ever stain'd as his will be
 « With national and individual woes?
 « I grant his household abstinence; I grant
 « His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

XLVI.

- « I know he was a constant consort; own
 « He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
 « All this is much, and most upon a throne;
 « As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
 « Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
 « I grant him all the kindest can accord;
 « And this was well for him, but not for those
 « Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII.

- « The new world shook him off; the old yet groans
 « Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
 « Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
 « To all his vices, without what begot
 « Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones
 « Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
 « A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
 « Upon the throne of Earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII.

- « Five millions of the primitive, who hold
 « The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored
 « A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old,—
 « Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,
 « Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
 « Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd
 « The foe to Catholic participation
 « In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX.

- « True! he allow'd them to pray God; but, as
 « A consequence of prayer, refused the law
 « Which would have placed them upon the same base
 « With those who did not hold the saints in awe.»

But here Saint Peter started from his place,
 And cried, « You may the prisoner withdraw :
 « Ere Heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelf,
 « While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L.

« Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
 « My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
 « Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
 « The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure! »
 « Saint! » replied Sathan, « you do well to avenge
 « The wrongs he made your satellites endure;
 « And if to this exchange you should be given,
 « I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven. »

LI.

Here Michael interposed : « Good saint! and devil!
 « Pray not so fast; you both out-run discretion.
 « Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil :
 « Sathan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
 « And condescension to the vulgar's level :
 « Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
 « Have you got more to say? »—« No! »—« If you please,
 « I'll trouble you to call *y^{our}* witnesses. »

LII.

Then Sathan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,
 Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
 Clouds farther off than we can understand,
 Although we find him sometimes in our skies;
 Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
 In all the planets, and hell's batteries
 Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
 As one of Sathan's most sublime inventions.

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
 As have the privilege of their damnation
 Extended far beyond the mere controls
 Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
 Is theirs particularly in the rolls
 Of hell assigned; but where their inclination
 Or business carries them in search of game,
 They may range freely—being damn'd the same.

LIV.

They are proud of this—as very well they may,
 It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
 Stuck in their loins; or like to an « *entré* »
 Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry:
 I borrow my comparaisons from clay,
 Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
 Offended with such base low likenesses;
 We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell,—
 About ten million times the distance reckon'd
 From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
 How much time it takes up, even to a second,
 For every ray that travels to dispel
 The fogs of London; through which, dimly beacon'd,
 The weathercocks are gilt, some thrice a year,
 If that the *summer* is not too severe:—

LVI.

I say that I can tell—'twas half a minute;
 I know the solar beams take up more time
 Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;
 But then their telegraph is less sublime,

And if they ran a race, they would not win it
 'Gainst Sathan's couriers bound for their own clime.
 The sun takes up some years for every ray
 To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
 Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd
 (I've seen a something like it in the skies
 In the Ægean, ere a squall; it near'd,
 And, growing bigger, took another guise;
 Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd
 Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the grammar
 Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer;—

LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a cloud,
 And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.
 But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd
 Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these;
 They shadow'd with their myriads space; their loud
 And varied cries were like those of wild-geese
 (If nations may be liken'd to a goose),
 And realized the phrase of « hell broke loose. »

LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
 Who damn'd away his eyes, as heretofore:
 There Paddy brogued « by Jasus! »—« What's your
 wull? »

The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost swore
 In certain terms I shant translate in full,
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war
 The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
 « Our President is going to war, I guess. »

LX.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
 In short, an universal shoal of shades
 From Otaheite's Isle to Salisbury Plain,
 Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
 Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
 Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
 All summon'd by this grand « subpœna, » to
 Try if kings mayn't be damn'd, like me or you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
 As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
 He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,
 Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
 In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
 Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
 Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
 Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Sathan: « Why—
 « My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
 « Our different parties make us fight so shy,
 « I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
 « Our difference is *political*, and I
 « Trust that, whatever may occur below,
 « You know my great respect for you; and this
 « Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

LXIII.

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

« True testimonies are enough : we lose
 « Our time, nay, our eternity, between.
 « The accusation and defence : if we
 « Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality. »

LXIV.

Sathan replied, « To me the matter is
 « Indifferent, in a personal point of view :
 « I can have fifty better souls than this
 « With far less trouble than we have done through
 « Already; and I merely argued his
 « Late Majesty of Britain's case with you
 « Upon a point of form : you may dispose
 « Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows ! »

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd « multifaced »
 By multo-scribbling Southey). « Then we'll call
 « One or two persons of the myriads placed
 « Around our congress, and dispense with all
 « The rest, » quoth Michael : « Who may be so graced
 « As to speak first ? there's choice enough—who shall
 « It be ? » Then Sathan answer'd, « There are many ;
 « But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any. »

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious looking Sprite,
 Upon the instant started from the throng,
 Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;
 For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
 By people in the next world ; were unite
 All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong,
 From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
 Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII.

The Spirit look'd around upon the crowds
 Assembled, and exclaim'd, « My friends of all
 « The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds;
 « So let's to business: why this general call?
 « If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
 « And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
 « Behold a candidate with unturn'd-coat!
 « Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote? »

LXVIII.

« Sir, » replied Michael, « you mistake: these things
 « Are of a former life, and what we do
 « Above is more august; to judge of kings
 « Is the tribunal met; so now you know. »
 « Then I presume those gentlemen with wings, »
 Said Wilkes, « are cherubs; and that soul below
 « Looks much like George the Third; but to my mind
 « A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind? »

LXIX.

« He is what you behold him, and his doom
 « Depends upon his deeds, » the Angel said.
 « If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb
 « Gives license to the humblest beggar's head
 « To lift itself against the loftiest. »—« Some, »
 Said Wilkes, « don't wait to see them laid in lead,
 « For such a liberty—and I, for one,
 « Have told them what I thought beneath the sun, »

LXX.

« Above the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
 « To urge against him, » said the Archangel. « Why, »
 Replied the Spirit, « since old scores are past,
 « Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I. »

« Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
 « With all his Lords and Commons : in the sky
 « I don't like ripping up olds stories, since
 « His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI.

« Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
 « A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
 « But then I blame the man himself much less
 « Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling
 « To see him punish'd here for their excess,
 « Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in
 « Their place below; for me, I have forgiven,
 « And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven.»

LXXII.

« Wilkes, » said the Devil, « I understand all this;
 « You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
 « And seem to think it would not be amiss
 « To grow a whole one on the other side
 « Of Charon's ferry, you forget that *his*
 « Reign is concluded; whatso'er betide,
 « He won't be sovereign more; you've lost your labour,
 « For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

LXXIII.

« However, I knew what to think of it,
 « When I beheld you, in your jesting way,
 « Flitting and whispering round about the spit
 « Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
 « With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
 « His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
 « That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
 « I'll have him gagg'd—'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV.

« Call Junius ! » From the crowd a Shadow stalk'd,
 And at the name there was a general squeeze,
 So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
 In comfort, at their own aërial ease,
 But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,
 As we shall see) and jostled hands and knees,
 Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,
 Or like a human cholic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

The Shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-hair'd figure,
 That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;
 Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
 But nought to mark its breeding or its birth:
 Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
 With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;
 But as you gazed upon its features, they
 Changed every instant—to *what*, none could say.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
 Could they distinguish whose the features were;
 The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
 They varied like a dream—now here, now there;
 And several people swore from out the press,
 They knew him perfectly; and one could swear
 He was his father; upon which another
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
 A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least

As oft as they their minds : though in full sight

He stood, the puzzle only was increased ;

The man was a phantasmagoria in

Himself—he was so volatile and thin !

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him *one* ,

Presto ! his face changed, and he was another ;

And when that change was hardly well put on ,

It varied, till I don't think his own mother

(If that he had a mother) would her son

Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other,

Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task ,

At this epistolary « iron mask. »

LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—

« Three gentlemen at once » (as sagely says

Good Mrs. Malaprop) ; then you might deem

That he was not even *one* ; now many rays

Where flashing round him ; and now a thick steam

Hid him from sight—like fogs on London days :

Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies,

And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own ;

I never let it out till now, for fear

Of doing people harm about the throne,

And injuring some minister or peer

On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown ;

It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear !

'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call,

Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
 Written without hands; since we daily view
 Them written without heads; and books we see
 Are fill'd as well without the latter too :
 And really till we fix on somebody
 For certain sure to claim them as his due,
 Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
 The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII.

« And who and what art thou ? » the Archangel said,
 « For *that*, you may consult my title-page, »
 Replied this mighty Shadow of a Shade :
 « If I have kept my secret half an age,
 « I scarce shall tell it now. »—« Canst thou upbraid ; »
 Continued Michael, « George Rex, or allege
 « Aught further ? » Junius answer'd, « You had better
 « First ask him for *his* answer to my letter :

LXXXIII.

« My charges upon record will outlast
 « The brass of both his epitaph and tomb. »
 « Repent'st thou not, » said Michael, « of some past
 « Exaggeration? something which may doom
 « Thyself, if false, as him if true? Thou wast
 « Too bitter—is it not so? in thy gloom
 « Of passion ? » « Passion ! » cried the Phantom dim,
 « I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

« What I have written, I have written : let
 « The rest be on his head or mine ! » So spoke
 Old « Nominis Umbra ; » and while speaking yet,
 Away he melted in celestial smoke.

Then Sathan said to Michael, « Don't forget
 « To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke,
 « And Franklin : »—but at this time there was heard
 A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV.

At length, with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
 Of cherubim appointed to that post,
 The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
 His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
 Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
 « What's this? » cried Michael; « why, 'tis not a ghost? »
 « I know it, » quoth the incubus; « but he
 « Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.»

LXXXVI.

« Confound the Renegado ! I have sprain'd
 « My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think
 « Some of his works about his neck were chain'd.
 « But to the point : while hovering o'er the brink
 « Of Skiddaw (where, as usual, it still rain'd),
 « I saw a taper, far bellow me, wink,
 « And, stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
 « No less on History than the Holy Bible.»

LXXXVII.

« The former is the devil's scripture, and
 « The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
 « Belongs to all of us, you understand.
 « I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,
 « And brought him off for sentence out of hand :
 « I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
 « At least a quarter it can hardly be :
 « I dare say that his wife is still at tea.»

LXXXVIII.

Here Sathan said, « I know this man of old,
 « And have expected him for some time here ;
 « A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
 « Or more conceited in his petty sphere :
 « But surely it was not worth while to fold
 « Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear !
 « We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
 « With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

« But since he's here, let's see what he has done. »
 « Done ! » cried Asmodeus, « he anticipates
 « The very business you are now upon,
 « And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
 « Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
 « When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates ? »
 « Let's hear, » quoth Michael, « what he has to say ;
 « You know we're bound to that in every way. »

XC.

Now the Bard, glad to get an audience, which
 By no means often was his case below,
 Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
 His voice into that awful note of woe
 To all unhappy hearers within reach
 Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow ;
 But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
 Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
 Into recitative, in great dismay
 Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
 To murmur loudly through their long array ;

And Michael rose ere he could get a word
 Of all his founder'd verses under way,
 And cried, « For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere
 best—

« *Non Di, non homines*—» you know the rest. »

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
 Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
 The angels had of course enough of song
 When upon service; and the generation
 Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
 Before, to profit by a new occasion;
 The Monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd « What! what!
 « *Pye* come again? No more—no more of that! »

XCIII.

The tumult grew, an universal cough
 Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
 When Castlereagh has been up long enough
 (Before he was first minister of state,
 I mean—the *slaves hear now*), some cried « off, off, »
 As at a farce; till grown quite desperate,
 The Bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
 (Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,
 With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
 A smart and sharper looking sort of grace
 To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
 Was by no means so ugly as his case;
 But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
 Quite a poetic felony « *de se.* »

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise
 With one still greater, as is yet the mode
 On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,
 Which now and then will make a slight inroad
 Upon decorous silence, few will twice
 Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;
 And now the Bard could plead his own bad cause,
 With all the attitudes of self applause.

XCVI.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
 He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
 Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
 Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay
 Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
 And take up rather more time than a day,
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—
 Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever;
 He had written for republics, far and wide,
 And then against them, bitter than ever,
 For pantisocracy he once had cried
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
 Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
 Reviewing* « the ungentle craft, » and then
 Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—

* See « Life of H. Kirke White. »

Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men

By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd :
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose;
And more of both than any body knows.

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life :—here, turning round

To Sathan, « Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
« In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
« With notes and preface, all that most allures
« The pious purchaser, and there's no ground
« For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers :
« So let me have the proper documents,
« That I may add you to my other saints. »

C.

Sathan bow'd, and was silent. « Well, if you,
« With amiable modesty, decline
« My offer, what says Michael? There are few
« Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.
« Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
« As it was once, but I would make you shine
« Like your own trumpet; by the way, my own
« Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

CI.

« But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
« Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
« Judge with my judgment! and by my decision!
« Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall!
« I settle all these things by intuition,
« Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
« Like King Alfonso! * When I thus see double,
« I save the Deity some worlds of trouble. »

* King Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolomean system, said, that « had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities. »

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
 Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
 Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
 He read the first three lines of the contents;
 But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
 Had vanish'd with variety of scents,
 Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
 Like lightning, off from his « melodious twang.» *

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell:
 The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions;
 The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;
 The ghosts fled gibbering, for their own dominions
 (For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
 And I leave every man to his opinions);
 Michael took refuge in his trump—but lo!
 His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
 For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
 And at the fifth line knock'd the Poet down;
 Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease;
 Into his lake, for there he did not drown,
 A different web being by the Destinies
 Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, when'er
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

* See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared « with a curious perfume and a melodious twang; » or see the Antiquary, vol. I.

CV.

He first sunk to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd, like corks, *
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass : he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some «Life» or «Vision,»
As Wellborn says—«the devil turn'd precisian.»

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And show'd me what I in my turn have shown :
All I saw further in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

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

The first part of the history is divided into three books. The first book contains the history of the world from the beginning to the birth of Christ. The second book contains the history of the world from the birth of Christ to the death of the last emperor. The third book contains the history of the world from the death of the last emperor to the present time.

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BOOK II

The second part of the history is divided into three books. The first book contains the history of the world from the birth of Christ to the death of the last emperor. The second book contains the history of the world from the death of the last emperor to the present time. The third book contains the history of the world from the present time to the future.

BOOK III

The third part of the history is divided into three books. The first book contains the history of the world from the present time to the future. The second book contains the history of the world from the future to the present time. The third book contains the history of the world from the present time to the future.

THE ISLAND;

OR,

CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES.

The foundation of the following Story will be found partly in the account of the Mutiny of the Bounty in the South Seas (in 1789), and partly in « Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands, »

THE ISLAND.

CANTO I.

I.

THE morning watch was come; the vessel lay
Her course, and gently made her liquid way;
The cloven billow flash'd from off her prow
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough;
The waters with their world were all before;
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.
The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main;
The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray; 10
The stars from broader beams began to creep,
And lift their shining eyelids from the deep;
The sail resumed its lately-shadow'd white,
And the wind flutter'd with a freshening flight;
The purpling ocean owns the coming sun—
But, ere he break, a deed is to be done.

II.

The gallant Chief within his cabin slept,
Secure in those by whom the watch was kept:
His dreams were of Old England's welcome shore,
Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er; 20
His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.
The worst was over, and the rest seem'd sure,
And why should not his slumber be secure?

Alas! his deck was trod by unwilling feet,
 And wilder hands would hold the vessel's sheet;
 Young hearts, which languish'd for some sunny isle,
 Where summer years and summer women smile;
 Men without country, who, too long estranged,
 Had found no native home, or found it changed, 30
 And, half-uncivilized, prefer'd the cave
 Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave;
 The gushing fruits that Nature gave untill'd;
 The wood without a path but where they will'd;
 The field o'er which promiscuous Plenty pour'd
 Her horn; the equal land without a lord;
 The wish—which ages have not yet subdued
 In man—to have no master save his mood;
 The Earth, whose mine was on its face, unsold
 The glowing sun and produce all its gold; 40
 The freedom which can call each grot a home;
 The general garden, where all steps may roam;
 Where Nature owns a nation as her child,
 Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild;
 Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know;
 Their unexploring navy, the canoe;
 Their sport, the dashing breakers and the chase;
 Their strangest sight, an European face:—
 Such was the country which these strangers yearn'd
 To see again—a sight they dearly earn'd. 50

III.

Awake, bold Bligh! the foe is at the gate!
 Awake! awake!—Alas! it is too late!
 Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
 Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear.
 Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast,

The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest;
 Dragg'd o'er the deck, no more at thy command
 The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand;
 That savage spirit, which would lull by wrath
 Its desperate escape from duty's path,
 Glares round thee, in the scarce-believing eyes
 Of those who fear the Chief they sacrifice;
 For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
 Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

IV.

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,
 Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced breath:—
 They come not; they are few, and, overawed,
 Must acquiesce while sterner hearts applaud.
 In vain thou dost demand the cause; a curse
 Is all the answer, with the threat of worse.
 Full in thine eyes is waved the glittering blade,
 Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet laid,
 The levell'd muskets circle round thy breast
 In hands as steel'd to do the deadly rest.
 Thou darest them to their worst, exclaiming, «Fire!»
 But they who pitied not could yet admire;
 Some lurking remnant of their former awe
 Restrain'd them longer than their broken law;
 They would not dip their souls at once in blood,
 But left thee to the mercies of the flood.

V.

«Hoist out the boat!» was now the leader's cry;
 And who dare answer «No» to Mutiny,
 In the first dawning of the drunken hour,
 The Saturnalia of unhoped-for power?

The boat is lower'd with all the haste of hate,
 With its slight plank between thee and thy fate;
 Her only cargo such a scant supply
 As promises the death their hands deny;
 And just enough of water and of bread
 To keep, some days, the dying from the dead: 90
 Some cordage, canvas, sails, and lines, and twine,
 But treasures all to Hermits of the brine,
 Were added after, to the earnest prayer
 Of those who saw no hope save sea and air;
 And last, that trembling vassal of the Pole,
 The feeling compass, Navigation's Soul.

VI.

And now the self-elected Chief finds time
 To stun the first sensation of his crime,
 And raise it in his followers—« Ho! the bowl!»
 Rest passion should return to reason's shoal. 100
 « Brandy for heroes!» Burke could once exclaim—
 No doubt a liquid path to epic fame;
 And such the new-born heroes found it here,
 And drain'd the draught with an applauding cheer.
 « Huzza! for Otaheite!» was the cry;
 How strange such shouts from sons of Mutiny!
 The gentle island, and the genial soil,
 The friendly hearts, the feast without a toil,
 The courteous manners but from Nature caught,
 The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought; 110
 Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys, driven
 Before the mast by every wind of Heaven?
 And now, even now prepared with others' woes
 To earn mild Virtue's vain desire—repose?
 Alas! such is our nature! all but aim

At the same end, by pathways not the same;
 Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,
 Our fortune, temper, even our outward frame,
 Are far more potent o'er our yielding clay
 Than aught we know beyond our little day, 120
 Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
 Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's din:
 Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
 Man's conscience is the oracle of God!

VII.

The launch is crowded with the faithful few
 Who wait their Chief, a melancholy crew:
 But some remain'd reluctant on the deck
 Of that proud vessel—now a moral wreck—
 And view'd their Captain's fate with piteous eyes;
 While others scoff'd his augur'd miseries, 130
 Sneer'd at the prospect of his pigmy sail.
 And the slight bark, so laden and so frail.
 The tender Nautilus who steers his prow,
 The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
 The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
 Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free!
 He, when the lightning-wing'd Tornados sweep
 The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
 And triumphs o'er the Armadas of mankind, 139
 Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind.

VIII.

When all was now prepared, the vessel clear
 Which hail'd her master in the mutineer—
 A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
 Show'd the vain pity which but irritates;

Watch'd his late Chieftain with exploring eye,
 And told, in signs, repentant sympathy;
 Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,
 Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth.
 But, soon observed, this guardian was withdrawn,
 Nor further Mercy clouds rebellion's dawn. 150
 Then forward stepp'd the bold and froward boy
 His Chief had cherish'd only to destroy,
 And, pointing to the helpless prow beneath,
 Exclaim'd, « Depart at once! delay his death!»
 Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased not all:
 In that last moment could a word recal
 Remorse for the black deed as yet half done,
 And, what he hid from many, show'd to one:
 When Bligh, in stern reproach, demanded where
 Was now his grateful sense of former care?— 160
 Where all his hopes to see his name aspire
 And blazon Britain's thousand glories higher?
 His feverish lips thus broke their gloomy spell,
 « 'Tis that! 'tis that! I am in Hell, in Hell!»
 No more he said; but, urging to the bark
 His Chief, commits him to his fragile ark:
 These the sole accents from his tongue that fell,
 But volumes lurk'd below his fierce farewell.

IX.

The artic sun rose broad above the wave;
 The breeze now sunk, now whisper'd from his cave;
 As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings 171
 Now swell'd, now flutter'd o'er his ocean strings.
 With slow, despairing oar, the abandon'd skiff
 loughs its drear progress to the scarce-seen cliff,
 Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main:

That boat and ship shall never meet again !
 But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
 Their constant peril and their scant relief;
 Their days of danger, and their nights of pain;
 Their manly courage, even when deem'd in vain; 180
 The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
 Known to his mother in the skeleton;
 The ills that lessen'd still their little store,
 And starv'd even Hunger till he wrung no more;
 The varying frowns and favours of the Deep,
 That now almost engulphs, then leaves to creep
 With crazy oar and shatter'd strength along
 The tide, that yields reluctant to the strong;
 Th' incessant fever of that arid thirst
 Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst 190
 Above their naked bones, and feels delight
 In the cold drenching of the stormy night,
 And from the outspread canvas gladly wrings
 A drop to moisten Life's all-gasping springs;
 The savage foe escaped, to seek again
 More hospitable shelter from the main;
 The ghastly spectres which were doom'd at last
 To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
 As ever the dark annals of the deep
 Disclosed for man to dread or woman weep. 200

X.

We leave them to their fate, but not unknown
 Nor unredress'd ! Revenge may have her own :
 Roused discipline aloud proclaims their cause,
 And injured navies urge their broken laws.
 Pursue we on his track the mutineer,
 Whom distant vengeance had not taught to fear.

Wide o'er the wave—away! away! away!
 Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome bay;
 Once more the happy shores without a law
 Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw; 210
 Nature, and Nature's Goddess—Woman—wooes
 To lands where, save their conscience, none accuse;
 Where all partake the earth without dispute,
 And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit *;
 Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams:
 The Goldless Age, where Gold disturbs no dreams,
 Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
 Till Europe taught them better than before,
 Bestow'd her customs, and amended theirs,
 But left her vices also to their heirs. 220
 Away with this! behold them as they were,
 Do good with Nature, or with Nature err.
 « Huzza! for Otaheite! » was the cry,
 As stately swept the gallant vessel by.
 The breeze springs up; the lately flapping sail
 Extends its arch before the growing gale;
 In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
 Which her bold bow flings off with dashing ease.
 Thus Argo plough'd the Euxine's virgin foam;
 But those she wafted still look'd back to home— 230
 These spurn their country with their rebel bark,
 And fly her as the raven fled the ark;
 And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
 And tame their fiery spirits down to love.

* The now celebrated bread-fruit, to transplant which Captain Bligh's expedition was undertaken.

THE ISLAND.

CANTO II.

I.

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai, *
When summer's sun went down the coral bay!
Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
And hear the warbling birds! the damsels said:
The wood-dove from the forest depth shall coo,
Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo;
We'll cull the flowers that grow above the dead,
For these most bloom where rests the warrior's head;
And we will sit in twilight's face, and see
The sweet moon glancing through the tooa tree, 10
The lofty accents of whose sighing bough
Shall sadly please us as we lean below;
Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,
Which spurn in columns back the baffled spray.
How beautiful are these! how happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but Ocean strives!
Even he too loves at times the blue lagoon,
And smoothes his ruffled mane beneath the moon. 20

* The first three sections are taken from an actual song of the Tonga Islanders, of which a prose translation is given in MARINER'S *Account of the Tonga Islands*. Toobonai is *not* however one of them; but was one of those where Christian and the mutineers took refuge. I have altered and added, but have retained as much as possible of the original.

II.

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
 Then feast like spirits in their promised bowers,
 Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
 Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
 And, wet and shining from the sportive toil,
 Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
 And plait our garlands gather'd from the grave,
 And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the brave.
 But lo! night comes, the Mooa woos us back,
 The sound of mats is heard along our track; 30
 Anon the torchlight-dance shall fling its sheen
 In flashing mazes o'er the Marly's green;
 And we too will be there; we too recal
 The memory bright with many a festival,
 Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when foes
 For the first time were wafted in canoes.
 Alas! for them the flower of mankind bleeds;
 Alas! for them our fields are rank with weeds:
 Forgotten is the rapture, or unknown,
 Of wandering with the moon and love alone. 40
 But be it so:—*they* taught us how to wield
 The club, and rain our arrows o'er the field;
 Now let them reap the harvest of their art!
 But feast to-night! to-morrow we depart.
 Strike up the dance, the cava bowl fill high,
 Drain every drop!—to-morrow we may die.
 In summer garments be our limbs array'd;
 Around our waists the Tappa's white display'd;
 Thick wreaths shall form our Coronal, like Spring's,
 And round our necks shall glance the Hooni strings;
 So shall their brighter hues contrast the glow 51
 Of the dusk bosoms that beat high below.

III.

But now the dance is o'er—yet stay awhile;
 Ah, pause! nor yet put out the social smile.
 To-morrow for the Mooa we depart,
 But not to night—to-night is for the heart.
 Again bestow the wreaths we gently woo,
 Ye young enchantresses of gay Licoo!
 How lovely are your forms! how every sense
 Bows to your beauties, soften'd, but intense, 60
 Like to the flowers on Mataloco's steep,
 Which fling their fragrance far athwart the deep:
 We too will see Licoo; but—oh! my heart—
 What do I say? to-morrow we depart.

IV.

Thus rose a song—the harmony of times
 Before the winds blew Europe o'er these climes.
 True, they had vices—such are Nature's growth—
 But only the Barbarian's—we have both:
 The sordor of civilization, mix'd
 With all the savage which man's fall hath fix'd. 70
 Who hath not seen Dissimulation's reign,
 The prayers of Abel link'd to deeds of Cain?
 Who such would see, may from his lattice view
 The Old World more degraded than the New,
 Now *new* no more, save where Columbia rears
 Twin giants, born by Freedom to her spheres;
 Where Chimborazo, over air, earth, wave,
 Glares with his Titan eye, and sees no slave.

V.

Such was this ditty of Tradition's days,
 Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys 80

In song, where Fame as yet hath left no sign
 Beyond the sound, whose charm is half divine;
 Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
 But yields young History all to harmony;
 A boy Achilles, with the Centaur's lyre
 In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.
 For one long-cherish'd ballad's simple stave,
 Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
 Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,
 Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide, 90
 Hath greater power o'er each true heart and ear,
 Than all the columns Conquest's minions rear;
 Invites, when Hieroglyphics are a theme
 For sages' labours or the student's dream;
 Attracts, when History's volumes are a toil,—
 The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil.
 Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of the rude—
 But such inspired the Norseman's solitude,
 Who came and conquer'd; such, wherever rise
 Lands which no foes destroy or civilize, 100
 Exist: and what can our accomplish'd art
 Of verse do more than reach the awaken'd heart?

VI.

And sweetly now those untaught melodies
 Broke the luxurious silence of the skies,
 The sweet siesta of a summer day,
 The tropic afternoon of Toobonai,
 When every flower was bloom, and air was balm,
 And the first breath began to stir the palm,
 The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave
 All gently to refresh the thirsty cave, 110
 Where sat the songstress with the stranger boy,

Who taught her passion's desolating joy,
 Too powerful over every heart, but most
 O'er those who know not how it may be lost;
 O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
 Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,
 With such devotion to their ecstasy,
 That life knows no such rapture as to die:
 And die they do; for earthly life has nought
 Match'd with that burst of nature, even in thought;
 And all our dreams of better life above 121
 But close in one eternal gush of love.

VII.

There sate the gentle savage of the wild,
 In growth a woman, though in years a child,
 As childhood dates within our colder clime,
 Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime;
 The infant of an infant world, as pure
 From Nature—lovely, warm, and premature;
 Dusky like Night, but Night with all her stars,
 Or cavern sparkling with its native spars; 130
 With eyes that were a language and a spell,
 A form like Aphrodite's in her shell;
 With all her loves around her on the deep,
 Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
 Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
 The blush would make its way, and all but speak;
 The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw
 O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
 Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
 Which draws the diver to the crimson cave. 140
 Such was this daughter of the Southern Seas,
 Herself a billow in her energies,

To bear the bark of others' happiness,
 Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less:
 Her wild and warm yet faithful bosom knew
 No joy like what it gave; her hopes ne'er drew
 Aught from experience, that chill touchstone, whose
 Sad proof reduces all things from their hues:
 She fear'd no ill, because she knew it not,
 Or what she knew was soon—too soon—forgot: 150
 Her smiles and tears had pass'd, as light winds pass
 O'er lakes, to ruffle, not destroy, their glass,
 Whose depths unsearch'd, and fountains from the hill,
 Restore their surface, in itself so still,
 Until the earthquake tear the Naiad's cave,
 Root up the spring and trample on the wave,
 And crush the living waters to a mass,
 The amphibious desert of the dank morass!
 And must their fate be hers? Th' eternal change
 But grasps humanity with quicker range; 160
 And they who fall, but fall as worlds will fall,
 To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them all.

VIII.

And who is he? the blue-eyed northern child
 Of isles more known to man, but scarce less wild;
 The fair-hair'd offspring of the Hebrides,
 Where roars the Pentland with its whirling seas;
 Rock'd in his cradle by the roaring wind,
 The tempest-born in body and in mind,
 His young eyes opening on the ocean-foam,
 Had from that moment deem'd the deep his home,
 The giant comrade of his pensive moods, 171
 The sharer of his craggy solitudes,
 The only Mentor of his youth, where'er

His bark was borne; the sport of wave and air;
 A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance,
 Nursed by the legends of his land's romance;
 Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
 Acquainted with all feelings save despair.
 Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have been
 As bold a rover as the sands have seen, 180
 And braved their thirst with as enduring lip,
 As Ishmael, wafted on his desert-ship;
 Fix'd upon Chili's shore, a proud Cacique;
 On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek;
 Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane;
 Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
 For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
 If reard' to such, can find no further prey
 Beyond itself, and must retrace its way, **
 Plunging for pleasure into pain; the same 190
 Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst shame,
 A humbler state and discipline of heart
 Had form'd his glorious namesake's counterpart: ***

* The « ship of the desert » is the Oriental figure for the camel or dromedary, and they deserve the metaphor well; the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

** « Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had wasted turnips in his Sabine farm. »—POPE,

*** The Consul Nero, who made the unequalled march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal; thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return to Hannibal was the sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed, with a sigh, that « Rome would now be the mistress of the world. » And yet to this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperia namesake reigned at all! But the infamy of the one has

But grant his vices, grant them all his own,
How small their theatre without a throne!

IX.

Thou smilest,—these comparisons seem high
To those who scan all things with dazzled eye;
Link'd with the unknown name of one whose doom
Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,
With Chili, Hellas, or with Araby. 200

Thou smilest?—Smile; 'tis better thus than sigh:
Yet such he might have been; he was a man,
A soaring spirit ever in the van,
A patriot hero or despotic chief,
To form a nation's glory or its grief,
Born under auspices which make us more
Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.
But these are visions; say, what was he here?
A blooming boy, a truant mutineer,
The fair-hair'd Torquil, free as Ocean's spray, 210
The husband of the bride of Toobonai.

X.

By Neuha's side he sate, and watch'd the waters,—
Neuha, the sun-flower of the Island daughters,
Highborn (a birth at which the herald smiles,
Without a scutcheon for these secret isles)
Of a long race, the valiant and the free,
The naked knights of savage chivalry,
Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore,

eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of « Nero »
is heard, who thinks of the Consul? But such are human
things.

And thine,—I've seen,—Achilles! do no more.
 She, when the thunder-bearing strangers came 220
 In vast canoes, begirt with bolts of flame,
 Topp'd with tall trees, which, loftier than the palm;
 Seem'd rooted in the deep amidst its calm;
 But, when the winds awaken'd shot forth wings
 Broad as the cloud along the horizon flings,
 And sway'd the waves, like cities of the sea,
 Making the very billows look less free;—
 She, with her paddling oar and dancing prow,
 Shot through the surf, like rein-deer through the snow;
 Swift-gliding o'er the breaker's whitening edge, 230
 Light as a Nereid in her ocean-sledge,
 And gazed and wonder'd at the giant hulk
 Which heaved from wave to wave its trampling bulk:
 The anchor dropp'd, it lay along the deep,
 Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
 While round it swarm'd the proas' flitting chain,
 Like summer-bees that hum around his mane.

XI.

The white man landed;— need the rest be told?
 The New World stretch'd its dusk hand to the Old;
 Each was to each a marvel, and the tie 240
 Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy.
 Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sires,
 And kinder still their daughters' gentler fires.
 Their union grew: the children of the storm
 Found beauty link'd with many a dusky form;
 While these in turn admired the paler glow,
 Which seem'd so white in climes that knew no snow.
 The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,
 The soil where every cottage show'd a home;

The sea-spread net, the lightly-launch'd canoe, 250
 Which stemm'd the studded Archipelago,
 O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles;
 The healthy slumber, earn'd by sportive toils;
 The palm, the loftiest Dryad of the woods,
 Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,
 While eagles scarce build higher than the crest
 Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her breast;
 The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
 Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;
 The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare,
 yields 260
 The unreap'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,
 And bakes its unadulterated loaves
 Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
 And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
 A priceless market for the gathering guest;—
 These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
 The airy joys of social solitudes,
 Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
 Of those who were more happy if less wise,
 Did more than Europe's discipline had done, 270
 And civilized civilization's son!

XII.

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
 Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair:
 Both children of the isles, though distant far;
 Both born beneath a sea-presiding star;
 Both nourish'd amidst Nature's native scenes,
 Loved to the last whatever intervenes
 Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
 Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.

He who first met the Highland's swelling blue, 280
 Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
 Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
 And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
 Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
 Adored the Alp and loved the Appennine,
 Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
 Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
 But 'twas not all long age's lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
 The infant rapture still survived the boy, 290
 And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,*
 Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
 And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount.
 Forgive me, Homer's universal shade!
 Forgive me, Phœbus! that my fancy stray'd;
 The North and Nature taught me to adore
 Your scenes sublime from those beloved before.

XIII.

The love which maketh all things fond and fair,
 The youth which makes one rainbow of the air,

* When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was boyish enough; but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays.

The dangers past, that make even man enjoy 300
 The pause in which he ceases to destroy,
 The mutual beauty, which the sternest feel
 Strike to their hearts like lightning to the steel,
 United the half savage and the whole,
 The maid and boy, in one absorbing soul.
 No more the thundering memory of the fight
 Wrapp'd his wean'd bosom in its dark delight;
 No more the irksome restlessness of Rest
 Disturb'd him like the eagle in her nest,
 Whose whetted beak and far-pervading eye 310
 Darts for a victim over all the sky;
 His heart was tamed to that voluptuous state,
 At once Elysian and effeminate,
 Which leaves no laurels o'er the hero's urn;—
 These wither when for aught save blood they burn;
 Yet, when their ashes in their nook are laid,
 Doth not the myrtle leave as sweet a shade?
 Had Cæsar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
 Rome had been free, the world had not been his.
 And what have Cæsar's deeds and Cæsar's fame 320
 Done for the earth? We feel them in our shame:
 The gory sanction of his glory stains
 The rust which tyrants cherish on our chains.
 Though Glory, Nature, Reason, Freedom, bid
 Roused millions do what single Brutus did,—
 Sweep these mere mock-birds of the despot's song
 From the tall bough where they have perch'd so long,—
 Still are we hawk'd at by such mousing owls,
 And take for falcons those ignoble fowls,
 When but a word of freedom would dispel 330
 These bugbears, as their terrors show too well.

XIV.

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
 Ncuha, the South Sea girl, was all a wife,
 With no distracting world to call her off
 From love; with no society to scoff
 At the new transient flame; no babbling crowd
 Of coxcombry in admiration loud,
 Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
 Her duty, and her glory, and her joy;
 With faith and feelings naked as her form, 340
 She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,
 Changing its hues with bright variety,
 But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
 Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
 The cloud-compelling harbinger of Love.

XV.

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
 They pass'd the Tropic's red meridian o'er;
 Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
 Unbroken by the clock's funeral chime,
 Which deals the daily pittance of our span, 350
 And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.
 What deem'd they of the future or the past?
 The present, like a tyrant, held them fast:
 Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
 Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide;
 Their clock the sun, in his unbounded tower;
 They reckon'd not, whose day was but an hour;
 The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,

Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell; *

The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,

As in the North he mellows o'er the deep, 361

But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left

The world for ever, earth of light bereft,

Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,

As dives a hero headlong to his grave.

Then rose they, looking first along the skies,

And then for light into each other's eyes,

Wondering that summer show'd so brief a sun,

And asking if indeed the day were done?

XVI.

And let not this seem strange; the devotee 370

Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy;

Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,

His soul is gone before his dust to Heaven.

Is love less potent? No—his path is trod,

Alike uplifted gloriously to God;

Or link'd to all we know of Heaven below,

The other better self, whose joy or woe

Is more than ours; the all-absorbing flame

Which, kindled by another, grows the same,

Wrapt in one blaze; the pure, yet funeral pile, 380

Where gentle hearts, like Bramins, sit and smile.

How often we forget all time, when lone,

Admiring Nature's universal throne,

Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense

Reply of *hers* to our intelligence!

* The now well-known story of the loves of the nightingale and rose need not be more than alluded to, being sufficiently familiar to the Western as to the Eastern reader.

Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
 Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
 Without a feeling in their silent tears?
 No, no;—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
 Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before 390
 Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
 Strip off this fond and false identity!—
 Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky?
 And who, though gazing lower, ever thought,
 In the young moments ere the heart is taught
 Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his own?
 All Nature is his realm, and Love his throne.

XVII.

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour
 Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
 Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars, 400
 Echo'd their dim light to the mustering stars.
 Slowly the pair, partaking Nature's calm,
 Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palm;
 Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;
 Lovely as love—the spirit! when serene.
 The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell
 Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell*,

* If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in "Gebir" the same idea better expressed in two lines.—The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the Editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it, in this answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is

As, far divided from his parent deep,
 The sea-bern infant cries and will not sleep,
 Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave 410
 For the broad bosom of his nursing wave :
 The woods droop'd darkly, as inclined to rest,
 The Tropic bird wheel'd rock-ward to his nest,
 And the blue sky spread round them like a lake
 Of peace, where Piety her thirst might slake.

XVIII.

But through the palm and plantain, hark, a voice!
 Not such as would have been a lover's choice,
 In such an hour, to break the air so still!
 No dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,
 Striking the strings of Nature, rock and tree, 420
 Those best and earliest lyres of harmony,
 With echo for their chorus; nor the alarm
 Of the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm;
 Nor the soliloquy of the hermit owl,
 Exhaling all his solitary soul,
 The dim though large-eyed winged anchorite,
 Who peals his dreary pæan o'er the night;—
 But a loud, long, and naval whistle, shrill
 As ever startled through a sea-bird's bill;
 And then a pause, and then a hoarse « Hillo! 430
 Torquil! my boy! what cheer? Ho brother, ho! »
 « Who hails? cried Torquil, following with his eye
 The sound. « Here's one, » was all the brief reply.

to Mr. Landor, the author of Gebir, so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity!

XIX.

But here the herald of the self-same mouth
 Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,
 Not like a « bed of violets » on the gale,
 But such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,
 Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown
 Its gentle odours over either zone ;
 And puff'd where'er winds rise or waters roll, 440
 Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
 Opposed its vapour as the lightning flash'd,
 And reek'd, 'midst mountain-billows unabash'd,
 To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
 Through every change of all the varying skies.
 And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
 But deem him sailor or philosopher*.
 Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
 Cheers the Tar's labour or the Turkman's rest ;
 Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides 450
 His hours, and rivals opium and his brides ;
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
 Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand ;
 Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
 When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe ;
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress
 More dazlingly when daring in full dress ;
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
 Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar !

* Hobbes, the father of Locke's and other philosophy, was an inveterate smoker,—even to pipes beyond computation.

XX.

Through the approaching darkness of the wood 460
 A human figure broke the solitude,
 Fantastically, it may be, array'd,
 A seaman in a savage masquerade;
 Such as appears to rise out from the deep,
 When o'er the Line the merry vessels sweep,
 And the rough Saturnalia of the Tar
 Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrow'd car; *
 And, pleas'd, the God of Ocean sees his name
 Revive once inore, though but in mimic game
 Of his true sons, who riot in a breeze 470
 Undreamt of in his native Cyclades.
 Still the old god delights, from out the main,
 To snatch some glimpses of his ancient reign.
 Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
 His constant pipe, which never yet burn'd dim,
 His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,
 Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state;
 But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
 Not over tightly bound, nor nicely spread;
 And 'stead of trowsers (ah! too early torn! 480
 For even the mildest woods will have their thorn)
 A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat
 Now served for inexpressibles and hat;
 His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,
 Perchance might suit alike with either race.
 His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,

* This rough but jovial ceremony, used in crossing the Line, has been so often and so well described, that it need not be more than alluded to.

Which two worlds bless for civilizing both;
 The musket swung behind his shoulders, broad
 And somewhat stoop'd by his marine abode,
 But brawny as the boar's; and hung beneath, 490
 His cutlass droop'd, unconscious of a sheath,
 Or lost or worn away; his pistols were
 Link'd to his belt, a matrimonial pair—
 (Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,
 Though one miss'd fire; the other would go off);
 These, with a bayonet, no so free from rust
 As when the arm-chest held its brighter trust,
 Completed his accoutrements; as Night
 Survey'd him in garb heteroclite. 499

XXI.

« What cheer, Ben Bunting? » cried (when in full view
 Our new acquaintance) Torquil; « Aught of new? »
 « Ey, ey, » quoth Ben, « not new, but news enow;
 A strange sail in the offing. »—« Sail! and how?
 What! could you make her out? It cannot be;
 I've seen no rag of canvas on the sea. »
 « Belike, » said Ben, « you might not from the bay,
 But from the bluff-head, where I watch'd to-day,
 I saw her in the doldrums; for the wind
 Was light and baffling. »—« When the sun declined
 Where lay she? had she anchor'd? »—« No, but still
 She bore down on us, till the wind grew still. » 511
 « Her flag? »—« I had no glass; but fore and aft,
 Egad, she seem'd a wicked-looking craft. »
 « Arm'd? »—« I expect so;—sent on the look-out;—
 'Tis time, belike, to put our helm about. »
 « About?—Whate'er may have us now in chase,
 We'll make no running fight, for that were base;

We will die at our quarters, like true men.»

« Ey, ey; for that, 'tis all the same to Ben. »

« Does Christian know this? »—« Ay; he has piped all
hands 520

To quarters. They are furbishing the stands
Of arms; and we have got some guns to bear,
And scaled them. You are wanted.»—«That's but fair;
And if it were not, mine is not the soul.

To leave my comrades helpless on the shoal.

My Neuha! ah! and must my fate pursue

Not me alone, but one so sweet and true?

But whatso'er betide, ah, Neuha! now

Unman me not; the hour will not allow

A tear; I am thine, whatever intervenes! » 530

« Right, quoth Ben, « that will do for the marines. » *

* « That will do for the Marines, but the sailors won't believe it, » is an old saying, and one of the few fragments of former jealousies, which still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.

THE ISLAND.

CANTO III.

I.

THE fight was o'er; the flashing through the gloom,
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,
Had ceased; and sulphury vapours upward driven
Had left the earth, and but polluted Heaven:
The rattling roar wick rung in every volley
Had left the echoes to their melancholy;
No more they shriek'd their horror, boom for boom;
The strife was done, the vanquish'd had ther doom;
The mutineers were crush'd, dispersed, or ta'en,
Or lived to deem the happiest were the slain. 10
Few, few escaped, and these were hunted o'er
The isle they loved beyond their native shore.
No further home was their's, it seem'd, on earth,
Once renegades to that which gave them birth;
Track'd like wild beasts, like them they sought the wild,
As to a mother's bosom flies the child;
But vainly wolves and lions seek their den,
And still more vainly, men escape from men.

II.

Beneath a rock whose jutting base protrudes
Far over ocean in his fiercest moods, 20
When scaling his enormous crag, the wave
Is hurl'd down headlong like the foremost brave,
And falls back on the foaming crowd behind,
Which fight beneath the banners of the wind;

But now at rest, a little remnant drew
 Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint, and few;
 But still their weapons in their hands, and still
 With something of the pride of former will,
 As men not all unused to meditate,
 And strive much more than wonder at their fate. 30
 Their present lot was what they had foreseen,
 And dared as what was likely to have been;
 Yet still the lingering hope, which deem'd their lot
 Not pardon'd, but unsought for or forgot,
 Or trusted that, if sought, their distant caves
 Might still be miss'd amidst the world of waves,
 Had wean'd their thoughts in part from what they saw
 And felt—the vengeance of their country's law.
 Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won paradise,
 No more could shield their virtue or their vice: 40
 Their better feelings, if such were, were thrown
 Back on themselves,—their sins remain'd alone.
 Proscribed even in their second country, they
 Were lost; in vain the world before them lay;
 All outlets seem'd secured. Their new allies
 Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice;
 But what avail'd the club and spear and arm
 Of Hercules, against the sulphury charm,
 The magic of the thunder, which destroy'd
 The warrior ere his strength could be employ'd? 50
 Dug, like a spreading pestilence, the grave
 No less of human bravery than the brave! *

* Archidamus, King of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the « Grave of Valour. » The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of Gunpowder; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

Their own scant numbers acted all the few
 Against the many oft will dare and do;
 But though the choice seems native to die free,
 Even Greece can boast but one Thermopylæ,
 Till *now*, when she has forged her broken chain
 Back to a sword, and dies and lives again!

III.

Beside the jutting rock the few appear'd,
 Like the last remnant of the red-deer's herd; 60
 Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect worn,
 But still the hunter's blood was on their horn.
 A little stream came tumbling from the height,
 And straggling into ocean as it might,
 Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
 And gush'd from cleft to crag with saltless spray;
 Close on the wild, wide ocean, yet as pure
 And fresh as innocence, and more secure,
 Its silver torrent glitter'd o'er the deep,
 As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep, 70
 While far below the vast and sullen swell
 Of ocean's Alpine azure rose and fell.
 To this young spring they rush'd,—all feelings first
 Absorb'd in Passion's and in Nature's thirst,—
 Drank as they do who drink their last, and threw
 Their arms aside to revel in its dew;
 Cool'd their scorch'd throats, and wash'd the gory stains
 From wounds whose only bandage might be chains;
 Then, when their drought was quench'd, look'd sadly
 round,
 As wondering how so many still were found 80
 Alive and fetterless:—but silent all,
 Each sought his fellow's eyes as if to call

On him for language, which his lips denied,
As though their voices with their cause had died.

IV.

Stern, and aloof a little from the rest,
Stood Christian, with his arms across his chest.
The ruddy, reckless, dauntless hue, once spread
Along his cheek, was livid now as lead;
His light-brown locks, so graceful in their flow,
Now rose like startled vipers o'er his brow. 90
Still as a statue, with his lips compress'd
To stifle even the breath within his breast,
Fast by the rock, all menacing but mute,
He stood; and, save a slight beat of his foot,
Which deepen'd now and then the sandy dint
Beneath his heel, his form seem'd turn'd to flint.
Some paces further Torquil lean'd his head
Against a bank, and spoke not, but he bled,—
Not mortally—his worst wound was within:
His brow was pale, his blue eyes sunken in, 100
And blood-drops sprinkled o'er his yellow hair
Show'd that his faintness came not from despair,
But Nature's ebb. Beside him was another,
Rough as a bear, but willing as a brother,—
Ben Bunting, who essay'd to wash, and wipe,
And bind his wound—then calmly lit his pipe—
A trophy which survived an hundred fights,
A beacon which had cheer'd ten thousand nights.
The fourth and last of this deserted group
Walk'd up and down—at times would stand, then stoop
To pick a pebble up—then let it drop— 111
Then hurry as in haste—then quickly stop—
Then cast his eyes on his companions—then

Half whistle half a tune, and pause again—
 And then his former movements would redouble,
 Withe something between carelessness and trouble.
 This is a long description, but applies
 To scarce five minutes past before the eyes;
 But yet *what* minutes! Moments like to these
 Rend men's lives into immortalities.

120

V.

At length Jack Skyscape, a mercurial man,
 Who flutter'd over all things like a fan,
 More brave than firm, and more disposed to dare
 And die at once than wrestle with despair,
 Exclaim'd «G—d damn!» Those syllables intense,—
 Nucleus of England's native eloquence,
 As the Turk's «Allah!» or the Roman's more
 Pagan «Proh Jupiter!» was wont of yore
 To give their first impressions such a vent,
 By way of echo to embarrassment.

130

Jack was embarrass'd,—never hero inore,
 And as he knew not what to say, he swore:
 Nor swore in vain; the long congenial sound
 Revived Ben Bunting from his pipe profound;
 He drew it from his mouth, and look'd full wise.
 But merely added to the oath, his *eyes*;
 Thus rendering the imperfect phrase complete—
 A peroration I need not repeat.

VI.

But Christian, of an higher order, stood
 Like an extinct volcano in his mood;
 Silent, and sad, and savage,—with the trace
 Of passion reeking from his clouded face;

140

Till lifting up again his sombre eye,
 It glanced on Torquil who lean'd faintly by.
 « And is it thus? » he cried, unhappy boy!
 And thee too, *thee*— my madness must destroy. »
 He said, and strode to where young Torquil stood,
 Yet dabbled with his lately flowing blood;
 Seized his hand wistfully, but did not press,
 And shrunk as fearful of his own caress; 150
 Enquired into his state; and when he heard
 The wound was slighter than he deem'd or fear'd,
 A moment's brightness pass'd along his brow,
 As much as such a moment would allow.
 « Yes, » he exclaim'd, « we are taken in the toil,
 But not a coward or a common spoil;
 Dearly they have bought us—dearly still may buy,—
 And I must fall; but have you strength to fly?
 'Twould be some comfort still, could you survive;
 Our dwindled band is now too few to strive. 160
 Oh! for a sole canoe! though but a shell,
 To bear you hence to where a hope may dwell!
 For me, my lot is what I sought; to be,
 In life or death, the fearless and the free. »

VII.

Even as he spoke, around the promontory,
 Which nodded o'er the billows high and hoary,
 A dark speck dotted ocean: on it flew
 Like to the shadow of a roused sea mew;
 Onward it came—and, lo! a second follow'd—
 Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale was hollow'd;
 And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew
 Presented well-known aspects to the view, 172
 Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,

Buoyant as wings, and flitting through the spray;—
 Now perching on the wave's high curl, and now
 Dash'd downward in the thundering foam below,
 Which flings it broad and boiling, sheet on sheet,
 And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into sleet:
 But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
 The barks, like small birds through a lowering sky.
 Their art seem'd nature—such the skill to sweep
 The wave, of these born playmates of the deep. 182

VIII.

And who the first that, springing on the strand,
 Leap'd like a Nereid from her shell to land,
 With dark but brilliant skin, and dewy eye
 Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
 Neuha, — the fond, the faithful, the adored,
 Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent pour'd;
 And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer clasp'd,
 As if to be assured 'twas *him* she grasp'd; 190
 Shudder'd to see his yet warm wound, and then,
 To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
 She was a warrior's daughter, and could bear
 Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not despair.
 Her lover lived, — nor foes nor fears could blight
 That full-blown moment in its all delight:
 Joy trickled in her tears, joy fill'd the sob
 That rock'd her heart till almost HEARD to throb;
 And paradise was breathing in the sigh
 Of nature's child in Nature's ecstasy. 200

IX.

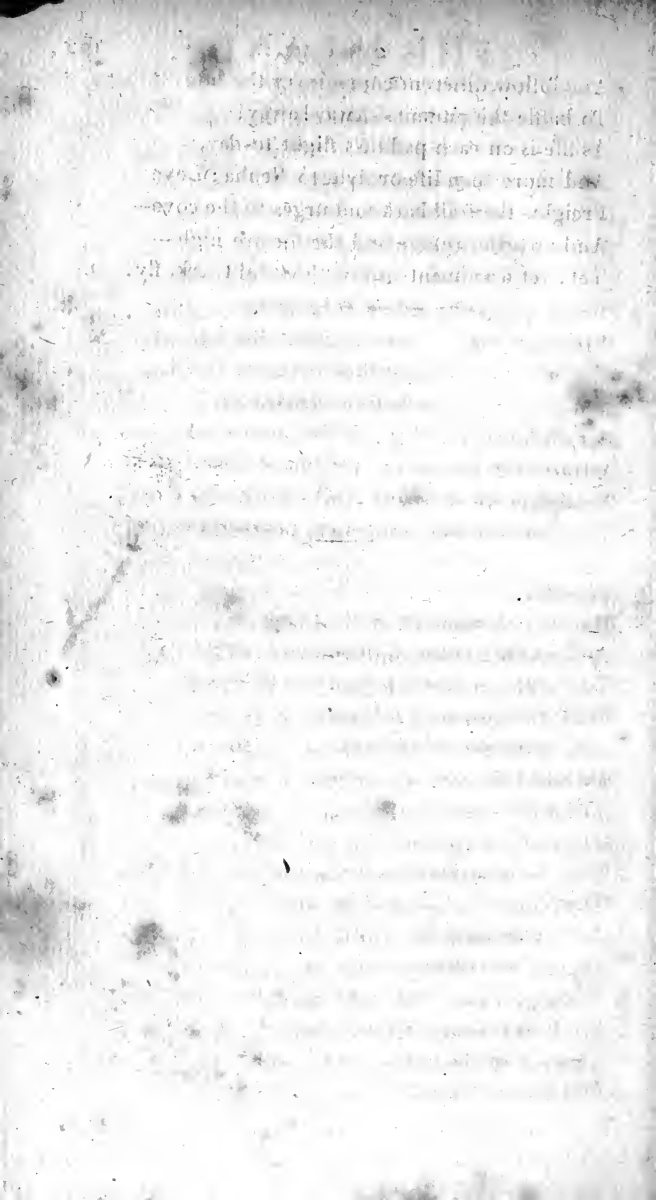
The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting
 Were not unmoved; who are, when hearts are greeting?

Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy
 With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
 Mix'd with those bitter thoughts the soul arrays
 In hopeless visions of our better days,
 When all's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.
 « And but for me! » he said, and turn'd away;
 Then gazed upon the pair, as in his den
 A lion looks upon his cubs again; 210
 And then relapsed into his sullen guise,
 As heedless of his further destinies.

X.

But brief their time for good or evil thought;
 The billows round the promontory brought
 The splash of hostile oars—Alas! who made
 That sound a dread? All round them seem'd array'd
 Against them, save the bride of Toobonai:
 She, as she caught the first glimpse o'er the bay
 Of the arm'd boats which hurried to complete
 The remnant's ruin with their flying feet, 220
 Beckon'd the natives round her to their prows,
 Embark'd their guests, and launch'd their light canoes;
 In one placed Christian and his comrades twain;
 But she and Torquil must not part again.
 She fix'd him in her own—Away! away!
 They clear the breakers, dart along the bay,
 And towards a group of islets, such as bear
 The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollow'd lair,
 They skim the blue tops of the billows; fast
 They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers chased.
 They gain upon them—now they lose again,—
 Again make way and menace o'er the main; 232
 And now the two canoes in chase divide,

And follow different courses o'er the tide,
To baffle the pursuit—Away! away!
As life is on each paddle's flight to-day,
And more than life or lives to Neuha: Love
Freights the frail bark and urges to the cove—
And now the refuge and the foe are nigh—
Yet, yet a moment!—Fly, thou light Ark, fly! 240



THE ISLAND.

CANTO IV.

I.

WHITE as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.
Her anchor parts; but still her snowy sail
Attracts our eye amidst the rudest gale:
Though every wave she climbs divides us more,
The heart still follows from the loneliest shore.

II.

Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray, 10
The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,
Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun:
There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
The startled echo of the ocean bird,
Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feather'd fishers of the solitude.
A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand; 20
Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
Chipp'd by the beam, a nursling of the day,
But hatch'd for ocean by the fostering ray;

The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
 Gave mariners a shelter and despair,
 A spot to make the saved regret the deck
 Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
 Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
 To shield her lover from his following foes; 30
 But all its secret was not told; she knew
 In this a treasure hidden from the view.

III.

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
 The men that mann'd what held her Torquil's lot,
 By her command removed, to strengthen more
 The skiff which wafted Christian from the shore.
 This he would have opposed; but with a smile
 She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,
 And bade him « speed and prosper.» *She* would take
 The rest upon herself for Torquil's sake 40
 They parted with this added aid; afar
 The proa darted like a shooting star,
 And gain'd on the pursuers, who now steer'd
 Right on the rock which she and Torquil near'd.
 They pull'd; her arm, though delicate, was free
 And firm as ever grappled with the sea,
 And yielded scarce to Torquil's manlier strength.
 The prow now almost lay within its length
 Of the crag's steep, inexorable face,
 With nought but soundless waters for its base; 50
 Within an hundred boats' length was the foe;
 And now what refuge but their frail canoe?
 This Torquil ask'd with half upbraiding eye,
 Which said— « Has Neuha brought me here to die?

Is this a place of safety, or a grave,
And yon huge rock the tombstone of the wave?»

IV.

They rested on their paddles, and uprose
Neuha, and, pointing to the approaching foes,
Cried, « Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow! »
Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow. 60

There was no time to pause—the foes were near—
Chains in his eye and menace in his ear;

With vigour they pull'd on, and as they came,
Hail'd him to yield, and by his forfeit name.

Headlong he leap'd—to him the swimmer's skill
Was native, and now all his hope from ill;

But how or where? He dived, and rose no more;
The boat's crew look'd amazed o'er sea and shore.

There was no landing on that precipice,
Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice. 70

They watch'd awhile to see him float again,
But not a trace rebubbled from the main:

The wave roll'd on, no ripple on its face,
Since their first plunge, recall'd a single trace;

The little whirl which eddied, and slight foam,
That whiten'd o'er what seem'd their latest home,

White as a sepulchre above the pair,
Who left no marble (mournful as an heir),

The quiet proa wavering o'er the tide,
Was all that told of Torquil and his bride; 80

And but for this alone the whole might seem
The vanish'd phantom of a seaman's dream.

They paused and search'd in vain, then pull'd away,
Even superstition now forbade their stay.

Some said he had not plunged into the wave,
 But vanish'd like a corpse-light from a grave;
 Others, that something supernatural
 Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall;
 While all agreed, that in his cheek and eye
 There was the dead hue of eternity. 90
 Still as their oars receded from the crag,
 Round every weed a moment would they lag,
 Expectant of some token of their prey;
 But no—he had melted from them like the spray.

V.

And where was he, the Pilgrim of the Deep;
 Following the Nereid? Had they ceased to weep
 For ever? or, received in coral caves,
 Wrung life and pity from the softening waves?
 Did they with Ocean's hidden sovereigns dwell,
 And sound with Mermen the fantastic shell? 100
 Did Neuha with the Mermaids comb her hair
 Flowing o'er ocean as it stream'd in air?
 Or had they perish'd, and in silence slept
 Beneath the gulph wherein they boldly leap'd?

VI.

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
 Follow'd: her track beneath her native sea
 Was as a native's of the element,
 So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,
 Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
 Which struck and flash'd like an amphibious steel. 110
 Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
 The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
 Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,

Pursued her liquid steps with art and ease.
 Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
 The way—then upward soar'd—and, as she spread
 Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
 Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks.
 They had gain'd a central realm of earth again,
 But look'd for tree, and field, and sky, in vain. 120
 Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
 Whose only portal was the keyless wave *
 (A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
 Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,
 In some transparent ocean holiday,
 When all the finny people are at play),
 Wiped with her hair the brime from Torquil's eyes,
 And clapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise;
 Led him to where the rock appear'd to jut
 And form a something like a Triton's hut; 130
 For all was darkness for a space, till day
 Through clefts above let in a sober'd ray;
 As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
 The dusty monuments from light recoil,
 Thus sadly in their refuge submarine
 The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

VII.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
 A pine torch, strongly girded with gnattoo;
 A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to keep

* Of this cave (which is no fiction) the original will be found in the 9th chapter of MARINER'S *Account of the Tonga Islands*. I have taken the poetical liberty to transplant it to Toobonai, the last island where any distinct account is left of Christian and his comrades.

Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep. 140
 This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook
 Of the same plantain leaf, a flint she took,
 A few shrunk wither'd twigs, and from the blade
 Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus array'd
 The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
 And show'd a self-born Gothic canopy;
 The arch uprear'd by Nature's architect,
 The architrave some earthquake might erect;
 The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurl'd,
 When the Poles crash'd and Water was the World;
 Or harden'd from some earth-absorbing fire 151
 While yet the globe reek'd from its funeral pyre;
 The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave, *
 Were there, all scoop'd by Darkness from her Cave.
 There, with a little tinge of Phantasy,
 Fantastic faces moped and mow'd on high,
 And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
 The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
 Thus Nature play'd with the Stalactites,
 And built herself a chapel of the Seas. 160

VIII.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
 And waved along the vault her kindled brand,

* This may seem too minute for the general outline (in *MARINER'S Account*) from which it is taken. But few men have travelled without seeing something of the kind—on *land*, that is. Without adverting to Ellora, in *MUNGO PARK'S* last journal (if my memory do not err, for there are eight years since I read the book) he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of nature.

And led him into each recess, and show'd
 The secret places of their new abode.
 Nor these alone, for all had been prepared
 Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared;
 The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gnatoos,
 And sandal-oil to fence against the dew;
 For food the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread
 Born of the fruit; for board the plantain spread 170
 With its broad leaf, or turtle shell which bore
 A banquet in the flesh it cover'd o'er;
 The gourd with water recent from the rill,
 The ripe banana from the mellow hill;
 A pine-torch pile to keep undying light,
 And she herself, as beautiful as Night,
 To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,
 And make their subterranean world serene.
 She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail
 Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail, 180
 And form'd a refuge of the rocky den
 For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.
 Each dawn had wafted there her light canoe,
 Laden with all the golden fruits that grew;
 Each eve had seen her gliding through the hour
 With all could cheer or deck their sparry bower;
 And now she spread her little store with smiles,
 The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

IX.

She, as he gazed with grateful wonder, press'd
 Her shelter'd love to her impassion'd breast; 190
 And, suited to her soft caresses, told
 An elden tale of Love,—for Love is old,
 Old as Eternity, but not outworn

With each new being born or to be born: *
 How a young Chief, a thousand moons ago,
 Diving for turtle in the depths below,
 Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,
 Into the cave which round and o'er them lay;
 How, in some desperate feud of after time,
 He shelter'd there a daughter of the clime, 200
 A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,
 Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe;
 How, when the storm of war was still'd, he led
 His island clan to where the waters spread
 Their deep green shadow o'er the rocky door,
 Then dived—it seem'd as if to rise no more:
 His wondering mates, amazed within their bark,
 Or deem'd him mad, or prey to the blue shark;
 Row'd round in sorrow the sea-girded rock,
 Then paused upon their paddles from the shock, 210
 When, fresh and springing from the deep, they saw
 A Goddess rise—so deem'd they in their awe;
 And their companion, glorious by her side,
 Proud and exulting in his Mermaid bride;
 And how, when undeceived, the pair they bore
 With sounding conchs and joyous shouts to shore;
 How they had gladly lived and calmly died,
 And why not also Torquil and his bride?
 Not mine to tell the rapturous caress
 Which follow'd wildly in that wild recess 220

* The reader will recollect the epigram of the Greek Anthology, or its translation into most of the modern languages:—

« Whoe'er thou art, thy master see,
 He was, or is, or is to be. »

This tale ; enough that all within that cave
 Was Love, though buried strong as in the grave
 Where Abelard, through twenty years of death,
 When Eloisa's form was lower'd beneath
 Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretch'd, and press'd
 The kindling ashes to his kindled breast. *
 The waves without sang round their couch, their roar
 As much unheeded as if life were o'er;
 Within, their hearts made all their harmony,
 Love's broken murmur and more broken sigh. 230

X.

And they, the cause and sharers of the shock
 Which left them exiles of the hollow rock,
 Where were they? O'er the sea for life they plied,
 To seek from Heaven the shelter men denied.
 Another course had been their choice—but where?
 The wave which bore them still, their foes would bear,
 Who, disappointed of their former chase,
 In search of Christian now renew'd their race.
 Eager with anger, their strong arms made way,
 Like vultures baffled of their previous prey. 240
 They gain'd upon them, all whose safety lay
 In some bleak crag or deeply-hidden bay:
 No further chance or choice remain'd; and right
 For the first further rock which met their sight
 They steer'd, to take their latest view of land,
 And yield as victims, or die sword in hand;

* The tradition is attached to the story of Eloisa, that when her body was lowered into the grave of Abelard (who had been buried twenty years) he opened his arms to receive her.

Dismiss'd the natives and their shallop, who
 Would still have battled for that scanty crew;
 But Christian bade them seek their shore again,
 Nor add a sacrifice which were in vain; 250
 For what were simple bow and savage spear
 Against the arms which must be wielded here?

XI.

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
 Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been;
 Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
 Stern and sustain'd, of man's extremity,
 When Hope is gone, nor Glory's self remains
 To cheer resistance against death or chains,—
 They stood, the three, as the three hundred stood
 Who dyed Thermopylæ with holy blood. 260
 But, ah! how different! 'tis the *cause* makes all,
 Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.
 O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,
 Blazed through the clouds of death and beckon'd hence;
 No grateful country, smiling through her tears,
 Begun the praises of a thousand years;
 No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,
 No heroes envy them their monument;
 However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
 Their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt. 270
 And this they knew and felt, at least the one,
 The leader of the band he had undone;
 Who, born perchance for better things, had set
 His life upon a cast which linger'd yet:
 But now the die was to be thrown, and all
 The chances were in favour of his fall;
 And such a fall! But still he faced the shock,

Obdurate as a portion of the rock
 Whereon he stood ; and fix'd his levell'd gun ,
 Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun. 280

XII.

The boat drew nigh , well arm'd , and firm the crew
 To act whatever Duty bade them do ;
 Careless of danger , as the onward Wind
 Is of the leaves it strews , nor looks behind :
 And yet perhaps they rather wish'd to go
 Against a nation's than a native foe ,
 And felt that this poor victim of self-will ,
 Briton no more , had once been Britain's still.
 They hail'd him to surrender—no reply ;
 Their arms were poised , and glitter'd in the sky. 290
 They hail'd again—no answer ; yet once more
 They offer'd quarter louder than before.
 The echoes only , from the rock's rebound ,
 Took their last farewell of the dying sound.
 Then flash'd the flint , and blazed the volleying flame ,
 And the smoke rose between them and their aim ,
 While the rock rattled with the bullet's knell ,
 Which peal'd in vain , and flatten'd as they fell ;
 Then flew the only answer to be given
 By those who had lost all hope in earth or heaven. 300
 After the first fierce peal , as they pull'd nigher ,
 They heard the voice of Christian shout , « Now fire ! »
 And ere the word upon the echo died ,
 Two fell ; the rest assail'd the rock's rough side ,
 And furious at the madness of their foes ,
 Disdain'd all further efforts , save to close.
 But steep the crag , and all without a path ,
 Each step opposed a bastion to their wrath ;

While, placed 'midst clefts the least accessible, 309
 Which Christian's eye was train'd to mark full well,
 The three maintain'd a strife which must not yield,
 In spots where eagles might have chosen to build.
 Their every shot told; while the assailant fell,
 Dash'd on the shingles like the limpet shell;
 But still enough survived, and mounted still,
 Scattering their numbers here and there, untill
 Surrounded and commanded, though not nigh
 Enough for seizure, near enough to die,
 The desperate trio held aloof their fate 319
 But by a thread, like sharks who have gorged the bait;
 Yet to the very last they battled well,
 And not a groan inform'd their foes *who* fell.
 Christian died last—twice wounded; and once more
 Mercy was offer'd when they saw his gore;
 Too late for life, but not too late to die,
 With though a hostile hand to close his eye.
 A limb was broken, and he droop'd along
 The crag, as doth a falcon rest of young.
 The sound revived him, or appear'd to wake
 Some passion which a weakly gesture spake; 330
 He beckon'd to the foremost who drew nigh,
 But, as they near'd, he rear'd his weapon high—
 His last ball had been aim'd, but from his breast
 He tore the topmost button of his vest, *

* In THIBAUT's *Account of Frederic II. of Prussia*, there is a singular relation of a young Frenchman, who, with his mistress, appeared to be of some rank. He enlisted and deserted at Scweidnitz; and, after a desperate resistance, was retaken, having killed an officer, who attempted to seize him after he was wounded, by the discharge of his musket loaded with a *button* of his uniform. Some

Down the tube dash'd it, levell'd, fired, and smiled
 As his foe fell; then, like a serpent, coil'd
 His wounded, weary form, to where the steep
 Look'd desperate as himself along the deep;
 Cast one glance back, and clench'd his hand, and shook
 His last rage 'gainst the earth which he forsook;
 Then plunged: the rock below received like glass
 His body crush'd into one gory mass, 342
 With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
 Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm;
 A fair-hair'd scalp, besmear'd with blood and weeds,
 Yet reek'd, the remnant of himself and deeds;
 Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
 As long as hand could hold, he held them fast)
 Yet glitter'd, but at distance—hurl'd away
 To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray. 350
 The rest was nothing—save a life mis-spent,
 And soul—but who shall answer where it went?
 'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead; and they
 Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,
 Unless these bullies of eternal pains
 Are pardon'd their bad hearts for their worse brains.

XIII.

The deed was over! All were gone or ta'en,
 The fugitive, the captive, or the slain.

circumstances on his court-martial raised a great interest amongst his judges, who wished to discover his real situation in life, which he offered to disclose, but to the *King* only, to whom he requested permission to write. This was refused, and Frederic was filled with the greatest indignation, from baffled curiosity or some other motive, when he understood that his request had been denied.—See THIBAULT'S work, vol. ii.—(I quote from memory.)

Chain'd on the deck, where once, a gallant crew.
 They stood with honour, were the wretched few 360
 Survivors of the skirmish on the isle;
 But the last rock left no surviving spoil.
 Cold lay they where they fell, and weltering,
 While o'er them flapp'd the sea-bird's dewy wing,
 Now wheeling nearer from the neighbouring surge,
 And screaming high their harsh and hungry dirge:
 But calm and careless heaved the wave below,
 Eternal with unsympathetic flow;
 Far o'er its face the dolphins sported on,
 And sprung the flying-fish against the sun, 370
 Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief height,
 To gather moisture for another flight.

XIV.

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who by dawn of day
 Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising ray,
 And watch if aught approach'd the amphibious lair
 Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air:
 It flapp'd, it fill'd, and to the growing gale
 Bent its broad arch: her breath began to fail
 With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and high,
 While yet a doubt sprung where its course might lie:
 But no! it came not; fast and far away 381
 The shadow lessen'd as it clear'd the bay.
 She gazed, and flung the sea-foam from her eyes,
 To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.
 On the horizon verged the distant deck,
 Diminish'd, dwindled to a very speck—
 Then vanish'd. All was ocean, all was joy!
 Down plunged she through the cave to rouse her boy;
 Told all she had seen, and all she hoped, and all

That happy Love could augur or recal;
 Sprung forth again, with Torquil following free
 His bounding Nereid over the broad sea;
 Swam round the rock, to where a shallow cleft
 Hid the canoe that Neuha there had left
 Drifting along the tide, without an oar,
 That eve the strangers chased them from the shore;
 But when these vanish'd, she pursued her prow,
 Regain'd, and urged to where they found it now:
 Nor ever did more Love and Joy embark,
 Than now was wafted in that slender ark. 400

XV.

Again their own shore rises on the view,
 No more polluted with a hostile hue;
 No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
 A floating dungeon: —all was Hope and Home!
 A thousand proas darted o'er the bay,
 With sounding shells, and heralded their way;
 The Chiefs came down, around the people pour'd,
 And welcomed Torquil as a son restored;
 The women throng'd, embracing and embraced
 By Neuha, asking where they had been chased, 410
 And how escaped? The tale was told; and then
 One acclamation rent the sky again;
 And from that hour a new tradition gave
 Their sanctuary the name of « Neuha's Cave. »
 An hundred fires, far flickering from the height,
 Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,
 The feast in honour of the guest, return'd
 To Peace and Pleasure, perilously earn'd;
 A night succeeded by such happy days
 As only the yet infant world displays. 420

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APPENDIX.

EXTRACT FROM THE VOYAGE BY CAPTAIN BLIGH.

ON the 27th of December it blew a severe storm of wind from the eastward, in the course of which we suffered greatly. One sea broke away the spare yards and spars out of the starboard mainchains; another broke into the ship and stove all the boats. Several casks of beer that had been lashed on deck broke loose, and were washed overboard; and it was not without great risk and difficulty that we were able to secure the boats from being washed away entirely. A great quantity of our bread was also damaged and rendered useless, for the sea had stove in our stern, and filled the cabin with water.

On the 5th of January, 1788, we saw the island of Teneriffe about twelve leagues distant, and next day, being Sunday, came to an anchor in the road of Santa Cruz. There we took in the necessary supplies, and, having finished our business, sailed on the 10th.

I now divided the people into three watches, and gave the charge of the third watch to Mr. Fletcher Christian, one of the mates. I have always considered this a desirable regulation when circumstances will admit of it, and I am persuaded that unbroken rest not only contributes much towards the health of the ship's company, but enables them more readily to exert themselves in cases of sudden emergency.

As I wished to proceed to Otaheite without stopping, I reduced the allowance of bread to two-thirds,

and caused the water for drinking to be filtered through drip-stones, bought at Teneriffe for that purpose. I now acquainted the ship's company of the object of the voyage, and gave assurances of certain promotion to every one whose endeavours should merit it.

On Tuesday the 26th of February, 'being in South latitude $29^{\circ} 38'$, and $44^{\circ} 44'$ West longitude, we bent new sails, and made other necessary preparations for encountering the weather that was to be expected in a high latitude. Our distance from the coast of Brazil was about 100 leagues.

On the forenoon of Sunday the 2d of March, after seeing that every person was clean, divine service was performed, according to my usual custom on this day: I gave to Mr. Fletcher Christian, whom I had before directed to take charge of the third watch, a written order to act as lieutenant.

The change of temperature soon began to be sensibly felt, and, that the people might not suffer from their own negligence, I supplied them with thicker clothing, as better suited to the climate. A great number of whales of an immense size, with two spoutholes on the back of the head, were seen on the 11th.

On a complaint made to me by the Master, I found it necessary to punish Matthew Quintal, one of the seamen, with two dozen of lashes, for insolence and mutinous behaviour, which was the first time that there was any occasion for punishment on board.

We were off Cape St. Diego, the Eastern part of the Terre de Fuego, and, the wind being unfavourable, I thought it more advisable to go round to the eastward of Staten-land than to attempt passing

through Straits le Maire. We passed New Year's Harbour and Cape St. John, and on Monday the 31st were in latitude $60^{\circ} 1'$ South. But the wind became variable, and we had bad weather.

Storms, attended with a great sea, prevailed until the 12th of April. The ship began to leak, and required pumping every hour, which was no more than we had reason to expect from such a continuance of gales of wind and high seas. The decks also became so leaky that it was necessary to allot the great cabin, of which I made little use except in fine weather, to those people who had not births to hang their hammocks in, and by this means the space between decks was less crowded.

With all this bad weather, we had the additional mortification to find, at the end of every day, that we were losing ground; for, notwithstanding our utmost exertions, and keeping on the most advantageous tacks, we did little better than drift before the wind. On Tuesday the 22d of April, we had eight down on the sick list, and the rest of the people, though in good health, were greatly fatigued; but I saw, with much concern, that it was impossible to make a passage this way to the Society Islands, for we had now been thirty days in a tempestuous ocean. Thus the season was too far advanced for us to expect better weather to enable us to double Cape Horn; and, from these and other considerations, I ordered the helm to be put a-weather, and bore away for the Cape of Good Hope, to the great joy of every one on board.

We came to an anchor on Friday the 23d of May, in Simon's Bay, at the Cape, after a tolerable run.

The ship required complete caulking, for she had become so leaky, that we were obliged to pump hourly in our passage from Cape Horn. The sails and rigging also required repair, and, on examining the provisions, a considerable quantity was found damaged.

Having remained thirty-eight days at this place, and my people having received all the advantage that could be derived from refreshments of every kind that could be met with, we sailed on the 1st of July.

A gale of wind blew on the 20th, with a high sea; it increased after noon with such violence, that the ship was driven almost fore-castle under before we could get the sails clewed up. The lower yards were lowered, and the top-gallant-mast got down upon deck, which relieved her much. We lay to all night, and in the morning bore away under a reefed fore-sail. The sea still running high, in the afternoon it became very unsafe to stand on; we therefore lay to all night, without any accident, excepting that a man at the steerage was thrown over the wheel and much bruised. Towards noon the violence of the storm abated, and we again bore away under the reefed foresail.

In a few days we passed the Island of St Paul, where there is good fresh water, as I was informed by a Dutch captain, and also a hot spring, which boils fish as completely as if done by a fire. Approaching to Van Dieman's land, we had much bad weather, with snow and hail, but nothing was seen to indicate our vicinity, on the 13th of August, except a seal, which appeared at the distance of twenty

leagues from it. We anchored in Adventure Bay on Wednesday the 20th.

In our passage hither from the Cape of Good Hope, the winds were chiefly from the westward, with very boisterous weather. The approach of strong southerly winds is announced by many birds of the albatross or peterel tribe; and the abatement of the gale, or a shift of wind to the northward, by their keeping away. The thermometer also varies five or six degrees in its height, when a change of these winds may be expected.

In the land surrounding Adventure Bay are many forest trees one hundred and fifty feet high; we saw one which measured above thirty-three feet in girth. We observed several eagles, some beautiful blue-plumaged herons, and parroquets in great variety.

The natives not appearing, we went in search of them towards Cape Frederic-Henry. Soon after, coming to a grapnel, close to the shore, for it was impossible to land, we heard their voices, like the cackling of geese, and twenty persons came out of the woods. We threw trinkets ashore tied up in parcels, which they would not open out until I made an appearance of leaving them; they then did so, and, taking the articles out, put them on their heads. On first coming in sight, they made a prodigious clattering in their speech, and held their arms over their heads. They spoke so quick that it was impossible to catch one single word they uttered. Their colour is of a dull black; their skin scarified about the breast and shoulders. One was distinguished by his body being coloured with red ochre, but all the others were painted black, with a kind of soot, so thickly

laid over their faces and shoulders, that it was difficult to ascertain what they were like.

On Thursday, the 4th of September, we sailed out of Adventure Bay, steering first towards the east-south-east, and then to the northward of east, when, on the 19th, we came in sight of a cluster of small rocky islands, which I named Bounty Isles. Soon afterwards we frequently observed the sea, in the night-time, to be covered by luminous spots, caused by amazing quantities of small blubbers, or medusæ, which emit a light, like the blaze of a candle, from the strings or filaments extending from them, while the rest of the body continues perfectly dark.

We discovered the island of Otaheite on the 25th, and, before casting anchor next morning in Matavai Bay, such numbers of canoes had come off, that, after the natives ascertained we were friends, they came on board, and crowded the deck so much, that in ten minutes I could scarce find my own people. The whole distance which the ship had run, in direct and contrary courses, from the time of leaving England until reaching Otaheite, was twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles, which, on an average, was one hundred and eight miles each twentyfour hours.

Here we lost our surgeon on the 9th of December. Of late he had scarcely ever stirred out of the cabin, though not apprehended to be in a dangerous state. Nevertheless, appearing worse than usual in the evening, he was removed where he could obtain more air, but without any benefit, for he died in an hour afterwards. This unfortunate man drank very hard, and was so averse to exercise, that he would never

be prevailed on to take half a dozen turns on deck at a time, during all the course of the voyage. He was buried on shore.

On Monday, the 5th of January, the small cutter was missed, of which I was immediately apprized. The ship's company being mustered, we found three men absent, who had carried it off. They had taken with them eight stand of arms and ammunition; but with regard to their plan, every one on board seemed to be quite ignorant. I therefore went on shore, and engaged all the chiefs to assist in recovering both the boat and the deserters. Accordingly, the former was brought back in the course of the day, by five of the natives; but the men were not taken until nearly three weeks afterwards. Learning the place where they were, in a different quarter of the island of Otaheite, I went thither in the cutter, thinking there would be no great difficulty in securing them with the assistance of the natives. However, they heard of my arrival; and when I was near a house in which they were, they came out wanting their fire-arms, and delivered themselves up. Some of the chiefs had formerly seized and bound these deserters; but had been prevailed on, by fair promises of returning peaceably to the ship, to release them. But finding an opportunity again to get possession of their arms, they set the natives at defiance.

The object of the voyage being now completed, all the bread-fruit plants, to the number of one thousand and fifteen, were got on board on Tuesday, the 31st of March. Besides these, we had collected many other plants, some of them bearing the finest fruits in the world; and valuable, from affording

brilliant dyes, and for various properties besides. At sunset of the 4th of April, we made sail from Otaheite, bidding farewell to an island where for twenty-three weeks we had been treated with the utmost affection and regard, and which seemed to increase in proportion to our stay. That we were not insensible to their kindness, the succeeding circumstances sufficiently proved; for to the friendly and endearing behaviour of these people may be ascribed the motives inciting an event that effected the ruin of our expedition, which there was every reason to believe would have been attended with the most favourable issue.

Next morning we got sight of the island Huaheine; and a double canoe soon coming alongside, containing ten natives, I saw among them a young man who recollected me, and called me by my name. I had been here in the year 1780, with Captain Cook, in the Resolution. A few days after sailing from this island, the weather became squally, and a thick body of black clouds collected in the east. A water-spout was in a short time seen at no great distance from us, which appeared to great advantage from the darkness of the clouds behind it. As nearly as I could judge, the upper part was about two feet in diameter, and the lower about eight inches. Scarcely had I made these remarks, when I observed that it was rapidly advancing towards the ship. We immediately altered our course, and took in all sails except the foresail; soon after which it passed within ten yards of the stern, with a rustling noise, but without our feeling the least effect from it being so near. It seemed to be travelling at the rate of about ten miles

an hour, in the direction of the wind, and it dispersed in a quarter of an hour after passing us. It is impossible to say what injury we should have received, had it passed directly over us. Masts, I imagine, might have been carried away, but I do not apprehend that it would have endangered the loss of the ship.

Passing several islands on the way, we anchored at Annamooka, on the 23d of April; and an old lame man called Tapa, whom I had known here in 1777, and immediately recollected, came on board; along with others, from different islands in the vicinity. They were desirous to see the ship, and, on being taken below, where the bread-fruit plants were arranged, they testified great surprise. A few of these being decayed, we went on shore to procure some in their place.

The natives exhibited numerous marks of the peculiar mourning which they express on losing their relatives; such as bloody temples, their heads being deprived of most the hair, and, what was worse, almost the whole of them had lost some of their fingers. Several fine boys, not above six years old, had lost both their little fingers; and several of the men, besides these, had parted with the middle finger of the right hand.

The chiefs went off with me to dinner, and we carried on a brisk trade for yams; we also got plantains and bread-fruit. But the yams; were in great abundance, and very fine and large. One of them weighed above forty-five pounds. Sailing canoes came, some of which contained not less than ninety passengers. Such a number of them gradually arrived from different islands, that it was impossible to get any thing

done, the multitude became so great, and there was no chief of sufficient authority to command the whole. I therefore ordered a watering party, then employed, to come on board, and sailed on Sunday, the 26th of April.

We kept near the island of Kotoo all the afternoon of Monday, in hopes that some canoes would come off to the ship, but in this we were disappointed. The wind being northerly, we steered to the westward in the evening, to pass south of Tofoa; and I gave directions for this course to be continued during the night. The master had the first watch, the gunner the middle watch, and Mr. Christian the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night.

Hitherto the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and had been attended with circumstances equally pleasing and satisfactory. But a very different scene was now to be disclosed; a conspiracy had been formed, which was to render all our past labour productive only of misery and distress; and it had been concerted with so much secrecy and circumspection, that no one circumstance escaped to betray the impending calamity.

On the night of Monday, the watch was set as I have described. Just before sunrise, on Tuesday morning, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, with the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back; threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I nevertheless called out as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but the officers not of their party were already secured by sentinels at

their doors. At my own cabin-door were three men, besides the four within; all except Christian had muskets and bayonets; he had only a cutlass. I was dragged out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain in the mean time from the tightness with which my hands were tied. On demanding the reason of such violence, the only answer was abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, surgeon, master's mate, and Nelson the gardener, were kept confined below, and the fore-hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, were allowed to come on deck, where they saw me standing abaft the mizen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head. The boatswain was then ordered to hoist out the launch, accompanied by a threat, if he did not do it instantly, TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

The boat being hoisted out, Mr. Heyward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, the clerk were ordered into it. I demanded the intention of giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect; for the constant answer was, « Hold your tongue, Sir, or you are dead this moment. »

The master had by this time sent, requesting that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to his cabin. My exertions to turn the tide of affairs were continued; when Christian, changing the cutlass he held for a bayonet, and holding me by the cord about my hands with a strong gripe, threatened me with immediate death if

I would not be quiet; and the villains around me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed.

Certain individuals were called on to get into the boat, and were hurried over the ship's side; whence I concluded, that along with them I was to be set adrift. Another effort to bring about a change produced nothing but menaces of having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and those seamen who were to be put into the boat, were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty gallon cask of water; and Mr. Samuel got 150 pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine; also a quadrant and compass; but he was prohibited, on pain of death, to touch any map or astronomical book, and any instrument, or any of my surveys and drawings.

The mutineers having thus forced those of the seamen whom they wished to get rid of into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his crew. I then unhappily saw that nothing could be done to recover the ship. The officers were next called on deck, and forced over the ship's side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one abaft the mizen-mast. Christian, armed with a bayonet, held the cord fastening my hands, and the guard around me stood with their pieces cocked; but on my daring the ungrateful wretches to fire, they uncocked them. Isaac Martin, one of them, I saw had an inclination to assist me; and as he fed me with shaddock, my lips being quite parched, we explained each other's sentiments by looks. But this was observed, and he was removed. He then got into the

boat, attempting to leave the ship; however, he was compelled to return. Some others were also kept contrary to their inclination.

It appeared to me, that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates. At length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, though not without opposition to take his toolchest.

Mr. Samuel secured my journals and commission, with some important ship-papers; this he did with great resolution, though strictly watched. He attempted to save the time-keeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks for fifteen years past, which were very numerous, when he was hurried away with—« Damn your eyes, you are well off to get what you have. »

Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the transaction of this whole affair. Some swore, « I'll be damned if he does not find his way home, if he gets any thing with him, » meaning me; and when the carpenter's chest was carrying away, « Damn my eyes, he will have a vessel built in a month; » while others ridiculed the helpless situation of the boat, which was very deep in the water, and had so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

I asked for arms, but the mutineers laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat, after we were veered astern.

The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian, who then said, « Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death; » and without further ceremony, I was forced over the side by a tribe of armed ruffians, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, also the four cutlasses. The amourer and carpenter then called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, and having undergone much ridicule, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

Eighteen persons were with me in the boat,—the master, acting surgeon, botanist, gunner, boatswain, carpenter, master, and quarter-master's mate, two quarter-masters, the sail-maker, two cooks, my clerk, the butcher, and a boy. There remained on board, Fletcher Christian, the master's mate; Peter Haywood, Edward Young, George Stewart, midshipmen; the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, boatswain's mate; gardener, armourer, carpenter's mate, carpenter's crew, and fourteen seamen, being altogether the most able men of the ship's company.

Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards the island of Tofoa, which bore north-east about ten leagues distant. The ship while in sight steered west-north-west, but this I considered only as a feint, for when we were sent away, « Huzza for Otaheite! » was frequently heard among the mutineers.

Christian, the chief of them, was of a respectable family in the north of England. This was the third voyage he had made with me. Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some remorse in him. While they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him whether this was a proper return for the many instances he had experienced of my friendship? He appeared disturbed at the question, and answered, with much emotion, « That—Captain Bligh—that is the thing—I am in hell—I am in hell. » His abilities to take charge of the third watch, as I had so divided the ship's company, were fully equal to the task.

Haywood was also of a respectable family in the north of England, and a young man of abilities, as well as Christian. These two had been objects of my particular regard and attention, and I had taken great pains to instruct them, having entertained hopes that, as professional men, they would have become a credit to their country. Young was well recommended; and Stewart of creditable parents in the Orkneys, at which place, on the return of the Resolution from the South Seas in 1780, we received so many civilities, that in consideration of these alone I should gladly have taken him with me. But he had always borne a good character.

When I had time to reflect, an inward satisfaction prevented the depression of my spirits. Yet, a few hours before, my situation had been peculiarly flattering; I had a ship in the most perfect order, stored with every necessary, both for health and service; the object of the voyage was attained, and two-thirds of it now

completed. The remaining part had every prospect of success.

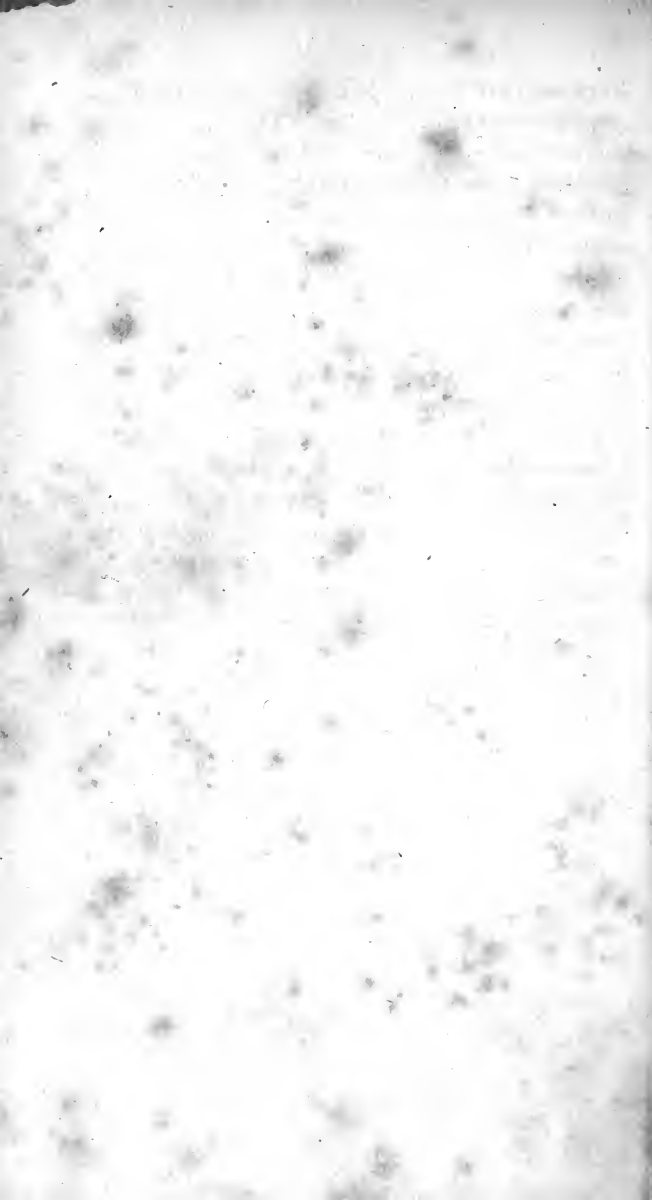
It will naturally be asked, what could be the cause of such a revolt? In answer, I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hope of a happier life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; which, joined to some female connexions, most probably occasioned the whole transaction.

The women of Otaheite are handsome, mild, and cheerful in manners and conversation; possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them be admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other concomitant circumstances, it ought hardly to be the subject of surprise that a set of sailors, most of them void of connexions, should be let away, where they had the power of fixing themselves in the midst of plenty, in one of the finest islands in the world, where there was no necessity to labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond any conception that can be formed of it. The utmost, however, that a Commander could have expected was desertions, such as have already happened more or less in the South Seas, and not an act of open mutiny.

But the secrecy of this mutiny, surpasses belief. Thirteen of the party who were now with me had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Stewart,

Heywood, and Young, had ever observed any circumstance to excite suspicion of what was plotting; and it is not wonderful if I fell a sacrifice to it, my mind being entirely free from suspicion. Perhaps, had marines been on board, a sentinel at my cabin-door might have prevented it; for I constantly slept with the door open, that the officer of the watch might have access to me on all occasions. If the mutiny had been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of discontent, which would have put me on my guard; but it was far otherwise. With Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms; that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the preceding night he excused himself from supping with me on pretence of indisposition, for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his honour or integrity.

THE END.



DON JUAN.

CANTOS XII.—XIII.—XIV.

« Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale? »—« Yes, by St. Anne; and Ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. »—*Twelfth Night, or What you Will.*

SHAKSPEARE.

Under the provisions of the Act of March 3, 1879, the
Secretary of the Interior is authorized to acquire
lands for the benefit of the people of the United States;
and the Secretary is authorized to acquire lands for the
benefit of the people of the United States.

SECRET

DON JUAN.

CANTO XII.

I.

OF all the barbarous Middle Ages, that
Which is most barbarous is the middle age
Of man; it is—I really scarce know what;
But when we hover between fool and sage,
And don't know justly what we would be at,—
A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were;—

II.

Too old for youth,—too young, at thirty-five,
To herd with boys, or hoard with good threescore,—
I wonder people should be left alive;
But since they are, that epoch is a bore:
Love lingers still, although 'twere late to wive;
And as for other love, the illusion's o'er;
And money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

III.

Oh Gold! Why call we misers miserable?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
Theirs is the best bower-anchor, the chain cable
Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.
Ye who but see the saving man at table,
And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
Know not what visions spring from each cheese-paring.

IV.

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much sicker ;
 Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss ;
 But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
 And adding still a little through each cross
 (Which *will* come over things) beats love or liquor,
 The gamester's counter, or the statesman's *dross*.
 Oh Gold ! I still prefer thee unto paper,
 Which makes bank crédit like a bark of vapour.

V.

Who hold the balance of the world ? Who reign
 O'er Congress, whether royalist or liberal ?
 Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain ?
 (That make old Europe's journals squeak and
 gibber all.)
 Who keep the world, both old and new, in pain
 Or pleasure ? Who make politics run glibber all ?
 The shade of Bonaparte's noble daring ?—
 Jew Rothschild, and his fellow Christian Baring.

VI.

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,
 Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan
 Is not a merely speculative hit,
 But seats a nation or upsets a throne.
 Republics also get involved a bit ;
 Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown
 On 'Change ; and even thy silver soil, Peru,
 Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

VII.

Why call the miser miserable ? as
 I said before : the frugal life is his,
 Which in a saint or cynic ever was

The theme of praise : a hermit would not miss
 Canonization for the self-same cause,
 And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities?
 Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial;—
 Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

VIII.

He is your only poet ;—passion, pure
 And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,
Possess'd, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
 Nations athwart the deep : the golden rays
 Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure ;
 On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze ;
 While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dies
 Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX.

The lands on either side are his : the ship
 From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
 For him the fragrant produce of each trip ;
 Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
 And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip ;
 His very cellars might be kings' abodes ;
 While he, despising every sensual call,
 Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

X.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
 To build a college, or to found a race,
 A hospital, a church,—and leave behind
 Some dome surmounted by his meagre face :
 Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
 Even with the very ore which makes them base ;
 Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
 Or, revel in the joys of calculation.

XI.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
 May be the hoarder's principle of action,
 The fool will call such mania a disease:—

What is his *own*? Go—look at each transaction,
 Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more ease
 Than the mere plodding through each « vulgar frac-
 tion? »

Or do they benefit mankind? Lean Miser!

Let spendthrifts' heirs inquire of yours—who's wiser?

XII.

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming chests

Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins

(Not of old Victors, all whose heads and crests

Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
 But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests

Some likeness, which the glittering cirque confines,
 Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp:—
 Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp.

XIII.

« Love rules the camp, the court, the grove, »—« for
 Love

« Is Heaven, and Heaven is Love: »—so sings the
 bard;

Which it were rather difficult to prove,

(A thing with poetry in general hard.)

Perhaps there may be something in « the grove, »

At least it rhymes to « Love; » but I'm prepared
 To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
 If « courts » and « camps » be quite so sentimental.

XIV.

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and Cash alone:
 Cash rules the grove, and fells it too besides;
 Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were none;
 Without cash, Malthus tells you—« take no brides. »
 So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own
 High ground, as Virgin Cynthia sways the tides;
 And as for « Heaven being Love, » why not say honey
 Is wax? Heaven is not Love, 'tis Matrimony.

XV.

Is not all love prohibited whatever,
 Excepting marriage? which is love no doubt,
 After a sort; but somehow people never
 With the same thought the two words have helped out:
 Love may exist *with* marriage and *should* ever,
 And marriage also may exist without;
 But love *sans* bans is both a sin and shame,
 And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.

Now if the « court » and « camp » and « grove » be not
 Recruited all with constant married men,
 Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,
 I say *that* line's a lapsus of the pen;—
 Strange too in my « buon camerado » Scott,
 So celebrated for his morals, when
 My Jeffrey held him up as an example
 To me;—of which these morals are a sample.

XVII.

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,
 And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,
 The only time when much success is needed:
 And my success produced what I in sooth

Cared most about; it need not now be pleaded —

Whate'er it was, 'twas mine; I've paid, in truth,
Of late the penalty of such success,
But have not learned to wish it any less:

XVIII.

That suit in Chancery,—which some persons plead
In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,
In the faith of their procreative creed,
Baptize Posterity, or future clay,—
To me seems but a dubious kind of reed
To lean on for support in any way;
Since odds are that Posterity will know
No more of them, than they of her, I trow:

XIX.

Why, I'm Posterity — and so are you;
And whom do we remember? Not a hundred.
Were every memory written down all true,
The tenth or twentieth name would be but blundered;
Even Plutarch's Lives have but picked out a few,
And 'gainst those few your annalists have thundered;
And Mitford in the nineteenth century
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie *

* See Mitford's Greece. « *Graciæ Verax.* » His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange after all, *his* is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.

XX.

Good People all, of every degree,
 Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers
 In this twelfth Canto 'tis my wish to be
 As serious as if I had for inditers
 Malthus and Wilberforce: — the last set free
 The Negroes, and is worth a million fighters;
 While Wellington has but enslaved he whites,
 And Malthus does the thing 'gainst which the writes.

XXI.

I'm serious — so are all men upon paper;
 And why should I not form my speculation,
 And hold up to the sun my little taper?
 Mankind just now seem wrapt in meditation
 On Constitutions and Steam-boats of vapour;
 While sages write against all procreation,
 Unless a man can calculate his means
 Of feeding brats the moment his wife weans.

XXII.

That's noble! That's romantic! For my part,
 I think that «Philo-genitiveness» is—
 (Now here's a word quite after my own heart,
 Though there's a shorter a good deal than this,
 If that politeness set it not apart;
 But I'm resolved to say nought that's amiss) —
 I say, methinks that «Philo-genitiveness»
 Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.

XXIII.

And now to business. Oh, my gentle Juan!
 Thou art in London — in that pleasant place
 Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing,
 Which can await warm youth in its wild race.

'Tis true, that thy career is not a new one;
 Thou art no novice in the headlong chase
 Of early life; but this is a new land
 Which foreigners can never understand.

XXIV.

What with a small diversity of climate,
 Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,
 I could send forth my mandate like a primate
 Upon the rest of Europe's social state;
 But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,
 Great Britain, which the Muse may penetrate.
 All countries have their «Lions,» but in thee
 There is but one superb menagerie,

XXV.

But I am sick of politics. Begin,
 «Paulo Majora.» Juan undecided
 Amongst the paths of being «taken in,»
 Above the ice had like a skaiter glided:
 When tired of play, he flirted without sin
 With some of those fair creatures who have prided
 Themselves on innocent tantalization,
 And hate all vice except its reputation.

XXVI.

But these are few, and in the end they make
 Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows
 That even the purest people may mistake
 Their way through virtue's primrose paths of snows;
 And then men stare, as if a new ass spake
 To Balaam, and from tongue to ear o'erflows
 Quick silver Small Talk, ending (if you not it)
 With the kind world's Amen!—«Who would have
 thought it?»

XXVII.

The little Leila, with her orient eyes,
And taciturn Asiatic disposition,
(Which saw all Western things with small surprise,
To the surprise of people of condition,
Who think that novelties are butterflies
To be pursued as food for inanition)
Her charming figure and romantic history
Became a kind of fashionable mystery.

XXVIII.

The women much divided—as is usual
Amongst the sex in little things or great.
Think not, fair creatures, that I mean to abuse you all—
I have always liked you better than I state:
Since I've grown moral, still I must accuse you all
Of being apt to talk at a great rate;
And now there was a general sensation
Amongst you, about Leila's education.

XXIX.

In one point only were you settled—and
You had reason; 'twas that a young Child of Grace,
As beautiful as her own native land,
And far away, the last bud of her race,
How'er our friend Don Juan might command
Himself for five, four three, or two year's space,
Would be much better taught beneath the eye
Of Peeresses whose follies had run dry.

XXX.

So first there was a generous emulation,
And then there was a general competition
To undertake the orphan's education.
As Juan was a person of condition,

It had been an affront on this occasion
 To talk of a subscription or petition;
 But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she sages,
 Whose tale belongs to « Hallam's Middle Ages, »

XXXI.

And one or two sad, separate wives, without
 A fruit to bloom upon their withering bough—
 Begged to bring *up* the little girl, and « *out*, »—
 For that's the phrase that settles all things now,
 Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,
 And all her points as thorough bred to show:
 And I assure you, that like virgin honey
 Tastes their first season (mostly if they have money.)

XXXII.

How all the needy honourable misters,
 Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
 The watchful mothers and the careful sisters,
 (Who, by the by, when clever, are more handy
 At making matches, where « 'tis gold that glisters, »
 Than their *he* relatives) like flies o'er candy
 Buzz round « *the* Fortune » with their busy battery,
 To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!

XXXIII.

Each aunt, each cousin hath her speculation;
 Nay, married dames will now and then discover
 Such pure disinterestedness of passion,
 I've known them court an heiress for their lover.
 « Tantæne! » Such the virtues of high station,
 Even in the hopeful Isle, whose outlet's « Dover! »
 While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,
 Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs.

XXXIV.

Some are soon bagged, but some reject three dozen.

'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals
 And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin
 (Friends of the party) who begin accusals.
 Such as—« Unless Miss (Blank) meant to have chosen
 « Poor Frederick , why did she accord persuals
 « To his billets ? *Why* waltz with him ? Why, I pray,
 « Look *yes* last night , and yet say *no* to-day ?

XXXV.

« Why ?—Why ?—Besides, Fred. really was *attached* ;
 « 'Twas not her fortune—he has enough without :
 « The time will come she'll wish that she had snatched
 « So good an opportunity, no doubt :—
 « But the old marchioness some plan had hatched ,
 « As I'll tell Aurea at to—morrow's rout :
 « And after all poor Frederick may do better—
 « Pray , did you see her answer to his letter ? »

XXXVI.

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets
 Are spurned in turn , until her turn arrives ,
 After male loss of time , and hearts , and bets
 Upon the sweep-stakes for substantial wives
 And when at last the pretty creature gets
 Some gentleman who fights , or writes , or drives ,
 It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected
 To find how very badly she selected.

XXXVII.

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer ,
 Worn out with importunity ; or fall
 (But here perhaps instances are fewer)
 To the lot him who scarce pursued at all.

A hazy widower turned of forty's sure *

(If 'tis not vain examples to recall)

To draw a high prize : now , hove'er he got her , I
See nought more strange in this than t'other lottery.

XXXVIII.

I, for my part—(one « modern instance » more ,
« True , 'tis a pity—pity 'tis , 'tis true »)

Was chosen from out an amatory score ,

Albeit my years were less discreet than few ;
But though I also had reformed before

Those became one who soon were to be two ,
I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice.

That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

XXXIX.

Oh , pardon me digression—or at least

Peruse ! 'Tis always with a moral end.

That I dissert , like Grace before a feast :

For like an aged aunt , or tiresome friend ,
A rigid guardian , or a zealous priest ,

My Muse by exhortation means to mend
All people , at all times , and in most places ,
Which , puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

XL.

But now I'm going to be immoral ; now

I mean to show things really as they are ,

Not as they ought to be : for I avow ,

That till we see what's what in fact , we're far

* This line may puzzle the commentators more than the present generation.

From much improvement with that virtuous plough
 Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar
 Upon the black loam long manured by Vice,
 Only to keep its corn at the old price.

XLI.

But first of little Leila we'll dispose;
 For like a day-dawn she was young and pure,
 Or like the old comparison of snows,
 Which are more pure than pleasant to be sure,
 Like many people every body knows,
 Don Juan was delighted to secure
 A goodly guardian for his infant charge,
 Who might not profit much by being at large.

XLII.

Besides, he had found out that he was no tutor:
 (I wish that others would find out the same)
 And rather wished in such things to stand neuter,
 For silly wards will bring their guardians blame:
 So when he saw each ancient dame a suitor
 To make his little wild Asiatic tame
 Consulting « the Society for Vice
 « Suppression, » Lady Pinchbeck was his choice.

XLIII.

Olden she was—but had been very young;
 Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe
 Although the world has such an evil tongue
 That—but my chaster ear will not receive
 An echo of a syllable that's wrong:
 In fact there's nothing makes me so much grieve
 As that abominable tittle tattle,
 Which is the cud eschewed by human cattle.

XLIV.

Moreover I've remarked (and I was once
 A slight observer in a modest way)
 And so may every one except a dunce ,
 That ladies in their youth a little gay ,
 Besides their knowledge of the world , and sense
 Of the sad consequence of going astray ,
 Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe
 Which the mere passionless can never know.

XLV.

While the harsh Prude indemnifies her virtue
 By railing at the unknown and envied passion ,
 Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you ,
 Or what's still worse , to put you out of fashion ,—
 The kinder veteran with calm words will court you ,
 Entreating you to pause before you dash on ;
 Expounding and illustrating the riddle
 Of Epic Love's beginning , end , and middle.

XLVI.

Now whether it be thus , or that they are stricter ,
 As better knowing why they should be so ,
 I think you'll find from many a family picture ,
 That daughters of such mothers as may know
 The world by experience rather than by lecture ,
 Turn out much better for the Smithfield Show
 Of vestals brought into the marriage mart ,
 Than those bred up by prudes without a heart.

XLVII.

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talked about—
 And who has not , if female , young and pretty ?
 But now no more the ghost of Scandal stalked about ;
 She merely was deemed amiable and witty ,

And several of her best bon-mots were hawked about;
 Then she was given to charity and pity,
 And passed (at least the latter years of life)
 For being a most exemplary wife.

XLVIII.

High in high circles, gentle in her own,
 She was the mild reprovcr of the young
 Whenever—which means every day—they'd shown
 An awkward inclination to go wrong.
 The quantity of good she did's unknown,
 Or at the least would lengthen out my song:
 In brief, the little orphan of the East
 Had raised an interest in her which increased.

XLIX.

Juan too was a sort of favourite with her,
 Because she thought him a good heart at bottom,
 A little spoiled, but not so altogether;
 Which was a wonder, if you think who got him,
 And how he had been tossed, he scarce knew whither:
 Though this might ruin others, it did *not* him,
 At least entirely—for he had seen too many
 Changes in youth, to be surprised at any.

L.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;
 For when they happen at a riper age,
 People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,
 And wonder Providence is not more sage.
 Adversity is the first path to truth:
 He who hath proved war, storm, or woman's rage,
 Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
 Hath won the experience which is deemed so weighty.

LI.

How far it profits is another matter.—

Our hero gladly saw his little charge
 Safe with a lady, whose last grown-up daughter
 Being long married, and thus set at large,
 Had left all the accomplishments she taught her
 To be transmitted, like the Lord Mayor's barge,
 To the next comer; or—as it will tell
 More Muse-like—like Cytherea's shell.

LII.

I call such things transmission; for there is
 A floating balance of accomplishment
 Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,
 According as their minds or backs are bent.
 Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the abyss
 Of metaphysics; others are content
 With music; the most moderate shine as wits,
 While others have a genius turned for fits.

LIII.

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords,
 Theology, Fine Arts, or finer stays
 May be the baits for gentlemen or lords
 With regular descent, in these our days
 The last year to the new transfers its hoards;
 New vestals claim men's eyes with the same praise
 Of « elegant » *et cetera*, in fresh batches—
 All matchless creatures and yet bent on matches.

LIV.

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis
 Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,
 That from the first of Cantos up to this
 I've not begun what we have to go through.

These first twelve Books are merely flourishes ,
 Preludios, trying just a string or two
 Upon my lyre , or making the pegs sure ;
 And when so, you shall have the Overture.

LV.

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
 About what's called success , or not succeeding :
 Such thoughts are quite below the strain they have chosen ;
 'Tis a « great moral lesson » they are reading.
 I thought, at setting off, about two dozen
 Cantos would do ; but at Apollo's pleading ,
 If that my Pegasus should not be foundered ,
 I think to canter gently through a hundred.

LVI.

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts ,
 Yclept the Great World ; for it is the least,
 Although the highest : but as swords have hilts
 By which their power of mischief is increased ,
 When man in battle or in quarrel tilts,
 Thus the low world, north, south, or west, or east,
 Must still obey the high—which is their handle,
 Their moon, their sun, their gas, their farthing candle.

LVII.

He had many friends who had many wives, and was
 Well looked upon by both, to that extent
 Of friendship which you may accept or pass ,
 It does nor good nor harm ; being merely meant
 To keep the wheels going of the higher class ,
 And draw them nightly when a ticket's sent :
 And what with masquerades , and fêtes, and balls,
 For the first season such a life scarce palls.

LVIII.

A young unmarried man, with a good name
 And fortune, has an awkward part to play;
 For good society is but a game,
 « The royal game of Goose, as I may say,
 Where every body has some separate aim,
 An end to answer, or a plan to lay—
 The single ladies wishing to be double,
 The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

LIX.

I don't mean this as general, but particular
 Examples may be found of such pursuits :
 Though several also keep their perpendicular
 Like poplars, with good principles for roots;
 Yet many have a method more *reticular*—
 « Fishers for men, » like Sirens with soft lutes.
 For talk six times with the same single lady,
 And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

LX.

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the mother,
 To say her daughter's feelings are trepanned;
 Perhaps you'll have a visit from the brother,
 All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand
 What « your intentions are? »—One way or other
 It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand;
 And between pity for her case and yours,
 You'll add to Matrimony's list of cures.

LXI.

I've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*,
 And some of them high names: I have also known
 Young men who—though they hated to discuss
 Pretensions which they never dreamed to have shown—

Yet neither frightened by a female fuss,
 Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,
 And lived, as did the brokenhearted fair,
 In happier plight than if they formed a pair.

LXII.

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,
 A peril—not indeed like love or marriage,
 But not the less for this to be depreciated:
 It is—I meant and mean not to disparage
 The show of virtue even in the vitiated—
 It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—
 But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,
 « Couleur de rose, » who's neither white nor scarlet.

LXIII.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say « No, »
 And won't say « Yes, » and keeps you on and off-ing,
 On a lee shore, till it begins to blow—
 Thensees your heart wrecked, with an inward scoffing.
 This works a world of sentimental woe,
 And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin;
 But yet is merely innocent flirtation,
 Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LXIV.

« Ye Gods, I grow a talker! » Let us prate.
 The next of perils, though I place it *sternest*,
 Is when, without regard to « Church or State, »
 A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest.
 Abroad, such things decide few women's fate—
 (Such, early traveller! is the truth thou learnest)—
 But in old England when a young bride errs,
 Poor thing! Eve's was a trifling case to her's.

LXV.

For 'tis a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit
 Country, where a young couple of the same ages
 Can't form a friendship but the world o'erawes it.
 Then there's the vulgar trick of those d—d damages!
 A verdict—grievous foe to those who cause it!
 Forms a sad climax to romantic homages;
 Besides those soothing speeches of the pleaders,
 And evidences which regale all readers!

LXVI.

But they who blunder thus, are raw beginners;
 A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy
 Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners,
 The loveliest Oligarchs of our Gynocracy;
 You may see such at all the balls and dinners,
 Among the proudest of our Aristocracy,
 So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste—
 And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

LXVII.

Juan, who did not stand in the predicament
 Of a mere novice, had one safeguard more;
 For he was sick—no, 'twas not the word *sick* I meant—
 But he had seen so much good love before,
 That he was not in heart so very weak;—I meant
 But thus much, and no sneer against the shore
 Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes, bluer stockings,
 Tithes, taxes, duns, and doors with double knockings.

LXVIII.

But coming young from lands and scenes romantic,
 Wherelives, not lawsuits, must be risked for Passion
 And Passion's self must have a spice of frantic,
 Into a country where 'tis half a fashion,

Seem'd to him half commercial, half pedantic,
 Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation;
 Besides (alas! his taste—forgive and pity!)
 At first he did not think the women pretty.

LXIX.

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,
 But by degrees, that they were fairer far
 Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast
 Beneath the influence of the Eastern star.
 A further proof we should not judge in haste;
 Yet inexperience could not be his bar
 To taste:—the truth is, if men would confess,
 That novelties *please* less than they *impress*.

LXX.

Though travelled, I have never had the luck to
 Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile or Niger,
 To that impracticable place Timbuctoo,
 Where Geography finds no one to oblige her
 With such a chart as may be safely stuck to—
 For Europe ploughs in Afric like « *bos piger*. »
 But if *had been* at Timbuctoo, there
 No doubt I should be told that black is fair.

LXXI.

It is. I will not swear that black is white;
 But I suspect in fact that white is black,
 And the whole matter rests upon eye-sight.
 Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll attack
 Perhaps this new position—but I'm right;
 Or if I'm wrong, I'll not be ta'en aback:—
 He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark
 Within; and what seest thou? A dubious spark.

LXXII.

But I'm relapsing into metaphysics,
 That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same
 Construction as your cures for hectic phthisics,
 Those bright moths fluttering round a dying flame:
 And this reflection brings me to plain physics,
 And to the beauties of a foreign dame,
 Compared with those of our pure pearls of price,
 Those Polar summers, *all* sun, and some ice.

LXXIII.

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids, whose
 Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere fishes;—
 Not that there's not a quantity of those
 Who have a due respect for their own wishes.
 Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows *
 Are they, at bottom virtuous even when vicious:
 They warm into a scrape, but keep of course,
 As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

LXXIV.

But this has nought to do with their outsides.
 I said that Juan did not think them pretty
 At the first blush; for a fair Briton hides
 Half her attractions—probably from pity—
 And rather calmly into the heart glides,
 Than storms it as a foe would take a city;
 But once there (if you doubt this, prithee try)
 She keeps it for you like a true ally.

* The Russians, as is well known, run out from their hot baths to plunge into the Neva; a pleasant practical antithesis, which it seems does them no harm.

LXXV.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,
 Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,
 Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,
 Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning;
 Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warble
 Those bravuras (which I still am learning
 To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,
 And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily);—

LXXVI.

She cannot do these things, nor one or two
 Others, in that off-hand and dashing style
 Which takes so much—to give the devil his due;
 Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,
 Nor settles all things in one interview,
 (A thing approved as saving time and toil);—
 But though the soil may give you time and trouble,
 Well cultivated, it will render double.

LXXVII.

And if in fact she takes to a « grande passion, »
 It is a very serious thing indeed:
 Nine times in ten 'tis but caprice or fashion,
 Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,
 The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,
 Or wish to make a rival's bosom bleed
 But the tenth instance will be a Tornado,
 For there's no saying what they will or may do.

LXXVIII.

The reason's obvious: if there's an éclat;
 They lose their caste at once, as do the Parias;
 And when the delicacies of the law
 Have filled their papers with their comments various,

Society, that china without flaw,
 (The hypocrite!) will banish them like Marius,
 To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt :
 For Fame's a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

LXXIX.

Perhaps this is as it should be;—it is
 A comment on the Gospel's « Sin no more,
 And be thy sins forgiven : »—but upon this
 I leave the saints to settle their own score.
 Abroad, though doubtless they do much amiss,
 An erring woman finds an opener door
 For her return to Virtue—as they call
 That Lady who should be at home to all.

LXXX.

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,
 Knowing that such uneasy Virtue leads
 People some ten times less in fact to mind it,
 And care but for discoveries and not deeds.
 And as for Chastity, you'll never bind it
 By all the laws the strictest lawyer pleads,
 But aggravate the crime you have not prevented,
 By rendering desperate those who had else repented.

LXXXI.

But Juan was no casuist, nor had pondered
 Upon the moral lessons of mankind :
 Besides, he had not seen of several hundred
 A lady altogether to his mind.
 A little « blasé »—'tis not to be wondered
 At, that his heart had got a tougher rind :
 And though not vainer from his past success,
 No doubt his sensibilities were less.

LXXXII.

He also had been busy seeing sights—

The Parliament and all the other houses;
Had sat beneath the gallery at nights,
To hear debates whose thunder *roused* (not *rouses*)
The world to gaze upon those northern lights *

Which flashed as far as where the musk-bull browses:
He had also stood at times behind the throne—
But Grey was not arrived, and Chatham gone.

LXXXIII.

He saw however, at the closing session,
That noble sight, when *really* free the nation,
A king in constitutional possession
Of such a throne as is the proudest station,
Though despots know it not—till the progression
Of freedom shall complete their education.
'Tis not mere splendour makes the show august
To eye or heart—it is the people's trust.

LXXXIV.

There too he saw (whate'er he may be now,)
A Prince, the prince of princes, at the time
With fascination in his very bow,
And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
Though royalty was written on his brow,
He had *then* the grace too, rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finished gentleman from top to toe.

* For a description and print of this inhabitant of the Polar Region and native country of the Auroræ Boreales, see Parry's Voyage in search of a North-West Passage.

LXXXV.

And Juan was received, as hath been said,
 Into the best society : and there
 Occurred what often happens, I'm afraid,
 However disciplined and debonnaire:—
 The talent and good humour he displayed,
 Besides the marked distinction of his air,
 Exposed him, as was natural, to temptation,
 Even though himself avoided the occasion.

LXXXVI.

But what, and where, with whom, and when, and why,
 Is not to be put hastily together;
 And as my object is morality
 (Whatever people say) I don't know whether
 I'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,
 But harrow up his feelings till they wither,
 And hew out a huge monument of pathos,
 As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos. *

LXXXVII.

Here the twelfth Canto of our introduction
 Ends. When the body of the book's begun,
 You'll find it of different construction
 From what some people say 'twill be when done :
 The plan at present's simply in concoction.
 I can't oblige you, reader ! to read on;
 That's your affair, not mine : a real spirit
 Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.

* A sculptor projected to hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, with a city in one hand, and, I believe, a river in his pocket, with various other similar devices. But Alexander's gone, and Athos remains, I trust ere long to look over a nation of freemen.

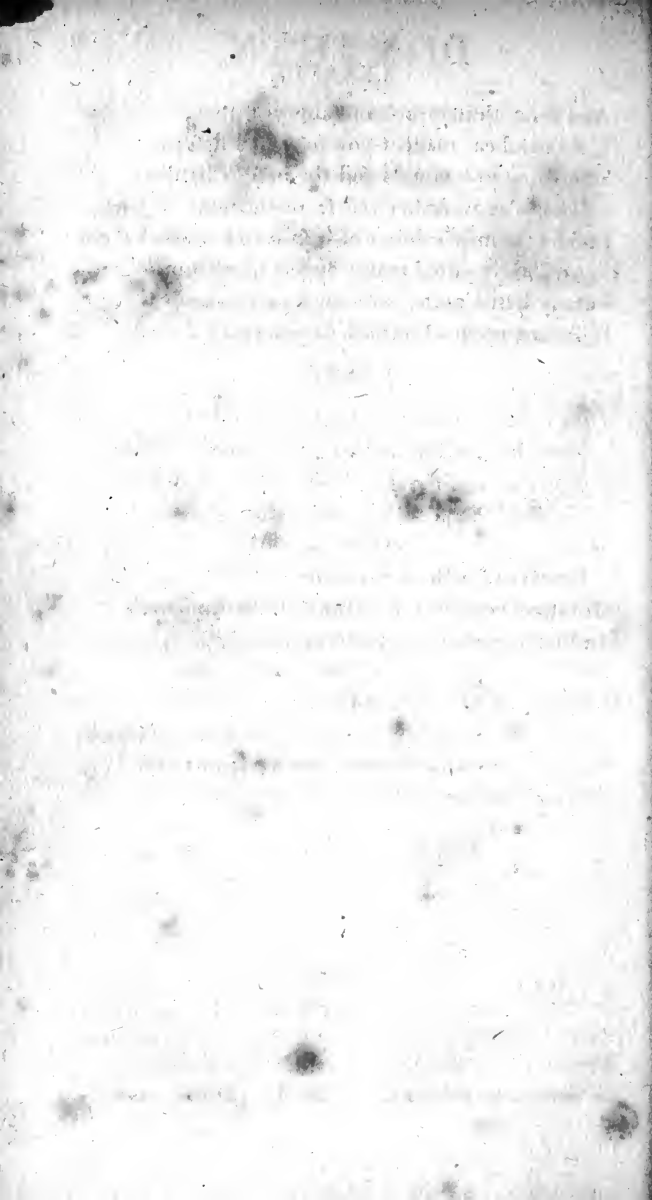
LXXXVIII.

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,
 Remember, reader! you have had before
 The worst of tempests and the best of battles
 That e'er were brewed from elements or gore,
 Besides the most sublime of—Heaven knows what else:
 An Usurer could scarce expect much more—
 But my best Canto, save one on Astronomy,
 Will turn upon « Political Economy. »

LXXXIX.

That is your present theme for popularity:
 Now that the Public Hedge hath scarce a stake,
 It grows an act of patriotic charity,
 To show the people the best way to break.
My plan (but I, if but for singularity,
 Reserve it) will be very sure to take.
 Meantime read all the National Debt-sinkers,
 And tell me what you think of your great thinkers.

END OF CANTO THE TWELFTH.



DON JUAN.

CANTO XIII.

I.

I now mean to be serious; — it is time,
Since laughter now-a-days is deemed too serious.
A jest at Vice by Virtue's called a crime,
And critically held as deleterious :
Besides, the sad's a source of the sublime ,
Although when long a little apt to weary us ;
And therefore shall my lay soar high and solemn
As an old temple dwindled to a column.

II.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville
('Tis an old Norman name, and to be found
In pedigrees by those who wander still
Along the last fields of that Gothic ground)
Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,
And beauteous, even where beauties most abound,
In Britain — which of course true patriots find
The goodliest soil of Body and of Mind.

III.

I'll not gainsay them; it is not my cue;
I leave them to their taste, no doubt the best,
An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue —
The kindest may be taken as a test.
The fair sex should be always fair; and no man,
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.

IV.

And after that serene and somewhat dull

Epoch, that awkward corner turned for days
More quiet, when our Moon's no more at full,

We may presume to criticise or praise;
Because indifference begins to lull

Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's ways;
Also because the figure and the face
Hint, that 'tis time to give the younger place.

V.

I know that some would fain postpone this era,

Reluctant as all placemen to resign
Their post; but their's is merely a chimera,

For they have passed life's equinoctial line:
But when they have their claret and madeira

To irrigate the dryness of decline;
And County Meetings and the Parliament,
And debt, and what not, for their solace sent.

VI.

And is there not Religion, and Reform,

Peace, War, the taxes, and what's called the « Nation? »
The struggle to be Pilots in a storm?

The landed and the monied speculation?
The joys of mutual hate to keep them warm,
Instead of love, that mere hallucination?
Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

VII.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, professed,

Right honestly, « he liked an honest hater! » — *
The only truth that yet has been confest
Within these latest thousand years or later.

* « Sir, I like a good hater. » — See the Life of Dr. Johnson, etc.

Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in jest : —

For my part, I am but a mere spectator,
And gaze where'er the palace or the hovel is,
Much in the mode of Goethe's Mephistopheles;

VIII.

But neither love nor hate in much excess;

Though 'twas not once so. If I sneer sometimes,
It is because I cannot well do less;

And now and then it also suits my rhymes.
I should be very willing to redress

Men's wrongs, and rather check than punish crimes,
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

IX.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,

Because it makes us smile : his hero's right,
And still pursues the right ;—to curb the bad,

His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight,
His guerdon : 'tis his virtue makes him mad!

But his adventures form a sorry sight ;—
A sorrier still is the great moral taught
By that real Epic unto all who have thought.

X.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,

To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff;
Opposing singly the united strong,

From foreign yoke to free the helpless native ;—
Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,

Be for mere fancy's sport a theme creative?
A jest, a riddle, Fame through thin and thick sought,
And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

XI.

Cervantes smiled Spain's Chivalry away;
 A single laugh demolished the right arm
 Of his own country;—seldom since that day
 Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm,
 The world gave ground before her bright array;
 And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
 That all their glory, as a composition,
 Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.

XII.

I'm « at my old Lunes »—digression, and forget
 The Lady Adeline Amundeville;
 The fair most fatal Juan ever met,
 Although she was not evil nor meant ill;
 But Destiny and Passion spread the net,
 (Fate is a good excuse for our own will)
 And caught them;—what do they *not* catch, methinks?
 But I'm not OEdipus, and life's a Sphinx.

XIII.

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
 To venture a solution: « Davus sum! »
 And now I will proceed upon the pair.
 Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay world's hum,
 Was the Queen-Bee, the glass of all that's fair;
 Whose charms made all men speak, and women dumb.
 The last's a miracle, and such was reckoned,
 And since that time there has not been a second.

XIV.

Chaste was she, to detraction's desperation,
 And wedded unto one she had loved well—
 A man known in the councils of the nation,
 Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,

Though apt to act with fire upon occasion,
 Proud of himself and her : the world could tell
 Nought against either, and both seemed secure—
 She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

XV.

It chanced some diplomatical relations,
 Arising out of business, often brought
 Himself and Juan in their mutual stations
 Into close contact. Though reserved, nor caught
 By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and patience,
 And talent, on his haughty spirit wrought,
 And formed a basis of esteem, which ends
 In making men what Courtesy calls friends.

XVI.

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as
 Reserve and pride could make him, and full slow
 In judging men—when once his judgment was
 Determined, right or wrong, on friend or foe,
 Had all the pertinacity pride has,
 Which knows no ebb to its imperious flow,
 And loves or hates, disdaining to be guided,
 Because its own good pleasure hath decided.

XVII.

His friendship therefore, and no less aversions,
 Though oft well founded, which confirmed but more
 His prepossessions, like the laws of Persians
 And Medes, would ne'er revoke what went before.
 His feelings, had not those strange fits, like tertians,
 Of common likings, which maké some deplore
 What they should laugh at—the mere ague still
 Of Men's regard, the fever or the chill.

XVIII.

« 'Tis not in mortals to command success ;
 « But *do you more*, Sempronius—*don't* deserve it. »
 And take my word , you won't have any less :
 Be wary, watch the time, and always serve it ;
 Give gently way, when there's too great a press ;
 And for your conscience , only learn to nerve it,—
 For like a racer or a boxer training,
 'Twill make , if proved, vast efforts without paining.

XIX.

Lord Henry also liked to be superior,
 As most men do, the little or the great ;
 The very lowest find out an inferior,
 At least they think so, to exert their state
 Upon : for there are very few things wearier
 Than solitary Pride's oppressive weight,
 Which mortals generously would divide,
 By bidding others carry while they ride.

XX.

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,
 O'er Juan he could no distinction claim ;
 In years he had the advantage of time's sequel ;
 And, as he thought, in country much the same —
 Because bold Britons have a tongue and free quill,
 At which all modern nations vainly aim ;
 And the Lord Henry was a great debater,
 So that few members kept the house up later.

XXI.

These were advantages : and then he thought—
 It was his foible, but by no means sinister—
 That few or none more than himself had caught
 Court mysteries, having been himself a ministe :

He liked to teach that which he had been taught,
 And greatly shone whenever there had been a stir;
 And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
 Always a Patriot, and sometimes a Placeman.

XXII.

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his gravity;
 He almost honoured him for his docility,
 Because, though young, he acquiesced with suavity,
 Or contradicted but with proud humility.
 He knew the world, and would not see depravity
 In faults which sometimes show the soil's fertility,
 If that the weeds o'erlive not the first crop,—
 For then they are very difficult to stop.

XXIII.

And then he talked with him about Madrid,
 Constantinople, and such distant places;
 Where people always did as they were bid,
 Or did what they should not with foreign graces.
 Of coursers also spake they; Henry rid
 Well, like most Englishmen, and loved the races;
 And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,
 Could back a horse, as despots ride a Russian.

XXIV.

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble routs,
 And diplomatic dinners, or at other—
 For Juan stood well both with Ins and outs,
 As in Freemasonry a higher brother.
 Upon his talent Henry had no doubts,
 His manner showed him sprung from a high mother;
 And all men like to show their hospitality
 To him whose breeding marches with his quality.

XXV.

At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will break no squares
 By naming streets : since men are so censorious,
 And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,
 Reaping allusions private and inglorious,
 Where none were dreamt of, unto love's affairs,
 Which were, or are to be notorious,
 That therefore do I previously declare;
 Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank Square.

XXVI.

Also there bin* another pious reason
 For making squares and streets anonymous;
 Which is, that there is scarce a single season
 Which doth not shake some very splendid house
 With some slight heart-quake of domestic treason—
 A topic scandal doth delight to rouse:
 Such I might stumble over unawares,
 Unless I knew the very chastest Squares.

XXVII.

'Tis true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,
 A place where peccadillos are unknown;
 But I have motives, whether wise or silly,
 For letting that pure sanctuary alone.
 Therefore I name not square, street, place, until I
 Find one where nothing naughty can be shown,
 A vestal shrine of innocence of heart:
 Such are——but I have lost the London Chart.

* « With every thing that pretty *bin*,

« My lady sweet arise.'—SHAKESPEARE.

XXVIII.

At Henry's mansion then in Blank-Blank Square,
 Was Juan a *recherché*, welcome guest,
 As many other noble Scions were;
 And some who had but talent for their crest;
 Or wealth, which is a passport every where;
 Or even mere fashion, which indeed's the best
 Recommendation, and to be well drest
 Will very often supersede the rest.

XXIX.

And since « there's safety in a multitude
 « Of counsellors, » as Solomon has said,
 Or some one for him, in some sage, grave mood;—
 Indeed we see the daily proof displayed
 In Senates, at the Bar, in wordy feud,
 Where'er collective wisdom can parade,
 Which is the only cause that we can guess,
 Of Britain's present wealth and happiness;—

XXX.

But as « there's safety grafted in the number
 « Of Counsellors » for men, — thus for the sex
 A large acquaintance lets not Virtue slumber;
 Or should it shake, the choice will more perplex—
 Variety itself will more encumber.

'Midst many rocks we guard more against wrecks;
 And thus with women: howso'er it shocks some's
 Self-love, there's safety in a crowd of coxcombs.

XXXI.

But Adeline had not the least occasion
 For such a shield, which leaves but little merit
 To virtue proper, or good education.
 Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,

Which judged mankind at their due estimation ;
 And for coquetry, she disdained to wear it:
 Secure of admiration, its impression
 Was faint, as of an every day possession.

XXXII.

To all she was polite without parade ;
 To some she showed attention of that kind
 Which flatters, but is flattery conveyed
 In such a sort as cannot leave behind
 A trace unworthy either wife or maid ;—
 A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,
 To those who were , or passed for meritorious,
 Just to console sad Glory for being glorious ;

XXXIII.

Which is in all respects, save now and then,
 A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze
 Upon the shades of those distinguished men,
 Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise,
 The praise of persecution. Gaze again
 On the most favoured ; and amidst the blaze
 Of sunset halos o'er the laurel browed,
 What can ye recognise ? — A gilded cloud.

XXXIV.

There also was of course in Adeline
 That calm Patrician polish in the address,
 Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
 Of any thing which Nature would express :
 Just as a Mandarin finds nothing fine, —
 At least his manner suffers not to guess
 That any thing he views can greatly please.
 Perhaps we have borrowed this from the Chinese —

XXXV.

Perhaps from Horace : his « *Nil admirari* »
 Was what he called the « Art of Happiness ; »
 An art on which the artists greatly vary,
 And have not yet attained to much success.
 However, 'tis expedient to be wary :
 Indifference certes don't produce distress ;
 And rash enthusiasm in good society
 Were nothing but a moral Inebriety.

XXXVI.

But Adeline was not indifferent : for
 (*Now* for a common place !) beneath the snow,
 As a Volcano holds the lava more
 Within — *et cætera*. Shall I go on? — No!
 I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor
 So let the often used volcano go.
 Poor thing ! How frequently, by me and others,
 It hath been stirred up till its smoke quite smothers !

XXXVII.

I'll have another figure in a trice : —
 What say you to a bottle of champagne?
 Frozen into a very vinous ice,
 Which leaves few drops of that immortal rain,
 Yet in the very centre, past all price,
 About a liquid glassful will remain ;
 And this is stronger than the strongest grape
 Could e'er express in its expanded shape :

XXXVIII.

'Tis the whole spirit brought to a quintessence ;
 And thus the chilliest aspects may concentrate
 A hidden nectar under a cold presence.
 And such are many — though only meant her,

From whom I now deduce these moral lessons,
 On which the Muse has always sought to enter: —
 And your cold people are beyond all price,
 When once you have broken their confounded ice.

XXXIX.

But after all they are a North-West Passage
 Unto the glowing India of the soul;
 And as the good ships sent upon that message
 Have not exactly ascertained the Pole
 (Though Parry's efforts look a lucky presage
 Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal;
 For if the Pole's not open, but all frost,
 (A chance still) 'tis a voyage or vessel lost.

XL.

And young beginners may as well commence
 With quiet cruising o'er the ocean woman;
 While those who are not beginners, should have sense
 Enough to make for port, ere time shall summon
 With his grey signal flag: and the past tense,
 The dreary « *Fuimus* » of all things human,
 Must be declined, while life's thin thread's spun out
 Between the gaping heir and gnawing gout.

XLI.

But Heaven must be diverted: its diversion
 Is sometimes truculent—but never mind:
 The world upon the whole is worth the assertion
 (If but for comfort) that all things are kind:
 And that same devilish doctrine of the Persian,
 Of the two Principles, but leaves behind
 As many doubts as any other doctrine
 Has ever puzzled Faith withal, or yoked her in.

XLII.

The English winter—ending in July,
 To recommence in August—now was done.
 'Tis the postilion's Paradise: wheels fly;
 On roads, East, South, North, West, there is a run.
 But for post horses who finds sympathy?
 Man's pity for himself, or for his son,
 Always premising that said son at college
 Has not contracted much more debt than knowledge.

XLIII.

The London winter's ended in July—
 Sometimes a little later. I don't err
 In this: whatever other blunders lie
 Upon my shoulders, here I must aver
 My Muse a glass of Weatherology;
 For Parliament is our Barometer:
 Let Radicals its other acts attack,
 Its sessions form our only almanack.

XLIV.

When its quicksilver's down at zero,—lo!
 Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage; equipage!
 Wheels whirl from Carlton palace to Soho,
 And happiest they who horses can engage;
 The turnpikes glow with dust; and Rotten Row
 Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age;
 And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,
 Sigh—as the postboys fasten on the traces.

XLV.

They and their bills, « Arcadians both, »* are left
 To the Greek Kalends of another sessions.
 Alas! to them of ready cash bereft,
 What hope remains? of *hope* the full possession,

* « Arcades ambo. »

Or generous draft, conceded as a gift,

At a long date—till they can get a fresh one,—
Hawked about at a discount, small or large;—
Also the solace of an overcharge.

XLVI.

But these are trifles. Downward flies my Lord

Nodding beside my Lady in his carriage.

Away! Away! « Fresh horses! » are the word,

And changed as quickly as hearts after marriage;
The obsequious landlord hath the change restored;

The postboys have no reason to disparage
Their fee; but ere the watered wheels may hiss hence,
The ostler pleads for a reminiscence.

XLVII.

'Tis granted; and the valet mounts the dickey—

That gentleman of lords and gentlemen;

Also my Lady's Gentlewoman, tricky,

Tricked out, but modest more than poets pen
Can paint, « *Così Viaggino i Ricchi!* »

(Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,
If but to show I've travelled; and what's travel,
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?)

XLVIII.

The London winter and the country summer

Were well nigh over. This perhaps a pity,

When Nature wears the gown that doth become her,

To lose those best months in a sweaty city,
And wait until the nightingale grows dumber,

Listening debates not very wise or witty,
Ere Patriots their true *country* can remember;—
But there's no shooting (save grouse) till September.

XLIX.

I've done with my tirade. The world was gone;
 The twicetwo thousand, for whom earth was made,
 Were vanished to be what they call alone,—
 That is, with thirty servants for parade,
 As many guests or more; before whom groan
 As many covers, duly, daily laid.
 Let none accuse old England's hospitality—
 Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

L.

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline
 Departed, like the rest of their compeers,
 The peerage, to a mansion very fine;
 The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.
 None than themselves could boast a longer line,
 Wheretime through heroes and through beauties steers;
 And oaks as olden as their pedigree
 Told of their sires, a tomb in every tree.

LI.

A paragraph in every paper told
 Of their departure: such is modern fame:
 'Tis pity that it takes no further hold
 Than an advertisement, or much the same;
 When ere the ink be dry, the sound grows cold.
 The Morning Post was foremost to proclaim—
 « Departure, for his country seat, to-day,
 « Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

LII.

« We understand the splendid host intends
 « To entertain, this autumn, a select
 « And numerous party of his noble friends;
 « Midst whom we have heard, from sources quite correct,

« The Duke of D—the shooting season spends,
 « With many more by rank and fashion decked;
 « Also a foreigner of high condition,
 « The Envoy of the secret Russian Mission. »

LIII.

And thus we see—who doubts the Morning Post?
 (Whose articles are like the « Thirty Nine, »
 Which those most swear to who believe them most)
 Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordained to shine,
 Decked by the rays reflected from his host,
 With those who, Pope says, « greatly daring dine. »
 'Tis odd, but true,—last war, the News abounded
 More with these dinners than the killed or wounded;—

LIV.

As thus: « On Thursday there was a grand dinner;
 « Present, Lords A. B. C. »—Earls, dukes, by name
 Announced with no less pomp than victory's winner:
 Then underneath, and in the very same
 Column: « Date, Falmouth. There has lately been here
 « The Slap-Dash Regiment, so well known to fame;
 « Whose loss in the late action we regret:
 « The vacancies are filled up—see Gazette. »

LV.

To Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair,—
 An old, old monastery once, and now
 Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
 Mixed Gothic, such as Artists all allow
 Few specimens yet left us can compare
 Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
 Because the monks preferred a hill behind,
 To shelter their devotion from the wind.

LVI.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
 Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
 Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
 His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
 And from beneath his boughs vere seen to sally
 The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
 The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
 To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

LVII.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
 By a river, which its soften'd way did take
 In currents through the calmer water spread
 Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
 With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

LVIII.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
 Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
 Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
 Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
 Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding,
 Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
 According as the skies their shadows threw.

LIX.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
 In a grand Arch, which once screened many an aisle.
 These last had disappeared—a loss to Art:

The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
 Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
 In gazing on that venerable Arch.

LX.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
 But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
 When each house was a fortalice—as tell
 The annals of full many a line undone,—
 The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.

LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
 The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
 With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;
 She made the earth below seem holy ground.
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

LXII.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
 Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
 Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
 Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
 Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

LXIII.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
 The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
 There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
 Is musical—a dying accent driven
 Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again
 Some deem it but the distant echo given
 Back to the Night wind by the waterfall,
 And harmonized by the old choral wall.

LXIV.

Others, that some original shape, or form
 Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
 (Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
 In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
 To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm.
 Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
 The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
 The fact:—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

LXV.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
 Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
 Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
 And here perhaps a monster, there a Saint:
 The spring gush'd through grim mouths, of granite
 made,
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent
 Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
 Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

LXVI.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
 The cells too and refectory, I ween:

An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;
 The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

LXVII.

Huge halls, long galleries; spacious chambers, join'd
 By no quite lawful marriage of the Arts,
 Might shock a Connoisseur; but when combined,
 Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
 Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
 At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
 We gaze upon a Giant for his stature,
 Nor judge at first if all be true to Nature.

LXVIII.

See Barons, molten the next generation
 To silken rows of gay and garter'd Earls,
 Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation
 And Lady Marys blooming into girls,
 With fair long locks, had also kept their station:
 And Countesses mature in robes and pearls:
 Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
 Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.

LXIX.

Judges in very formidable ermine
 Were there, with brows that did not much invite
 The accused to think their Lordships would determine
 His cause by leaning much from might to right:
 Bishops, who had not left a single sermon;
 Attornies-General, awful to the sight,
 As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
 Of the « Star Chamber » than of « Habeas Corpus. »

LXX.

Generals, some all in armour, of the old
 And iron time, ere Lead had ta'en the lead;
 Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
 Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed:
 Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold:
 Nimrods, whose canvass scarce contain'd the steed;
 And here and there some stern high Patriot stood,
 Who could not get the place for which he sued.

LXXI.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
 Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
 There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
 Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's:
 Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone
 In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories
 Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
 His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Loraine;
 There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
 Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
 Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic Anchorite:—
 But lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
 Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:
 His bell-mouthed goblet makes me feel quite Danish**
 Or Dutch with thirst—What ho! a flask of Rhenish.

* Salvator Rosa.

** If I err not, «Your Dane» is one of Iago's Catalogue of Nations «exquisite in their drinking.»

LXXIII.

Oh, reader! If that thou canst read,—and know,
 'Tis not enough to spell, or even to read,
 To constitute a reader; there must go

Virtues of which both you and I have need.

Firstly, begin with the beginning—(though

That clause is hard;) and secondly, proceed;

Thirdly, commence not with the end—or, sinning

In this sort, end at least with the beginning.

LXXIV.

But, reader, thou hast patient been of late,

While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,

Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,

Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.

That Poets were so from their earliest date,

By Homer's « Catalogue of Ships » is clear;

But a mere modern must be moderate—

I spare you then the furniture and plate.

LXXV.

The mellow Autumn came, and with it came

The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.

The corn is cut, the manor full of game;

The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats

In russet jacket:—lynx-like is his aim,

Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.

Ah nutbrown Partridges! Ah brilliant Pheasants!

And ah, ye Poachers!—'Tis no sport for peasants.

LXXVI.

An English autumn, though it hath no vines,

Blushing with Bacchant coronals along

The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines

The red grape in the sunny lands of song,

Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines;
 The Claret light, and the Madeira strong,
 If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,
 The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

LXXVII.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
 Which makes the Southern Autumn's day appear
 As if 'twould to a second spring resign
 The season, rather than to winter drear,—
 Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine,—
 The sea-coal fires, the earliest of the year;
 Without doors too she may complete in mellow,
 As what is lost in green is gained in yellow.

LXXVIII.

And for the effeminate *villeggiatura*—
 Rife with more horns than hounds—she hath the chase,
 So animated that it might allure a
 Saint from his beads to join the jocund race;
 Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura,*
 And wear the Melton jacket for a space:—
 If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame
 Preserve of Bores, who ought to be made game.

LXXIX.

The noble guests, assembled at the Abbey,
 Consisted of—we give the sex the pas—
 The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess Crabby;
 The ladies Scilly, Busey;—Miss Eclat;
 Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss O'Tabby,
 And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw;
 Also the honourable Mrs. Sleep,
 Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black sheep:

* In Assyria.

LXXX.

With other Countesses of Blank—but rank ;
 At once the « lie » and the « élite » of crowds ;
 Who pass like water filtered in a tank ,
 All purged and pious from their native clouds ;
 Or paper turned to money by the Bank :
 No matter how or why , the passport shrouds
 The « passée » and the past ; for good society
 Is no less famed for tolerance than piety.

LXXXI.

That is, up to a certain point ; which point
 Forms the most difficult in punctuation.
 Appearances appear to form the joint
 On which it hinges in a higher station ;
 And so that no explosion cry « Aroint
 « Thee, Witch ! » or each Medea has her Jason ;
 Or (to the point with Horace and with Pulci)
 « *Omne tulit punctum, quæ miscuit utile dulci.* »

LXXXII.

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,
 Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.
 I've seen a virtuous woman put down quite
 By the mere combination of a Coterie ;
 Also a So-So Matron boldly fight
 Her way back to the world by dint of plottery,
 And shine the very *Siria* of the spheres ;
 Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers:

LXXXIII.

I have seen more than I'll say :—but we will see
 How our *villeggiatura* will get on.
 The party might consist of thirty-three
 Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the ton.

I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
 But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
 By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst these
 There also were some Irish absentees.

LXXXIV.

There was Parolles too, the legal bully,
 Who limits all his battles to the bar
 And senate : when invited elsewhere, truly,
 He shows more appetite for words than war.
 There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who had newly
 Come out and glimmer'd as a six-weeks' star.
 There was Lord Pyrrho too, the great freethinker ;
 And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

LXXXV.

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—duke,
 « Aye, every inch a » duke; there were twelve peers
 Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in look
 And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears
 For commoners had ever them mistook.
 There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty dears!
 All song and sentiment ; whose hearts were set
 Less on a convent than a coronet.

LXXXVI.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose
 Honour was more before their names than after ;
 There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,
 Whom France and Fortune lately deign'd to waft here,
 Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse ;
 But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,
 Because—such was his magic power to please—
 The dice seem'd charm'd too with his repartees.

LXXXVII.

There was Dick Dubious the metaphysician,
 Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;
 Angle, the soi disant mathematician;
 Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner.
 There was the Reverend Rodomont Precisian,
 Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner;
 And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
 Good at all things, but better at a bet.

LXXXVIII.

There was Jack Jargon the gigantic guardsman;
 And General Fireface, famous in the field,
 A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
 Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he kill'd.
 There was the waggish Welch Judge, Jefferies Hardsman,
 In his grave office so completely skill'd,
 That when a culprit came for condemnation,
 He had his judge's joke for consolation.

LXXXIX.

Good company's a chess-board—there are kings,
 Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, paws; the world's
 a game;
 Save that the puppets pull at their own strings;
 Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.
 My Muse, the butterfly hath but her wings,
 Not stings, and flits through ether without aim,
 Alighting rarely:—were she but a hornet,
 Perhaps there might be vices which would mourn it.

XC.

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
 An Orator, the latest of the session,
 Who had deliver'd well a very set
 Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgression

Upon debate : the papers echoed yet

With this *début*, which made a strong impression,
And rank'd with what is every day display'd—

« The best first speech that ever yet was made. »

XCI.

Proud of his « Hear hims ! » proud too of his vote
And lost virginity of oratory,

Proud of his learning (just enough to quote)

He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory :

With memory excellent to get by rote ,

With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,

Graced with some merit and with more effrontery,
« His Country's pride, » he came down to the country.

XCII.

There also were two wits by acclamation,

Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed,
Both lawyers and both men of education;

But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed :

Longbow was rich in an imagination ,

As beautiful and bounding as a steed ,

But sometimes stumbling over a potato,—

While Strongbow's best things might have come from Cato.

XCIII.

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord ;

But Longbow wild as an *Æolian* harp,

With which the winds of heaven can claim accord,

And make a music, whether flat or sharp.

Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word:

At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes carp:

Both wits—one born so, and the other bred,

This by his heart—his rival by his head.

XCIV.

If all these seem an heterogeneous mass

To be assembled at a country seat,

Yet think, a specimen of every class

Is better than an hum drum tête-a-tête.

The days of Comedy are gone, alas!

When Congreve's fool could vie with Moliere's *bête*:

Society is smooth'd to that excess,

That manners hardly differ more than dress.

XCV.

Our ridicules are kept in the back-ground—

Ridiculous enough, but also dull;

Professions too are no more to be found

Professional; and there is nought to cull

Of folly's fruit: for though your fools abound,

They're barren and not worth the pains to pull.

Society is now one polish'd horde,

Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*,

XCVI.

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners, gleaning

The scanty but right-well threshed ears of truth;

And, gentle reader! when you gather meaning,

You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.

Further I'd quote, but Scripture intervening,

Forbids. A great impression in my youth

Was made by Mrs. Adams; where she cries

« That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies. * »

* « Mrs. Adams answered Mr. Adams, that it was blasphemous to talk of Scripture out of church. » This dogma was broached to her husband—the best Christian in any book. See Joseph Andrews, in the latter chapters.

XCVII.

But what we can we glean in this vile age
 Of chaff, although our gleanings be not grist.
 I must not quite omit the talking sage,
 Kit-Cat, the famous conversationist,
 Who, in his common-place book, had a page
 Prepared each morn for evenings. «List, oh list!»—
 «Alas, poor Ghost!»—What unexpected woes
 Await those who have studied their *bons mots*!

XCVIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation
 By many windings to their clever clinch;
 And secondly, must let slip no occasion,
 Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,
 But take an ell—and make a great sensation,
 If possible: and thirdly, never flinch
 When some smart talker puts them to the test,
 But seize the last word, which no doubt's the best.

XCIX.

Lord Henry and his Lady were the hosts;
 The party we have touch'd on were the guests!
 Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts
 To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.
 I will not dwell upon ragoûts or roasts,
 Albeit all human history attests,
 That happiness for Man—the hungry sinner!—
 Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

C.

Witness the lands which «flow'd with milk and honey»,
 Held out unto the hungry Israelites:
 To this we have added since, the love of money,
 The only sort of pleasure which requites.

Youth fades , and leaves our days no longer sunny ;
 We tire of Mistresses and Parasites ;
 But oh , Ambrosial Cash ! Ah ! who would lose thee ?
 When we no more can use , or even abuse thee !

CI.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot ,
 Or hunt : the young , because they liked the sport—
 The first thing boys like , after play and fruit.
 The middle-aged , to make the day more short ;
 For *ennui* is a growth of English root ,
 Though nameless in our language :—we retort
 The fact for words , and let the French translate
 That awful yawn which sleep can not abate.

CII.

The elderly walked through the library ,
 And tumbled books , or criticised the pictures ,
 Or sauntered through the gardens piteously ,
 And made upon the hot-house several strictures ,
 Or rode a nag which trotted not too high ,
 Or on the morning papers read their lectures ,
 Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix ,
 Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

CIII.

But none were « *géné :* » the great hour of union
 Was rung by dinner's knell ; till then all were
 Masters of their own time—or in communion ,
 Or solitary , as they chose to bear
 The hours , which how to pass is but to few known.
 Each rose up at his own , and had to spare
 What time he chose for dress , and broke his fast
 When , where , and how he chose for that repast.

CIV.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
 Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
 Or walked; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
 Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad;
 Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,
 And settled bonnets by the newest code,
 Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
 To make each correspondent a new debtor.

CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.
 The earth has nothing like a She epistle,
 And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
 I love the mystery of a female missal,
 Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
 But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
 When he allured poor Dclon:—you had better
 Take care what you reply to such a letter.

CVI.

Then there were billiards, cards too, but *no* dice;—
 Save in the Clubs no man of honour plays;—
 Boats when 'twas water, skating when 'twas ice,
 And the hard frost destroyed the scenting days:
 And angling too, that solitary vice,
 Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says:
 The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
 Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.*

* It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of

CVII.

With evening came the banquet and the wine;
 The conversazione, the duet,
 Attuned by voices more or less divine,
 (My heart or head aches with the memory yet.)
 The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;
 But the two youngest loved more to be set
 Down to the harp—because to music's charms
 They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
 For then the gentlemen were rather tired)
 Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze,
 Then there was small-talk ready when required;
 Flirtation—but decorous; the mere praise
 Of charms that should or should not be admired.
 The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
 And then retreated soberly—at ten.

angling, the cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, etc. are more humane and useful—but angling! No angler can be a good man.

« One of the best men I ever knew;—as humane, delicate minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world, was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagances of I. Walton.»

The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.—«Audi alteram partem»—I leave it to counterbalance my own observation.

CIX.

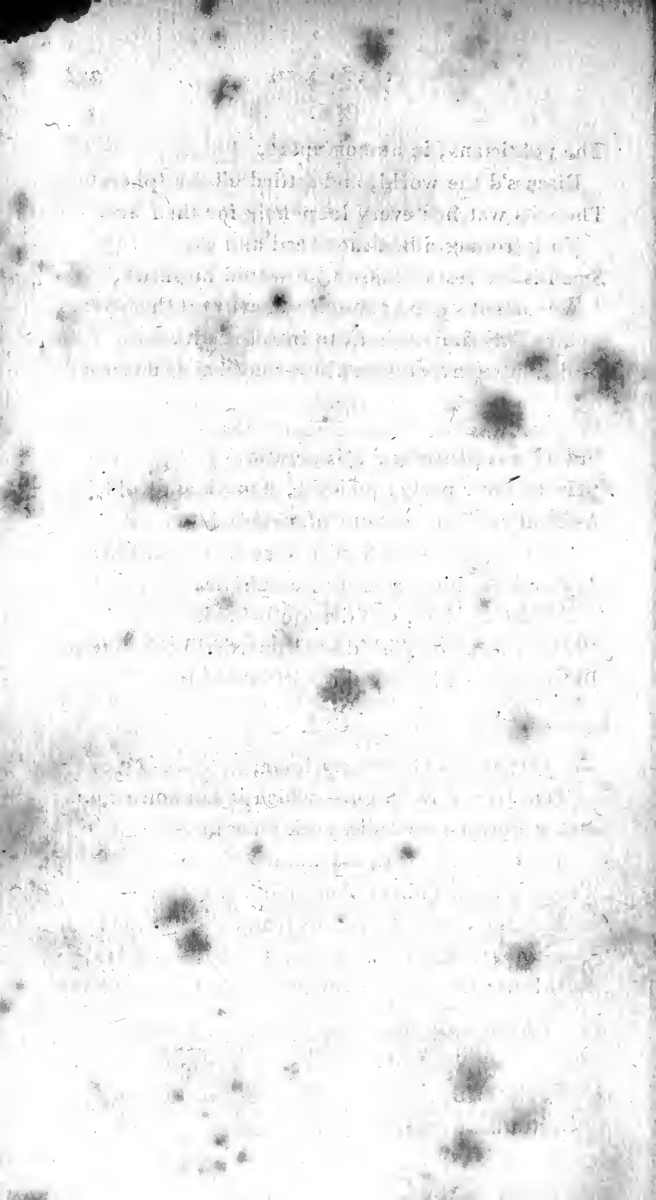
The politicians, in a nook apart,
 Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres;
 The wits watched every loop-hole for their art,
 To introduce a bon-mot head and ears;
 Small is the rest of those who would be smart,
 A moment's good thing may have cost them years
 Before they find an hour to introduce it,
 And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.

CX.

But all was gentle and aristocratic
 In this our party; polish'd, smooth and cold,
 As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
 There now are no Squire Westerns as of old;
 And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
 But fair as then, or fairer to behold.
 We have no accomplish'd black guards, like Tom Jones,
 But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

CXI.

They separated at an early hour;
 That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon:
 But in the country ladies seek their bower
 A little earlier than the waning Moon.
 Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—
 May the rose call back its true colours soon!
 Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tinters,
 And lower the price of ronge—at least some winters.



DON JUAN.

CANTO XIV.

I.

If from great Nature's or our own abyss
Of thought, we could but snatch a certainty,
Perhaps mankind might find the path they miss—
But then 'twould spoil much good philosophy.
One system eats another up, and this
Much as old Saturn ate his progeny;
For when his pious consort gave him stones
In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

II.

But System doth reverse the Titan's breakfast,
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast
After due search, your faith to any question?
Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast
You bind yourself, and call some mode the best one.
Nothing more true than *not* to trust your senses;
And yet what are your other evidences?

III.

For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, contemn; and what know *you*,
Except perhaps that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, Font of Eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
 Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet
 How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay!
 The very Suicide that pays his debt
 At once without instalments (an old way
 Of paying debts, which creditors regret)
 Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
 Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

V.

'Tis round him, near him, here, there, every where:
 And there's a courage which grows out of fear,
 Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
 The worst to *know* it:— when the mountains rear
 Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
 You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
 The gulf of rock yawns,— you can't gaze a minute
 Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'Tis true, you don't—but, pale and struck with terror,
 Retire: but look into your past impression!
 And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
 Of your own thoughts, in all their self confession,
 The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
 To the *unknown*; a secret prepossession,
 To plunge with all your fears—but where? You know not,
 And that's the reason why you do—or do not.

VII.

But what's this to the purpose? you will say.
 Gent. Reader, nothing; a mere speculation;
 For which my sole excuse is—'tis my way,
 Sometimes *with* and sometimes without occasion

I write what's uppermost, without delay;
 This narrative is not meant for narration
 But a mere airy and fantastic basis,
 To build up common things with common places.

VIII.

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon saith,
 «Fling up a straw, 'twill show the way the wind blows;»
 And such a straw, borne on by human breath,
 Is Poesy, according as the mind glows;
 A paper kite which flies 'twixt life and death,
 A shadow which the onward Soul behind throws:
 And mine's a bubble not blown up for praise,
 But just to play with, as an infant plays.

IX.

The world is all before me—or behind;
 For I have seen a portion of that same,
 And quite enough for me to keep in mind;—
 Of passions too, I have proved enough to blame,
 To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,
 Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame:
 For I was rather famous in my time,
 Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke
 The other; that's to say, the Clergy—who
 Upon my head have bid their thunders break
 In pious libels by no means a few.
 And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
 Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
 In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
 And now because I feel it growing dull.

XI.

But « why then publish? »—There are no rewards
Of fame or profit, when the world grows weary.

I ask in turn,—why do you play at cards?

Why drink? Why read?—To make some hour less dreary.
It occupies me to turn back regards

On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that were I *certain* of success,

I hardly could compose another line:
So long I've battled either more or less,

That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
This feeling 'tis not easy to express,
And yet 'tis not affected, I opine.

In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:

She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly sings of human things and acts—
And that's one cause she meets with contradiction;
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts;
And were her object only what's call'd glory,
With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety;

Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;
A bird's eye view too of that wild, Society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.

If you have nought else, here's at least satiety
 Both in performance and in preparation;
 And though these lines should only line pormanteaus,
 Trade will be all the better for these Cantos.

XV.

The portion of this world which I at present
 Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
 Is one of which there's no description recent:
 The reason why, is easy to determine:
 Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
 There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
 A dull and family likeness through all ages,
 Of no great promise for poetic pages.

XVI.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt;
 Nothing that speaks to all men and all times,
 A sort of varnish over every fault;
 A kind of common-place, even in their crimes;
 Factitious passions, wit without much salt,
 A want of that true nature which sublimes
 Whate'er it shows with truth; a smooth monotony
 Of character, in those at least who have got any.

XVII.

Sometimes indeed, like soldiers off parade,
 They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill;
 But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
 And they must be or seem what they were: still
 Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade;
 But when of the first sight you have had your fill,
 It palls — at least it did so upon me,
 This Paradise of Pleasure and Ennui.

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gamed our gaming,
 Drest, voted, shone, and, may be, something more;
 With dandies dined; heard senators declaiming;
 Seen beauties brought to market by the score;
 Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming;
 There's little left but to be bored or bore.

Witness those « *ci-devant jeunes hommes* » who stem
 The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them.

XIX.

Tis said — indeed a general complaint —

That no one has succeeded in describing
 The Monde, exactly as they ought to paint.

Some say, that Authors only snatch, by bribing
 The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,
 To furnish matter for their moral gibing;
 And that their books have but one style in common —
 My lady's prattle, filter'd through her woman.

XX.

But this can't well be true, just now; for writers

Are grown of the Beau Monde a part potential:
 I've seen them balance even the scale with fighters,

Especially when young, for that's essential,
 Why do their sketches fail them as inditers

Of what they deem themselves most consequential,
 The *real* portrait of the highest tribe?

'Tis that, in fact, there's little to describe.

XXI.

« *Haud ignara loquor*; » these are *Nugæ*, « *quarum*
 « *Pars parva fui*, » but still Art and part.

Now I could much more easily sketch a harem,

A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,

Than these things; and besides, I wish to spare 'em,
For reasons which I choose to keep apart.

« *Vetabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgaret* » —

Which means, that vulgar people must not share it.

XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal —

Lower'd, leaven'd, like a history of Freemasons;
Which bears the same relation to the real,

As Captain Parry's voyage may do to Jason's.

The grand Arcanum's not for men to see all;

My music has some mystic diapasons;

And there is much which could not be appreciated

In any manner by the uninitiated.

XXIII.

Alas! Worlds fall — and Woman, since she fell'd

The world (as, since that history, less polite
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held)

Has not yet given up the practice quite.

Poor Thing of Usages! Coerc'd, compell'd,

Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right,

Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their sins

Have shaving too entailed upon their chins; —

XXIV.

A daily plague, which in the aggregate

May average on the whole with parturition.

But as to women, who can penetrate

The real sufferings of their she condition?

Man's very sympathy with their estate

Has much of selfishness and more suspicion.

Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,

But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

XXV.

All this were very well and can't be better ;
 But even this is difficult, Heaven knows
 So many troubles from her birth beset her,
 Such small distinction between friends and foes,
 The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,
 That — but ask any woman if she'd choose
 (Take her at thirty, that is) to have been
 Female or male? a school boy or a Queen?

XXVI.

« Petticoat influence » is a great reproach,
 Which even those who obey would fain be thought
 To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach ;
 But, since beneath it upon earth we are brought,
 By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
 I for one venerate a petticoat —
 A Garment of a mystical sublimity,
 No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.

XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have adored,
 In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil,
 Which holds a treasure, like a Miser's hoard,
 And more attracts by all it doth conceal —
 A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,
 A loving letter with a mystic seal,
 A cure for grief — for what can ever rankle
 Before a petticoat and peeping angle?

XXVIII.

And when upon a silent, sullen day,
 With a Sirocco, for example, blowing,
 When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,
 And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,

And the sky shows that very ancient gray,
 The sober, sad antithesis to glowing, —
 'Tis pleasant, if *then* any thing is pleasant,
 To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines
 In that fair clime which don't depend on climate,
 Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,
 Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,
 Because the sun and stars, and aught that shines,
 Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at,
 Are there of dull and dreary as a *dun* —
 Whether a sky's or tradesman's, is all one.

XXX.

And in-door life is less poetical;
 And out of door hath showers, and mists, and sleet,
 With which I could not brew a pastoral.
 But be it as it may, a bard must meet
 All difficulties, whether great or small,
 To spoil his undertaking or complete,
 And work away like spirit upon matter,
 Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water.

XXXI.

Juan — in this respect at least like saints —
 Was all things unto people of all sorts,
 And lived contentedly, without complaints,
 In camps, in ships, in cottages, or courts —
 Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
 And mingling modestly in toils or sports.
 He likewise could be most things to all women,
 Without the coxcombrity of certain *She Men*.

XXXII.

A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange;
 'Tis also subject to the double danger
 Of tumbling first, and having in exchange
 Some pleasant jesting at the awkward stranger
 But Juan had been early taught to range
 The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd Avenger,
 So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
 Knew that he had a rider on his back.

XXXIII.

And now in this new field, with some applause,
 He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double post, and rail,
 And never *craned**, and made but few «*faux pas*,»
 And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.
 He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
 Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;
 Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
 And once o'er several Country Gentlemen.

XXXIV.

But on the whole, to general admiration
 He acquitted both himself and horse: the squires
 Marvel'd at merit of another nation;
 The boors cried «Dang it! who'd have thought
 it?»—Sires,

* *Craning*.—«To crane» is, or was, an expression used to denote a Gentleman's stretching out his neck over a hedge, «to look before he leaped:»—a pause in his «vaulting ambition,» which in the field doth occasion some delay and execration in those who may be immediately behind the equestrian sceptic. «Sir, if you don't choose to take the leap, let me»—was a phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again; and to good purpose: for though «the horse and rider» might fall, they made a gap, through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow.

The Nestors of the sporting generation
 Swore praises, and recall'd their former fires;
 The Huntsman's self relented to a grin,
 And rated him almost a whipper-in.

XXXV.

Such were his trophies—not of spear and shield,
 But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes foxes' brush;
 Yet I must own,—although in this I yield
 To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—
 He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
 Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
 And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
 Ask'd next day, « If men ever hunted *twice?* »

XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon
 To early risers after a long chase,
 Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon
 December's drowsy day to his dull race,—
 A quality agreeable to woman,
 When her soft, liquid words run on apace,
 Who likes a listener, whether Saint or Sinner,—
 He did not fall asleep just after dinner.

XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
 And shone in the best part of dialogue,
 By humouring always what they might assert,
 And listening to the topics most in vogue;
 Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;
 And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!
 He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer;—
 In short, there never was a better hearer.

XXXVIII.

And then he danced;—all foreigners excel
 The serious Angles in the eloquence
 Of pantomime;—he danced, I say, right well,
 With emphasis, and also with good sense—
 A thing in footing indispensable :
 He danced without theatrical pretence,
 Not like a ballet-master in the van
 Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound,
 And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;
 Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,
 And rather held in than put forth his vigour;
 And then he had an ear for music's sound,
 Which might defy a Crotchet Critic's rigour.
 Such classic pas—sans flaws—set off our hero,
 He glanced like a personified Bolero;

XL.

Or, like a flying Hour before Aurora,
 In Guido's famous fresco, which alone
 Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
 Remnant were there of the old world's sole throne.
 The « *tout ensemble*, of his movements wore a
 Grace of the soft Ideal, seldom shown,
 And ne'er to be described; for to the colour
 Of bards and prozers, words are void of colour.

XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite;
 A full-grown Cupid, very much admired;
 A little spoilt, but by no means so quite;
 At least he kept his vanity retired.

Such was his tact, he could alike delight

The chaste, and those who are not so much inspired.
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved « *tracasserie* »
Began to treat him with some small « *agacerie.* »

XLII.

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,
Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated
For several winters in the grand, *grand monde.*

I'd rather not say what might be related
Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground;
Besides there might be falsehood in what's stated:
Her late performance had been a dead set
At lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLIII.

This noble personage began to look

A little black upon this new flirtation;
But such small licences must lovers brook,
Mere freedoms of the female corporation.
Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!

'Twill but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators when they count on woman.

XLIV.

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd;
The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd;
Some hope things might not turn out as they fear'd;
Some would not deem such women could be found;
Some ne'er believed one half of what they heard;
Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound;
And several pitied with sincere regret
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLV.

But what is odd, none ever named the Duke,
 Who, one might think, was something in the affair.
 True, he was absent, and 'twas rumour'd, took
 But small concern about the when, or where,
 Or what his consort did : if he could brook
 Her gaieties, none had a right to stare :
 Theirs was that best of unions, past all doubt,
 Which never meets, and therefore can't fall out.

XLVI.

But, oh that I should ever pen so sad a line!
 Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,
 My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
 Began to think the duchess' conduct free;
 Regretting much that she had chosen so bad a line,
 And waxing chiller in her courtesy,
 Looked grave and pale to see her friend's fragility,
 For which most friends reserve their sensibility.

XLVII.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy :
 'Tis so becoming to the soul and face,
 Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
 And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.
 Without a friend, what were humanity,
 To hunt our errors up with a good grace?
 Consoling us with—« Would you had thought twice !
 « Ah! if you had but follow'd my advice ! »

XLVIII.

Oh, Job! you had two friends : one's quite enough,
 Especially when we are ill at ease;
 They are but bad pilots when the weather's rough,
 Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.

Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
 As they will do like leaves at the first breeze:
 When your affairs come round, one way or t'other,
 Go to the coffee-house, and take another. *

XLIX.

But this is not my maxim: had it been,
 Some hear-aches had been spared me; yet I care not --
 I would not be a tortoise in his screen
 Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not.
 'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen
 That which humanity may bear, or bear not:
 'Twill teach discernment to the sensitive,
 And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

L.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
 Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
 Is that portentous phrase, « I told you so, »
 Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past
 Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
 Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
 And solace your slight lapse 'gainst « *bonos mores*, »
 With a long memorandum of old stories.

* In Swift's or Horace Walpole's letters I think it is mentioned, that somebody regretting the loss of a friend, was answered by an universal Pylades: When I lose one, I go to the Saint James's Coffee-house, and take another.»

I recollect having heard an anecdote of the same kind. Sir W. D. was a great gamester. Coming in one day to the club of which he was a member, he was observed to look melancholy. « What is the matter, Sir William? » cried Hare of facetious memory. « Ah! » replied Sir W. « I have just *lost* poor Lady D. » « *Lost!* What *at?* Quinze or Hazard? » was the consolatory rejoinder of the querist.

LI.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
 Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
 Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
 Unless her habits should begin to mend
 But Juan also shared in her austerity,
 But mix'd with pity, pure as e'er was penn'd.
 His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
 And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

LII.

These forty days advantage of her years—
 And hers were those which can face calculation,
 Boldly referring to the list of peers
 And noble births, nor dread the enumeration—
 Gave her a right to have maternal fears
 For a young gentleman's fit education,
 Though she was far from that leap year, whose leap,
 In female dates, strikes Time all of a heap.

LIII.

This may be fix'd at somewhere before thirty—
 Say seven-and-twenty; for I never knew
 The strictest in chronology and virtue
 Advance beyond, while they could pass for new.
 Oh, Time! Why dost not pause? Thy scythe, so dirty
 With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew.
 Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slower,
 If but to keep thy credit as a mower.

LIV.

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,
 Whose ripeness is but bitter at the best:
 'Twas rather her experience made her sage,
 For she had seen the world, and stood its test,

As I have said in—I forget what page;

My Muse despises reference, as you have guess'd
By this time;—but strike six from seven-and-twenty,
And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

LV.

At sixteen she came out; presented, vaunted,

She put all coronets into commotion :

At seventeen too the world was still enchanted

With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean.

At eighteen, though below her feet still panted

A hecatomb of suitors with devotion,

She had consented to create again

That Adam, called « the Happiest of Men. »

LVI.

Since then she had sparkled through three glowing
winters,

Admired, adored; but also so correct,

That she had puzzled all the acutest hinters,

Without the apparel of being circumspect :

They could not even glean the slightest splinters

From off the marble, which had no defect.

She had also snatch'd a moment since her marriage

To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

LVII.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,

Those little glitterers of the London night;

But none of these possess'd a sting to wound her—

She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.

Perhaps she wish'd an aspirant profounder;

But whatso'er she wished, she acted right;

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify

A Woman, so she's good, what does it signify?

LVIII.

I hate a motive like a lingering bottle,
 Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
 Leaving all claretless the unmoistened throttle,
 Especially with politics on hand;
 I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle,
 Who whirl the dust as Simooms whirl the sand;
 I hate it, as I hate an argument,
 A Laureate's ode, or servile Peer's « Content. »

LIX.

'Tis sad to hack into the roots of things,
 They are so much intertwined with the earth:
 So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,
 I reckon not if an acorn gave it birth.
 To trace all actions to their secret springs
 Would make indeed some melancholy mirth;
 But this is not at present my concern,
 And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern. *

LX.

With the kind view of saving an éclat,
 Both to the dutchess and diplomatist,
 The Lady Adeline, as soon's she saw
 That Juan was unlikely to resist—
 (For foreigners don't know that a *faux pas*
 In England ranks quite on a different list
 From those of other lands unblest with Juries,
 Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is;—)

* The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern said to his son, on the latter expressing his surprise upon the great effects arising from petty causes in the presumed mystery of politics: « You see by this, my son, with how little wisdom the kingdoms of the world are governed. »

LXI.

The Lady Adeline resolved to take
 Such measures as she thought might best impede
 The further progress of this sad mistake.
 She thought with some simplicity indeed ;
 But innocence is bold even at the stake,
 And simple in the world, and doth not need
 Nor use those palisades by dames erected,
 Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

LXII.

It was not that she fear'd the very worst :
 His Grace was an enduring , married man ,
 And was not likely all at once to burst
 Into a scene , and swell the clients' clan.
 Of Doctors' Commons ; but she dreaded first
 The magic of her Grace's talisman ,
 And next a quarrel (as he seemed to fret)
 With Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

LXIII.

Her Grace too pass'd for being an Intrigante ;
 And somewhat *méchante* in her amorous sphere ;
 One of those pretty, precious plagues , which haunt
 A lover with caprices soft and dear ;
 That like to *make* a quarrel , when they can't
 Find one, each day of the delightful year ;
 Bewitching, torturing , as they freeze or glow,
 And—what is worst of all—won't let you go :

LXIV.

The sort of thing to turn a young man's head ,
 Or make a Werter of him in the end
 No wonder then a purer soul should dread ,
 This sort of chaste *liaison* for a friend ;

It were much better to be wed or dead,

Than wear a heart a woman loves to rend.

'Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,
If that a « *bonne fortune*, — be really « *bonne*. »

LXV.

And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,

Which really knew or thought it knew no guile,
She called her husband now and then apart,

And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile
Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art

To wean Don Juan from the Siren's wile;
And answer'd, like a Statesman or a Prophet,
In such guise that she could make nothing of it.

LXVI.

Firstly, he said, « he never interfered

« In any body's business but the king's : »

Next that « he never judged from what appear'd,

« Without strong reason, of those sorts of things : »

Thirdly, that « Juan had more brain than beard,

« And was not to be held in leaning strings ; »

And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,

« That good but rarely came from good advice. »

LXVII.

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth

Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse

To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth,

At least as far as *bienséance* allows :

That time would temper Juan's faults of youth,

That young men rarely made monastic vows ;

That opposition only more attaches—

But here a messenger brought in despatches :

LXVIII.

And being of the Council called « the Privy, »
 Lord Henry walk'd into his Cabinet,
 To furnish matter for some future Livy
 To tell how he reduced the nation's debt;
 And if their full contents I do not give ye,
 It is because I do not know them yet,
 But I shall add them in a brief appendix,
 To come between mine epic and its index.

LXIX.

But ere he went, he added a slight hint,
 Another gentle common-place or two,
 Such as are coined in conversation's mint,
 And pass, for want of better, though not new:
 Then broke his packet, to see what was in't,
 And having casually glanced it through,
 Retired; and, as he went out, calmly kissed her,
 Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

LXX.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,
 Proud of his birth, and proud of every thing;
 A goodly spirit for a state divan,
 A figure fit to walk before a king;
 Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van
 On birthdays, glorious with a star and string;
 The very model of a Chamberlain—
 And such I mean to make him when I reign.

LXXI.

But there was something wanting on the whole—
 I don't know what, and therefore cannot tell—
 Which pretty women—the sweet souls!—call *Soul*.
Certes it was not body; he was well

Proportion'd, as a poplar or a pole,
 A handsome man, that human miracle;
 And in each circumstance of love or war
 Had still preserved his perpendicular.

LXXII.

Still there was something wanting, as I've said—
 That undefinable « *Je ne sais quoi*, »
 Which, for what I know, may of yore have led
 To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy
 The Greek-Eve, Helen, from the Spartan's bed;
 Though on the whole, no doubt, the Dardan boy
 Was much inferior to King Menelaus;—
 But thus it is some women will betray us.

LXXIII.

There is an awkward thing which much perplexes,
 Unless like wise Tiresias we had proved
 By turns the difference of the several sexes:
 Neither can show quite *how* they would be loved.
 The sensual for a short time but connects us—
 The sentimental boasts to be unmoved;
 But both together form a kind of centaur,
 Upon whose back 'tis better not to venture.

LXXIV.

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*
 Is that for which the Sex are always seeking;
 But how to fill up that same vacant part?
 There lies the rub—and this they are but weak in.
 Frail mariners afloat without a chart,
 They run before the wind through high seas breaking;
 And when they have made the shore through every shock,
 'Tis odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

LXXV.

There is a flower called « Love in Idleness, »
 For which see Shakspeare's ever blooming garden;-
 I will not make his great description less,
 And beg his British Godship's humble pardon,
 If in my extremity of rhyme's distress,
 I touch a single leaf where he is warden;—
 But though the flower is different, with the French
 Or Swiss Rousseau, cry, « *Voilà la Pervenche!* »

LXXVI.

Eureka! I have found it! What I mean
 To say is, not that Love is Idleness,
 But that in Love such Idleness has been
 An accessory, as I have cause to guess.
 Hard labour's an in different go-between;
 Your men of business are not apt to express
 Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the Argo,
 Convey'd Medea as her Supercargo.

LXXVII.

« *Beatus ille procul!* » from « *negotiis,* »
 Saith Horace; the great little poet's wrong;
 His other maxim, « *Noscitur à sociis,* »
 Is much more to the purpose of his song;
 Though even that were sometimes too ferocious,
 Unless good company he kept too long;
 But, in his teeth, whate'er their state or station,
 Thrice happy they who *have* an occupation!

LXXVIII.

Adam exchanged his Paradise for ploughing,
 Eve made up millinery with fig leaves—
 The earliest knowledge from the tree so knowing,
 As far as I know, that the Church receives:

And since that time it need not cost much showing,
 That many of the ills o'er which man grieves,
 And still more women, spring from not employing
 Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.

LXXIX.

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
 A rack of pleasures, where we must invent
 A something wherewithal to be annoy'd
 Bards may sing what they please about *Content*;
Contented, when translated, means but cloyed;
 And hence arise the woes of sentiment,
 Blue devils, and Blue-stockings, and Romances
 Reduced to practice and perform'd like dances.

LXXX.

I do declare, upon an affidavit,
 Romances I ne'er read like those I have seen;
 Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
 Would some believe that such a tale had been
 But such intent I never had, nor have it;
 Some truths are better kept behind a screen,
 Especially when they would look like lies;
 I therefore deal in generalities.

LXXXI.

« An oyster may be cross'd in Love, »—and why?
 Because he mopeth idly in his shell,
 And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,
 Much as a Monk may do within his cell:
 And *à propos* of monks, their piety
 With sloth found it difficult to dwell;
 Those vegetable of the Catholic creed
 Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

LXXXII.

Oh, Wilberforce ! thou man of black renown ,
 Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
 Thou hast struck one immense Colossus Down ,
 Thou moral Washington of Africa !
 But there's another little thing ; I own ,
 Which you should perpetrate some summer's day,
 And set the other half of earth to rights :
 You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up the whites.

LXXXIII.

Shut ut the bald-coot bully Alexander ;
 Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal ;
 Teach them that « sauce for goose is sauce for gander , »
 And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall ?
 Shut up each high heroic Salamander,
 Who eats fire gratis (since the pay's but small) ;
 Shut up—no , *not* the King ; but the Pavilion,
 Or else 'twill cost us all another million.

LXXXIV.

Shut up world at large, let Bedlam out ;
 And you will be perhaps surprised to find
 All things pursue exactly the same route,
 As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.
 This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
 Where there a jot of sense among mankind ;
 But till that point *d'appui* is found , alas !
 Like Archimedes , I leave earth as 'twas.

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—
 Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion ;
 Her conduct had been perfectly correct ,
 As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.

A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd,
 Because 'tis frailer, doubtless, than a stanch one;
 But when the latter works its own undoing,
 It's inner crash is like an Earthquake's ruin.

LXXXVI.

She loved her lord, or thought so; but *that* love
 Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,
 The stone of Sisyphus, if once we move
 Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.
 She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,
 No bickerings, no connubial turmoil:
 Their union was a model to behold,
 Serene, and noble,—conjugal, but cold.

LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,
 Though much in temper; but they never clash'd:
 They moved like stars united in their spheres,
 Or like the Rhone by Lemman's waters wash'd,
 Where mingled and yet separate appears
 The river from the lake, all bluely dash'd
 Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
 Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.

LXXXVIII.

Now when she once had ta'en an interest
 In any thing, however she might flatter
 Herself that her intentions were the best,
 Intense intentions are a dangerous matter;
 Impressions were much stronger than she guess'd,
 And gather'd as they run like growing water
 Upon her mind; the more so, as her breast
 Was not at first too readily impress'd.

LXXXIX.

But when it was, she had that lurking demon
 Of double nature, and thus doubly named—
 Firmness yeapt in heroes, kings, and seamen,
 That is, when they succeed; but greatly blamed
 As *obstinacy*, both in men and women,
 Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is tamed.—
 And 'twill perplex the casuist in morality
 To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.

XC.

Had Bonaparte won at Waterloo,
 It had been firmness; now 'tis pertinacity:
 Must the event decide between the two?
 I leave it to your people of sagacity
 To draw the line between the false and true,
 If such can e'er be drawn by man's capacity.
 My business is with Lady Adeline,
 Who in her way too was a heroine.

XCI.

She knew not her own heart; then how should I?
 I think not she was *then* in love with Juan:
 If so, she would have had the strength to fly
 The wild sensation, unto her a new one:
 She merely felt a common sympathy
 (I will not say it was a false or true one)
 In him, because she thought he was in danger,—
 Her husband's friend, her own, young, and a stranger.

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this
 Without the farce of friendship, or romance
 Of Platomism, which leads so oft amiss
 Ladies who have studied friendship but in France,

Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.

To thus much Adeline would not advance ;
But of such friendship as man's may to man be,
She was as capable as woman can be.

XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex
Will there, as also in the ties of blood,
An innocent predominance annex,
And tune the concord to a finer mood.
If free from passion, which all friendship checks,
And your true feelings fully understood,
No friend like to a woman earth discovers,
So that you have not been nor will be lovers.

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
Of change ; and how should this be otherwise ?
That violent things more quickly find a term
Is shown through nature's whole analogies ;
And how should the most fierce of all be firm ?
Would you have endless lightning in the skies ?
Methinks Love's very title says enough :
How should « the *tender* Passion » e'er be *tough* ?

XCV.

Alas ! by all experience , seldom yet
(I merely quote what I have heard from many)
Had lovers not some reason to regret
The passion which made Salomon a Zany.
I've also seen some wives (not to forget
The marriage state , the best or worst of any)
Who were the very paragons of wives ,
Yct made the misery of at least two lives.

XCVI.

I've also seen some female *friends* ('tis odd,
 But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)
 That faithful were through thick and thin, abroad,
 At home far more than ever yet was Love—
 Who did not quit me when Oppression trod
 Upon me; whom no scandal could remove;
 Who fought, and fight, in absence too, my battles,
 Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
 Grew friends in this or any other sense,
 Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine:
 At present I am glad of a pretence
 To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
 And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*;
 The surest way for ladies and for books
 To bait their tender or their tenter hooks.

XCVIII.

Whether they rode, or walked, or studied Spanish
 To read Don Quixote in the original,
 A pleasure before which all others vanish;
 Whether their talk was of the kind called « small
 Or serious, are the topics I must banish
 To the next Canto; where perhaps I shall
 Say something to the purpose, and display
 Considerable talent in my way.

XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear
 Anticipating aught about the matter:
 They'll only make mistakes about the fair,
 And Juan too, especially the latter.

And I shall take a much more serious air
 Than I have yet done, in this Epic Satire.
 It is not clear that Adeline and Juan
 Will fall; but if they do, 'twill be their ruin.

C.

But great things spring from little:—Would you think,
 That in our youth, as dangerous a passion
 As e'er brought man and woman to the brink
 Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,
 As few would ever dream could form the link
 Of such a sentimental situation?
 You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions, milliards—
 It all sprung from a harmless game at billiards.

CI.

Tis strange,—but true; for Truth is always strange,
 Stranger than Fiction: if it could be told,
 How much would novels gain by the exchange;
 How differently the world would men behold!
 How oft would vice and virtue places change!
 The new world would be nothing to the old,
 If some Columbus of the moral seas
 Would show mankind their soul's Antipodes.

CII.

What « Antres vast and deserts idle » then
 Would be discover'd in the human soul!
 What Icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
 With self-love in the centre as their Pole!
 What Anthropophagi is nine of ten
 Of those who hold the kingdoms in control!
 Were things but only call'd by their right name,
 Cæsar himself would be asham'd of Fame.

