

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON

VOL. I.

THE COMPLETE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON

With an Introductory Memoir

BY

WILLIAM B. SCOTT

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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PRELIMINARY MEMOIR.

OF all the poets living in the beginning of our century in this country, so rich in poetry at that time, the most popular, the most celebrated, was Lord Byron. In Europe, indeed, the only other celebrity comparable to his was that of Goethe, which rested not exclusively on the poetry of the great German, but on his various other works, from the publication of Werther to that of his wonderful treatise on Colour, showing the many-sidedness of his genius. This celebrity, from the morning when, after the publication of the first canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," as he says himself, he "woke and found himself famous," down to the present time, has had no interval or diminution; and while all of our other poets, except Sir Walter Scott, were read and admired only in their native country, Byron was studied and talked about all over the Continent. I say talked about, because his personality and private history has always had a large share of public attention; and it is very certain, while the true character of his genius was imperfectly understood at home, it was wholly misunderstood abroad. To appreciate exactly, and to judge critically, poetry written in any language but that we have thought in from childhood, is next to impossible. Not only because the rhythmical sound of the language is not to be acquired, but because truth and affectation, the natural face and the mask, are too well fitted and simulated, and too dependent on our habits of thought and social life, to be distinguishable to a foreigner. Byron, therefore, was taken on his own showing, and considered from the boyish age upwards to be Childe Harold, Lara, Lucifer, and Manfred, all in one, and his name passed from land to

land like that of the "Wandering Jew," a mysterious and inexplicable prodigy, a man carrying on his conscience unattonable crimes.

Such was the character attributed to him by even the greatest thinker then living, to whom he inscribed his tragedy of "Sardanapalus," and from that day to this writers have not been wanting who have tried to light up the supposed darkness, and to show the world the horrors and splendours that lay under his misanthropy. With the principal of these writers, whose voice reaches us from beyond the Atlantic, we shall have to deal, if it be only a little, and unwillingly. Whatever truth or error there has been in the revelations of the lady in question, it is impossible to say; and even if the subject were more important to his character as poet than it can possibly be, we must consider it a pity that the question was brought before the public. That Byron himself wished to be considered a Corsair in the field of morals is very certain, and also that he never acted on what we call "principles," however well he might apprehend what they mean. It is also certain that he had strong proclivities of an ignoble kind; he was passionate, overbearing, and wilful, and all these by inheritance and training, as well as by temperament. His parents, his whole family, even his entire social circle, were depraved. But these proclivities proceeded, in his nature, as in that of very many others, from an intense vitality, and extreme sensibility; his power of enjoying was greater than that of suffering, his desire to give pleasure, to bestow love, friendship, and all their benefits, was overpowering, and led him into many of his troubles. It is very strange that we begin these few pages of memoir, introductory to the poetry of so great a master, with these reflections on the personality and moral nature of the poet; but the truth is that, even at this distance of time, it is impossible to speak of Byron without difficulty, and without fear and dislike mixing largely with our admiration. The first feeling is admiration certainly, unbounded admiration and delighted acknowledgment of the genius of the imaginative inventor, the penetrating critic, the splendid elocutionist, and above all of the inexhaustible wit with the gift of numbers. All this we have in his works; but after we have gazed at the superb Napoleonic face of the author, boy or man, and seek to know something of his life as expressed in action, and of the surroundings of that life, the apparent splendour of his position as peer of England, of his ancestral belongings, and still more

of his inner and real nature in relation to self-command, sound judgment, and the manly virtues of magnanimity, generosity, truth in speech, and honour in deed, they all elude our sight and quiver to pieces like a reflection in running water. At last, indeed, we incline to loathe him as a man, till the works with which he has enriched our literature again exert their influence, and make us ashamed to speak of Byron except with the profoundest respect.

This conflict of feeling makes it difficult to write any narrative of the noble poet's life with satisfaction. It is this, too, that mainly keeps up an intemperate virulence on the part of his partizans against all whose duty or necessity it may be to dip their hands into the troubled waters. So long after his death, and the death of nearly every relative or friend, we might expect this feeling would die out, and might hope that the time had arrived when we could hold the balance even, and write of him as of a historical character, but it is not so. The nameless translator of "Carl Else's Life of the Poet," the latest publication on the subject, is silly enough to think we ought never to have had any utterance but the official one of his literary executor, Moore; he speaks childishly of the "baneful crop of 'Lives,' 'Recollections,' and 'Conversations' of Tre-lawneys, Medwins, Galts, Leigh Hunts—books the very existence of which is a stigma to our literature. From our memories let their records of things, great and small, be studiously sponged out!" His master, Carl Else, however, does not, happily, sponge these out, nor yet the later unfortunate utterances of Mrs. Beecher Stowe; and we have used the German writer's book in the following pages as a trustworthy *résumé* of the facts of Byron's career.

Very near Christmas day at the end of 1787, a remarkable party might have attracted attention crossing the Channel from France. This family party consisted of a short corpulent young lady in the family way, her husband, a taller, but not very much older gentleman, still to be addressed as Captain Byron, although he had sold out of the Guards and been dropt by all his former brother officers, a little girl between five and six years of age, his child but not his wife's, and what servants he might have the fancy to keep about himself. The child was Augusta, afterwards Mrs. Leigh, the poet's half-sister, who has been made to play so fatal a part in his history. This party was shortly after to be found temporarily settled into furnished lodgings at 24, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, a short street

leading into "stony-hearted Oxford Street," the reader may have observed. Here in a week or two, on January 22, 1788, a boy was born, the only child the corpulent young lady was destined to have, the future poet, christened by the names of both father and mother, George Gordon Byron. The parents on both sides, as has been recorded on all hands, were of unquestionable descent, and the boy might have covered every ceiling of his house, if ever he had had the means, or the taste, to have thought of such matters, with the quarterings of his ancestors. Of infinitely more consequence to him and to us is the character of the two parents from whom he sprung, each of them of strongly defined individuality, brought together only by the fact of the lady being an heiress, while the gentleman was pursued by dozens of bailiffs, some of whom were probably waiting about at the moment, while the Captain dodged them on the way to the gaming house; and the poor lady, as violently passionate, wilful, and nervous as her husband was profligate and weak, was, by "false modesty" at the moment of birth, causing her infant to be born with one foot at least twisted in such a way as to make it lame for life, the cause of ferocious bitterness to the handsome man and great poet, giving him suffering beyond the calculation of quieter and meaner natures.

At the time we speak of, a year and a half after marriage, Captain Byron had already spent all the money his bride, Miss Gordon, had inherited from her father, who had shortly before been found drowned in the river near Bath. This money, about twenty-four thousand pounds, had been raised by first mortgaging and afterwards selling the family estate of Gight in Aberdeenshire, whither, nevertheless, she set off with her child, and in a small house in a mean street in the county town they lived till he was close on ten years of age.

The father's child, Augusta, the daughter of Lady Carmarthen, who eloped from her husband with the Captain, and whose entire fortune had been dissipated by him in a year or two, was sent to her grandmother on the mother's side. Captain Byron himself, who was disowned by his own father and all his relations, being left almost on the street, managed to follow his wife to Aberdeen, and to extract from her pittance of little more than a hundred pounds a year, as much as would carry him over to France, where he had squandered so many thousands, and there he died, leaving Mrs. Byron bewailing his loss because of his beautiful eyes, in the intervals of raving at her

child, calling him a "lame brat," and "every inch a Byron, as wicked as his father." Let the reader consider what he or she was at ten years of age; how at that period the child was not only the father of the man, but the man himself, only without his stature; and we will arrive at some understanding of the reason why Byron was all his life so touchy, self-conscious, and defensive, as if his honours were not his own or his rank uncertain. When the two lives between him and the old, but poor, peerage, ceased, and the fifth earl, his half-mad grand-uncle, the murderer of Mr. Chaworth, whom he had never seen and scarcely heard of, died, leaving him the succession, the boy rushed into his mother's room, asking her if she saw any change upon him? Change immense indeed, but not in his bodily figure, but in the demoralization of pride forced upon him by previous poverty and his mother's folly, who, incredible as it may appear in England, where every mother affectionately calls her son by his Christian name, addressed him ever after as Lord Byron, which he returned by, in writing at least, giving her the gratuitous, perhaps satirical, title of the Honourable Mrs. Byron. They left Aberdeen, and when their carriage stopped at the gate of Newstead, his mother put out her head from the window and asked in an ecstasy of *parvenu* amusement to whom the fine place belonged. The answer being, of course, that the old Lord Byron was dead, and the new one was a little boy living in Aberdeen; the Scotch maid, the third in the carriage, caught up the boy Geordie, and called out frantically, "And here he is!" This frightful feeling of having changed his skin, and wearing a lion's hide that perhaps did not belong to him, continued; we find him bursting into tears, unable to reply, when his name, with the prefix Dominus, was first called in school; and at a later time when he took his seat and the oaths in the House of Lords (unintroduced, for his guardian appointed by the Court of Chancery, Lord Carlisle, would not take the trouble to notice him) refusing to take the gouty hand of Lord Chancellor Eldon, held out to him in a bland lawyerly manner, but sitting down at once uneasily on the opposition side of the House, and a few minutes after starting up and leaving the place. In these, and in all other incidents in his whole life, we must always keep in mind that the highly organized and subtly constituted relationless poet possessed and suffered the extremes of sensibility and mobility of nature, and that his superiority in judgment and nearly every mental quality seconded his hauteur derived from position.

His perceptions as a poet, besides, and his insatiable craving for excitement and enjoyment, made him dislike the unbeautiful, and disdain mean motives in life: thus we must not be surprised that he did not cling to the paw of a lawyer like Eldon, or smile blandly on every other man he met. There were also other causes for his obvious want of amiability, there was the club foot, which, however, was barely discoverable by the world, and his poverty, mortifying in the extreme, and an inherent preference to peculiar if not dissolute habits.

Poverty is relative, and it must be admitted that Byron was, until the sale of Newstead, very poor indeed. At first he would not take pay for his writings, and in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," spoke thus of Sir W. Scott, who was beginning to receive large sums for his works,—

"Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre not for fame;
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard."

On which Sir Walter remarks: "It is funny enough to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, of whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavouring to scratch out a living with my pen. God help the bear, if, having nothing else to eat, he is prevented even sucking his own paws. I can assure the noble imp of fame that it is not my fault that I was not born to a park and £5,000 a year, as it is not his lordship's merit, although it may be his great good fortune, that he was not born to live by his literary talents and success." But the mistake here was as great on the side of Sir Walter, as the income of Newstead (the grand-uncle illegally having sold the larger belongings of the family) was only about £1,500 a year; Sir Walter's own emoluments from the Sheriff-deputyship, and Clerkship to the Court of Session being more than that, without the enormous duties and drains of keeping up Newstead and supporting the position of a peer. Byron's mother, shortly after their settlement in the south, managed to get £300 a year on the civil list, and this sometimes was nearly all they had both to live on. Newstead had been not only heavily mortgaged, but had been allowed to fall into decay, and the new possessor was not only totally unable to repair it, but could only furnish a small part, and even into these apartments the rain penetrated. After many other difficulties an execution for £1,500 was put into the house. In 1809, when he came of

age, he had a number of other youths to celebrate the event, but neither his mother nor any relative appeared upon the scene, when the ox was roasted whole and so forth, which entertainment he had to borrow money to pay for; and when the sale of Newstead was mooted, he writes to his mother,—“Come what may, Newstead and I stand and fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr. Hanson speaks like a man of business on the subject. I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead.” Only three years after this, however—alas for his knowledge of himself!—in the autumn of 1812, he tried unsuccessfully to sell it; in 1814 he did sell it, and the purchaser, by some reverse of fortune or other complication, not being able to pay down the purchase-money (£140,000) Byron received “indemnification” to the tune of £25,000; and at last, in 1817, it was effectually sold to Colonel Wildman, the school companion of the poet.

Peculiar or dissolute habits are more easily defined, but they are much less easily understood. Morality, as we hear it spoken of, is an obedience to the rules of the decalogue, with the addition of the modern and very important one of continence, and the limitation of a husband to one wife. But the education of a poet, the self-culture of an exponent of human passion and emotional nature, must be allowed to “know all things, and to hold fast that which is best.” He is a rule to himself, and society may follow orthodoxy and taboo him, or not, as it pleases, it will at last come under his influence, and acknowledge him wise. As to Byron’s life at Cambridge, no proofs of important irregularities have been given, and as to his bear and his wolf, his cups made of skulls, and his monks’ dresses at Newstead, they are amusing; while his seraglio there dwindles down to one deluded maid-servant, poor thing! Afterwards, when “he wakes one morning and finds himself famous,” when not only drawing-rooms, and green rooms, but hells of all sorts are open to him, he is less defensible. The liaison with Lady Caroline Lamb is serious and a little frightful; “he loves and he rides away” so heartlessly, as it appears. Last of all, his habits in Venice, when much more

experienced, are not pleasant to think of, especially as his connection with the Countess Guiccioli touches on the same period of his career, also that with Miss Clairmont. But we must remember this latter stage was after his ruin was assured, his marriage broken up, Newstead sold, his law-plea successfully ended for the recovery of the large property his grand-uncle had illegally sold, and his possible career as a poet (we may affirm) closing with the production of his greatest work, a thousandfold his greatest work, Don Juan, itself a somewhat licentious production.

These reflections on Byron's moral character bring us to the subject of his marriage and its result. It is hard upon greatness that its actions must be dissected by the historian or the dealer in gossip, but such dissection is inevitable, and the best service is done by the critic who makes the truest record. One thing must be allowed, the verdict for or against the poet must at last be weighed by the internal evidence of his poetry; *that* was what he thought, what he felt, what he perceived, such splendours lay in his deep nature, and whatever he *did* matters little. It is not so with other men; old Count Cenci, or the still older Colonel Charteris, are distinguished only by what they did, we have no means of acquitting them or even modifying or criticizing their damnation in the record of the world. To proceed to the narrative: In 1812, Byron had made Miss Milbanke, then 19 years of age—"an heiress and a peeress, that is to be, in her own right, an only child, a *savante*, a poetess, a mathematician, a metaphysician," as he speaks of her in his Diary—an offer of marriage, and was refused; very gently refused, however, and two years after, the Lady Caroline affair passing in the interval, and also the rejection by Miss Milbanke of half-a-dozen other suitors, he offers again and is accepted. She is now declared to be "the paragon of only children," "perfection itself," and the marriage took place on January 2, 1815. From that moment conflicting accounts begin to accumulate. After the honeymoon, which Byron called the treacle-moon, they left Halnaby for London, visiting Mrs. Leigh (Augusta) on the way, Byron having begun to be much in his half-sister's society a year before. Miss Milbanke, now Lady Byron although an heiress, had no fortune at present, and Newstead was now in the market. Just a year ago he had paid his last visit to the ancient paternal home, Augusta with him, and of that visit he left a memorial of a remarkable kind for

a man of twenty-six, too impatient to overcome any piece of labour without a meaning; he cut on a tree-stem in the park where they had walked about together, the names "Byron, Augusta," with the date "20 Sept., 1814." Passing on to London, they began house-keeping in a splendid manner, with separate carriages, &c.; his creditors, of course, came down upon him for payment, with compound interest if possible; eight or nine executions were placed in the house during the short year; the very beds on which they slept were in the possession of bailiffs; and under these cheerful circumstances, his daughter Ada, baptised Augusta Ada, the "sole daughter of my home and heart," of his well-known poem, was born. A few weeks after, embarrassments still continuing, he advised her to go home for awhile; she did so, and on the way wrote him an affectionate and playful letter beginning "Dear Duck," and signed "Your Pippin." Imagine his surprise when, a very short time after, he received a letter from the father of his wife telling him that she would return to him no more, and the next post or two brought the confirmation written in her own hand!

Here, then, we have an utterly inexplicable line of action on the part of a newly-married, young, exceedingly talented, and altogether admirable wife and lady. What was the cause of the separation? Byron always asserted he never could get her to say. Public rumour assigned many causes, the most dreadful being the one that at last took decided shape, only lately, from the mouth of Lady Byron herself before her death, and through the hand of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. But, after reading all that has been placed on record relating to the follies and absurdities of Byron, who was fond of fire-arms, even on one occasion firing off a fowling-piece in his wife's room, fonder still of startling her by astounding assertions and self-accusations, exciting her jealousy so that she is said to have broken open his desk to gain corroborative proof; also all that has been recorded of her and by her, from the very affectionate and sisterly letters she continued to write Augusta so frequently after the separation, to the descriptions of her character by writers like William Howitt of late years, we come to the conclusion that the long letter she printed on the subject after the publication of Moore's "Life and Letters," giving out that her reason for leaving him was a conviction of her husband's insanity, was a true statement; at the same time that her secret jealousy of Mrs. Leigh, fomented by her serviceable companion, Mrs. Clermont, whom Byron hated, constrained

her to rush up to London and whisper in Dr. Lushington's ear that dreadful imaginary secret, which late in life took entire possession of her understanding. It seems quite certain that there was a daughter born to Mrs. Leigh who was abnormally wicked, who was disowned by Colonel Leigh, and who came at last to be taken care of by Lady Byron in a way somewhat resembling the treatment of the "Man in the Iron Mask;" all of which history may be read in the pamphlet "Medora Leigh," edited by Dr. Charles Mackay, and issued just after Mrs. Stowe's paper. This girl Lady Byron had frantically and stubbornly believed to be her husband's and Mrs. Leigh's daughter, punished by a just providence by extraordinary wickedness. But that there is any truth in the accusation it is next to impossible to believe. Three months after his desertion by his wife, Byron left England for ever, April 5th, 1815.

The remaining portion of his life must be shortly related. He forthwith began his travels in the most ostentatious and sybaritic manner. Besides Fletcher and a page, he took into his service a Swiss courier and an Italian physician; and had an immense carriage made like Napoleon's captured at Genappe, containing bed, library, and dining accommodation, besides a *calèche* for his servants. Where the money came from, no one seems yet to know, as he had been but yesterday *vis-à-vis de rien*, and did not get the money from the sale of Newstead till two years after. His former journey had been mainly by sea to Spain, Malta, Naples, Greece; this time he landed at Brussels, took the Rhine to Switzerland, where he associated with Mad. De Staël and the Shelleys, when he wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon" at a small inn where they were detained two days by rain. When the tourist season set in he went to Venice with Hobhouse, and here, if ever, by accounts from very various sources, Byron's life was thoroughly depraved. We next find him in Rome, where he sat to Thorwaldsen, and who, being the most unaffected of men, accused him of assuming the expression of melancholy and gloom—"the Satanic expression," in fact, which the sculptor wholly rejected. In a very short time he returned to Venice and began his second and most important stay there, when he enacted the operatic "Don Juan," and his servant Fletcher an admirable Leporello: here his natural daughter, Allegra, was sent to him, and by-and-by the childish young Countess Guiccioli appears on the scene, and what is called Byron's "one real love-passion"

began. He followed her to Ravenna, where he joined the Carbonari, and became mightily interested in the deliverance of Italy from priests, small dukes, and Austrians. Pisa is his next halting-place, where Shelley was established, and many other English friends. Here the scheme of publishing a monthly to be called "The Liberal," with the assistance of Leigh Hunt, took shape, when that gentleman came out and joined the circle. The landing of the Hunt family took place in July, 1822, at Leghorn, the death of Shelley followed, and amidst many difficulties "The Liberal" struggled for a month or two and died. Byron had to leave Pisa for Genoa. And now, while working on his great work "Don Juan," the culmination of his poetry and of his whole life we may safely say, he acknowledged he felt literature was his sphere no longer; a new page in his career he felt impelled to turn, and he did so by throwing himself into the cause of Greece. It was in the early dawn of July 15th, 1823, he left the harbour of Genoa in the ship *Hercules*, carrying with him Count Gamba, Trelawney, Dr. Bruno, Captain Scott, the commander of the vessel, and eight servants. On board were arms and ammunition; medicines for a thousand men for a year; 10,000 Spanish dollars; 40,000 in bills of exchange (it will be remembered he had won the law-suit for the recovery of the Rochdale property, and Newstead had been sold), and three splendid helmets for Gamba, Trelawney, and himself, bearing his crest, and "Crede, Byron" under it. This last vanity was characteristic, and almost equals his difficulty in getting married, because they expected him to wear a blue coat!

The end approaches; the moral and intellectual gladiator is coming face to face with his mortal enemy, the enemy of us all; and the result is that so often drawn by the early German masters in their small prints of "Death and the Soldier," when the strong man is always represented in the last agony, sword in hand. The siege of Lepanto was entrusted to him: he went to Missolonghi, an unhealthy spot. How painful is the account of his last days, with the indistinct mutterings of delirium, when the wretched Fletcher could not understand him. The intelligible words are variously reported. "My sister—my child," "Greece," "my poor servants," "my hour is come, I do not care for death, but why did I not go home?" "Io lascio qualche cosa di caro nel mondo." There was no nurse, no woman about him, but a Babel of men talking English, Italian, Romaic, without understanding each other. On the evening

of the 18th of April, he said, "Now I will go to sleep," after which he lay motionless for twenty-four hours, when a tremendous thunderstorm broke over the place; he opened his eyes wide—that terrible and inexplicable sign of death so frequently—closed them again immediately: he was dead. Age 36. April 19th, 1824. The gorgeousness of the sunset of this short and full day of active life is in proper keeping with the career of the great poet, but I am far from thinking that longer years would not have been as well filled as those that had gone before, not indeed in poetry, but in other fields; he may have been right about himself when he wrote to Moore that poetry was, after all, not his proper sphere; he certainly dropped into it by accident, and he could have left it as easily.

In poetry, Byron appears versatile, varied according to his years, and impassioned. But he is really none of these, and his poems, great and small, until we come to the last, "Don Juan," are a masquerade, which he was able to assume and to wear with artistic ease, by an unparalleled gift of rhetorical and musical language. Fame is aggregated by the ages and centuries, popularity is of the day. Setting aside, as of no consequence, the school exercises and other verses of his "Hours of Idleness," and many other of his works, we have, First, his Satires, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "Hints from Horace," "The Waltz," &c., in which personal motives have the first place, critical justice little or none; Second, his Tales, brilliant and interesting, written fervently and with imaginative power, but with a sentimental intention of interesting the reader against his judgment; Third, his Dramas, still more powerful and inventive, but less perfect, and without the charm of narrative verse; Fourth, "Don Juan," in which he appears as a supremely skilful and natural master,

"All things by turns and nothing long,"

rich in wit, wisdom, knowledge of the world and of art, a poem that satisfied him his race in poetry had reached a goal beyond which was no *terra firma* for him, because it swallowed up all the assumptions and make-believes he had indulged in before. One or two of his other pieces only approach the mastery of this; the "Vision of Judgment," especially, touches it in spontaneity and completeness. If this were the place for detailed criticism, we should find a thousand beauties in nearly everything Lord Byron wrote, but we have only room for these few remarks intended to point out the prominent characteristics

and guiding motives, which will at last settle their place in our literature, as much as their executive merits. The reception of these works by the public was curiously varied. The publication of "English Bards, &c.," was, as we all know, a revenge for his treatment by the "Edinburgh Review," and the result was to convince the critics that the boy they had passed over before was a very smart and pugnacious youth; but his first appearance as a poet was on the publication of the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold," called on his MS., "Child Burun," (the old form of the name Byron,) a production he thought so little of that he would scarcely trust its being sent to press. The whole reading public were thrown into ecstasies, and the £600 Mr. Murray gave for the copyright he presented to his adviser, Mr. Dallas. "The Giaour" followed, then "The Bride of Abydos," next the "Corsair," written in a fortnight, the admiration of the public rising each time, till the last-mentioned sold 14,000 copies in one day! One cause of this was, indeed, the insertion, at the end of the volume, of the verses beginning "Weep, daughter of a royal line," relating to the Princess Charlotte. The "Hebrew Melodies" and "Lara" followed.

After his final departure from England, the great majority of his works were written in Venice and Pisa, showing astonishing fertility and certainty. "The Prophecy of Dante," and "The Blues," which are worth little; the "Marino Faliero," "The Two Foscari," "The Vision of Judgment," "Heaven and Earth," all worth a great deal, besides "Cain," "Sardanapalus," the beginning of "Don Juan," and much more, were all composed within a year and a half. Some of these, his best things, his liberal and admiring publisher, Murray, would not meddle with, and they appeared in the "Liberal" and by other means, such as he could command. The verdict of that day is forgotten, they are now all of them immortal, and to be republished a hundred times.

The present edition is complete, containing the "Hints from Horace," and a few other smaller pieces not usually found in cheap editions. The few corrections of the text of "The Vision of Judgment," made by himself in the later number of the "Liberal," mitigating the severity of the original lines, are here for the first time attended to.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON.

Hours of Idleness:

A SERIES OF POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED
(FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1807).

“*Virginibus puerisque canto.*”—HORACE, lib. iii. Ode 1.

“*Μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἶνεε, μήτε τι νείκει.*”—HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249.

“He whistled as he went, for want of thought.”—DRYDEN.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits: under the former influence, “CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS,” in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A

considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial and frequently injudicious admiration of a social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet "to do greatly" we must "dare greatly;" and I have hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. I have "passed the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of the die." In the latter event I shall submit without a murmur; for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour, and another to write what may please everybody; because they who have no connexion, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe; on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed; their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation; some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce anything entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to this sin;" little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages.

But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "*virûm volitare per ora.*" I look to the few who will hear with patience, "*dulce est desipere in loco.*" To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "*The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,*"—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement; I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the poems of a noble relation of mine,* "*That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed,*" can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical, censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

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

Hours of Idleness.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC. ETC.

THE SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS IS INSCRIBED,
BY HIS OBLIGED WARD AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,
THE AUTHOR.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,

Cousin to the Author, and very dear to him.

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

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

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

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

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

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

1802.

 TO E——.

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

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

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

November, 1802.

 TO D——.

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

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

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

February, 1803

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

'Αστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωῶσιν ἔως.

LAERT.

OH, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
 What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
 What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
 Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
 Thou still had'st lived to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
 If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues there are seen to weep;
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
 Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom.
 What though thy sire lament his failing line,
 A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
 Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
 Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
 But who with me shall hold thy former place?
 Thine image what new friendship can efface?
 Ah, none;—a father's tears will cease to flow,
 Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
 To all, save one, is consolation known,
 While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice
 Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
 When, poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
 Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
 Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured urns,
 To mark the spot where earth to earth returns!

No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone ;
 My epitaph shall be my name alone :
 If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
 Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay !
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot ;
 By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

“Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day : yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court.”—OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle ;
 Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay ;
 In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
 Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly to battle
 Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
 The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
 Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
 Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath ;
 Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan slumbers,
 Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

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

On Marston, with Rupert, 'gainst traitors contending,
 Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field ;
 For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
 Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant, departing
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu !
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret ;
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish ;
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown :
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish ;
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own !

1803.

 LINES

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

"AWAY, away, your flattering arts
 May now betray some simpler hearts ;
 And you will smile at their believing,
 And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO MISS ———.

DEAR, simple girl, those flattering arts,
 From which thou'dst guard frail female hearts,
 Exist but in imagination,—
 Mere phantoms of thine own creation ;
 For he who views that witching grace,
 That perfect form, that lovely face,
 With eyes admiring, oh ! believe me,
 He never wishes to deceive thee :
 Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,
 Thou'lt there descry that elegance
 Which from our sex demands such praises,
 But envy in the other raises :
 Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,
 Believe me, only does his duty :
 Ah ! fly not from the candid youth ;
 It is not flattery,—'tis truth.

 July, 1804.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN
DYING.

[ANIMULA ! vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

AH ! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay !
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight ?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—
Greater than Jove he seems to me—
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms.
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah ! Lesbia ! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee ;
But, at the sight, my senses fly ;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die ;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing ;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night :
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL
AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

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

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*Lib. iv.*

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

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

[Lugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, &c.]

YE Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread;
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:
And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh ! curst be thou, devouring grave !
 Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
 From whom no earthly power can save,
 For thou hast ta'en the bird away ;
 From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
 Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow ;
 Thou art the cause of all her woe,
 Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH ! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
 A million scarce would quench desire :
 Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
 And dwell an age on every kiss :
 Nor then my soul should sated be ;
 Still would I kiss and cling to thee :
 Nought should my kiss from thine dissever ;
 Still would we kiss and kiss for ever ;
 E'en though the numbers did exceed
 The yellow harvest's countless seed.
 To part would be a vain endeavour :
 Could I desist ?—ah ! never—never !

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.]

THE man of firm and noble soul
 No factious clamours can control ;
 No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
 Can swerve him from his just intent :
 Gales the warring waves which plough,
 By Auster on the billows spent,
 To curb the Adriatic main,
 Would awe his fix'd, determined mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
 Hurling his lightnings from above,

With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
 He would unmoved, unawed, behold.
 The flames of an expiring world,
 Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
 Might light his glorious funeral pile :
 Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON.

[Θέλω λεγεῖν Ἀτρείδας, κ.τ.λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
 To deeds of fame and notes of fire ;
 To echo, from its rising swell,
 How heroes fought and nations fell,
 When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
 Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar ;
 But still, to martial strains unknown,
 My lyre recurs to love alone.
 Fired with the hope of future fame,
 I seek some nobler hero's name ;
 The dying chords are strung anew,
 To war, to war, my harp is due :
 With glowing strings, the epic strain
 To Jove's great son I rise again ;
 Alcides and his glorious deeds,
 Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.
 All, all in vain ; my wayward lyre
 Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
 Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms !
 Adieu, the clang of war's alarms !
 To other deeds my soul is strung,
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;
 My harp shall all its powers reveal,
 To tell the tale my heart must feel ;
 Love, love alone, my lyre shall claim,
 In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

FROM ANACREON.

[Μεσονύκτιαις ποθ' ὤραις, κ.τ.λ.]

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven
 Her car half round yon sable heaven ;
 Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
 His arctic charge around the pole ;
 While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
 Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep :
 At this lone hour the Paphian boy,
 Descending from the realms of joy,
 Quick to my gate directs his course,
 And knocks with all his little force.
 My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—
 “What stranger breaks my blest repose ?”
 “Alas !” replies the wily child,
 In faltering accents sweetly mild,
 “A hapless infant here I roam,
 Far from my dear maternal home.
 Oh ! shield me from the wintry blast !
 The nightly storm is pouring fast.
 No prowling robber lingers here.
 A wandering baby who can fear ?”
 I heard his seeming artless tale,
 I heard his sighs upon the gale :
 My breast was never pity's foe,
 But felt for all the baby's woe.
 I drew the bar, and by the light
 Young Love, the infant, met my sight ;
 His bow across his shoulders flung,
 And thence his fatal quiver hung
 (Ah ! little did I think the dart
 Would rankle soon within my heart).
 With care I tend my weary guest,
 His little fingers chill my breast ;
 His glossy curls, his azure wing,
 Which droop with nightly showers, I wring,
 His shivering limbs the embers warm ;
 And now reviving from the storm,
 Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
 Than swift he seized his slender bow :—

"I fain would know, my gentle host,"
 He cried, "if this its strength has lost ;
 I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
 The strings their former aid refuse."
 With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
 Deep in my tortured heart it lies ;
 Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd :—
 "My bow can still impel the shaft :
 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it ;
 Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF
ÆSCHYLUS.

[Μηδὰμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ.τ.λ.]

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne
 Both gods and mortals homage pay,
 Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
 Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
 Oft shall the sacred victim fall
 In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall ;
 My voice shall raise no impious strain
 'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
 Since first Hesione thy bride,
 When placed aloft in godlike state,
 The blushing beauty by thy side,
 Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
 And mirthful strains the hours beguiled ;
 The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
 Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.

HARROW, Dec. 1, 1804.

TO EMMA.

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

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

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

Where from this Gothic casement's height,
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell,
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
We lingering look a last farewell,

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

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet envied every fly the kiss,
It dared to give your slumbering eyes ;

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

These times are past—our joys are gone,
You leave me, leave this happy vale ;
These scenes I must retrace alone :
Without thee what will they avail ?

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

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

TO M. S. G.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO CAROLINE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO CAROLINE.

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

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

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining
 Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze,
 When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,
 Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o'er my features,
 Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree
 Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his creatures,
 In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

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

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o'ertake us,
 And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy glow,
 Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,
 When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low,—

Oh ! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,
 Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow ;
 Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,
 And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1805.

TO CAROLINE.

OH ! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow ?
 Oh ! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay ?
 The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow
 But brings, with new torture, the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses,
 I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me from bliss ;
 For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses
 Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes bright'ning,
 Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could
 assuage,

On our foes should my glance launch in vengeance its light-
 With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage. [ning,

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,
 Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight ;
 Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,
 Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,
 Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer ;
 Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation ;
 In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh ! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,
 Since, in life, love and friendship for ever are fled ?
 If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,
 Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

1805.

STANZAS TO A LADY, WITH THE POEMS OF
 CAMOËNS.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
 Perhaps, dear girl ! for me thou'lt prize ;
 It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
 A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
 The old and disappointed maid ;
 Or pupil of the prudish school,
 In single sorrow doom'd to fade ?

Then read, dear girl ! with feeling read,
 For thou wilt ne'er be one of those ;
 To thee in vain I shall not plead
 In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard ;
 His was no faint, fictitious flame :
 Like his, may love be thy reward,
 But not thy hapless fate the same.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

'Α Βαρβιτος δε χορδαῖς
'Ερωτα μουνον ἤχει. — ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance ;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove !
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove ;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love !

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art !
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move :
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams :
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love ?

Oh ! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove,
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT
PUBLIC SCHOOL.

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your own,
 When Probus fill'd your magisterial throne?
 As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
 Hail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
 So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
 And seat Pomposus where your Probus sate.
 Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
 Pomposus holds you in his harsh control;
 Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
 With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
 With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
 Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools.
 Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
 He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause;
 With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
 Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom;
 Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
 No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
 Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
 Whom still affection taught me to defend,
 And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
 Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
 Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command;
 Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
 The gift of riches and the pride of power;
 E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
 Renown'd in rank, nor far beneath the throne.
 Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
 To shun fair science, or evade control,
 Though passive tutors, fearful to dispraise
 The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
 View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
 And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
 To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—
 And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
 Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn,—
 When these declare, "that pomp alone should wait
 On one by birth predestined to be great ;
 That books were only meant for drudging fools,
 That gallant spirits scorn the common rules ;"
 Believe them not ;—they point the path to shame,
 And seek to blast the honours of thy name.
 Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
 Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong ;
 Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
 None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
 Ask thine own heart ; 't will bid thee, boy, forbear ;
 For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes ! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
 But now new scenes invite me far away ;
 Yes ! I have mark'd within that generous mind
 A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
 Ah ! though myself by nature haughty, wild,
 Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child ;
 Though every error stamps me for her own,
 And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone ;
 Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
 I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
 To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour ;
 To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
 With long-drawn names that grace no page beside ;
 Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
 In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot ;
 While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
 Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
 The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
 That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
 Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
 One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
 There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
 That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
 A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
 In records destined never to be read.
 Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,

Exalted more among the good and wise ;
 A glorious and a long career pursue,
 As first in rank, the first in talent too :
 Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun ;
 Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day ;
 Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
 One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
 And call'd, proud boast ! the British drama forth.
 Another view, not less renown'd for wit ;
 Alike for courts and camps or senates fit ;
 Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine ;
 In every splendid part ordain'd to shine ;
 Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
 The pride of princes, and the boast of song.
 Such were thy fathers ; thus preserve their name ;
 Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
 The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
 To me, this little scene of joys and woes ;
 Each knell of Time now warns me to resign [mine :
 Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were
 Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
 And gild their pinions as the moments flew ;
 Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
 By dreams of ill to cloud some future day ;
 Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell ;
 Alas ! they love not long, who love so well.
 To these adieu ! nor let me linger o'er
 Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
 Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,
 Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.
 Dorset, farewell ! I will not ask one part
 Of sad remembrance in so young a heart ;
 The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
 Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
 And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
 Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
 Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
 May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
 We hence may meet, and pass each other by,
 With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.

For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
 A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,

With thee no more again I hope to trace
 The recollection of our early race ;
 No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
 Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice :
 Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
 To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,
 If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,—
 Oh ! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
 The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
 Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

1805.

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH.

HILLS of Annesley, bleak and barren,
 Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
 How the northern tempests, warring,
 Howl above thy tufted shade !
 Now no more, the hours beguiling,
 Former favourite haunts I see ;
 Now no more my Mary smiling
 Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

1805.

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου καὶ πάντα Κρατήσαις.

OH ! could Le Sage's demon's gift
 Be realized at my desire,
 This night my trembling form he'd lift
 To place it on St. Mary's spire.
 Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
 Pedantic inmates full display ;
 Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
 The price of venal votes to pay.
 Then would I view each rival wight,
 Petty and Palmerston survey ;
 Who canvass there with all their might
 Against the next elective day.

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

Lord H——, indeed, may not demur ;
 Fellows are sage, reflecting men :
 They know preferment can occur
 But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
 Some pretty livings in disposal :
 Each hopes that one may be his lot,
 And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
 I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
 To view, unheeded and unseen,
 The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
 The candidate for college prizes
 Sits poring by the midnight lamp ;
 Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of his college,
 Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge :

Who sacrifices hours of rest
 To scan precisely metres Attic ;
 Or agitates his anxious breast
 In solving problems mathematic :

Who reads false quantities in Seale,
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle ;
 Deprived of many a wholesome meal ;
 In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle :

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

Still, harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
 Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent ;

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
 When vice and infamy combine,
 When drunkenness and dice invite,
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
 Who plans of reformation lay :
 In humble attitude they sue,
 And for the sins of others pray :

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
 Their exultation in their trial,
 Detracts most largely from the merit
 Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn :—from these I turn my sight.
 What scene is this which meets the eye?
 A numerous crowd, array'd in white,
 Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell ;
 'Tis hush'd :—what sounds are these I hear?
 The organ's soft celestial swell
 Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
 The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain ;
 Though he who hears the music long
 Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
 Even as a band of raw beginners ;
 All mercy now must be refused
 To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
 Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
 To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
 By some inhuman tyrant's order,
 Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
 On Babylonian river's border.

Oh ! had they sung in notes like these,
 Inspired by stratagem or fear,
 They might have set their hearts at ease,
 The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,
 The deuce a soul will stay to read ;
 My pen is blunt, my ink is low ;
 'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires !
 No more, like Cleofas, I fly ;
 No more thy theme my muse inspires ;
 The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND
 SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

Oh ! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.—VIRG.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
 Embitters the present, compared with the past ;
 Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
 And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last ;

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

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
 The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought ;
 The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
 As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay ;
 Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
 To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
 Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown ;
 While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
 I fancied that Mossop himself was outshone :

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
 By my daughters of kingdom and reason deprived ;
 Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,
 I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you !
 Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast ;
 Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you :
 Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
 While fate shall the shades of the future unroll !
 Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
 More dear is the beam of the past to my soul !

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
 Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
 I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
 " Oh ! such were the days which my infancy knew."

1806.

 TO M——.

OH ! did those eyes, instead of fire,
 With bright but mild affection shine,
 Though they might kindle less desire,
 Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
 Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
 We must admire, but still despair ;
 That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
 So much perfection in thee shone,
 She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
 The skies might claim thee for their own :

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
 Lest angels might dispute the prize,
 She bade a secret lightning lurk
 Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
 When gleaming with meridian blaze;
 Thy beauty must enrapture all;
 But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair
 In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
 But they would ne'er permit thee there,
 Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
 Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
 E'en suns, which systems now control,
 Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806.

 TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me
 That all must love thee who behold thee:
 Surely experience might have taught
 Thy firmest promises are nought;
 But, placed in all thy charms before me,
 All I forget, but to adore thee.
 Oh memory! thou choicest blessing
 When join'd with hope, when still possessing;
 But how much cursed by every lover
 When hope is fled and passion's over.
 Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
 How prompt are striplings to believe her!
 How throbs the pulse when first we view
 The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
 Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
 A beam from under hazel brows!
 How quick we credit every oath,
 And hear her plight the willing troth!
 Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,
 When, lo! she changes in a day.
 This record will for ever stand,
 "Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."

TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive ;
 Extend not your anger to sleep ;
 For in visions alone your affection can live,—
 I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus ! envelope my faculties fast,
 Shed o'er me your languor benign ;
 Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
 What rapture celestial is mine !

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
 Mortality's emblem is given ;
 To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
 If this be a foretaste of heaven !

Ah ! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
 Nor deem me too happy in this ;
 If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
 Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
 Oh ! think not my penance deficient !
 When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
 To awake will be torture sufficient.

 TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
 Though strong as mortal art could give,
 My constant heart of fear disarms,
 Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
 Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
 The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
 The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no ! that eye,
 Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
 Must all the painter's art defy,
 And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue ;
 But where's the beam so sweetly straying,
 Which gave a lustre to its blue,
 Like Luna o'er the ocean playing ?

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me,
 Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
 Than all the living forms could be,
 Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
 Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
 Unconscious that her image there
 Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time, 'twill
 My hope, in gloomy moments, raise ; [cheer ;
 In life's last conflict 't will appear,
 And meet my fond expiring gaze.

 TO LESBIA.

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

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

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

'T is I that am alone to blame,
 I, that am guilty of love's treason ;
 Since your sweet breast is still the same,
 Caprice must be my only reason.

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

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

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

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
 New beauties still are daily bright'ning,
 Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
 The forge of love's resistless lightning.

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

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

 LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

'Αεί δ' αεί με φεύγει.—ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,
 Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,
 Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
 Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu !

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,
 In vain do we vow for an age to be true ;
 The chance of an hour may command us to part,
 Or death disunite us in love's last adieu !

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-swollen breast,
Will whisper, "Our meeting we yet may renew:"
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's repress,
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu!

Oh! mark you yon pair: in the sunshine of youth
Love twined round their childhood his flowers as they grew;
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu!

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue?
Yet why do I ask?—to distraction a prey,
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu!

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

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy chains
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins;
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt in steel!
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,
Who laughs at the pang which he never can feel,
And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast;
No more with love's former devotion we sue;
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast;
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

In this life of probation for rapture divine,
Astrea declares that some penance is due;
From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,
The atonement is ample in love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;
His cypress, the garland of love's last adieu!

DAMÆTAS.

IN law an infant, and in years a boy,
 In mind a slave to every vicious joy ;
 From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd ;
 In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend ;
 Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child ;
 Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild ;
 Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool ;
 Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school ;
 Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
 And found the goal when others just begin :
 Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
 And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl ;
 But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
 And what was once his bliss appears his bane.

TO MARION.

MARION ! why that pensive brow ?
 What disgust to life hast thou ?
 Change that discontented air ;
 Frowns become not one so fair.
 'T is not love disturbs thy rest,
 Love 's a stranger to thy breast ;
 He in dimpling smiles appears,
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,
 But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
 Then resume thy former fire,
 Some will love, and all admire ;
 While that icy aspect chills us,
 Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
 Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
 Smile at least, or seem to smile.
 Eyes like thine were never meant
 To hide their orbs in dark restraint.
 Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
 Still in truant beams they play.

Thy lips—but here my modest Muse
 Her impulse chaste must needs refuse :
 She blushes, curt'sies, frowns,—in short she
 Dreads lest the subject should transport me ;
 And flying off in search of reason,
 Brings prudence back in proper season.
 All I shall therefore say (whate'er
 I think, is neither here nor there)
 Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
 Were form'd for better things than sneering :
 Of soothing compliments divested,
 Advice at least's disinterested ;
 Such is my artless song to thee,
 From all the flow of flattery free ;
 Counsel like mine is like a brother's ;
 My heart is given to some others ;
 That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
 It shares itself among a dozen.

Marion, adieu ! oh, pr'ythee slight not
 This warning, though it may delight not ;
 And, lest my precepts be displeasing
 To those who think remonstrance teasing,
 At once I'll tell thee our opinion
 Concerning woman's soft dominion :
 Howe'er we gaze with admiration
 On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
 Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
 Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
 Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
 These cannot fix our souls to love ;
 It is not too severe a stricture
 To say they form a pretty picture ;
 But wouldst thou see the secret chain
 Which binds us in your humble train,
 To hail you queens of all creation,
 Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED
WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO
MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN.

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine,
Than all th' unmeaning protestations
Which swell with nonsense love orations.
Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it;
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic?
Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,
And fret with self-created anguish?
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene's a garden?
For gardens seem, by one consent,
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion,
To form the place of assignation.
Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain,
He surely, in commiseration,
Had changed the place of declaration.
In Italy I've no objection;
Warm nights are proper for reflection;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love itself is rather frigid:
Think on our chilly situation,
And curb this rage for imitation;
Then let us meet, as oft we've done,
Beneath the influence of the sun;
Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
Within your mansion let me greet you:

There we can love for hours together,
 Much better, in such snowy weather,
 Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves
 That ever witness'd rural loves ;
 Then, if my passion fail to please,
 Next night I'll be content to freeze ;
 No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
 But curse my fate for ever after.

OSCAR OF ALVA.

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
 The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore ;
 Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
 And hear the din of arms no more !

But often has yon rolling moon
 On Alva's casques of silver play'd ;
 And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
 Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd :

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
 Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
 Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
 She saw the gasping warrior low ;

While many an eye which ne'er again
 Could mark the rising orb of day,
 Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
 Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
 They blest her dear propitious light ;
 But now she glimmer'd from above,
 A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
 And gray her towers are seen afar ;
 No more her heroes urge the chase,
 Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mould'ring wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note;
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale ;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth ;
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave ; the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel ;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel ;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell :
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame ;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came ;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled :
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note !
Hark to the swelling nuptial song !
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall ;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace ;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 't is late :
 Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
 While thronging guests and ladies wait,
 Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride ;
 "Why comes not Oscar?" Angus said :
 "Is he not here?" the youth replied ;
 "With me he roved not o'er the glade :

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
 'T is his to chase the bounding roe ;
 Or ocean's waves prolong his stay ;
 Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no !" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
 "Nor chase, nor wave, my boy delay ;
 Would he to Mora seem unkind?
 Would aught to her impede his way?

"Oh, search, ye chiefs ! oh, search around !
 Allan, with these through Alva fly ;
 Till Oscar, till my son is found,
 Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion—through the vale
 The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
 It rises on the murmuring gale,
 Till night expands her dusky wings ;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
 But echoes through her shades in vain ;
 It sounds through morning's misty light,
 But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
 For Oscar search'd each mountain cave ;
 Then hope is lost ; in boundless grief,
 His locks in gray-torn ringlets wave.

"Oscar ! my son !—thou God of heaven,
 Restore the prop of sinking age !
 Or if that hope no more is given,
 Yield his assassin to my rage.

“ Yes, on some desert rocky shore
 My Oscar’s whiten’d bones must lie ;
 Then grant, thou God ! I ask no more,
 With him his frantic sire may die !

“ Yet he may live,—away, despair !
 Be calm, my soul ! he yet may live !
 T’ arraign my fate, my voice forbear !
 O God ! my impious prayer forgive.

“ What, if he live for me no more,
 I sink forgotten in the dust,
 The hope of Alva’s age is o’er :
 Alas ! can pangs like these be just ? ”

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
 Till Time, which soothes severest woe,
 Had bade serenity return,
 And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
 That Oscar might once more appear ;
 His hope now droop’d and now revived,
 Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll’d along, the orb of light
 Again had run his destined race ;
 No Oscar bless’d his father’s sight,
 And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain’d,
 And now his father’s only joy :
 And Mora’s heart was quickly gain’d,
 For beauty crown’d the fair-hair’d boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
 And Allan’s face was wondrous fair ;
 If Oscar lived, some other maid
 Had claim’d his faithless bosom’s care.

And Angus said, if one year more
 In fruitless hope was pass’d away,
 His fondest scruples should be o’er,
 And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
 Arrived the dearly destined morn :
 The year of anxious trembling past,
 What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn !

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note !
 Hark to the swelling nuptial song !
 In joyous strains the voices float,
 And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
 Throng through the gate of Alva's hall !
 The sounds of mirth reëcho loud,
 And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
 Grooms in the midst of general mirth ?
 Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
 The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
 And tall his plume of gory red ;
 His voice is like the rising storm,
 But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
 The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd ;
 With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
 And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
 And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd ;
 And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
 And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man !" he cried, "this pledge is done ;
 Thou saw'st 't was duly drank by me ;
 It hail'd the nuptials of thy son ;
 Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
 To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
 Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy ?
 Say, why should Oscar be forgot ?"

“Alas !” the hapless sire replied,
 The big tear starting as he spoke,
 “When Oscar left my hall, or died,
 This aged heart was almost broke.

“Thrice hath the earth revolved her course
 Since Oscar’s form has bless’d my sight ;
 And Allan is my last resource,
 Since martial Oscar’s death or flight.”

“’T is well,” replied the stranger stern,
 And fiercely flash’d his rolling eye ;
 “Thy Oscar’s fate I fain would learn ;
 Perhaps the hero did not die.

“Perchance, if those whom most he loved
 Would call, thy Oscar might return ;
 Perchance the chief has only roved ;
 For him thy beltane yet may burn.

“Fill high the bowl the table round,
 We will not claim the pledge by stealth ;
 With wine let every cup be crown’d ;
 Pledge me departed Oscar’s health.”

“With all my soul,” old Angus said,
 And fill’d his goblet to the brim :
 “Here’s to my boy ! alive or dead,
 I ne’er shall find a son like him.”

“Bravely, old man, this health has sped ;
 But why does Allan trembling stand ?
 Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
 And raise thy cup with firmer hand.”

The crimson glow of Allan’s face
 Was turn’d at once to ghastly hue ;
 The drops of death each other chase
 Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
 And thrice his lips refused to taste ;
 For thrice he caught the stranger’s eye
 On his with deadly fury placed.

“ And is it thus a brother hails
 A brother's fond remembrance here ?
 If thus affection's strength prevails,
 What might we not expect from fear ? ”

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
 “ Would Oscar now could share our mirth ! ”
 Internal fear appall'd his soul ;
 He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

“ 'T is he ! I hear my murderer's voice ! ”
 Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form.
 “ A murderer's voice ! ” the roof replies,
 And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
 The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew,
 A form was seen in tartan green,
 And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
 His plume of sable stream'd on high ;
 But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there,
 And fix'd was the glare of the glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled with his eye so wild,
 On Angus bending low the knee ;
 And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the ground,
 Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll from pole to pole,
 The thunders through the welkin ring, [storm,
 And the gleaming form, through the mist of the
 Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased.
 Who lies upon the stony floor ?
 Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
 At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

“ Away, away ! let the leech essay
 To pour the light on Allan's eyes : ”
 His sand is done—his race is run,—
 Oh ! never more shall Allan rise !

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
 His locks are lifted by the gale ;
 And Allan's barbed arrow lay
 With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
 Or who, no mortal wight can tell ;
 But no one doubts the form of flame,
 For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
 Exulting demons wing'd his dart ;
 While Envy waved her burning brand,
 And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow ;
 Whose streaming life-blood stains his side ?
 Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
 The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
 She bade his wounded pride rebel :
 Alas ! that eyes which beam'd with love
 Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo ! seest thou not a lonely tomb
 Which rises o'er a warrior dead ?
 It glimmers through the twilight gloom ;
 Oh ! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
 Which held his clan's great ashes stood ;
 And o'er his corse no banners wave,
 For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
 Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise ?
 The song is glory's chief reward,
 But who can strike a murderer's praise ?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
 No minstrel dare the theme awake ;
 Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
 His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air:
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field:
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy;
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'T was his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share—
A soul heroic, as his form was fair:
These burn with one pure flame of generous love;
In peace, in war, united still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward;
And now combined they hold their nightly guard.

“What god,” exclaim'd the first, “instils this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
Then hear my thought:—In deep and sullen grief
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief:
Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),

Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound,
Methinks, an easy path perchance were found;
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy :—
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught;
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought,
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate :
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.
Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath :
The price of honour is the sleep of death."

Then Nisus :—“Calm thy bosom's fond alarms :
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne !
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth !
But should I fall,—and he who dares advance
Through hostile legions must abide by chance,—
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,
Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me ;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse ;
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep ?

Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared ;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore."

"In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
Replied Euryalus ; "it scorns control !
Hence, let us haste !"—their brother guards arose,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose ;
The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man ;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed ;
Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
And poised with easy arm his ancient shield,
When Nisus and his friend their leave request
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear :
Iulus greets them ; at his kind command,
The elder first address'd the hoary band.

"With patience" (thus Hyrtacides began)
"Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan.
Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
Between the ocean and the portal placed.
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
Whose shade securely our design will cloak !
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow,
Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night :
Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
When hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn ;
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.

Such is our purpose, not unknown the way ;
 Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
 Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
 The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
 Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd—
 " Ye parent gods ! who rule the fate of Troy,
 Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy ;
 When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
 Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise ;
 In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
 And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."
 Then in his warm embrace the boys he press'd,
 And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast ;
 With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
 And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd :
 " What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize,
 Can we bestow, which you may not despise ?
 Our deities the first best boon have given—
 Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
 What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
 Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.
 Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
 To yield applause, far, far surpassing mine."

Iulus then :—" By all the powers above !
 By those Penates who my country love !
 By hoary Vesta's sacred fame, I swear,
 My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair !
 Restore my father to my grateful sight,
 And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
 Nisus ! two silver goblets are thine own,
 Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown !
 My sire secured them on that fatal day,
 Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey :
 Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine ;
 Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine ;
 An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
 While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave :
 But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
 When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
 The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
 Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,

Are thine ; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past :
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
And all the realms which now the Latins sway,
The labours of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one ;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine ;
Without thy dear advice, no great design ;
Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus :—"No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart :
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy nor King Acestes' realms restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main :
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave ;
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek ;
By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now ;
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much-loved child may live again ;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress :
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt ;
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow !
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.

"All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince replied ;
 "Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
 To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
 Creusa's style but wanting to the dame.
 Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
 But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
 Now, by my life !—my sire's most sacred oath—
 To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
 All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
 If thou should'st fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
 Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
 A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew ;
 Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
 For friends to envy and for foes to feel :
 A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
 Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
 Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
 And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
 Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled train,
 To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.
 More than a boy, in wisdom, and in grace,
 Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place :
 His prayer he sends ; but what can prayers avail,
 Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale ?

The trench is pass'd, and, favour'd by the night,
 Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
 When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er ?
 Alas ! some slumber who shall wake no more !
 Chariots and bridles mix'd with arms, are seen ;
 And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between :
 Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine ;
 A mingled chaos this of war and wine.
 "Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
 With me the conquest and the labour share :
 Here lies our path ; lest any hand arise,
 Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies :
 I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
 And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
 His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
 And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast :
 Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed ;
 Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed ;

To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince,
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell ;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides :
And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead :
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head ;
From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour ;
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire ;
Half the long night in childish games was pass'd ;
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last :
Ah ! happier far had he the morn survey'd,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd fold, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep ;
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutt'd, and in carnage rolls :
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams ;
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name ;
His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel ;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides ;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains ;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray ;
There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed :
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm :
" Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd ;
Full foes enough to-night have breathed their last :

Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn ;
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless ! yet one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes ;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt :
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears ;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course :
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way :
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus with their master's promise sped :
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls ;
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
Volscens with question loud the pair alarms :—
"Stand, stragglers ! stand ! why early thus in arms ?
From whence ? to whom ?"—He meets with no reply ;
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly :
The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene :
Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead ;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend.
"O God ! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left !"
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,

Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze ;
 The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
 Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
 Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise ;
 The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys :
 The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
 While lengthening shades his weary way confound ;
 Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
 Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
 What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare ?
 Ah ! must he rush his comrade's fate to share ;
 What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
 Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey ?
 His life a votive ransom nobly give,
 Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live ?
 Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
 On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye :—
 " Goddess serene, transcending every star !
 Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar !
 By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
 When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove ;
 If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
 Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
 Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
 To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
 Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung ;
 Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung ;
 The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
 Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay :
 He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild amaze,
 Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze.
 While pale they stare, through 'Tagus' temples riven,
 A second shaft with equal force is driven :
 Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes ;
 Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
 Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall.
 " Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all !"
 Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
 And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
 Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
 Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals ;
 Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
 And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies :

" Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone ;
 Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
 Ye starry spheres ! thou conscious Heaven ! attest !
 He could not—durst not—lo ! the guile confest !
 All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend ;
 He only loved too well his hapless friend :
 Spare, spare, ye chiefs ! from him your rage remove ;
 His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
 He pray'd in vain ; the dark assassin's sword
 Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored ;
 Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
 And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast :
 As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
 Languid in death, expires beneath the share ;
 Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
 Declining gently, falls a fading flower ;
 Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
 And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
 Revenge his leader, and despair his guide ;
 Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
 Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost ;
 Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe ;
 Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every blow ;
 In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
 Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds ;
 In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,
 Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies ;
 Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
 The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
 Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—
 Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved ;
 Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
 And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace !

Celestial pair ! if aught my verse can claim,
 Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame !
 Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
 No future day shall see your names expire,
 While stands the Capitol, immortal dome !
 And vanquish'd millions hail their empress, Rome !

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF
EURIPIDES.[*Ἐρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν, κ.τ.λ.*]

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
 The breast where love is wont to glow,
 What mind can stem the stormy surge
 Which rolls the tide of human woe?
 The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
 Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
 The wild desire, the guilty flame,
 Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
 The souls by purer dreams possest,
 The pleasing balm of mortal ills
 In love can soothe the aching breast:
 If thus thou comest in disguise,
 Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
 What heart unfeeling would despise
 The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow
 May I beneath the shaft expire!
 Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
 Awakes an all-consuming fire:
 Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
 With others wage internal war;
 Repentance, source of future tears,
 From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy
 The holy calm of sacred love!
 May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
 Which hover faithful hearts above.
 Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
 May I with some fond lover sigh,
 Whose heart may mingle pure with mine—
 With me to live, with me to die!

My native soil! beloved before,
 Now dearer as my peaceful home,
 Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
 A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!

This very day, this very hour,
 May I resign this fleeting breath !
 Nor quit my silent humble bower ;
 A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
 And seen the exile's silent tear,
 Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
 A pensive weary wanderer here ?
 Ah ! hapless dame ! no sire bewails,
 No friend thy wretched fate deploras,
 No kindred voice with rapture hails
 Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
 To fair affection's truth unknown,
 Bids her he fondly loved depart,
 Unpitied, helpless, and alone ;
 Who ne'er unlocks with silver key
 The milder treasures of his soul,—
 May such a friend be far from me,
 And ocean's storms between us roll !

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
 MAGNUS his ample front sublime uprears :
 Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
 While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
 As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
 His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome ;
 Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
 Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
 Though little versed in any art beside ;
 Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
 Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
 What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
 When civil discord piled the fields with dead,

When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
 Or Henry trampled on the crest of France,
 Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
 Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
 Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
 While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
 Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
 Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
 Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
 Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
 If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
 But lo! no common orator can hope
 The envied silver cup within his scope.
 Not that our heads much eloquence require,
 Th' ATHENIAN'S glowing style, or Tully's fire.
 A manner clear or warm is useless, since
 We do not try by speaking to convince.
 Be other orators of pleasing proud,—
 We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
 Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
 A proper mixture of the squeak and groan:
 No borrow'd grace of action must be seen;
 The slightest motion would displease the Dean;
 Whilst every staring graduate would prate
 Against what he could never imitate.

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

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
 Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
 Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
 Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept-for die:
 Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fix'd within their walls:

In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
 All modern arts affecting to despise ;
 Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's note,
 More than the verse on which the critic wrote :
 Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
 Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale ;
 To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
 When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
 With eager haste they court the lord of power,
 Whether 't is Pitt or Petty rules the hour ;
 To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
 Such are the men who learning's treasures guard !
 Such is their practice, such is their reward !
 This much, at least, we may presume to say—
 The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

 TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl ! though only once we met,
 That meeting I shall ne'er forget ;
 And though we ne'er may meet again,
 Remembrance will thy form retain.
 I would not say, " I love," but still
 My senses struggle with my will :
 In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
 My thoughts are more and more repress ;
 In vain I check the rising sighs,
 Another to the last replies :
 Perhaps this is not love, but yet
 Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
 Our eyes a sweeter language spoke ;
 The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
 And tells a tale it never feels :
 Deceit the guilty lips impart,
 And hush the mandates of the heart ;

But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
No spirit, from within, reprov'd us,
Say rather, " 't was the spirit moved us "
Though what they utter'd I repress,
Yet I conceive thou 'lt partly guess ;
For as on thee my memory ponders,
Perchance to me thine also wanders.
This for myself, at least, I'll say,
Thy form appears through night, through day ;
Awake, with it my fancy teems ;
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams ;
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray
For breaking slumbers of delight
Which make me wish for endless night.
Since, oh ! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas ! again no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat ;
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care :
" May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
That anguish never can o'ertake her ;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker !
Oh ! may the happy mortal, fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,
For her each hour new joys discover,
And lose the husband in the lover !
May that fair bosom never know
What 't is to feel the restless woe
Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
Of him who never can forget ! "

THE CORNELIAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

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

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage ;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek ;
Oh ! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect :
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old ;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear ;
To-night you throng to witness the *début*
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new :
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try ;
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly :
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas ! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise,
But all our dramatis personæ wait
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward.
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
Surely the last will some protection find ;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind :
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN A
MORNING PAPER.

“OUR nation’s foes lament on FOX’s death,
But bless the hour when PITT resign’d his breath :
These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where Justice points its due.”

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

OH factious viper ! whose envenom’d tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth ;
What though our “ nation’s foes ” lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great,
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame ?
When PITT expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits “ war not with the dead : ”
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber’d in the grave ;
He sunk, an Atlas bending ’neath the weight
Of cares o’erwhelming our conflicting state :
When, lo ! a Hercules in FOX appear’d,
Who for a time the ruin’d fabric rear’d :
He, too, is fall’n, who Britain’s loss supplied,
With him our fast reviving hopes have died ;
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe’s far-extended regions mourn.
“ These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
To give the palm where Justice points its due,”
Yet let not canker’d Calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
FOX ! o’er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour’d marble sleep ;
For whom, at last, e’en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own ;

Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
 Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign ;
 Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
 For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.

 THE TEAR.

“O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.”—GRAY.

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
 When Truth in a glance should appear,
 The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
 But the test of affection 's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile
 To mask detestation or fear ;
 Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
 Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
 Shows the soul from barbarity clear ;
 Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
 And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
 Through billows Atlantic to steer,
 As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
 In Glory's romantic career ;
 But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
 And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,
 Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,
 All his toils are repaid when, embracing the maid,
 From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth ! seat of Friendship and Truth,
 Where Love chased each fast-fleeting year,
 Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look I turn'd,
 But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
 My Mary to Love once so dear,
 In the shade of her bower I remember the hour
 She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest, may she ever live blest !
 Her name still my heart must revere :
 With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine,
 And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
 This hope to my breast is most near :
 If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
 May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
 And my corse shall recline on its bier,
 As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
 Oh ! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe
 Which the children of vanity rear ;
 No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
 All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

October 26, 1806.

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, ESQ.,
 ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.

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

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

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

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

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
 This whimsical virgin forget ;
 Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
 And laugh at the little coquette.

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

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

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

October 27, 1806.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

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

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

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
 From your verses what else she deserved ;
 Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,
 As your fair was so devilish reserved.

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

You say, when "I rove, I know nothing of love ;"
 'T is true, I am given to range ;
 If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
 Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

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

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

And if I should shun every woman for one,
 Whose image must fill my whole breast—
 Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—
 What an insult 't would be to the rest !

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

TO ELIZA.

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

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

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,
 Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
 He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!—
 With souls you'd dispense; but this last, who could bear it?
 His religion to please neither party is made,
 On husbands 't is hard, to the wives most uncivil;
 Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
 "Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil."

 LACHIN Y GAIR.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war;
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in its cold icy car:
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd though brave, did no visions foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
 Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:

Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar:
 Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance!
 Auspicious queen of childish joys,
 Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
 Thy votive train of girls and boys;
 At length, in spells no longer bound,
 I break the fetters of my youth;
 No more I tread thy mystic round,
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 't is hard to quit the dreams
 Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,
 Where every nymph a goddess seems,
 Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
 While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
 And all assume a varied hue;
 When virgins seem no longer vain,
 And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
 And from thy hall of clouds descend?
 Nor find a sylph in every dame,
 A Pylades in every friend?
 But leave at once thy realms of air
 To mingling bands of fairy elves;
 Confess that woman's false as fair,
 And friends have feeling for—themselves.

With shame I own I've felt thy sway ;
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er,
 No more thy precepts I obey,
 No more on fancied pinions soar.
 Fond fool ! to love a sparkling eye,
 And think that eye to truth was dear ;
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear !

Romance ! disgusted with deceit,
 Far from thy motley court I fly,
 Where Affectation holds her seat,
 And sickly Sensibility ;
 Whose silly tears can never flow
 For any pangs excepting thine ;
 Who turns aside from real woe,
 To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
 With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
 Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
 Whose breast for every bosom bleeds ;
 And call thy sylvan female choir,
 To mourn a swain for ever gone,
 Who once could glow with equal fire,
 But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
 On all occasions swiftly flow ;
 Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
 With fancied flames and phrensy glow ;
 Say, will you mourn my absent name,
 Apostate from your gentle train ?
 An infant bard at least may claim
 From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race ! a long adieu !
 The hour of fate is hovering nigh ;
 E'en now the gulf appears in view,
 Where unlamented you must lie :
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
 Convulsed by gales you cannot weather ;
 Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
 Alas ! must perish altogether.

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES

SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

“But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
Should condemn me for printing a second edition;
If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?”

New Bath Guide.

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER! to commend
The verse which blends the censor with the friend.
Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.
For this wild error which pervades my strain,
I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways depart;
Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?
Precepts of prudence curb, but can't control,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind:
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase.
The young, the old, have worn the chains of love;
Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove:
Let those whose souls condemn the pleasing power
Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!
The artless Helicon I boast is youth;—
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple truth.
Far be't from me the “virgin's mind” to “taint:”
Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.
The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue's strength yet not severe—
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine
Will ne'er be “tainted” by a strain of mine.

But for the nymph whose premature desires
 Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
 No net to snare her willing heart is spread ;
 She would have fallen, though she ne'er had read.
 For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
 Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,
 Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
 The light effusions of a heedless boy.
 I seek not glory from the senseless crowd ;
 Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud ;
 Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
 Their sneers or censures I alike despise.

November 26, 1806.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

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

NEWSTEAD ! fast-falling, once-resplendent dome !
 Religion's shrine ! repentant HENRY's pride !
 Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
 Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

Hail to thy pile ! more honour'd in thy fall
 Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state ;
 Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
 Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,
 In grim array the crimson cross demand ;
 Or gay assemble round the festive board
 Their chief's retainers, an immortal band :

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
 Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
 Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
 A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile ! departs the chief ;
 His feudal realm in other regions lay :
 In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
 Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes ! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
 The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view ;
 Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
 Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
 Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl ;
 And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
 Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
 The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
 In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
 Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

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

Years roll on years ; to ages, ages yield ;
 Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed ;
 Religion's charter their protecting shield,
 Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the Gothic walls,
 And bade the pious inmates rest in peace ;
 Another HENRY the kind gift recalls,
 And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer ;
 He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
 To roam a dreary world in deep despair—
 No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
 Shakes with the martial music's novel din !
 The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
 High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
 The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
 The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
 Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threat'ning brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence ! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave ;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

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

Still in that hour the warrior wish'd to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave ;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him from th' unequal strife,
In other fields the torrent to repel ;
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND fell.

From thee, poor pile ! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghastr, defiles thy sacred sod ;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

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

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death ;
No more he strikes the quivering cords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
 Retire : the clamour of the fight is o'er ;
 Silence again resumes her awful sway,
 And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court :
 What satellites declare her dismal reign !
 Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
 To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
 The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies ;
 The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
 And nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

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

The legal ruler now resumes the helm,
 He guides through gentle seas the prow of state ;
 Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
 And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead ! of thy cells,
 Howling resign their violated nest ;
 Again the master on his tenure dwells,
 Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
 Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return ;
 Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
 And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
 Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees ;
 And hark ! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
 The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake :
 What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase !
 The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake ;
 Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah happy days ! too happy to endure !

Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew :
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure ;

Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed ;

Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart ;

Another chief impels the foaming steed,

Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead ! what saddening change of scene is thine !

Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay ;

The last and youngest of a noble line

Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers ;

Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep ;

Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers ;

These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret :

Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.

Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,

But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes

Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great ;

Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,

Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,

Thee to irradiate with meridian ray ;

Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,

And bless thy future as thy former day.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

“I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me.”

WHEN slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins ;
When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring ;

Not to the aching frame alone confined,
 Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind :
 What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
 Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
 With Resignation wage relentless strife,
 While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life !
 Yet less the pang when, through the tedious hour,
 Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
 Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
 When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven ;
 Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
 Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
 As when through clouds that pour the summer storm
 The orb of day unveils his distant form,
 Gilds with faint beams the crystal dew of rain,
 And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain ;
 Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
 The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,
 Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
 To scenes far distant points his paler rays ;
 Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
 The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
 Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought ;
 My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
 And roams romantic o'er her airy fields,
 Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
 To which I long have bade a last adieu !
 Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes ;
 Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams ;
 Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
 Whose forms I now remember but to weep ;
 Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
 Of early science, future fame the source ;
 Who, still contending in the studious race,
 In quick rotation fill the senior place.
 These with a thousand visions now unite,
 To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.
 IDA ! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,
 How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train !
 Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
 Again I mingle with thy playful quire ;

Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
 Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same ;
 Through winding paths along the glade, I trace,
 The social smile of every welcome face ;
 My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
 Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
 Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past,—
 I bless the former, and forgive the last.
 Hours of my youth ! when, nurtured in my breast,
 To love a stranger, friendship made me blest,—
 Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
 When every artless bosom throbs with truth ;
 Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
 And check each impulse with prudential rein ;
 When all we feel, our honest souls disclose—
 In love to friends, in open hate to foes ;
 No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
 No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit,
 Hypocrisy the gift of lengthen'd years,
 Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.
 When now the boy is ripen'd into man,
 His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan ;
 Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,
 Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think ;
 Still to assent, and never to deny—
 A patron's praise can well reward the lie :
 And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
 Would lose his opening prospects for a word ?
 Although against that word his heart rebel,
 And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this ! not mine the task
 From flattering friends to tear the hateful mask ;
 Let keener bards delight in satire's sting ;
 My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing :
 Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
 To hurl defiance on a secret foe ;
 But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
 The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
 Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retired,
 With this submission all her rage expired.
 From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
 She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave ;

Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
 POMPOSUS' virtues are but known to few :
 I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
 And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod,
 If since on Granta's failings, known to all
 Who share the converse of a college hall,
 She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
 'T is past, and thus she will not sin again ;
 Soon must her early song for ever cease,
 And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
 Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command ;
 Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—
 Their first adviser, and their last resort ;
 Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
 Or all the sable glories of his gown ;
 Who, thus transplanted from his father's school—
 Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—
 Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
 The dear preceptor of my early days !
 PROBUS, the pride of science, and the boast,
 To IDA now, alas ! for ever lost,
 With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
 And fear'd the master, though we loved the sage :
 Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat
 From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
 POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair ;
 POMPOSUS governs,—but, my muse, forbear :
 Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot ;
 His name and precepts be alike forgot ;
 No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—
 To him my tribute is already paid.

High through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd,
 Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape round ;
 There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
 The vale where rural Nature claims her praise ;
 To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
 Who move in joy, and dance along the plain ;
 In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue,
 Repeat old pastimes, and discover new ;
 Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
 In rival bands, between the wickets run,

Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
 Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
 But these with slower steps direct their way,
 Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray ;
 While yonder few search out some green retreat
 And arbours shade them from the summer heat :
 Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
 Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
 With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
 And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes ;
 Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
 Tradition treasures for a future day :
 " 'T was here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
 And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought ;
 Here have we fled before superior might,
 And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
 While thus our souls with early passions swell,
 In lingering tones resounds the distant bell,
 Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
 And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
 No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
 But ruder records fill the dusky wall :
 There, deeply carved, behold ! each tyro's name
 Secures its owner's academic fame ;
 Here mingling view the names of sire and son—
 The one long grav'd, the other just begun :
 These shall survive alike when son and sire
 Beneath one common stroke of fate expire ;
 Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
 Denied in death a monumental stone,
 Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
 The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
 And here my name, and many an early friend's,
 Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
 Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
 Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
 Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
 Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law ;
 And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
 To rule the little tyrants of an hour ;
 Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
 They pass the dreary winter's eve away—
 " And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide

And thus they dealt the combat side by side ;
 Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
 Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd ;
 Here *PROBUS* came, the rising fray to quell,
 And here he falter'd forth his last farewell ;
 And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
 While bold *POMPOSUS* bravely stay'd at home ;"
 While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
 When names of these, like ours, alone survive :
 Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
 The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race ! though now we meet no more,
 One last long look on what we were before—
 Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—
 Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
 Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
 Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
 I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
 And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
 Vain wish ! if chance some well-remember'd face,
 Some old companion of my early race,
 Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy,
 My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy ;
 The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
 Were quite forgotten when my friend was found ;
 The smiles of beauty—(for, alas ! I've known
 What 't is to bend before Love's mighty throne)—
 The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,
 Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near ;
 My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
 The woods of *IDA* danced before my eyes ;
 I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,
 I saw and join'd again the joyous throng ;
 Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
 And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.

Yet why should I alone with such delight
 Retrace the circuit of my former flight ?
 Is there no cause beyond the common claim
 Endear'd to all in childhood's very name ?
 Ah ! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
 Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear

To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
 And seek abroad the love denied at home.
 Those hearts, dear *IDA*, have I found in thee—
 A home, a world, a paradise to me.
 Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
 The tender guidance of a father's care.
 Can rank or e'en a guardian's name supply
 The love which glistens in a father's eye?
 For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
 Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
 What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
 What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
 For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
 To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
 Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
 Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;
 While still the visions to my heart are prest,
 The voice of love will murmur in my rest:
 I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice;
 I hear again,—but, ah! no brother's voice.
 A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
 Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
 While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
 I cannot call one single blossom mine:
 What then remains? in solitude to groan,
 To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.
 Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
 And none more dear than *IDA*'s social band.

Alonzo! best and dearest of my friends,
 Thy name ennobles him who thus commends;
 From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise;
 The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
 Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
 If hope anticipate the words of truth,
 Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
 To build his own upon thy deathless fame.
 Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
 Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,
 Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore;
 Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
 Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
 Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:

Together we impell'd the flying ball ;
 Together waited in our tutor's hall ;
 Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
 Or shared the produce of the river's spoil ;
 Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
 Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore ;
 In every element, unchanged, the same,
 All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy !
 DAVUS, the harbinger of childish joy ;
 For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
 The laughing herald of the harmless pun ;
 Yet with a breast of such materials made—
 Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid ;
 Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
 In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
 Still I remember, in the factious strife,
 The rustic's musket aim'd against my life :
 High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
 A cry of horror burst from every tongue ;
 Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
 Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow ;
 Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
 Forward you sprung, insensible to fear ;
 Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
 The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand :
 An act like this, can simple thanks repay ?
 Or all the labours of a grateful lay ?
 Oh no ! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
 That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS ! on me thy claims are justly great :
 Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,
 To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong
 The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.
 Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
 A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit :
 Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
 LYCUS ! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
 Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
 What may we hope from genius thus refined !
 When time at length matures thy growing years,
 How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers !

Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS pass by unsung?
From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung:
What though one sad dissension bade us part?
That name is yet embalm'd within my heart;
Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
And palpitate, responsive to the sound.
Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will:
We once were friends,—I'll think we are so still.
A form unmatch'd in nature's partial mould,
A heart untainted, we in thee behold:
Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
Nor seek for glory in the tented field;
To minds of ruder texture these be given—
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
But that thy tongue could never forge deceit:
The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
Would make that breast with indignation burn,
And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate;
The world admire thee, and thy friends adore;
Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest of the social band,
See honest, open, generous CLEON stand;
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studious race begun,
On the same day our studious race was run;
Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,
Thus side by side we strove for many a year;
At last concluded our scholastic life,
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:
As speakers each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame:
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,
Yet candour's self compels me now to own
Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh ! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
 Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear !
 Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
 To trace the hours which never can return ;
 Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,
 And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell !
 Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
 As infant laurels round my head were twined,
 When *PROBUS'* praise repaid my lyric song,
 Or placed me higher in the studious throng ;
 Or when my first harangue received applause,
 His sage instruction the primeval cause,
 What gratitude to him my soul possest,
 While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast !
 For all my humble fame, to him alone
 The praise is due, who made that fame my own.
 Oh ! could I soar above these feeble lays,
 These young effusions of my early days,
 To him my muse her noblest strain would give :
 The song might perish, but the theme might live.
 Yet why for him the needless verse essay ?
 His honour'd name requires no vain display :
 By every son of grateful *IDA* blest,
 It finds an echo in each youthful breast ;
 A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
 Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA ! not yet exhausted is the theme,
 Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
 How many a friend deserves the grateful strain !
 What scenes of childhood still unsung remain !
 Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
 This parting song, the dearest and the last ;
 And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy
 To me a silent and a sweet employ,
 While future hope and fear alike unknown,
 I think with pleasure on the past alone ;
 Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
 And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA ! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
 And proudly steer through time's eventful tide ;
 Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
 Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear,—

That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow
 O'er their last scene of happiness below.
 Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
 'The feeble veterans of some former throng,
 Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
 Are swept for ever from this busy world ;
 Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
 While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth ;
 Say if remembrance days like these endears
 Beyond the rapture of succeeding years ?
 Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
 So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe ?
 Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
 Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,
 Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys
 (For glittering baubles are not left to boys),
 Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
 As those where Youth her garland twined for you ?
 Ah, no ! amidst the gloomy calm of age
 You turn with faltering hand life's varied page ;
 Peruse the record of your days on earth,
 Unsullied only where it marks your birth ;
 Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf,
 And blot with tears the sable lines of grief ;
 Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
 Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu ;
 But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
 Traced by the rosy finger of the morn ;
 When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of Truth,
 And Love, without his pinion, smiled on Youth.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM,

ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT."

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

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1806.

 TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE VELVET BAND
 WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES.

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
 Is mine, sweet girl ! thy pledge of love ;
 It claims my warmest, dearest care,
 Like relics left of saints above.

Oh ! I will wear it next my heart ;
 'T will bind my soul in bonds to thee :
 From me again 't will ne'er depart,
 But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
 Is not so dear to me as this ;
That I but for a moment sip,
 And banquet on a transient bliss :

This will recall each youthful scene,
 E'en when our lives are on the wane ;
 The leaves of Love will still be green
 When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh ! little lock of golden hue,
 In gently waving ringlets curl'd,
 By the dear head on which you grew,
 I would not lose you for a world.

Not though a thousand more adorn
 The polish'd brow where once you shone,
 Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
 Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806. [First published, 1832.]

LINES

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

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

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

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

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

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave !
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath ;
Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

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

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

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

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

1806.

REMEMBRANCE.

'T is done !—I saw it in my dreams ;
 No more with Hope the future beams ;
 My days of happiness are few :
 Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
 My dawn of life is overcast ;
 Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu !
 Would I could add Remembrance too !

1806. [First published, 1832.]

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

DEAR are the days of youth ! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers !" Past is the race of heroes. But their fame rises on the harp ; their souls ride on the wings of the wind ; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds ! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests : he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief ; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear ; but mild was the eye of Calmar ; soft was the flow of his yellow locks : they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul : his thoughts were given to friendship,—to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes ! Equal were their swords in battle ; but fierce was the pride of Orla :—gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies: but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar." — "And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let her not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of

Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar: "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep: but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly, Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks

in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who should share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven:—the bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! it dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm."

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES.

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth,
Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat,—
“Friendship is Love without his wings!”

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
What moments have been mine!
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine;
Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptured with the past,
To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
“Friendship is Love without his wings!”

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;
Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove
“Friendship is Love without his wings!”

Oh, Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decay'd;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.

Away, away ! delusive power,
 Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour ;
 Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth ! thy distant spire
 Recalls each scene of joy ;
 My bosom glows with former fire,—
 In mind again a boy.
 Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
 Thy every path delights me still,
 Each flower a double fragrance flings ;
 Again, as once, in converse gay,
 Each dear associate seems to say,
 “ Friendship is Love without his wings ! ”

My Lycus ! wherefore dost thou weep ?
 Thy falling tears restrain ;
 Affection for a time may sleep,
 But, oh, 't will wake again.
 Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
 Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet !
 From this my hope of rapture springs ;
 While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
 Absence, my friend, can only tell,
 “ Friendship is Love without his wings ! ”

In one, and one alone deceived,
 Did I my error mourn ?
 No—from oppressive bonds relieved,
 I left the wretch to scorn.
 I turn'd to those my childhood knew,
 With feelings warm with bosoms true,
 Twined with my heart's according strings ;
 And till those vital chords shall break,
 For none but these my breast shall wake
 Friendship, the power deprived of wings !

Ye few ! my soul, my life is yours,
 My memory and my hope ;
 Your worth a lasting love insures,
 Unfetter'd in its scope ;
 From smooth deceit and terror sprung
 With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,
 Let Adulation wait on kings ;

With joy elate, by snares beset,
 We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
 Who rolls the epic song;
 Friendship and truth be my reward—
 To me no bays belong;
 If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,
 Me the enchantress ever flies,
 Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
 Simple and young, I dare not feign;
 Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

December, 1806.

[First published, 1832.]

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
 Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
 Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
 Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call!
 Thou seest my soul is dark within;
 Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
 Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
 Oh point to me the path of truth!
 Thy dread omnipotence I own;
 Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
 Let superstition hail the pile,
 Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
 With tales of mystic rites beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
 To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
 Thy temple is the face of day;
 Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell,
 Unless they bend in pompous form?
 Tell us that all, for one who fell,
 Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
 Yet doom his brother to expire,
 Whose soul a different hope supplies,
 Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
 Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
 Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
 Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those, who live for self alone,
 Whose years float on in daily crime—
 Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
 And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
 Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—
 I own myself corrupt and weak,
 Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
 Through trackless realms of æther's space;
 Who calm'st the elemental war,
 Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
 Who, when thou wilt, canst take me hence,
 Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
 Extend to me thy wide defence.

To thee, my God, to thee I call!
 Whatever weal or woe betide,
 By thy command I rise or fall,
 In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,
 My soul shall float on airy wing,
 How shall thy glorious name adored
 Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share
 With clay the grave's eternal bed,
 While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
 Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

To thee I breathe my humble strain,
 Grateful for all thy mercies past,
 And hope, my God, to thee again
 This erring life may fly at last.

December 29, 1806.
 [First published, 1830.]

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.

“Nil ego contulerim jocundo sanus amico.”—HOR.

DEAR LONG, in this sequester'd scene,
 While all around in slumber lie,
 The joyous days which ours have been
 Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye ;
 Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
 While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
 Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
 I hail the sky's celestial bow,
 Which spreads the sign of future peace,
 And bids the war of tempests cease.
 Ah ! though the present brings but pain
 I think those days may come again ;
 Or if, in melancholy mood,
 Some lurking envious fear intrude,
 To check my bosom's fondest thought,
 And interrupt the golden dream,
 I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
 And still indulge my wonted theme.
 Although we ne'er again can trace,
 In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore ;
 Nor through the groves of Ida chase
 Our raptur'd visions as before,
 Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
 And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
 Age will not every hope destroy,
 But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
 Will shed around some dews of spring:
 But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
 Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
 Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
 And hearts with early rapture swell;
 If frowning Age, with cold control,
 Confines the current of the soul,
 Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
 Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
 Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
 And bids me feel for self alone;
 Oh! may my bosom never learn
 To soothe its wonted heedless flow;
 Still, still despise the censor stern,
 But ne'er forget another's woe.
 Yes, as you knew me in the days
 O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
 Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
 And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
 To you my soul is still the same.
 Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
 And all my former joys are tame.
 But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!
 Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er:
 By every bliss my childhood knew,
 I'll think upon your shade no more.
 Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
 And caves their sullen roar enclose,
 We heed no more the wintry blast,
 When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
 Attuned to love her languid lyre;
 But now, without a theme to choose,
 The strains in stolen sighs expire.
 My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
 E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
 And Carolina sighs alone,
 And Mary's given to another;

And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
Can now no more my love recall :
In truth, dear LONG, 't was time to flee ;
For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye 's a *sun*,
These last should be confined to one.
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a general *summer* !
Thus faint is every former flame,
And passion's self is now a name.
As, when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night ;
Thus has it been with passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 't is midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse ;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before ?
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
And chased away the gloom profound,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend
Above the dear-loved peaceful seat,
Which once contain'd our youth's retreat ;
And then with those our childhood knew
We'll mingle in the festive crew ;
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away ;
And all the flow of souls shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO A LADY.

OH! had my fate been join'd with thine,
 As once this pledge appear'd a token,
 These follies had not then been mine,
 For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
 To thee, the wise and old reproving:
 'They know my sins, but do not know
 'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
 And all its rising fires could smother;
 But now thy vows no more endure,
 Bestow'd by thee upon another;

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
 And spoil the blisses that await him;
 Yet let my rival smile in joy,
 For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
 My heart no more can rest with any;
 But what it sought in thee alone,
 Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
 'T were vain and fruitless to regret thee;
 Nor hope or memory yield their aid,
 But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
 This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
 These varied loves, these matron's fears,
 These thoughtless strains to passion's measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—
 This cheek, now pale from early riot,
 With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
 But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
 For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
 And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,—
 For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys :
To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal
In spite of every vain endeavour,—
And fiends might pity what I feel,—
To know that thou art lost for ever.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave ;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune ! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound !
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar ;
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me :
Ah ! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be ?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss :
Truth !—wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this ?

I loved—but those I loved are gone ;
Had friends—my early friends are fled :
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead !

Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull ! to hear the voice of those
 Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
 Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
 Associates of the festive hour.
 Give me again a faithful few,
 In years and feelings still the same,
 And I will fly the midnight crew,
 Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman ! thou,
 My hope, my comforter, my all !
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall !
 Without a sigh would I resign
 This busy scene of splendid woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind ;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom might suit a darken'd mind.
 Oh ! that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle to her nest !
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
 To flee away, and be at rest.

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
 And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow !
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,
 Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear ;
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 't was centred in you ?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,—

What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?

But still I perceive an emotion the same

As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild
One image alone on my bosom impress'd,

I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new ;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd ;

And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn ; with my dog as my guide,

From mountain to mountain I bounded along ;

I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,

And heard at a distance the Highlander's song :

At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,

No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view ;

And warm to the skies my devotions arose,

For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone ;

The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more ;

As the last of my race, I must wither alone,

And delight but in days I have witness'd before :

Ah ! splendour has raised but embitter'd my lot ;

More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew :

Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot ;

Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,

I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen ;

When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,

I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene ;

When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,

That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,

I think on the long, flowing ringlets of gold,

The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more

Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow :

But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,

Will Mary be there to receive me?—ah, no !

Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred !

Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu !

No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—

Ah ! Mary, what home could be mine but with you ?

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

OH ! yes, I will own we were dear to each other ;
 The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true ;
 The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
 Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion ;
 The attachment of years in a moment expires :
 Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
 But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together ;
 And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow :
 In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather !
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
 The wonted delights of our childhood retrace :
 When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
 And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem you ;
 The few whom I love I can never upbraid :
 The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,
 Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
 With me no corroding resentment shall live :
 My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
 That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
 If danger demanded, were wholly your own ;
 You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
 Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection !
 The bond of affection no longer endures ;
 Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
 And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for ever ;
 For time and regret will restore you at last :
 To forget our dissension we both should endeavour ;
 I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

“Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago.”
VAL. FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth ! when young we roved,
Like striplings, mutually beloved,
With friendship's purest glow,
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
When distant far from you :
Though pain, 't is still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu !

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
Those scenes regretted ever ;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah ! never !

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain ;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main !

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,
Nor mingle as before :
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend ! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Nor flow in different channels :
 Disdaining humbler rural sports,
 'T is yours to mix in polish'd courts
 And shine in fâshion's annals ;

'T is mine to waste on love my time,
 Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
 Without the aid of reason ;
 For sense and reason (critics know it)
 Have quitted every amorous poet,
 Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE ! sweet, melodious bard !
 Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard
 That he, who sang before all,—
 He who the lore of love expanded,—
 By dire reviewers should be branded
 As void of wit and moral.

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
 Harmonious favourite of the Nine !
 Repine not at thy lot.
 Thy soothing lays may still be read,
 When Persecution's arm is dead,
 And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
 Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them ;
 And though myself may be the next
 By criticism to be vext,
 I really will not fight them.

Perhaps they would do quite as well
 To break the rudely sounding shell
 Of such a young beginner :
 He who offends at pert nineteen,
 Ere thirty may become, I ween,
 A very harden'd sinner.

Now, Clare, I must return to you ;
 And, sure, apologies are due :
 Accept, then, my concession.
 In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
 I soar along from left to right ;
 My muse admires digression.

I think I said 't would be your fate
 To add one star to royal state ;—
 May regal smiles attend you !
 And should a noble monarch reign,
 You will not seek his smiles in vain,
 If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
 Where specious rivals glitter round,
 From snares may saints preserve you ;
 And grant your love or friendship ne'er
 From any claim a kindred care,
 But those who best deserve you !

Not for a moment may you stray
 From truth's secure, unerring way !
 May no delights decoy !
 O'er roses may your footsteps move,
 Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
 Your tears be tears of joy !

Oh ! if you wish that happiness
 Your coming days and years may bless,
 And virtues crown your brow ;
 Be still as you were wont to be,
 Spotless as you 've been known to me,—
 Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
 To cheer my last declining days,
 To me were doubly dear ;
 Whilst blessing your beloved name,
 I 'd waive at once a *poet's* fame,
 To prove a *prophet* here.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE
 CHURCHYARD OF HARROW.

SPOT of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,
 Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky ;
 Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
 With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod ;

With those who, scatter'd far, perchance, deplore,
 Like me, the happy scenes they knew before :
 Oh ! as I trace again thy winding hill,
 Mines eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
 Thou drooping Elm ! beneath whose boughs I lay,
 And frequent mused the twilight hours away ;
 Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
 But, ah ! without the thoughts which then were mine :
 How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
 Invite the bosom to recall the past,
 And seem to whisper as they gently swell,
 " Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell ! "

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd breast,
 And calm its cares and passions into rest,
 Oft have I thought, 't would soothe my dying hour,—
 If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,—
 To know some humble grave, some narrow cell,
 Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell ;
 With this fond dream, methinks 't were sweet to die—
 And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie ;
 Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose,
 Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose ;
 For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
 Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd ;
 Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
 Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved ;
 Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
 Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here ;
 Deplored by those in early days allied,
 And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2, 1807.

Satires.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS: A SATIRE.

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

“Such shameless bards we have; and yet 't is true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.”—POPE.

PREFACE.*

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be “turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain,” I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously,

* This preface was written for the second edition, and printed with it. The noble author had left this country previous to the publication of that edition, and is not yet returned.—*Note to the fourth edition, 1811.*

fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine,* who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With † regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten: perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely “bruising one of the heads of the serpent,” though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?

* [Mr. Hobhouse.]

† [Here the preface to the first edition commenced.]

Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong :
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh ! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-quill !
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men !
The pen ! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
What wits, what poets dost thou daily raise !
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise !
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen !
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamlet's shall be free ;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me :
Then let us soar to-day ; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain ;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey ;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime ;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
And weigh their justice in a golden scale ;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit ! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song ;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race :
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame ;
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
Speed, Pegasus !—ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all !

I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
 I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
 A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame ;
 I printed—older children do the same.
 'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.
 Not that a title's sounding charm can save
 Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave :
 This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
 Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.
 No matter, George continues still to write,
 Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
 Moved by the great example, I pursue
 The self-same road, but make my own review :
 Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him, will be
 Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade
 Save censure—critics all are ready made.
 Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote ;
 A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault ;
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt ;
 To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet :
 Fear not to lie, 't will seem a sharper hit ;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit ;
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
 Seek roses in December—ice in June !
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff ;
 Believe a woman or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in critics, who themselves are sore ;
 Or yield one single thought to be misled
 By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head.
 To these young tyrants, by themselves misplaced,
 Combined usurpers on the throne of taste ;
 To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
 And hail their voice as truth, their word as law—
 While these are censors, 't would be sin to spare ;
 While such are critics, why should I forbear ?

But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun ;
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
 Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er
 The path which Pope and Gifford trod before ;
 If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed :
 Go on ; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
 "But hold !" exclaims a friend, "here's some neglect,
 This—that—and t'other line seem incorrect."
 What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
 And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has not :"—
 Indeed!—'t is granted, faith!—but what care I?
 Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
 Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
 When sense and wit with poesy allied,
 No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side ;
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,
 And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
 Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's pure strain
 Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain ;
 A polish'd nation's praise aspir'd to claim,
 And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
 Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
 Then Congreve's scenes could cheer or Otway's melt—
 For nature then an English audience felt.
 But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
 When all to feebler bards resign their place?
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
 When taste and reason with those times are past.
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
 Survey the precious works that please the age ;
 This truth at least let satire's self allow,
 No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now.
 The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
 And printers' devils shake their weary bones ;
 While Southey's epics cram the creaking shelves,
 And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves,
 Thus saith the preacher : "Nought beneath the sun
 Is new ;" yet still from change to change we run :

What varied wonders tempt us as they pass !
 The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
 In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
 Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air !
 Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
 Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize :
 O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail ;
 Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
 And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own ;
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
 From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.

Behold ! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
 For notice eager, pass in long review :
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
 And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race ;
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode ;
 And tales of terror jostle on the road ;
 Immeasurable measures move along ;
 For simpering folly loves a varied song,
 To strange mysterious dulness still the friend,
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
 Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the last !—
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast.
 While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
 That dames may listen to the sound at nights ;
 And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,
 Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
 And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
 And frighten foolish babes the Lord knows why ;
 While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
 Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
 Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
 And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
 The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
 Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
 Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace ;
 A mighty mixture of the great and base.
 And think'st thou, Scott ! by vain conceit perchance,
 On public taste to foist thy stale romance,

Though Murray with his Miller may combine
 To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
 No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
 Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
 Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
 Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
 Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
 And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
 Such be their meed, such still the just reward
 Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
 For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
 And bid a long "good night to Marmion."

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
 These are the bards to whom the muse must bow;
 While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
 Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
 When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
 An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
 While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name:
 The work of each immortal bard appears
 The single wonder of a thousand years.
 Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
 Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
 Without the glory such a strain can give,
 As even in ruin bids the language live.
 Not so with us, though minor bards, content
 On one great work a life of labour spent:
 With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
 Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!
 To him let Camoëns, Milton, Tasso yield,
 Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
 First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
 The scourge of England and the boast of France!
 Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
 Behold her statue placed in glory's niche;
 Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
 A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen.
 Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,
 Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son;
 Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.

Immortal hero ! all thy foes o'ercome,
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb !
 Since startled metre fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race !
 Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense !
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails
 Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales ;
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
 Oh ! Southey ! Southey ! cease thy varied song !
 A bard may chant too often and too long :
 As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare !
 A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ;
 If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :
 "God help thee," Southey, and thy readers too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,
 The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May,
 Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books, for fear of growing double ;"
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose ;
 Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
 Contain the essence of the true sublime.
 Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of "an idiot boy ;"
 A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day ;
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the "idiot in his glory"
 Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
 To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear ?

Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
 Yet still obscurity 's a welcome guest.
 If Inspiration should her aid refuse
 To him who takes a pixy for a muse,
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to elegise an ass,
 So well the subject suits his noble mind,
 He brays the laureate of the long-ear'd kind.

Oh! wonder-working Lewis! monk, or bard,
 Who fain would make Parnassus a churchyard!
 Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
 By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
 To please the females of our modest age;
 All hail, M. P. ! from whose infernal brain
 Thin-sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
 At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
 With "small gray men," "wild yagers," and what not,
 To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott;
 Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
 St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;
 Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
 And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
 Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
 With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
 Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd?
 'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
 As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!
 Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be just,
 Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
 Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
 From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
 Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
 She bids thee "mend thy line and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
 To whom such glittering ornaments belong,

Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue,
 And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,
 Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
 And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
 Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
 Nor vent thy sonnets on a false pretence.
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
 By dressing Camoëns in a suit of lace?
 Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
 Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste;
 Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
 Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

Behold!—ye tarts!—one moment spare the text—
 Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next;
 Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
 Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,
 His style in youth or age is still the same,
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.
 Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
 At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
 Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may swear
 That luckless music never triumph'd there.

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
 On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,
 Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime
 In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
 Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
 And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
 And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
 Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
 A thousand visions of a thousand things,
 And shows, still whimpering through threescore of years,
 The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.
 And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!
 Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
 Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grief,
 The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
 Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
 What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,
 Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend

In every chime that jingled from Ostend ;
 Ah ! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
 If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap !
 Delightful Bowles ! still blessing and still blest,
 All love thy strain, but children like it best.
 'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
 To soothe the mania of the amorous throng !
 With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
 Ere miss as yet completes her infant years :
 But in her teens thy whining powers are vain ;
 She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.
 Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
 The lofty numbers of a harp like thine ;
 "Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"
 Such as none heard before, or will again !
 Where all Discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
 Nor this alone ; but, pausing on the road,
 The bard sighs forth a gentle episode ;
 And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous miss !—
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
 Bowles ! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
 Stick to thy sonnets, man !—at least they sell.
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe ;
 If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
 Now, prone in dust, can only be revered ;
 If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
 Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
 Do thou essay : each fault, each failing scan ;
 The first of poets was, alas ! but man.
 Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
 Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curl ;
 Let all the scandals of a former age
 Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page ;
 Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal ;
 Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
 And do from hate what Mallet did for hire.
 Oh ! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
 To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme ;

Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
 Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead :
 A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
 And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.

Another epic ! Who inflicts again
 More books of blank upon the sons of men ?
 Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
 Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
 And sends his goods to market—all alive !
 Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five ?
 Fresh fish from Helicon ! who 'll buy, who 'll buy ?
 The precious bargain 's cheap—In faith, not I.
 Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat,
 Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat ;
 If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
 And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
 In him an author's luckless lot behold,
 Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
 Oh, Amos Cottle !—Phœbus ! what a name
 To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—
 Oh ! Amos Cottle ! for a moment think
 What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !
 When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
 Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?
 Oh ! pen perverted ! paper misapplied !
 Had Cottle still adorn'd the counter's side,
 Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
 Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
 Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
 He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
 Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,
 So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves
 Dull Maurice all his granite weight of leaves :
 Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain !
 The petrifications of a plodding brain,
 That, ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,
 Lo ! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale ;
 Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
 His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast :

Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails !
 O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep ;
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep !

Yet say ! why should the bard at once resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred nine ?
 For ever startled by the mingled howl
 Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prowl ;
 A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
 By hellish instinct, all that cross their way ;
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find—these harpies must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field ?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Nor hunt the blood-hounds back to Arthur's Seat ?

Health to immortal Jeffrey ! once, in name,
 England could boast a judge almost the same ;
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
 Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
 And given the spirit to the world again,
 To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
 With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
 With voice as willing to decree the rack ;
 Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
 As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw ;
 Since well instructed in the patriot school
 To rail at party, though a party tool,
 Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
 Back to the sway they forfeited before,
 His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
 And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat ?
 Let Jeffrey's shade indulge the pious hope,
 And greeting thus, present him with a rope :
 " Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind !
 Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
 This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
 To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey ! Heaven preserve his life,
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,

And guard it sacred in its future wars,
 Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
 Can none remember that eventful day,
 That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
 When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?
 Oh, day disastrous! on her firm-set rock,
 Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
 Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
 Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north,
 Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career;
 Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
 The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
 If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:
 Nay last, not least, on that portentous morn,
 The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
 His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
 And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
 Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
 Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
 This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
 That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
 And all with justice deem'd the two combined
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
 But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
 The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
 From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
 And straight restored it to her favourite's head;
 That head, with greater than magnetic power,
 Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden shower,
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
 "My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
 Resign the pistol and resume the pen;
 O'er politics and poesy preside,
 Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
 For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 So long shall last thine unmolested reign,

Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
 Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
 The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.
 Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer, and sometimes,
 In gratitude, thou 'lt praise his rugged rhymes.
 Smug Sidney too thy bitter page shall seek,
 And classic Hallam, much renown'd for Greek ;
 Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
 And paltry Pillans shall traduce his friend ;
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,
 Damn'd like the devil, devil-like will damn.
 Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway !
 Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay ;
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
 To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.
 Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
 Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy the sale,
 Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."
 Thus having said, the kilted goddess kiss'd
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.

Then prosper, Jeffrey ! pertest of the train
 Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain !
 Whatever blessing wait a genuine Scot,
 In double portion swells thy glorious lot ;
 For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
 And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
 Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—
 This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.
 Lo ! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd grown,
 Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone ;
 And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
 Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen !

Illustrious Holland ! hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot !
 Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,
 The whipper-in and hunstman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse !

Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
 See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
 And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
 Declare his landlord can at least translate !
 Dunedin ! view thy children with delight,
 They write for food—and feed because they write :
 And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique ;
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole.

Now to the Drama turn—Oh ! motley sight !
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite !
 Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
 Though now, thank Heaven ! the Rosciomania's o'er,
 And full-grown actors are endured once more ;
 Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
 While British critics suffer scenes like these ;
 While Reynolds vents his “dammes !” “poohs !” and
 “zounds !”
 And common-place and common sense confounds ?
 While Kenney's “World”—ah ! where is Kenney's wit ?—
 Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit ;
 And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words ?
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
 The degradation of our vaunted stage !
 Heavens ! is all sense of shame and talent gone ?
 Have we no living bard of merit ?—none !
 Awake, George Colman ! Cumberland, awake !
 Ring the alarum bell ! let folly quake !
 Oh, Sheridan ! if aught can move thy pen,
 Let Comedy assume her throne again ;
 Abjure the mummery of the German schools ;
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools ;
 Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.

Gods ! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
 Where Garrick trod, and Siddons lives to tread ?
 On those shall Farce display Buffoon'ry's mask,
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask ?
 Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
 From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose ?
 While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot ?
 Lo ! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
 The rival candidates for Attic fame !
 In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
 Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.
 And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
 For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
 Renown'd alike ; whose genius ne'er confines
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs ;
 Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on,
 While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
 Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean ;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few !
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah ! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn ?
 Degenerate Britons ! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame ?
 Well may the nobles of our present race
 Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face ;
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And worship Catalani's pantaloons,
 Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art
 To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
 Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
 To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down :
 Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
 And bless the promise which his form displays ;
 While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured looks
 Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes :

Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
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 Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
 And bless the promise which his form displays;
 While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured looks
 Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes:

Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prêslé
 Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless veil ;
 Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
 Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe ;
 Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
 Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening throng !
 Whet not your scythe, suppressors of our vice !
 Reforming saints ! too delicately nice !
 By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
 No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave ;
 And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display
 Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or hail at once the patron and the pile
 Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle !
 Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd fane,
 Spread wide her portals for the motley train,
 Behold the new Petronius of the day,
 Our arbiter of pleasure and of play !
 There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
 The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
 The song from Italy, the step from France,
 The midnight orgy and the mazy dance,
 The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
 For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine :
 Each to his humour—Comus all allows ;
 Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
 Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade !
 Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made ;
 In plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
 Nor think of poverty, except "en masque,"
 When for the night some lately titled ass
 Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
 The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,
 The audience take their turn upon the floor :
 Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
 Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap ;
 The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,
 The last display the free, unfetter'd limb !
 Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
 With art the charms which nature could not spare ;
 These, after husbands wing their eager flight,
 Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
 Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
 Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
 Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:
 There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,
 Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
 The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick,
 Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
 If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
 And all your hope or wish is to expire,
 Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,
 And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife;
 Fit consummation of an earthly race
 Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;
 While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
 Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath,
 Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
 The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
 To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall.

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand
 To drive this pestilence from out the land.
 E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
 Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,
 Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
 To fight my course through passion's countless host,
 Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way
 Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
 E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
 Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal:
 Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
 "What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?"
 And every brother rake will smile to see
 That miracle, a moralist in me.
 No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,
 Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
 Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
 Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;
 Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
 May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals,
 From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles,

Why should we call them from their dark abode,
 In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-road?
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
 What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
 Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die:
 Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
 And 't is some praise in peers to write at all.
 Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
 Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head;
 No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
 The puny schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
 But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, and pamphleteer!
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
 But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"
 Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
 Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf;
 Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines.

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
 With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
 Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
 Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.
 Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
 And Melville's Mantle prove a blanket too!
 One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
 And, peace be with you! 't is your best reward.

Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live ;
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note in blest repose.
 Far be 't from me unkindly to upbraid
 The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,
 Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind.
 Though Crusca's bards no more our journals fill,
 Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still ;
 Last of the howling host which once was Bell's
 Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells ;
 And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
 Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
 Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
 Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
 St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
 Heavens ! how the vulgar stare ! how crowds applaud !
 How ladies read, and literati laud !
 If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
 'T is sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best ?
 Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
 And Capel Lofft declares 't is quite sublime.
 Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade !
 Swains ! quit the plough, resign the useless spade !
 Lo ! Burns and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
 Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
 Forsook the labours of a servile state,
 Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate :
 Then why no more ? if Phœbus smiled on you,
 Bloomfield ! why not on Brother Nathan too ?
 Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized ;
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased :
 And now no boor can seek his last abode,
 No common be enclosed without an ode.
 Oh ! since increased refinement deigns to smile,
 On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
 Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
 Alike the rustic and mechanic soul !
 Ye tuneful cobblers ! still your notes prolong,
 Compose at once a slipper and a song ;

So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
 May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric skill,
 And tailors' lays be longer than their bill !
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
 Neglected genius ! let me turn to you.
 Come forth, O Campbell ! give thy talents scope ;
 Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope ?
 And thou, melodious Rogers ! rise at last,
 Recall the pleasing memory of the past ;
 Arise ! let blest remembrance still inspire,
 And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre ;
 Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
 Assert the country's honour and thine own.
 What ! must deserted Poesy still weep
 Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep ?
 Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
 To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns !
 No ! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
 Yet still some genuine sons 't is hers to boast,
 Who, least affecting, still affect the most :
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
 Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil.

“Why slumbers Gifford ?” once was ask'd in vain :
 Why slumbers Gifford ? let us ask again.
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge ?
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge ?
 Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet ?
 Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street ?
 Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
 And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath ?
 Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
 Eternal beacons of consummate crime ?
 Arouse thee, Gifford ! be thy promise claim'd,
 Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,

The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
 Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
 Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
 Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
 'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
 So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
 He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be who say, in these enlighten'd days,
 That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
 That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
 Alone impels the modern bard to sing:
 'T is true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who write,
 Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite;
 Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires:
 This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
 Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee and Genius find a place,
 Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
 To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
 And trace the poet's or the painter's line;
 Whose magic touch can bid the canvas glow,
 Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow;
 While honours, doubly merited, attend
 The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower
 Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;
 Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,
 The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
 The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.

But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
 With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands ;
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
 And views their remnants with a poet's eye !
 Wright ! 't was thy happy lot at once to view
 Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;
 And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
 To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards ! who snatch'd to light
 Those gems too long withheld from modern sight ;
 Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
 Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
 And all their renovated fragrance flung
 To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;
 Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
 The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
 Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone :
 Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
 Restore the muse's violated laws ;
 But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
 That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
 Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
 The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear ;
 In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
 But now, worn down, appear in native brass ;
 While all his train of hovering sylphs around
 Evaporate in similes and sound :
 Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die :
 False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
 The meanest object of the lowly group,
 Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
 Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd :
 Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
 A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach :
 The native genius with their being given
 Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott ! resign to minstrels rude
 The wilder slogan of a border feud :

Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;
 Enough for genius, if itself inspire !
 Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
 Prolific every spring, be too profuse ;
 Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
 And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse ;
 Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
 To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost ;
 Let Moore still sigh ; let Strangford steal from Moore,
 And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore ;
 Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,
 And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave :
 Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,
 And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;
 Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest
 Of Grub Street, and of Grosvenor Place the best,
 Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,
 Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
 But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
 Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays :
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
 Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.
 Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield
 The glorious record of some nobler field,
 Than the wild foray of a plundering clan,
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
 For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin Hood ?
 Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native bard,
 And be thy praise his first, his best reward !
 Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
 But own the vast renown a world can give ;
 Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
 And tell the tale of what she was before ;
 To future times her faded fame recall,
 And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
 To conquer ages, and with time to cope ?
 New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
 And other victors fill the applauding skies ;
 A few brief generations fleet along,
 Whose sons forget the poet and his song :

E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim
 The transient mention of a dubious name?
 When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
 Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
 And glory, like the phœnix, midst her fires,
 Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
 Expert in science, more expert at puns?
 Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
 Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
 Though printers condescend the press to soil
 With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Hoyle:
 Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
 Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.
 Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
 Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
 A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
 Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,"
 Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
 A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
 A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
 Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
 And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
 Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
 Himself a living libel on mankind.

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!
 At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
 So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's verse
 Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's worse.
 But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
 The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
 On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
 To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;
 Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
 And modern Britons glory in their sires.

For me, who thus, unask'd, have dared to tell
 My country what her sons should know too well,
 Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
 The host of idiots that infest her age;

No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
 As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
 Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
 And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
 What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
 What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
 'T is thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—
 Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen:
 But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
 And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
 Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
 And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
 But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
 With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
 To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
 And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
 The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
 Still hear thy motley orators dispense
 The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
 While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
 And old dame Portland fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
 That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
 And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,
 And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:
 Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime,
 Where Kaff is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows
 But should I back return, no tempting press [sublime.
 Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess;
 Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,
 Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr;
 Let Aberdeen and Elgin still pursue
 The shade of fame through regions of virtù;
 Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
 Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
 And make their grand saloons a general mart
 For all the mutilated blocks of art:
 Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
 I leave topography to rapid Gell;
 And, quite content, no more shall interpose
 To stun the public ear—at least with prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
 Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear :
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown :
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
 My page, though nameless, never disavow'd ;
 And now at once I tear the veil away :—
 Cheer on the pack ! the quarry stands at bay,
 Unscared by all the din of Melbourne House,
 By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
 By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
 Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
 And feel they too are "penetrable stuff :"
 And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
 Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
 From lips that now may seem imbued with gall ;
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
 The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes :
 But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
 I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth ;
 Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
 And break him on the wheel he meant for me ;
 To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
 Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss ;
 Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
 I too can hunt a poetaster down ;
 And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
 To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.
 Thus much I've dared ; if my incondite lay
 Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say ;
 This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
 Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor,

gentle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they have already so be-devilled with their ungodly ribaldry :

“Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ !”

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

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

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (*subaudi esquire*), a sizer of Emanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet ; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in “The Satirist,” for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation ; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name, till coupled with “The Satirist.” He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear

and my book, except the editor of "The Satirist," who, it seems, is a gentleman—God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, "pour on, I will endure." I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publishers, and, in the words of Scott, I wish

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

HINTS FROM HORACE:

BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA," AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."

— "Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."

HOR. *De Arte Poet.*

"Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir."

FIELDING'S *Amelia*.

ATHENS: CAPUCHIN CONVENT, *March 12, 1811.*

WHO would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvas with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or, should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost—as once the world has seen—
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.

Believe me, Moschus, like that picture seems
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow ;
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask ;
But make not monsters spring from gentle dams—
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.

A labour'd, long exordium, sometimes tends
(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends ;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
As pertness passes with a legal gown :
Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
The clear brook babbling through the goodly plain :
The groves of Granta, and her Gothic halls,
King's Coll., Cam's stream, stain'd windows, and old walls :
Or, in advent'rous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames.

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine—
But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign ;
You plan a *vase*—it dwindles to a *pot* ;
Then glide down Grub-street—fasting and forgot ;
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till—true.

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a scribe)
Are led astray by some peculiar lure.
I labour to be brief—become obscure ;
One falls while following elegance too fast ;
Another soars, inflated with bombast ;
Too low a third crawls on, afraid to fly,
He spins his subject to satiety ;
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves !

Unless your care 's exact, your judgment nice,
The flight from folly leads but into vice ;

None are complete, all wanting in some part,
 Like certain tailors, limited in art.
 For galligaskins Slowshears is your man ;
 But coats must claim another artisan.
 Now this to me, I own, seems much the same
 As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame ;
 Or, with a fair complexion, to expose
 Black eyes, black ringlets, but—a bottle nose !

Dear authors ! suit your topics to your strength,
 And ponder well your subject and its length ;
 Nor lift your load before you 're quite aware
 What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.
 But lucid Order, and Wit's siren voice,
 Await the poet, skilful in his choice ;
 With native eloquence he soars along,
 Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song.

Let judgment teach them wisely to combine
 With future parts the now omitted line :
 This shall the author choose, or that reject,
 Precise in style, and cautious to select ;
 Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
 To him who furnishes a wanting word.
 Then fear not, if 't is needful, to produce
 Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,
 (As Pitt has furnish'd us a word or two,
 Which lexicographers declined to do ;)
 So you indeed, with care,—(but be content
 To take this license rarely)—may invent.
 New words find credit in these latter days,
 If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase.
 What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse
 To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
 If you can add a little, say why not,
 As well as William Pitt and Walter Scott ?
 Since they, by force of rhyme and force of lungs,
 Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues ;
 'T is then—and shall be—lawful to present
 Reform in writing, as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
 So fade expressions which in season please ;

And we and ours, alas ! are due to fate,
 And works and words but dwindle to a date.
 Though as a monarch nods, and commerce calls,
 Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals ;
 Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd, sustain
 The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
 And rising ports along the busy shore
 Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,
 All, all, must perish ; but, surviving last,
 The love of letters half preserves the past.
 True, some decay, yet not a few revive ;
 Though those shall sink, which now appear to thrive,
 As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
 Our life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
 Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
 His strain will teach what numbers best belong
 To themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow, sad stanza will correctly paint
 The lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint.
 But which deserves the laurel—rhyme or blank ?
 Which holds on Helicon the higher rank ?
 Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
 This point, as puzzling as a Chancery suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
 You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's dean.

Blank verse is now, with one consent, allied
 To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.
 Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,
 No sing-song hero rants in modern plays ;
 While modest Comedy her verse foregoes
 For jest and *pun* in very middling prose.
 Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
 Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse.
 But so Thalia pleases to appear,
 Poor virgin ! damn'd some twenty times a year !

Whate'er the scene, let this advice have weight :—
 Adapt your language to your hero's state.
 At times Melpomene forgets to groan,
 And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone ;

Nor unregarded will the act pass by
 Where angry Townly lifts his voice on high.
 Again our Shakspeare limits verse to kings,
 When common prose will serve for common things ;
 And lively Hal resigns heroic ire,
 To "hollowing Hotspur" and the sceptred sire.

'Tis not enough, ye bards, with all your art,
 To polish poems ; they must touch the heart :
 Where'er the scene be laid, whate'er the song,
 Still let it bear the hearer's soul along ;
 Command your audience or to smile or weep,
 Whiche'er may please you—anything but sleep.
 The poet claims our tears ; but, by his leave,
 Before I shed them, let me see him grieve.

If banish'd Romeo feign'd nor sigh nor tear,
 Lull'd by his languor, I should sleep or sneer.
 Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
 And men look angry in the proper place.
 At double meanings folks seem wondrous sly,
 And sentiment prescribes a pensive eye ;
 For nature form'd at first the inward man,
 And actors copy nature—when they can.
 She bids the beating heart with rapture bound,
 Raised to the stars, or levell'd with the ground ;
 And for expression's aid, 'tis said, or sung,
 She gave our mind's interpreter—the tongue,
 Who, worn with use, of late would fain dispense
 (At least in theatres) with common sense ;
 O'erwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery, pit,
 And raise a laugh with anything—but wit.

To skilful writers it will much import,
 Whence spring their scenes, from common life or court ;
 Whether they seek applause by smile or tear,
 To draw a "Lying Valet," or a "Lear,"
 A sage, or rakish youngster wild from school,
 A wandering "Peregrine," or plain "John Bull ;"
 All persons please when nature's voice prevails,
 Scottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a plot ;
 Who cares if mimic heroes lived or not ?

One precept serves to regulate the scene :—
Make it appear as if it *might* have *been*.

If some Drawcansir you aspire to draw,
Present him raving, and above all law :
If female furies in your scheme are plann'd,
Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your hand ;
For tears and treachery, for good and evil,
Constance, King Richard, Hamlet, and the Devil !
But if a new design you dare essay,
And freely wander from the beaten way,
True to your characters, till all be past,
Preserve consistency from first to last.

'T is hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale ;
And yet, perchance, 't is wiser to prefer
A hackney'd plot, than choose a new, and err ;
Yet copy not too closely, but record,
More justly, thought for thought than word for word ;
Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
But only follow where he merits praise.

For you, young bard ! whom luckless fate may lead
To tremble on the nod of all who read,
Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like Bowles !
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"—
And pray, what follows from his boiling brain ?—
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice !
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The temper'd warblings of his master-lyre ;
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit"
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, Heaven, and Hades echo with the song.
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if we witness'd all already done ;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene ;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness—light ;

And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
 We know not where to fix their several bounds.
 If you would please the public, deign to hear
 What soothes the many-headed monster's ear :
 If your heart triumph when the hands of all
 Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,
 Deserve those plaudits—study nature's page,
 And sketch the striking traits of every age ;
 While varying man and varying years unfold
 Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told ;
 Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
 His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and his plays ;
 Till time at length the mannish tyro weans,
 And prurient vice outstrips his tardy teens !

Behold him Freshman ! forced no more to groan
 O'er Virgil's devilish verses and his own ;
 Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse,
 He flies from Tavell's frown to " Fordham's Mews ;"
 (Unlucky Tavell ! doom'd to daily cares
 By pugilistic pupils, and by bears,)
 Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in vain,
 Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain.
 Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
 Civil to sharpeners, prodigal of cash ;
 Constant to nought—save hazard and a whore,
 Yet cursing both—for both have made him sore ;
 Unread (unless, since books beguile disease,
 The p—x becomes his passage to degrees) ;
 Fool'd, pillaged, dunn'd, he wastes his term away,
 And unexpell'd, perhaps, retires M.A. ;
 Master of arts ! as *hells* and *clubs* proclaim,
 Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter name !

Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,
 He apes the selfish prudence of his sire ;
 Marries for money, chooses friends for rank,
 Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank ;
 Sits in the Senate ; gets a son and heir ;
 Sends him to Harrow, for himself was there.
 Mute, though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer,
 His son's so sharp—he'll see the dog a peer !

Manhood declines—age palsies every limb ;
 He quits the scene—or else the scene quits him ;
 Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny grieves,
 And avarice seizes all ambition leaves ;
 Counts cent. per cent., and smiles, or vainly frets,
 O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts ;
 Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
 Complete in all life's lessons—but to die ;
 Peevish and spiteful, doting, hard to please,
 Commending every time, save times like these ;
 Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
 Expires unwept—is buried—let him rot !

But from the Drama let me not digress,
 Nor spare my precepts, though they please you less.
 Though woman weep, and hardest hearts are stirr'd,
 When what is done is rather seen than heard,
 Yet many deeds preserved in history's page
 Are better told than acted on the stage ;
 The ear sustains what shocks the timid eye,
 And horror thus subsides to sympathy.
 True Briton all beside, I here am French—
 Bloodshed 't is surely better to retrench ;
 The gladiatorial gore we teach to flow
 In tragic scene disgusts, though but in show ;
 We hate the carnage while we see the trick,
 And find small sympathy in being sick.
 Not on the stage the regicide Macbeth
 Appals an audience with a monarch's death ;
 To gaze when sable Hubert threatens to sear
 Young Arthur's eyes, can *ours* or *nature* bear ?
 A halter'd heroine Johnson sought to slay—
 We saved Irene, but half damn'd the play,
 And (Heaven be praised !) our tolerating times
 Stint metamorphoses to pantomimes ;
 And Lewis' self, with all his sprites, would quake
 To change Earl Osmond's negro to a snake !
 Because, in scenes exciting joy or grief,
 We loathe the action which exceeds belief :
 And yet, God knows ! what may not authors do,
 Whose postscripts prate of dyeing " heroines blue " ?

Above all things, *Dan* Poet, if you can,
 Eke out your acts, I pray, with mortal man,

Nor call a ghost, unless some cursed scrape
 Must open ten trap-doors for your escape.
 Of all the monstrous things I 'd fain forbid,
 I loathe an opera worse than Dennis did ;
 Where good and evil persons, right or wrong,
 Rage, love, and aught but moralise, in song.
 Hail, last memorial of our foreign friends,
 Which Gaul allows, and still Hesperia lends !
 Napoleon's edicts no embargo lay
 On whores, spies, singers, wisely shipp'd away.
 Our giant capital, whose squares are spread
 Where rustics earn'd, and now may beg, their bread,
 In all iniquity is grown so nice,
 It scorns amusements which are not of price.
 Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear
 Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
 Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to snore,
 His anguish doubling by his own "encore ;"
 Squeezed in "Fop's Alley," jostled by the beaux,
 Teased with his hat, and trembling for his toes ;
 Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of ease,
 Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release :
 Why this, and more, he suffers—can ye guess?—
 Because it costs him dear, and makes him dress !

So prosper eunuchs from Etruscan schools ;
 Give us but fiddlers, and they're sure of fools ;
 Ere scenes were play'd by many a reverend clerk,
 (What harm, if David danced before the ark?)
 In Christmas revels, simple country folks
 Were pleased with morrice-mumm'ry and coarse jokes.
 Improving years, with things no longer known,
 Produced blithe Punch and merry Madame Joan,
 Who still frisk on with feats so lewdly low,
 'T is strange Benvolio suffers such a show ;
 Suppressing peer ! to whom each vice gives place,
 Oaths, boxing, begging,—all, save rout and race.

Farce follow'd Comedy, and reach'd her prime,
 In ever-laughing Foote's fantastic time :
 Mad wag ! who pardon'd none, nor spared the best,
 And turn'd some very serious things to jest.
 Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
 Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers :

“Alas, poor Yorick !” now for ever mute !
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and queens,
When “Chrononhotonthologos must die,”
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

Moschus ! with whom once more I hope to sit,
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit ;
Yes, friend ! for thee I'll quit my cynic cell,
And bear Swift's motto, “Vive la bagatelle !”
Which charm'd our days in each Ægean clime,
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme.
Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the past,
Soothe thy life's scenes, nor leave thee in the last ;
But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed,
Some merry manuscript of mimes, when dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where fetter'd by whig Walpole low she lies ;
Corruption foil'd her, for she fear'd her glance ;
Decorum left her for an opera dance !
Yet Chesterfield, whose polish'd pen inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to our plays ;
Uncheck'd by megrims of patrician brains,
And damning dulness of lord chamberlains.
Repeal that act ! again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage—we've time for tears at home.
Let “Archer” plant the horns on “Sullen's” brows,
And “Estifania” gull her “Copper” spouse ;
The moral's scant—but that may be excused,
Men go not to be lectured, but amused.
He whom our plays dispose to good or ill
Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill ;
Ay, but Macheath's example—psha !—no more !
It form'd no thieves—the thief was form'd before ;
And, spite of puritans and Collier's curse,
Plays make mankind no better, and no worse.
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic men !
Nor burn damn'd Drury if it rise again.
But why to brain-scorch'd bigots thus appeal ?
Can heavenly mercy dwell with earthly zeal ?

For times of fire and faggot let them hope !
 Times dear alike to puritan or pope.
 As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze,
 So would new sects on newer victims gaze.
 E'en now the songs of Solyma begin ;
 Faith cants, perplex'd apologist of sin !
 While the Lord's servant chastens whom he loves,
 And Simeon kicks, where Baxter only "shoves."

Whom nature guides, so writes that every dunce,
 Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once ;
 But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
 And twenty scatter'd quires, the coxcomb fails.

Let Pastoral be dumb ; for who can hope
 To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope ?
 Yet his and Phillips' faults, of different kind,
 For art too rude, for nature too refined,
 Instruct how hard the medium 't is to hit
 'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands disgraced
 In this nice age, when all aspire to taste ;
 The dirty language, and the noisome jest,
 Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now detest ;
 Proscribed not only in the world polite,
 But even too nasty for a city knight !

Peace to Swift's faults ! his wit hath made them pass,
 Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hubibras !
 Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,
 Who from our couplet lopp'd two final feet ;
 Nor less in merit than the longer line,
 This measure moves a favourite of the Nine.
 Though at first view eight feet may seem in vain
 Form'd, save in ode, to bear a serious strain,
 Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late
 This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,
 And, varied skilfully, surpasses far
 Heroic rhyme, but most in love and war,
 Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
 Are curb'd too much by long-recurring rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abhors to see,
 What few admire—irregularity.

This some vouchsafe to pardon : but 't is hard
When such a word contents a British bard.

And must the bard his glowing thoughts confine,
Lest censure hover o'er some faulty line ?
Remove whate'er a critic may suspect,
To gain the paltry suffrage of "*correct*" ?
Or prune the spirit of each daring phrase,
To fly from error, not to merit praise ?

Ye, who seek finish'd models, never cease,
By day and night, to read the works of Greece.
But our good fathers never bent their brains
To heathen Greek, content with native strains.
The few who read a page, or used a pen,
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben ;
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste
Were quaint and careless, anything but chaste ;
Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules,
It will not do to call our fathers fools !
Though you and I, who eruditely know
To separate the elegant and low,
Can also, when a hobbling line appears,
Detect with fingers, in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care
To learn, who our first English strollers were ;
Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a cart ;
But this is certain, since our Shakspeare's days,
There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays ;
Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause,
Though too licentious for dramatic laws ;
At least, we moderns, wisely, 't is confest,
Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

Whate'er their follies, and their faults beside,
Our enterprising bards pass nought untried ;
Nor do they merit slight applause who choose
An English subject for an English muse,
And leave to minds which never dare invent
French flippancy and German sentiment.

Where is that living language which could claim
 Poetic more, as philosophic, fame,
 If all our bards, more patient of delay,
 Would stop, like Pope, to polish by the way ?

Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults
 O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of faults,
 Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fail,
 And prove our marble with too nice a nail !
 Democritus himself was not so bad ;
He only thought, but you would make, us mad !

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely guard
 Against that ridicule they deem so hard ;
 In person negligent, they wear, from sloth,
 Beards of a week, and nails of annual growth ;
 Reside in garrets, fly from those they meet,
 And walk in alleys, rather than the street.

With little rhyme, less reason, if you please,
 The name of poet may be got with ease,
 So that not tuns of helleboric juice
 Shall ever turn your head to any use ;
 Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a Lake,
 And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake ;
 Then print your book, once more return to town,
 And boys shall hunt your bardship up and down.

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
 To purge in spring—like Bayes—before I write ?
 If this precaution soften'd not my bile,
 I know no scribbler with a madder style ;
 But since (perhaps my feelings are too nice)
 I cannot purchase fame at such a price,
 I'll labour gratis as a grinder's wheel,
 And, blunt myself, give edge to others' steel,
 Nor write at all, unless to teach the art
 To those rehearsing for the poet's part ;
 From Horace show the pleasing paths of song,
 And from my own example—what is wrong.

Though modern practice sometimes differs quite,
 'T is just as well to think before you write ;
 Let every book that suits your theme be read,
 So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

He who has learn'd the duty which he owes
 To friends and country, and to pardon foes ;
 Who models his deportment as may best
 Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest ;
 Who takes our laws and worship as they are,
 Nor roars reform for senate, church, and bar ;
 In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
 Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophise :
 Such is the man the poet should rehearse,
 As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well told,
 Without much grace, or weight, or art, will hold
 A longer empire o'er the public mind
 Than sounding trifles, empty, though refined.

Unhappy Greece ! thy sons of ancient days
 The muse may celebrate with perfect praise,
 Whose generous children narrow'd not their hearts
 With commerce, given alone to arms and arts.
 Our boys (save those whom public schools compel
 To "long and short" before they're taught to spell)
 From frugal fathers soon imbibe by rote,
 "A penny saved, my lad, 's a penny got."
 Babe of a city birth ! from sixpence take
 The third, how much will the remainder make?—
 "A groat."—"Ah, bravo ! Dick hath done the sum !
 He'll swell my fifty thousand to a plum."

They whose young souls receive this rust betimes,
 'Tis clear, are fit for anything but rhymes ;
 And Locke will tell you, that the father's right
 Who hides all verses from his children's sight ;
 For poets (says this sage, and many more,)
 Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore ;
 And Delphi now, however rich of old,
 Discovers little silver, and less gold,
 Because Parnassus, though a mount divine,
 Is poor as Irus, or an Irish mine.

Two objects always should the poet move,
 Or one or both,—to please or to improve.
 Whate'er you teach, be brief, if you design
 For our remembrance your didactic line ;

Redundance places memory on the rack,
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the back.

Fiction does best when taught to look like truth,
And fairy fables bubble none but youth :
Expect no credit for too wondrous tales,
Since Jonas only springs alive from whales !

Young men with aught but elegance dispense ;
Maturer years require a little sense.
To end at once :—that bard for all is fit
Who mingles well instruction with his wit ;
For him reviews shall smile, for him o'erflow
The patronage of Paternoster-row ;
His book, with Longman's liberal aid, shall pass
(Who ne'er despises books that bring him brass) ;
Through three long weeks the taste of London lead,
And cross St. George's Channel and the Tweed.

But everything has faults, nor is 't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall ;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,
And double-barrels (damn them !) miss their mark.

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's view,
We must not quarrel for a blot or two ;
But pardon equally to books or men,
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,
But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howsoe'er he sing.
Let Havard's fate o'ertake him, who, for once,
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce :
At first none deem'd it his ; but when his name
Announced the fact—what then?—it lost its fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to doze,
In a long work 't is fair to steal repose.

As pictures, so shall poems be ; some stand
The critic eye, and please when near at hand ;
But others at a distance strike the sight ;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the light,

Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious view,
But, ten times scrutinised, is ten times new.

Parnassian pilgrims ! ye whom chance or choice
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,
Receive this counsel, and be timely wise ;
Few reach the summit which before you lies.
Our church and state, our courts and camps, concede
Reward to very moderate heads indeed !
In these plain common sense will travel far ;
All are not Erskines who mislead the bar :
But poesy between the best and worst
No medium knows ; you must be last or first ;
For meddling poets' miserable volumes
Are damn'd alike by gods, and men, and columns.

Again, my Jeffrey !—as that sound inspires,
How wakes my bosom to its wonted fires !
Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel
When Southrons writhe upon their critic wheel,
Or mild Eclectics, when some, worse than Turks,
Would rob poor Faith to decorate "good works."
Such are the genial feelings thou canst claim—
My falcon flies not at ignoble game.
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase !
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey ! or my inkless pen
Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men ;
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
Alas ! "I cannot strike at wretched kernes."
Inhuman Saxon ! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine ?
Dear d——d contemner of my schoolboy songs,
Hast thou no vengeance for my manhood's wrongs ?
If unprovoked thou once could bid me bleed,
Hast thou no weapon for my daring deed ?
What ! not a word ?—and am I then so low ?
Wilt thou forbear, who never spared a foe ?
Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent ?
No wit for nobles, dunces by descent ?
No jest on "minors," quibbles on a name,
Nor one facetious paragraph of blame ?
Is it for this on Ilion I have stood,
And thought of Homer less than Holyrood ?

On shore of Euxine or Ægean sea,
 My hate, untravell'd, fondly turn'd to thee.
 Ah! let me cease: in vain my bosom burns,
 From Corydon unkind Alexis turns:
 Thy rhymes are vain; thy Jeffrey then forego,
 Nor woo that anger which he will not show.
 What then?—Edina starves some lanker son,
 To write an article thou canst not shun;
 Some less fastidious Scotchman shall be found,
 As bold in Billingsgate, though less renown'd.

As if at table some discordant dish
 Should shock our optics, such as frogs for fish;
 As oil in lieu of butter men decry,
 And poppies please not in a modern pie;
 If all such mixtures then be half a crime,
 We must have excellence to relish rhyme.
 Mere roast and boil'd no epicure invites;
 Thus poetry disgusts, or else delights.

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun:
 Will he who swims not to the river run?
 And men unpractised in exchanging knocks
 Must go to Jackson ere they dare to box.
 Whate'er the weapon, cudgel, fist, or foil,
 None reach expertness without years of toil;
 But fifty dunces can, with perfect ease,
 Tag twenty thousand couplets, when they please.
 Why not?—shall I, thus qualified to sit
 For rotten boroughs, never show my wit?
 Shall I, whose fathers with the quorum sate,
 And lived in freedom on a fair estate;
 Who left me heir, with stables, kennels, packs,
 To *all* their income, and to—*twice* its tax;
 Whose form and pedigree have scarce a fault;
 Shall I, I say, suppress my attic salt?

Thus think “the mob of gentlemen;” but you,
 Besides all this, must have some genius too.
 Be this your sober judgment, and a rule,
 And print not piping hot from Southey's school,
 Who (ere another Thalaba appears)
 I trust will spare us for at least nine years.

And hark ye, Southey! pray—but don't be vex'd—
 Burn all your last three works—and half the next.
 But why this vain advice? once publish'd, books
 Can never be recall'd—from pastry-cooks!
 Though "Madoc," with "Pucelle," instead of punk,
 May travel back to Quito—on a trunk!

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and Lempriere,
 Led all wild beasts but women by the ear;
 And had he fiddled at the present hour,
 We'd seen the lions waltzing in the Tower;
 And old Amphion, such were minstrels then,
 Had built St. Paul's without the aid of Wren.
 Verse too was justice, and the bards of Greece
 Did more than constables to keep the peace;
 Abolish'd cuckoldom with much applause,
 Call'd county meetings, and enforced the laws,
 Cut down crown influence with reforming scythes,
 And served the church—without demanding tithes;
 And hence, throughout all Hellas and the East,
 Each poet was a prophet and a priest,
 Whose old-establish'd board of joint controls
 Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's prince,
 And fighting's been in fashion ever since;
 And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans warr'd,
 (A limping leader, but a lofty bard,)
 Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
 Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When oracles prevail'd, in times of old,
 In song alone Apollo's will was told.
 Then if your verse is what all verse should be,
 And gods were not ashamed on't, why should we?

The Muse, like mortal females, may be woo'd;
 In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;
 Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
 Mild as the same upon the second night;
 Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,
 Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!
 Her eyes beseem, her heart belies, her zone,
 Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of art,
 Kind Nature always will perform her part ;
 Though without genius, and a native vein
 Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain,
 Yet art and nature join'd will win the prize,
 Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a race,
 Must bear privations with unruffled face,
 Be call'd to labour when he thinks to dine,
 And, harder still, leave wenching and his wine.
 Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,
 Have follow'd music through her farthest flight ;
 But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,
 "I've got a pretty poem for the press ;"
 And that's enough ; then write and print so fast ;—
 If Satan take the hindmost, who 'd be last ?
 They storm the types, they publish, one and all,
 They leap the counter, and they leave the stall.
 Provincial maidens, men of high command,
 Yea, baronets have ink'd the bloody hand !
 Cash cannot quell them ; Pollio play'd this prank ;
 (Then Phœbus first found credit in a bank !)
 Not all the living only, but the dead,
 Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head ;
 Damn'd all their days, they posthumously thrive,
 Dug up from dust, though buried when alive !
 Reviews record this epidemic crime,
 Those Books of Martyrs to the rage for rhyme,
 Alas ! woe worth the scribbler ! often seen
 In Morning Post or Monthly Magazine.
 There lurk his earlier lays ; but soon, hot press'd,
 Behold a quarto !—Tarts must tell the rest.
 Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious chords
 To muse-mad baronets, or madder lords,
 Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat stale,
 Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric ale !
 Hark to those notes, narcotically soft !
 The cobbler-laureats sing to Capel Lofft !
 Till, lo ! that modern Midas, as he hears,
 Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears !

There lives one druid, who prepares in time
 'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of rhyme ;

Racks his dull memory, and his duller muse,
 To publish faults which friendship should excuse.
 If friendship's nothing, self-regard might teach
 More polish'd usage of his parts of speech.
 But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
 He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
 Some fancied slight has roused his lurking hate,
 Some folly cross'd, some jest, or some debate;
 Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon
 The gather'd gall is voided in lampoon.
 Perhaps at some pert speech you've dared to frown,
 Perhaps your poem may have pleased the town:
 If so, alas! 'tis nature in the man—
 May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!
 Then be it so; and may his withering bays
 Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in praise!
 While his lost songs no more shall steep and stink,
 The dullest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink,
 But springing upwards from the sluggish mould,
 Be (what they never were before) be—sold!
 Should some rich bard (but such a monster now,
 In modern physics, we can scarce allow),
 Should some pretending scribbler of the court,
 Some rhyming peer—there's plenty of the sort—
 All but one poor dependent priest withdrawn,
 (Ah! too regardless of his chaplain's yawn!)
 Condemn the unlucky curate to recite
 Their last dramatic work by candle-light,
 How would the preacher turn each rueful leaf,
 Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!
 Yet, since 't is promised at the rector's death,
 He'll risk no living for a little breath.
 Then spouts and foams, and cries at every line,
 (The Lord forgive him!) "Bravo! grand! divine!"
 Hoarse with those praises (which, by flatt'ry fed,
 Dependence barter for her bitter bread),
 He strides and stamps along with creaking boot;
 Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot,
 Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
 As when the dying vicar will not die!
 Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart;—
 But all dissemblers overact their part.

Ye, who aspire to "build the lofty rhyme,"
 Believe not all who laud your false "sublime ;"
 But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
 "Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,"
 And, after fruitless efforts, you return
 Without amendment, and he answers, "Burn !"
 That instant throw your paper in the fire,
 Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire ;
 But if (true bard !) you scorn to condescend,
 And will not alter what you can't defend,
 If you will breed this bastard of your brains,
 We'll have no words—I've only lost my pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite thought,
 As critics kindly do, and authors ought ;
 If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
 And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen ;
 No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—
 Better let him than all the world deride.
 Give light to passages too much in shade,
 Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've made ;
 Your friend's a "Johnson," not to leave one word,
 However trifling, which may seem absurd ;
 Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
 And furnish food for critics, or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching tune,
 Or the sad influence of the angry moon,
 All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,
 As yawning waiters fly Fitzscribble's lungs ;
 Yet on he mouths—ten minutes—tedious each
 As prelate's homily, or placeman's speech ;
 Long as the last years of a lingering lease,
 When riot pauses until rents increase.
 While such a minstrel, muttering fustian, strays
 O'er hedge and ditch, through unfrequented ways,
 If by some chance he walks into a well,
 And shouts for succour with stentorian yell,
 "A rope ! help, Christians, as ye hope for grace !"
 Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace ;
 For there his carcass he might freely fling,
 From frenzy, or the humour of the thing.
 Though this has happen'd to more bards than one ;
 I'll tell you Budgell's story,—and have done.

Budgell, a rogue and rhymester, for no good,
(Unless his case be much misunderstood,)
When teased with creditors' continual claims,
"To die like Cato," leapt into the Thames!
And therefore be it lawful through the town
For any bard to poison, hang, or drown.
Who saves the intended suicide receives
Small thanks from him who loathes the life he leaves;
And, sooth to say, mad poets must not lose
The glory of that death they freely choose.

Nor is it certain that some sorts of verse
Prick not the poet's conscience as a curse;
Dosed with vile drams on Sunday he was found,
Or got a child on consecrated ground!
And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage—
Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his cage.
If free, all fly his versifying fit,
Fatal at once to simpleton or wit:
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes,—*him*
He flays with recitation limb by limb;
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his breach,
And gorges like a lawyer—or a leach.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

—“Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.”
Æneid, lib. xii.

ATHENS: CAPUCHIN CONVENT, *March 17, 1811.*

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

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
 When, Athens ! here thy wisest look'd his last,
 How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
 That closed their murder'd sage's latest day !
 Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
 The precious hour of parting lingers still ;

But sad his light to agonising eyes,
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes ;
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
 The land where Phœbus never frown'd before ;
 But ere he sunk below Citheron's head,
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled ;
 The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
 Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign ;
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
 Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form,
 With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,
 And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret :
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
 Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
 And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm ;
 All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye ;
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

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

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
 I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
 Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
 Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore ;
 Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
 Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
 The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
 And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece !

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
 Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky ;

And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
 O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god :
 But chiefly, Pallas ! thine, when Hecate's glare,
 Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
 O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
 Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.
 Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
 The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
 When, lo ! a giant form before me strode,
 And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode !

Yes, 't was Minerva's self ; but, ah ! how changed,
 Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged !
 Not such as erst, by her divine command,
 Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand :
 Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
 Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now ;
 Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance
 Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance ;
 The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
 Shrank from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp ;
 And, ah ! though still the brightest of the sky,
 Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye :
 Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
 And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe !

“Mortal!”—’t was thus she spake—“that blush of shame
 Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name ;
 First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
 Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me :
 Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.
 Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look around.
 Lo ! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
 I saw successive tyrannies expire.
 'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
 Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.
 Survey this vacant, violated fane ;
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain :
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd,
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd,
 What more I owe let gratitude attest—
 Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
 That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,
 The insulted wall sustains his hated name ;

For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
 Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!
 Be ever hail'd with equal honour here
 The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:
 Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
 But basely stole what less barbarians won.
 So when the lion quits his fell repast,
 Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:
 Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,
 The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
 Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:
 See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
 Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:
 Behold were Dian's beams disdain to shine!
 Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
 When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
 To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:
 "Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
 A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
 Frown not on England; England owns him not:
 Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.
 Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyles' towers
 Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours.
 And well I know within that bastard land
 Hath wisdom's goddess never held command
 A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined
 To stern sterility, can stint the mind;
 Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
 Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;
 Each genial influence nurtured to resist;
 A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
 Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
 Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
 Till, burst at length, each wat'ry head o'erflows,
 Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
 Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
 Despatch her scheming children far and wide:
 Some east, some west, some everywhere but north,
 In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
 And thus—accursed be the day and year!
 She sent a Pict to play the felon here.

Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
 As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth ;
 So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
 Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,
 Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
 And shine like children of a happier strand ;
 As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
 Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed, "once more
 Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
 Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,
 To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
 Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest ;
 Hear and believe, for time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this deed
 My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed :
 Without one spark of intellectual fire,
 Be all the sons as senseless as the sire :
 If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
 Believe him bastard of a brighter race :
 Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
 And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate ;
 Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
 Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell :
 To sell, and make—may shame record the day!—
 The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey.
 Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,
 Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
 With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
 And own himself an infant of fourscore.
 Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles',
 That art and nature may compare their styles ;
 While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
 And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop' there.
 Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,
 To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep ;
 While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
 On giant statues casts the curious eye ;
 The room with transient glance appears to skim,
 Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb ;
 Mourns o'er the difference of *now* with *then* ;
 Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men !'

Draws slight comparisons of *these* and *those*,
 And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.
 When shall a modern maid have swains like these !
 Alas ! Sir Harry is no Hercules !
 And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
 Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
 In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
 Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,
 May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust !
 Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,
 And Eratostratus and Elgin shine
 In many a branding page and burning line ;
 Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,
 Perchance the second blacker than the first.

“ So let him stand, through ages yet unborn
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn ;
 Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
 But fits thy country for her coming fate :
 Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
 To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
 Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,
 Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.
 Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
 Or break the compact which herself had made ;
 Far from such councils, from the faithless field
 She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield ;
 A fatal gift that turn'd your friends to stone,
 And left lost Albion hated and alone.

“ Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
 Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base ;
 Lo ! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
 And glares the Nemesis of native dead ;
 Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood
 And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
 So may ye perish ! Pallas, when she gave
 Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

“ Look on your Spain !—she clasps the hand she hates,
 But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
 Bear witness, bright Barossa ! thou canst tell
 Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.

But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
 Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
 Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
 The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
 But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
 Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

“Look last at home—ye love not to look there,
 On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
 Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
 Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.
 See all alike of more or less bereft;
 No misers tremble when there's nothing left.
 ‘Blest paper credit;’ who shall dare to sing?
 It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
 Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear
 Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
 But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
 On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too late:
 Then raves for * *; to that Mentor bends,
 Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
 Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
 Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
 So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
 Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign ‘log.’
 Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
 As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

“Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
 Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
 Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
 Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
 Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
 And pirates barter all that's left behind.
 No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
 Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.
 The idle merchant on the useless quay
 Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
 Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
 Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:
 The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
 And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.
 Then in the senate of your sinking state
 Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.

Vain is each voice where tones could once command ;
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land ;
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

“’T is done, ’t is past, since Pallas warns in vain ;
The Furies seize her abdicated reign :
Wide o’er the realm they wave their kindling brands,
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The banner’d pomp of war, the glittering files,
O’er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles ;
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come ;
The hero bounding at his country’s call,
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought :
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight.
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drench’d with gore, his woes are but begun :
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name ;
The slaughter’d peasant and the ravish’d dame,
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap’d field,
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
Say with what eye along the distant down
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?
How view the column of ascending flames
Shake his red shadow o’er the startled Thames ?
Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine :
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife.”

THE WALTZ:

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

“Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros.”—VIRGIL.

“Such on Eurota’s banks, or Cynthia’s height,
Diana seems : and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads.”

DRYDEN’S VIRGIL.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament man for a certain borough ; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812.* But I was all for domestic happiness ; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot,—of which, by the by, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.’s dancing (she was famous for birthnight minuets in the latter end of the last

* State of the poll (last day) 5.

century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or at most, cotillons, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round and round to a d——d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "Black Joke," only more "*affettuoso*," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By-and-by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*,"* (as Terence said, when I was at school,) they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cockchafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the Vicar of Wakefield, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach,) said, "Lord! Mr. Hornem, can't you see they're valtzing?" or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq., and a few hints from Dr. Busby, (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful "Drury Lane Address,") I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public; whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.,

HORACE HORNEM.

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

MUSE of the many-twinkling feet ! whose charms
 Are now extended up from legs to arms,
 Terpsichore !—too long misdeem'd a maid—
 Reproachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—
 Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
 The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
 Far be from thee and thine the name of prude :
 Mock'd, yet triumphant ; sneer'd at, unsubdued ;
 Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
 If but thy coats are reasonably high ;
 Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no shield ;
 Dance forth—*sans armour* thou shalt take the field,
 And own—impregnable to *most* assaults
 Thy not too lawfully begotten “Waltz.”

Hail, nimble nymph ! to whom the young hussar,
 The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,
 His night devotes, despite of spur and boots ;
 A sight unmatch'd since Orpheus and his brutes :
 Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz !—beneath whose banners
 A modern hero fought for modish manners ;
 On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's fame,
 Cock'd, fired, and miss'd his man—but gain'd his aim ;
 Hail, moving muse ! to whom the fair one's breast
 Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
 Oh ! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
 The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
 To “energise the object I pursue,”
 And give both Belial and his dance their due !

Imperial Waltz ! imported from the Rhine
 (Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
 Long be thine import from all duty free,
 And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee ;
 In some few qualities alike—for hock
 Improves our cellar—*thou* our living stock.
 The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art
 Intoxicates alone the heedless heart :
 Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany ! how much to thee we owe,
 As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,

Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,
 And only left us thy d——d debts and dances !
 Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
 We bless thee still—for George the Third is left !
 Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,
 For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
 To Germany, and highnesses serene,
 Who owe us millions—don't we owe the queen ?
 To Germany, what owe we not besides ?
 So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides ;
 Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
 Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud :
 Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her faults—
 A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,
 Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's " fiat !"
 Back to my theme—O Muse of motion ! say,
 How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way !

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
 From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *mails*),
 Ere yet unlucky Fame—compell'd to creep
 To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to sleep ;
 Or, starting from her slumbers, deigr'd arise,
 Heligoland ! to stock thy mart with lies ;
 While unburnt Moscow yet had news to send,
 Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,
 She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets
 Of true despatches, and as true gazettes ;
 Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch,
 Which " Moniteur " nor " Morning Post " can match ;
 And—almost crush'd beneath the glorious news—
 Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's ;
 One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
 And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsic fairs ;
 Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,
 Like Lapland witches to insure a wind ;
 Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to back it,
 Of Heyné, such as should not sink the packet.

Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight,
 Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,

The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,
 And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.
 Not decent David, when, before the ark,
 His grand *pas-seul* excited some remark ;
 Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
 The knight's fandango friskier than it ought ;
 Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
 Her nimble feet danced off another's head ;
 Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
 Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,
 Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
 Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune !

To you, ye husbands of ten years ! whose brows
 Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse ;
 To you of nine years less, who only bear
 The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,
 With added ornaments around them roll'd
 Of native brass, or law-awarded gold ;
 To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch
 To mar a son's, or make a daughter's match ;
 To you, ye children of—whom chance accords—
Always the ladies, and *sometimes* their lords ;
 To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek
 Torments for life, or pleasures for a week ;
 As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
 To gain your own, or snatch another's bride ;—
 To one and all the lovely stranger came,
 And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz !—to thy more melting tune
 Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadoun.
 Scotch reels, avaunt ! and country-dance, forego
 Your future claims to each fantastic toe !
 Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,
 Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands ;
 Hands which may freely range in public sight
 Where ne'er before—but—pray “ put out the light.”
 Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
 Shines much too far—or I am much too near ;
 And true, though strange—Waltz whispers this remark,
 “ My slippery steps are safest in the dark ! ”
 But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
 And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time !
 Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime !
 O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
 Fandango's wriggles, or Bolero's bound ;
 Can Egypt's Almas—tantalising group—
 Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop—
 Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
 With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne ;
 Ah, no ! from Morier's pages down to Galt's
 Each tourist pens a paragraph for "Waltz."

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,
 With George the Third's—and ended long before !—
 Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,
 Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive !
 Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host,
 Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.
 No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake ;
 No stiff-starched stays make meddling fingers ache ;
 (Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
 Goats in their visage, women in their shape ;)
 No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,
 But more caressing seems when most caress'd ;
 Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
 Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial, "Waltz."

Seductive Waltz !—though on thy native shore
 Even Werter's self proclaim'd thee half a whore ;
 Werter—to decent vice though much inclined,
 Yet warm, not wanton ; dazzled, but not blind—
 Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Stael,
 Would even proscribe thee from a Paris ball ;
 The fashion hails—from countesses to queens,
 And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes ;
 Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
 And turns—if nothing else—at least our *heads* ;
 With thee even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
 And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.
 Gods ! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
 And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of "Waltz !"

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her *début* ;
 The court, the Regent, like herself were new ;

New face for friends, for foes some new rewards ;
 New ornaments for black and royal guards ;
 New laws to hang the rogues that roar'd for bread ;
 New coins (most new) to follow those that fled ;
 New victories—nor can we prize them less,
 Though Jenky wonders at his own success ;
 New wars, because the old succeed so well,
 That most survivors envy those who fell ;
 New mistresses—no, old—and yet 't is true,
 Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something new ;
 Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks),
 New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new sticks !
 With vests or ribands, deck'd alike in hue,
 New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue :
 So saith the muse : my —, what say you ?
 Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
 Her new preferments in this novel reign ;
 Such was the time, nor ever yet was such ;
 Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much* ;
 Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
 And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.
 The ball begins—the honours of the house
 First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
 Some potentate—or royal or serene—
 With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
 Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
 Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
 From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
 That spot where hearts were once supposed to be ;
 Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
 The strangest hand may wander undisplaced ;
 The lady's in return may grasp as much
 As princely paunches offer to her touch.
 Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,
 One hand reposing on the royal hip ;
 The other to the shoulder no less royal,
 Ascending with affection truly loyal !
 Thus front to front the partners move or stand,
 The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand ;
 And all in turn may follow in their rank,
 The Earl of—Asterisk—and Lady—Blank ;
 Sir—Such-a-one—with those of fashion's host,
 For whose blest surnames—vide "Morning Post."

(Or if for that impartial print too late,
 Search Doctors' Commons six months from my date)—
 Thus all and each, in movement swift or slow,
 The genial contact gently undergo ;
 Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,
 If " nothing follows all this palming work ?"
 True, honest Mirza !—you may trust my rhyme—
 Something does follow at a fitter time ;
 The breast thus publicly resign'd to man,
 In private may resist him—if it can.

O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,
 Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and many more !
 And thou, my prince ! whose sovereign taste and will
 It is to love the lovely beldames still !
 Thou ghost of Queensberry ! whose judging sprite
 Satan may spare to peep a single night,
 Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss
 Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this ;
 To teach the young ideas how to rise,
 Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes :
 Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,
 With half-told wish, and ill-dissembled flame,
 For prurient nature still will storm the breast—
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest ?

But ye—who never felt a single thought
 For what our morals are to be, or ought ;
 Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
 Say—would you make those beauties quite so cheap ?
 Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side,
 Where were the rapture then to clasp the form
 From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm ?
 At once love's most endearing thought resign,
 To press the hand so press'd by none but thine ;
 To gaze upon that eye which never met
 Another's ardent look without regret ;
 Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
 Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint ;
 If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
 Or give—like her—caresses to a score ;
 Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
 The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz ! and dare I thus blaspheme ?
 Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.
 Terpsichore, forgive !—at every ball
 My wife *now* waltzes—and my daughter *shall* ;
 My son—(or stop—'t is needless to inquire—
 These little accidents should ne'er transpire ;
 Some ages hence our genealogic tree
 Will wear as green a bough for him as me)—
 Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
 Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

THE BLUES :

A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

“Nimium ne crede colori.”—VIRGIL.

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,
 Though your *hair* were as *red* as your *stockings* are *blue*.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

London.—Before the door of a Lecture Room.

Enter TRACY, meeting INKEL.

Ink. YOU'RE too late.

Tra. Is it over?

Ink. Nor will be this hour.

But the benches are cramm'd like a garden in flower,
 With the pride of our belles, who have made it the fashion ;
 So instead of “*beaux arts*,” we may say “*la belle passion*”
 For learning, which lately has taken the lead in
 The world, and set all the fine gentlemen reading.

Tra. I know it too well, and have worn out my patience
 With studying to study your new publications.
 There's Vamp, Scamp, and Mouthy, and Wordswords and Co.
 With their damnable——

Ink. Hold, my good friend, do you know
Whom you speak to?

Tra. Right well, boy, and so does "the Row :"
You 're an author—a poet—

Ink. And think you that I
Can stand tamely in silence, to hear you decry
The Muses?

Tra. Excuse me : I meant no offence
To the Nine ; though the number who make some pretence
To their favours is such—but the subject to drop,
I am just piping hot from a publisher's shop,
(Next door to the pastry-cook's ; so that when I
Cannot find the new volume I wanted to buy
On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two paces,
As one finds every author in one of those places :)
Where I just had been skimming a charming critique,
So studded with wit, and so sprinkled with Greek !
Where your friend—you know who—has just got such a
thrashing,
That it is, as the phrase goes, extremely "*refreshing*."
What a beautiful word !

Ink. Very true ; 't is so soft
And so cooling—they use it a little too oft ;
And the papers have got it at last—but no matter.
So they 've cut up our friend then?

Tra. Not left him a tatter—
Not a rag of his present or past reputation,
Which they call a disgrace to the age and the nation.

Ink. I 'm sorry to hear this ! for friendship, you know—
Our poor friend !—but I thought it would terminate so.
Our friendship is such, I 'll read nothing to shock it.
You don't happen to have the Review in your pocket?

Tra. No ; I left a round dozen of authors and others
(Very sorry, no doubt, since the cause is a brother's)
All scrambling and jostling, like so many imps,
And on fire with impatience to get the next glimpse.

Ink. Let us join them.

Tra. What, won't you return to the lecture?

Ink. Why, the place is so cramm'd, there 's not room for
a spectre.

Besides, our friend Scamp is to-day so absurd—

Tra. How can you know that till you hear him?

Ink.

I heard

Quite enough ; and, to tell you the truth, my retreat
Was from his vile nonsense, no less than the heat.

Tra. I have had no great loss then ?

Ink. Loss !—such a palaver !

I 'd inoculate sooner my wife with the slaver
Of a dog when gone rabid, than listen two hours
To the torrent of trash which around him he pours,
Pump'd up with such effort, disgorged with such labour,
That——come——do not make me speak ill of one's neighbour.

Tra. I make you !

Ink. Yes, you ! I said nothing until
You compell'd me, by speaking the truth——

Tra. *To speak ill !*

Is that your deduction ?

Ink. When speaking of Scamp ill,
I certainly *follow, not set* an example.

The fellow 's a fool, an impostor, a zany.

Tra. And the crowd of to-day shows that one fool makes
many.

But we two will be wise.

Ink. Pray, then, let us retire.

Tra. I would, but——

Ink. There must be attraction much higher
Than Scamp, or the Jew's harp he nicknames his lyre,
To call *you* to this hotbed.

Tra. I own it——'t is true——

A fair lady——

Ink. A spinster ?

Tra. Miss Lilac.

Ink. The Blue !

The heiress !

Tra. The angel !

Ink. The devil ! why, man,

Pray get out of this hobble as fast as you can.

You wed with Miss Lilac ! 't would be your perdition :
She 's a poet, a chymist, a mathematician.

Tra. I say she 's an angel.

Ink. Say rather an *angle*.

If you and she marry, you 'll certainly wrangle.

I say she 's a Blue, man, as blue as the ether.

Tra. And is that any cause for not coming together ?

Ink. Humph ! I can't say I know any happy alliance
Which has lately sprung up from a wedlock with science.

She's so learned in all things, and fond of concerning
Herself in all matters connected with learning,
That——

Tra. What?

Ink. I perhaps may as well hold my tongue ;
But there 's five hundred people can tell you you 're wrong.

Tra. You forget Lady Lilac 's as rich as a Jew.

Ink. Is it miss or the cash of mamma you pursue?

Tra. Why, Jack, I 'll be frank with you—something of both.
The girl 's a fine girl.

Ink. And you feel nothing loth
To her good lady-mother's reversion ; and yet
Her life is as good as your own, I will bet.

Tra. Let her live, and as long as she likes ; I demand
Nothing more than the heart of her daughter and hand.

Ink. Why that heart 's in the inkstand—that hand on the pen.

Tra. Apropos—Will you write me a song now and then?

Ink. To what purpose?

Tra. You know, my dear friend, that in prose
My talent is decent, as far as it goes ;
But in rhyme——

Ink. You 're a terrible stick, to be sure.

Tra. I own it : and yet, in these times, there 's no lure
For the heart of the fair like a stanza or two,
And so, as I can't, will you furnish a few?

Ink. In your name?

Tra. In my name. I will copy them out,
To slip into her hand at the very next rout.

Ink. Are you so far advanced as to hazard this?

Tra. Why,
Do you think me subdued by a Blue-stocking's eye,
So far as to tremble to tell her in rhyme
What I 've told her in prose, at the least, as sublime?

Ink. As sublime ! If it be so, no need of my Muse.

Tra. But consider, dear Inkel, she 's one of the "Blues."

Ink. As sublime !—Mr. Tracy—I 've nothing to say.
Stick to prose—As sublime !!—but I wish you good day.

Tra. Nay, stay, my dear fellow—consider I 'm wrong ;
I own it ; but, prithee, compose me the song.

Ink. As sublime !!

Tra. I but used the expression in haste.

Ink. That may be, Mr. Tracy, but shows damn'd bad taste.

Tra. I own it—I know it—acknowledge it—what

Can I say to you more ?

Ink. I see what you 'd be at :
You disparage my parts with insidious abuse,
Till you think you can turn them best to your own use.

Tra. And is that not a sign I respect them ?

Ink. Why that
To be sure makes a difference.

Tra. I know what is what :
And you, who 're a man of the gay world no less
Than a poet of t' other, may easily guess
That I never could mean, by a word, to offend
A genius like you, and moreover, my friend.

Ink. No doubt ; you by this time should know what is due
To a man of—but come—let us shake hands.

Tra. You knew
And you *know*, my dear fellow, how heartily I
Whatever you publish, am ready to buy.

Ink. That's my bookseller's business : I care not for sale ;
Indeed the best poems at first rather fail.
There were Renegade's epics, and Botherby's plays,
And my own grand romance——

Tra. Had its full share of praise.
I myself saw it puff'd in the " Old Girl's Review."

Ink. What Review ?

Tra. 'Tis the English " Journal de Trevoux ;"
A clerical work of our Jesuits at home.
Have you never yet seen it ?

Ink. That pleasure's to come.

Tra. Make haste then.

Ink. Why so ?

Tra. I have heard people say
That it threatened to give up the *ghost* t' other day.

Ink. Well, that is a sign of some *spirit*.

Tra. No doubt.

Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome's rout ?

Ink. I've a card, and shall go : but at present, as soon
As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from the moon
(Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits),
And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,
I'm engaged to the Lady Bluebottle's collation,
To partake of a luncheon and learn'd conversation :
'Tis a sort of reunion for Scamp on the days
Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and praise.

And I own, for my own part, that 't is not unpleasant.
Will you go? There's Miss Lilac will also be present.

Tra. That "metal's attractive."

Ink.

No doubt—to the pocket.

Tra. You should rather encourage my passion than shock it.
But let us proceed; for I think by the hum——

Ink. Very true; let us go, then, before they can come,
Or else we'll be kept here an hour at their levee,
On the rack of cross questions, by all the blue bevy.
Hark! Zounds, they'll be on us; I know by the drone
Of old Botherby's spouting ex-cathedrâ tone.

Ah! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join
Your friends, or he'll pay you back in your own coin.

Tra. All fair; 't is but lecture for lecture.

Ink.

That's clear.

But for God's sake let's go, or the Bore will be here.

Come, come: nay, I'm off.

[*Exit* INKEL.]

Tra.

You are right, and I'll follow;

'T is high time for a "*Sic me servavit Apollo.*"

And yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes,
Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and secondhand scribes,
All flocking to moisten their exquisite throttles

With a glass of Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's. [*Exit* TRACY.]

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

An Apartment in the House of LADY BLUEBOTTLE.—A Table prepared.

SIR RICHARD BLUEBOTTLE *solus.*

Was there ever a man who was married so sorry?
Like a fool, I must needs do the thing in a hurry.
My life is reversed, and my quiet destroy'd;
My days, which once pass'd in so gentle a void,
Must now, every hour of the twelve, be employ'd;
The twelve, do I say?—of the whole twenty-four,
Is there one which I dare call my own any more?
What with driving and visiting, dancing and dining,
What with learning, and teaching, and scribbling, and shining,
In science and art, I'll be cursed if I know
Myself from my wife; for although we are two,

Yet she somehow contrives that all things shall be done
 In a style which proclaims us eternally one.
 But the thing of all things which distresses me more
 Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me sore)
 Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew
 Of scribblers, wits; lecturers, white, black, and blue,
 Who are brought to my house as an inn, to my cost—
 For the bill here, it seems, is defray'd by the host—
 No pleasure! no leisure! no thought for my pains,
 But to hear a vile jargon which addles my brains;
 A smatter and chatter, glean'd out of reviews,
 By the rag, tag, and bobtail, of those they call "BLUES;"
 A rabble who know not—But soft, here they come!
 Would to God I were deaf! as I'm not, I'll be dumb.

Enter LADY BLUEBOTTLE, MISS LILAC, LADY BLUEMOUNT,
 MR. BOTHERBY, INKEL, TRACY, MISS MAZARINE, *and*
others, with SCAMP *the Lecturer, &c. &c.*

Lady Blueb. Ah! Sir Richard, good morning: I've brought
 you some friends.

Sir Rich. (*bows, and afterwards aside*). If friends, they're
 the first.

Lady Blueb. But the luncheon attends.

I pray ye be seated, "*sans cérémonie.*"

Mr. Scamp, you're fatigued; take your chair there next me.

[*They all sit.*]

Sir Rich. (*aside*). If he does, his fatigue is to come.

Lady Blueb.

Mr. Tracy—

Lady Bluemount—Miss Lilac—be pleased, pray, to place ye;
 And you, Mr. Botherby—

Both.

Oh, my dear Lady,

I obey.

Lady Blueb. Mr. Inkel, I ought to upbraid ye:

You were not at the lecture.

Ink.

Excuse me, I was;

But the heat forced me out in the best part—alas!

And when——

Lady Blueb. To be sure it was broiling; but then

You have lost such a lecture!

Both.

The best of the ten.

Tra. How can you know that? there are two more.

Both.

Because

I defy him to beat this day's wondrous applause.

The very walls shook.

Ink. Oh, if that be the test,
I allow our friend Scamp has this day done his best.
Miss Lilac, permit me to help you ;—a wing ?

Miss Lil. No more, sir, I thank you. Who lectures next
spring ?

Both. Dick Dunder.

Ink. That is, if he lives.

Miss Lil. And why not ?

Ink. No reason whatever, save that he's a sot,
Lady Bluemount ! a glass of Madeira ?

Lady Bluem. With pleasure.

Ink. How does your friend Wordswords, that Windermere
treasure ?

Does he stick to his lakes, like the leeches he sings,
And their gatherers, as Homer sung warriors and kings ?

Lady Bluem. He has just got a place.

Ink. As a footman ?

Lady Bluem. For shame !

Nor profane with your sneers so poetic a name.

Ink. Nay, I meant him no evil, but pitied his master ;
For the poet of pedlars 't were, sure, no disaster
To wear a new livery ; the more, as 't is not
The first time he has turn'd both his creed and his coat.

Lady Bluem. For shame ! I repeat. If Sir George could
but hear——

Lady Blueb. Never mind our friend Inkel ; we all know,
my dear,

'T is his way.

Sir Rich. But this place——

Ink. Is perhaps like friend Scamp's,
A lecturer's.

Lady Bluem. Excuse me—'t is one in the "Stamps :"
He is made a collector.

Tra. Collector !

Sir Rich. How ?

Miss Lil. What ?

Ink. I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat :
There his works will appear——

Lady Bluem. Sir, they reach to the Ganges.

Ink. I shan't go so far—I can have them at Grange's.

Lady Bluem. Oh fie !

Miss Lil. And for shame !

Lady Bluem.

You're too bad.

Both.

Very good!

Lady Bluem. How good?

Lady Blueb. He means nought—'t is his phrase.

Lady Bluem.

He grows rude.

Lady Blueb. He means nothing; nay, ask him.

Lady Bluem.

Pray, Sir! did you mean

What you say?

Ink.

Never mind if he did; 't will be seen

That whatever he means won't alloy what he says.

Both. Sir?

Ink.

Pray be content with your portion of praise;

'T was in your defence.

Both.

If you please, with submission,

I can make out my own.

Ink.

It would be your perdition.

While you live, my dear Botherby, never defend

Yourself or your works; but leave both to a friend.

Apropos—Is your play then accepted at last?

Both. At last?

Ink.

Why I thought—that's to say—there had pass'd

A few green-room whispers, which hinted,—you know

That the taste of the actors at best is so so.

Both. Sir, the green-room's in rapture, and so's the Committee.

Ink. Ay—yours are the plays for exciting our “pity

And fear,” as the Greek says: for “purging the mind,”

I doubt if you'll leave us an equal behind.

Both. I have written the prologue, and meant to have pray'd
For a spice of your wit in an epilogue's aid.

Ink. Well, time enough yet, when the play's to be play'd.

Is it cast yet?

Both.

The actors are fighting for parts,

As is usual in that most litigious of arts.

Lady Blueb. We'll all make a party, and go the *first* night.

Tra. And you promised the epilogue, Inkel.

Ink.

Not quite.

However, to save my friend Botherby trouble,

I'll do what I can, though my pains must be double.

Tra. Why so?

Ink.

To do justice to what goes before.

Both. Sir, I'm happy to say, I've no fears on that score.
Your parts, Mr. Inkel, are——

Ink.

Never mind *mine* ;
Stick to those of your play, which is quite your own line.

Lady Bluem. You're a fugitive writer, I think, sir, of
rhymes ?

Ink. Yes, ma'am ; and a fugitive reader sometimes.
On Wordswords, for instance, I seldom alight,
Or on Mouthey, his friend, without taking to flight.

Lady Bluem. Sir, your taste is too common ; but time and
posterity
Will right these great men, and this age's severity
Become its reproach.

Ink. I've no sort of objection,
So I'm not of the party to take the infection.

Lady Blueb. Perhaps you have doubts that they ever will *take* ?

Ink. Not at all ; on the contrary, those of the lake
Have taken already, and still will continue
To take—what they can, from a groat to a guinea,
Of pension or place ;—but the subject's a bore.

Lady Bluem. Well, sir, the time's coming.

Ink. Scamp ! don't you feel sore ?
What say you to this ?

Scamp. They have merit, I own ;
Though their system's absurdity keeps it unknown.

Ink. Then why not unearth it in one of your lectures ?

Scamp. It is only time past which comes under my strictures.

Lady Blueb. Come, a truce with all tartness ;—the joy of my
Is to see Nature's triumph o'er all that is art. [heart
Wild Nature ! Grand Shakspeare !

Both. And down Aristotle !

Lady Bluem. Sir George thinks exactly with Lady Blue-
bottle :

And my Lord Seventy-four, who protects our dear Bard,
And who gave him his place, has the greatest regard
For the poet, who, singing of pedlars and asses,
Has found out the way to dispense with Parnassus.

Tra. And you, Scamp !—

Scamp. I needs must confess I'm embarrass'd.

Ink. Don't call upon Scamp, who's already so harass'd
With old *schools*, and new *schools*, and no *schools*, and all *schools*.

Tra. Well, one thing is certain, that *some* must be fools.
I should like to know who.

Ink. And I should not be sorry
To know who are *not* :—it would save us some worry.

Lady Blueb. A truce with remark, and let nothing control
This "feast of our reason, and flow of the soul."
Oh! my dear Mr. Botherby! sympathise!—I
Now feel such a rapture, I'm ready to fly,
I feel so elastic—"so buoyant—so buoyant!"

Ink. Tracy! open the window.

Tra. I wish her much joy on 't.

Both. For God's sake, my Lady Bluebottle, check not
This gentle emotion, so seldom our lot
Upon earth. Give it way: 't is an impulse which lifts
Our spirits from earth; the sublimest of gifts;
For which poor Prometheus was chain'd to his mountain:
'T is the source of all sentiment—feeling's true fountain:
'T is the Vision of Heaven upon Earth: 't is the gas
Of the soul: 't is the seizing of shades as they pass,
And making them substance: 't is something divine:—

Ink. Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more wine?

Both. I thank you; not any more, sir, till I dine.

Ink. Apropos—Do you dine with Sir Humphrey to-day?

Tra. I should think with *Duke* Humphrey was more in your
way.

Ink. It might be of yore; but we authors now look
To the Knight, as a landlord, much more than the Duke.
The truth is, each writer now quite at his ease is,
And (except with his publisher) dines where he pleases.
But 't is now nearly five, and I must to the Park.

Tra. And I'll take a turn with you there till 't is dark.
And you, Scamp—

Scamp. Excuse me! I must to my notes,
For my lecture next week.

Ink. He must mind whom he quotes
Out of "Elegant Extracts."

Lady Blueb. Well, now we break up;
But remember Miss Diddle invites us to sup.

Ink. Then at two hours past midnight we all meet again,
For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champagne!

Tra. And the sweet lobster salad!

Both. I honour that meal;
For 't is then that our feelings most genuinely—feel.

Ink. True; feeling is truest *then*, far beyond question:
I wish to the gods 't was the same with digestion!

Lady Blueb. Pshaw!—never mind that; for one moment of
feeling

Is worth—God knows what.

Ink.

'T is at least worth concealing
For itself, or what follows——But here comes your carriage.

Sir Rich. (aside). I wish all these people were d——d with
my marriage! [Exeunt.

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."

PREFACE.

It hath been wisely said, that "One fool makes many;" and
it hath been poetically observed—

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—POPE.

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business,
and where he never was before, and never will be again, the
following poem would not have been written. It is not impos-
sible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot,
by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The
gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegado intolerance,
and impious cant, of the poem by the author of "Wat Tyler,"
are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself
—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this
preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the
picture of a supposed "Satanic School," the which he doth
recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to
his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there

exists anywhere, except in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of *him*; for they laughed consumedly."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures, in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of "Wat Tyler?"

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

3rdly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, "a rancorous renegado?"

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

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare *he* call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding, its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-jacobin," by his present patrons. Hence all this "skimble-skamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—"qualis ab incepto."

If there is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written everything else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P.S.—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this "Vision." But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's "Journey from this World to the next," and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not "like a school-divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore," Swift's "Tale of a Tub," and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, &c. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q. R.

* * * Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the poet Laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called "*Gebir*." Who could suppose, that in this same *Gebir* the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third!

See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign :

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view ; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

“ Aroar, what wretch that nearest us ? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow ?
Listen ! him yonder who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.
He too amongst my ancestors ! I hate
The despot, but the dastard I despise.
Was he our countryman ? ”

“ Alas, O king !

Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east.”

“ He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods ? ”

“ Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,
Though them indeed his daily face adored ;
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—
Oh madness of mankind ! address'd, adored ! ”

Gebir, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it ; but certainly these teachers of “ great moral lessons ” are apt to be found in strange company.

I.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate :

His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late ;

Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era “ eighty-eight ”

The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And “ a pull all together,” as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,

Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
 Broke out of bounds o'er th' 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 ; 't is 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—
 'T is, 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;
 'T will 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 weaker king ne'er 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 melodrame. Of all
 The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
 Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
 Made the attraction, and the black the woe. [pall;
 There throb'd not there a thought which pierced the
 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 an unhandsome woman.

XIII.

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

XIV.

I know this is unpopular ; I know
 'Tis blasphemous ; I know one may be damn'd
 For hoping no one else may e'er be so ;
 I know my catechism ; I know we're cramm'd
 With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow ;
 I know that all save England's church have shamm'd,
 And that the other twice two hundred churches
 And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

XV.

God help us all ! God help me too ! I am,
 God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
 And not a whit more difficult to damn,
 Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,

Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb ;
 Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,
 As one day will be that immortal fry
 Of almost everybody born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
 And nodded o'er his keys ; when, lo ! there came
 A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame ;
 In short, a roar of things extremely great,
 Which would have made 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 St. Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose ;
 "Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee rise !"
 Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes :
 To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the matter ?
 Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter ?"

XVIII.

"No," quoth the cherub ; "George the Third is dead."
 "And who *is* George the Third ?" replied the apostle :
 "*What George? what Third?*" "The king of England," said
 The angel. "Well ! he won't find kings to jostle
 Him on his way ; but does he wear his head ?
 Because the last we saw here had a 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 France ;
 That head of his, which could not keep a crown
 On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
 A claim to those of martyrs—like my own :
 If I had had my sword, as I had once
 When I cut ears off, I had cut him down ;
 But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
 I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX.

“ And then he set up such a headless howl,
 That all the saints came out and took him in ;
 And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl ;
 That fellow Paul—the parvenu ! The skin
 Of St. 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-toss'd ;
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
 And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
 Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
 Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight :
 My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
 With earthly likenesses, for here the night

Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
 Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
 That 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 Master's service, durst
 Intrude, however glorified and high ;
 He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII.

He and the sombre, silent Spirit met—
 They knew each other both for good and ill ;
 Such was their power, that neither could forget
 His former friend and future foe ; but still
 There was a high immortal proud regret
 In either's eye, as if 't were less their will
 Than destiny to make the eternal years
 Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space : we know
 From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay
 A heavenly visit thrice a year or so ;
 And that the "sons of God," like those of clay,
 Must keep him company ; and we might show
 From the same book, in how polite a way
 The dialogue is held between the Powers
 Of Good and Evil—but 't would take up hours.

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
 The gate of heaven ; like eastern thresholds is
 The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,
 And souls despatch'd to that world or to this ;
 And therefore Michael and the other wore
 A civil aspect : though they did not kiss,
 Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
 There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

He merely bent his 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, 't were (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 thrones of earth ; but let them quake !

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

“True ! he 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 Guelph,
 While I am guard, may I be damn’d myself !

L.

“Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
 My office (and *his* is no sinecure)

Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
 The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure !”
 “Saint !” replied Satan, “you do well to avenge
 The wrongs he made your satellites endure ;
 And if to this exchange you should be given,
 I’ll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven !”

LI.

Here Michael interposed : “Good saint ! and devil !
 Pray, not so fast ; you both outrun discretion.
 Saint Peter ! you were wont to be more civil !
 Satan ! excuse this warmth of his expression,
 And condescension to the vulgar’s level :
 Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
 Have you got more to say ?” — “No.” — “If you please,
 I’ll trouble you to call your witnesses.”

LII.

Then Satan turn’d and waved his swarthy hand,
 Which stirr’d with its electric qualities
 Clouds farther off than we can understand,
 Although we find him sometimes in our skies ;
 Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
 In all the planets, and hell’s batteries
 Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
 As one of Satan’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 assign’d ; but where their inclination
 Or business carries them in search of game,
 They may range freely—being damn’d the same.

LIV.

They’re proud of this—as very well they may,
 It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
 Stuck in their loins ; or like to an “entré”
 Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.
 I borrow my comparisons from clay,
 Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be

Offended with such base low likenesses ;
We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

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

LVI.

I say that I can tell—'t was half a minute ;
I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it ;
But then their telegraph is less sublime,
And if they ran a race, they would not win it
'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own clime
The sun takes up 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 realised 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 : [wull?"
 There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!"—"What's your
 The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost
 In certain terms I shan't translate in full, [swore
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst the roar,
 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 Satan: "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 ;
 'T is 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, 't will stretch our immortality."

LXIV.

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

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd "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 Satan answer'd, "There are many ;
 But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any."

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds
 Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My friends of all
 The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds ;
 So let's to business : why this general call ?
 If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
 And 't is 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 old stories, since
 His conduct was but natural in a prince.”

LXXI.

“Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
 A poor unlucky devil without a shilling ;
 But then I blame the man himself much less
 Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling
 To see him punish'd here for their excess,
 Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in
 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 ; whatsoe’er betide,
 He won’t be sovereign more : you ’ve lost your labour,
 For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

LXXIII.

“However, I knew what to think of it,
 When I beheld you in your jesting way,
 Flitting and whispering round about the spit
 Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
 With Fox’s lard was basting William Pitt,
 His pupil ; I knew what to think, I say :
 That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills ;
 I ’ll have him *gagg’d*—’t was 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 colic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
 Could they distinguish whose the features were ;

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

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
 A nabob, a man-midwife ; but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least
 As oft as they their minds ; though in full sight
 He stood, the puzzle only was increased ;
 The man was a 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
 Were flashing round him ; and now a thick steam
 Hid him from sight—like fogs on London days :
 Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies,
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'t is 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 !

'T is, 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 Satan said to Michael, “ Don't forget
To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke,
And Franklin ; ”—but at this time there was heard
A cry for room, though not a phantom stir'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, 't is not a
 "I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he [ghost?"
 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 below me, wink,
 And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
 No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

Here Satan 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! 't were 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 ; ’t was his way
 Upon all topics ; ’t was, besides, his bread,
 Of which he butter’d both sides ; ’t would delay
 Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
 And take up rather more time than a day,
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—
 “ Wat Tyler ”—“ Rhymes on Blenheim ”—“ Waterloo. ”

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide ;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever ;
 He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever ;
 For pantisocracy he once had cried
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than ’t was 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—
 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 anybody knows.

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life :—here turning round
 To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
 In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
 With notes and preface, all that most allures
 The pious purchaser ; and there's no ground
 For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers :
 So let me have the proper documents,
 That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

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

CI.

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

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS. ; and no
 Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,

Or angels, now could stop the torrent ; so
 He read the first three lines of the contents ;
 But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
 Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
 Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
 Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell :
 The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions ;
 The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell ;
 The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions—
 (For 't is 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, whene'er
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

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

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
 Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
 Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
 And show'd me what I in my turn have shown ;

All I saw farther, 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.

THE AGE OF BRONZE ;

OR,

CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.

"Impar *Congressus* Achilli."

I.

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

II.

All is exploded—be it good or bad.
 Reader ! remember when thou wert a lad,
 Then Pitt was all ; or, if not all, so much,
 His very rival almost deem'd him such.
 We, we have seen the intellectual race
 Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—
 Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
 Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,
 As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
 Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
 But where are they—the rivals ! a few feet
 Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet.

How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
 Which hushes all ! a calm, unstormy wave,
 Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old
 Of "dust to dust ;" but half its tale untold :
 Time tempers not its terrors—still the worm
 Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its form
 Varied above, but still alike below ;
 The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow,
 Though Cleopatra's mummy cross the sea
 O'er which from empire she lured Antony ;
 Though Alexander's urn a show be grown
 On shores he wept to conquer, though unknown—
 How vain, how worse than vain, at length appear
 The madman's wish, the Macedonian's tear !
 He wept for worlds to conquer—half the earth
 Knows not his name, or but his death, and birth,
 And desolation ; while his native Greece
 Hath all of desolation, save its peace.
 He " wept for worlds to conquer !" he who ne'er
 Conceived the globe, he panted not to spare !
 With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,
 Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne.

III.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
 Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car ;
 The new Sesostris, whose unharness'd kings,
 Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
 And spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd of late,
 Chain'd to the chariot of the chieftain's state ?
 Yes ! where is he, the champion and the child
 Of all that's great or little, wise or wild ;
 Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones ;
 Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones ?
 Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
 And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
 Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
 Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage ;
 Smile to survey the queller of the nations
 Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations ;
 Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
 O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines ;

O'er petty quarrels upon petty things.
 Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
 Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
 A surgeon's statement, and an earl's harangues !
 A bust delay'd, a book refused, can shake
 The sleep of him who kept the world awake.
 Is this indeed the tamer of the great,
 Now slave of all could tease or irritate—
 The paltry gaoler and the prying spy,
 The staring stranger with his note-book nigh?
 Plunged in a dungeon he had still been great ;
 How low, how little was this middle state,
 Between a prison and a palace, where
 How few could feel for what he had to bear !
 Vain his complaint,—my lord presents his bill,
 His food and wine were doled out duly still ;
 Vain was his sickness, never was a clime
 So free from homicide—to doubt's a crime ;
 And the stiff surgeon, who maintain'd his cause,
 Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's applause
 But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart
 Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art ;
 Though, save the few fond friends and imaged face
 Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
 None stand by his low bed—though even the mind
 Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind :
 Smile—for the fetter'd eagle breaks his chain,
 And higher worlds than this are his again.

IV.

How, if that soaring spirit still retain
 A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,
 How must he smile, on looking down, to see
 The little that he was and sought to be !
 What though his name a wider empire found
 Than his ambition, though with scarce a bound ;
 Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
 He tasted empire's blessings and its curse ;
 Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape
 From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape ;
 How must he smile and turn to yon lone grave,
 The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave !

What though his gaoler, duteous to the last,
 Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep him fast,
 Refusing one poor line along the lid,
 To date the birth and death of all it hid ;
 The name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
 A talisman to all save him who bore :
 The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
 Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast ;
 When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,
 Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,
 The rocky isle that holds or held his dust,
 Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,
 And mighty nature o'er his obsequies
 Do more than niggard envy still denies.
 But what are these to him? Can glory's lust
 Touch the freed spirit or the fetter'd dust?
 Small care hath he of what his tomb consists ;
 Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists :
 Alike the better-seeing shade will smile
 On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,
 As if his ashes found their latest home
 In Rome's Pantheon or Gaul's mimic dome.
 He wants not this ; but France shall feel the want
 Of this last consolation, though so scant :
 Her honour, fame, and faith demand his bones,
 To rear above a pyramid of thrones ;
 Or carried onward in the battle's van,
 To form, like Guesclin's dust, her talisman.
 But be it as it is—the time may come
 His name shall beat the alarm, like Ziska's drum.

v.

Oh heaven ! of which he was in power a feature ;
 Oh earth ! of which he was a noble creature ;
 Thou isle ! to be remember'd long and well,
 That saw'st the unfledged eaglet chip his shell ;
 Ye Alps, which view'd him in his dawning flights
 Hover, the victor of a hundred fights !
 Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deeds outdone !
 Alas ! why pass'd he to the Rubicon—
 The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,
 To herd with vulgar kings and parasites ?

Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
 Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
 And shook within their pyramids to hear
 A new Cambyses thundering in their ear;
 While the dark shades of forty ages stood
 Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood;
 Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle
 Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,
 With clashing hosts, who strew'd the barren sand,
 To re-manure the uncultivated land!
 Spain! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
 Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid!
 Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital
 Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall!
 Ye race of Frederic!—Frederics but in name
 And falsehood—heirs to all except his fame:
 Who, crush'd at Jena, crouch'd at Berlin, fell
 First, and but rose to follow! Ye who dwell
 Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet
 The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt!
 Poland! o'er which the avenging angel pass'd,
 But left thee as he found thee, still a waste,
 Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,
 Thy lotted people and extinguish'd name,
 Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,
 That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear—
 Kosciusko! On—on—on—the thirst of war
 Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their czar.
 The half barbaric Moscow's minarets
 Gleam in the sun, but 't is a sun that sets!
 Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
 For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
 To see in vain—he saw thee—how? with spire
 And palace fuel to one common fire.
 To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
 To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
 To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
 The prince his hall—and Moscow was no more!
 Sublimest of volcanos! Etna's flame
 Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame;
 Vesuvius shows his blaze, an usual sight
 For gaping tourists, from his hackney'd height:

Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd, till the fire
To come, in which all empires shall expire !

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

Oh ye ! and each, and all ! Oh France ! who found
Thy long fair fields plough'd up as hostile ground,
Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still
His only victor, from Montmartre's hill
Look'd down o'er trampled Paris ! and thou Isle,
Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
Thou momentary shelter of his pride,
Till woo'd by danger, his yet weeping bride !
Oh, France ! retaken by a single march,
Whose path was through one long triumphal arch !
Oh, bloody and most bootless, Waterloo !
Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,

Won half by blunder, half by treachery :
 Oh, dull Saint Helen ! with thy gaoler nigh—
 Hear ! hear Prometheus from his rock appeal
 To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel
 His power and glory, all who yet shall hear
 A name eternal as the rolling year ;
 He teaches them the lesson taught so long,
 So oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong !
 A single step into the right had made
 This man the Washington of worlds betray'd :
 A single step into the wrong has given
 His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven ;
 The reed of Fortune, and of thrones the rod,
 Of Fame the Moloch or the demigod ;
 His country's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal,
 Without their decent dignity of fall.
 Yet Vanity herself had better taught
 A surer path even to the fame he sought,
 By pointing out on history's fruitless page
 Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.
 While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
 Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
 Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
 Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth ;
 While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er
 Shall sink while there's an echo left to air :
 While even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war
 Forgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar !
 Alas ! why must the same Atlantic wave
 Which wafted freedom gird a tyrant's grave—
 The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave,
 Who burst the chains of millions to renew
 The very fetters which his arm broke through,
 And crush'd the rights of Europe and his own,
 To flit between a dungeon and a throne ?

VI.

But 't will not be—the spark's awaken'd—lo !
 The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow ;
 The same high spirit which beat back the Moor
 Through eight long ages of alternate gore
 Revives—and where ? in that avenging clime
 Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,

Where Cortes and Pizarro's banner flew,
 The infant world redeems her name of "*New.*"
 'T is the *old* aspiration breathed afresh,
 To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
 Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
 Where Greece *was*—No ! she still is Greece once more.
 One common cause makes myriads of one breast,
 Slaves of the East, or helots of the West :
 On Andes' and on Athos' peaks unfurl'd,
 The self-same standard streams o'er either world :
 The Athenian wears again Harmodius' sword ;
 The Chili chief abjures his foreign lord ;
 The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek,
 Young Freedom plumes the crest of each cacique ;
 Debating despots, hemm'd on either shore,
 Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar ;
 Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides advance,
 Sweep slightly by the half-tamed land of France,
 Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would fain
 Unite Ausonia to the mighty main :
 But driven from thence awhile, yet not for aye,
 Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful of the day
 Of Salamis !—there, there the waves arise,
 Not to be lull'd by tyrant victories.
 Lone, lost, abandon'd in their utmost need
 By Christians, unto whom they gave their creed,
 The desolated lands, the ravaged isle,
 The foster'd feud encouraged to beguile,
 The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
 Prolong'd but in the hope to make a prey ;
 These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can show
 The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.
 But this is well : Greeks only should free Greece,
 Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace.
 How should the autocrat of bondage be
 The king of serfs, and set the nations free ?
 Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
 Than swell the Cossaque's prowling caravan ;
 Better still toil for masters, than await,
 The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate,—
 Number'd by hordes, a human capital,
 A live estate, existing but for thrall,
 Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward

For the first courtier in the Czar's regard ;
 While their immediate owner never tastes
 His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes :
 Better succumb even to their own despair,
 And drive the camel than purvey the bear.

VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime
 Where Freedom dates her birth with that of Time,
 And not alone where, plunged in night, a crowd
 Of Incas darken to a dubious cloud,
 The dawn revives : renown'd, romantic Spain
 Holds back the invader from her soil again.
 Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde
 Demand her fields as lists to prove the sword ;
 Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth
 Pollute the plains, alike abhorring both ;
 Nor old Pelayo on his mountain rears
 The warlike fathers of a thousand years.
 That seed is sown and reap'd, as oft the Moor
 Sighs to remember on his dusky shore.
 Long in the peasant's song or poet's page
 Has dwelt the memory of Abencerrage ;
 The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung
 Back to the barbarous realm from whence they sprung.
 But these are gone—their faith, their swords, their sway,
 Yet left more anti-christian foes than they ;
 The bigot monarch, and the butcher priest,
 The Inquisition, with her burning feast,
 The faith's red "auto," fed with human fuel,
 While sate the catholic Moloch, calmly cruel,
 Enjoying, with inexorable eye,
 That fiery festival of agony !
 The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both
 By turns ; the haughtiness whose pride was sloth ;
 The long degenerate noble ; the debased
 Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced,
 But more degraded ; the unpeopled realm ;
 The once proud navy which forgot the helm ;
 The once impervious phalanx disarray'd ;
 The idle forge that form'd Toledo's blade ;
 The foreign wealth that flow'd on ev'ry shore,
 Save hers who earn'd it with the natives' gore ;

The very language which might vie with Rome's,
 And once was known to nations like their homes,
 Neglected or forgotten :—such was Spain ;
 But such she is not, nor shall be again.
 Those worst, these *home* invaders, felt and feel
 The new Numantine soul of old Castile.
 Up! up again! undaunted Tauridor!
 The bull of Phalaris renews his roar ;
 Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not in vain
 Revive the cry!—"Iago! and close Spain!"
 Yes, close her with your armed bosoms round,
 And form the barrier which Napoleon found,—
 The exterminating war, the desert plain,
 The streets without a tenant, save the slain ;
 The wild sierra, with its wilder troop
 Of vulture-plumed guerillas, on the stoop
 For their incessant prey ; the desperate wall
 Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall ;
 The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
 Waving her more than Amazonian blade ;
 The knife of Arragon, Toledo's steel ;
 The famous lance of chivalrous Castile :
 The unerring rifle of the Catalan ;
 The Andalusian courser in the van ;
 The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid ;
 And in each heart the spirit of the Cid :—
 Such have been, such shall be, such are. Advance,
 And win—not Spain! but thine own freedom, France!

VIII.

But lo! a Congress! What! that hallow'd name
 Which freed the Atlantic! May we hope the same
 For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,
 Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,
 The prophets of young Freedom summon'd far
 From climes of Washington and Bolivar ;
 Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
 Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas ;
 And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
 Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd ;
 And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
 To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.

But *who* compose this senate of the few
 That should redeem the many? *Who* renew
 This consecrated name, till now assign'd
 To councils held to benefit mankind?
 Who now assemble at the holy call?
 The blest Alliance, which says three are all!
 An earthly trinity! which wears the shape
 Of heaven's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.
 A pious unity! in purpose one—
 To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
 Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;
 Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
 And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
 Cared little, so that they were duly fed;
 But these, more hungry, must have something more—
 The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
 Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's frogs
 Than we! for ours are animated logs,
 With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
 And crushing nations with a stupid blow;
 All duly anxious to leave little work
 Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX.

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

The show is rich in ribandry and stars,
 Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars ;
 Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
 For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are free !

X.

Resplendent sight ! Behold the coxcomb Czar
 The autocrat of waltzes and of war !
 As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
 And just as fit for flirting as the helm ;
 A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
 And generous spirit, when 't is not frost-bit ;
 Now half-dissolving to a liberal thaw,
 But harden'd back whene'er the morning's raw ;
 With no objection to true liberty,
 Except that it would make the nations free.
 How well the Imperial dandy prates of peace !
 How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece !
 How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
 Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet !
 How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
 With all her pleasant pulks, to lecture Spain !
 How royally show off in proud Madrid
 His goodly person, from the South long hid !
 A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
 By having Muscovites for friends or foes.
 Proceed, thou namesake of great Philip's son !
 La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on ;
 And that which Scythia was to him of yore
 Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.
 Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged youth,
 Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth ;
 Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be thine,
 Many an old woman, but no Catherine.
 Spain, too, hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles—
 The bear may rush into the lion's toils.
 Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields :
 Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields ?
 Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords
 To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir hordes,
 Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,
 Than follow headlong in the fatal route,

To infest the clime whose skies and laws are pure
 With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure :
 Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe :
 Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago ;
 And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey ?
 Alas ! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
 I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun
 Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun ;
 But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander
 Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander !
 Be slaves who will, the cynic shall be free ;
 His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopè :
 Still will he hold his lantern up to scan
 The face of monarchs for an " honest man."

XI.

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

XII.

But where's the monarch ? hath he dined ? or yet
 Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt ?
 Have revolutionary patés risen,
 And turn'd the royal entrails to a prison ?
 Have discontented movements stirr'd the troops ?
 Or have *no* movements follow'd traitorous soups ?

Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
 Each course enough ! or doctors dire dissuaded
 Repletion? Ah ! in thy dejected looks
 I read all France's treason in her cooks !
 Good classic Louis ! is it, canst thou say,
 Desirable to be the "Desiré?"
 Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,
 Apician table, and Horatian ode,
 To rule a people who will not be ruled,
 And love much rather to be scourged than school'd?
 Ah ! thine was not the temper or the taste
 For thrones ; the table sees thee better placed :
 A mild Epicurean, form'd, at best,
 To be a kind host, and as good a guest,
 To talk of letters, and to know by heart
 One *half* the poets, *all* the gourmand's art :
 A scholar always, now and then a wit,
 And gentle when digestion may permit ;—
 But not to govern lands enslaved or free ;
 The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

XIII.

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
 From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?
 "Arts, arms, and George, and glory, and the isles,
 And happy Britain, wealth, and Freedom's smiles,
 White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof,
 Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof,
 Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl'd,
 That nose, the hook where he suspends the world !
 And Waterloo, and trade, and——(hush ! not yet
 A syllable of imposts or of debt)——
 And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
 Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t' other day—
 And 'pilots who have weather'd every storm'
 (But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name Reform)."
 These are the themes thus sung so oft before,
 Methinks we need not sing them any more ;
 Found in so many volumes far and near,
 There's no occasion you should find them here.
 Yet something may remain perchance to chime
 With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme.

Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
 Who, bred a statesman, still wast born a wit,
 And never, even in that dull House, couldst tame
 To unleaven'd prose thine own poetic flame;
 Our last, our best, our only orator,
 Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more:
 Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man, because
 Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.
 The hounds will gather to their huntsman's hollo,
 And where he leads the duteous pack will follow:
 But not for love mistake their yelling cry,
 Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;
 Less faithful far than the four-footed pack,
 A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back,
 Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,
 Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;
 The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last
 To stumble, kick, and now and then stick fast
 With his great self and rider in the mud;
 But what of that? the animal shows blood.

XIV.

Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
 Bewail her now *uncountry* gentlemen?
 The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
 The first to make a malady of peace.
 For what were all these country patriots born?
 To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
 But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,
 Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.
 And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
 Why would you trouble Buonaparté's reign?
 He was your great Triptolemus: his vices
 Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd your prices;
 He amplified to every lord's content
 The grand agrarian alchymy, high *rent*.
 Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
 And lower wheat to such desponding quarters!
 Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
 The man was worth much more upon his throne.
 True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,
 But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt;

But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
 And acres told upon the appointed day.
 But where is now the goodly audit ale?
 The purse-proud tenant, never known to fail?
 The farm which never yet was left on hand?
 The marsh reclaim'd to most improving land?
 The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
 The doubling rental? What an evil's peace!
 In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
 In vain the Commons pass their patriot bill;
 The *landed interest*—(you may understand
 The phrase much better leaving out the *land*)—
 The land self-interest groans from shore to shore,
 For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
 Up, up again, ye rents! exalt your notes,
 Or else the ministry will lose their votes,
 And patriotism, so delicately nice,
 Her loaves will lower to the market price;
 For ah! "the loaves and fishes," once so high,
 Are gone—their oven closed, their ocean dry,
 And nought remains of all the millions spent,
 Excepting to grow moderate and content.
 They who are not so, *had* their turn—and turn
 About still flows from Fortune's equal urn;
 Now let their virtue be its own reward,
 And share the blessings which themselves prepared.
 See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
 Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
 Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
 Their brethren out to battle—why? for rent!
 Year after year they voted cent. per cent.,
 Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent!
 They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they swore they
 meant
 To die for England—why then live?—for rent!
 The peace has made one general malcontent
 Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
 Their love of country, millions all misspent,
 How reconcile? by reconciling rent!
 And will they not repay the treasures lent?
 No: down with everything, and up with rent!

Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
 Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent !
 Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau ! for a mess ;
 Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten less ;
 Now thou hast swill'd thy pottage, thy demands
 Are idle ; Israel says the bargain stands.
 Such, landlords ! was your appetite for war,
 And gorged with blood, you grumble at a scar ! [cash ?
 What ! would they spread their earthquake even o'er
 And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash ?
 So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,
 And found on 'Change a *Fundling* Hospital ?
 Lo, Mother Church, while all religion writhes,
 Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring, Tithes ;
 The prelates go to—where the saints have gone,
 And proud pluralities subside to one ;
 Church, state, and faction wrestle in the dark,
 Toss'd by the deluge in their common ark.
 Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,
 Another Babel soars—But Britain ends.
 And why ? to pamper the self-seeking wants,
 And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.
 “ Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise ; ”
 Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
 Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
 The price of taxes and of homicide ;
 Admire their justice, which would fain deny
 The debt of nations :—pray, *who made it high ?*

XV.

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
 The new Symplegades—the crushing Stocks,
 Where Midas might again his wish behold
 In real paper or imagined gold.
 That magic palace of Alcina shows
 More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,
 Were all her atoms of unleaven'd ore,
 And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.
 There Fortune plays, while Rumour holds the stake,
 And the world trembles to bid brokers break.
 How rich is Britain ! not indeed in mines,
 Or peace or plenty, corn or oil, or wines ;

No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
 Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money :
 But let us not to own the truth refuse,
 Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews ?
 Those parted with their teeth to good King John,
 And now, ye kings ! they kindly draw your own ;
 All states, all things, all sovereigns they control,
 And waft a loan "from Indus to the pole."
 The banker, broker, baron, brethren, speed
 To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.
 Nor these alone ; Columbia feels no less
 Fresh speculations follow each success ;
 And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
 Her mild per-centage from exhausted Spain.
 Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march ;
 'Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch.
 Two Jews, a chosen people, can command
 In every realm their Scripture-promised land :—
 Two Jews keep down the Romans, and uphold
 The accursed Hun, more brutal than of old :
 Two Jews—but not Samaritans—direct
 The world, with all the spirit of their sect.
 What is the happiness of earth to them ?
 A congress forms their "New Jerusalem,"
 Where baronies and orders both invite—
 O holy Abraham ! dost thou see the sight ?
 Thy followers mingling with these royal swine,
 Who spit not "on their Jewish gaberdine,"
 But honour them as portion of the show—
 (Where now, O Pope ! is thy forsaken toe ?
 Could it not favour Judah with some kicks ?
 Or has it ceased to "kick against the pricks ?")
 On Shylock's shore behold them stand afresh
 To cut from nations' hearts their "pound of flesh."

XVI.

Strange sight this Congress ! destined to unite
 All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.
 I speak not of the sovereigns—they're alike,
 A common coin as ever mint could strike ;
 But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
 Have more of motley than their heavy kings.

Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, combine,
 While Europe wonders at the vast design :
 There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,
 Cajoles ; there Wellington forgets to fight ;
 There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs ;
 And subtle Greeks intrigue for stupid Tartars ;
 There Montmorenci, the sworn foe to charters,
 Turns a diplomatist of great éclat,
 To furnish articles for the " Débats ;"
 Of war so certain—yet not quite so sure
 As his dismissal in the " Moniteur."
 Alas ! how could his cabinet thus err !
 Can peace be worth an ultra-minister ?
 He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again,
 " Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."

XVII.

Enough of this—a sight more mournful woos
 The averted eye of the reluctant muse.
 The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
 The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride ;
 The mother of the hero's hope, the boy
 The young Astyanax of modern Troy ;
 The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
 That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen.
 She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
 The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
 Oh, cruel mockery ! Could not Austria spare
 A daughter ? What did France's widow there ?
 Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
 Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
 But, no—she still must hold a petty reign,
 Flank'd by her formidable chamberlain ;
 The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes
 Must watch her through these paltry pageantries.
 What though she share no more, and shared in vain,
 A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
 Which swept from Moscow to the southern seas !
 Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,
 Where Parma views the traveller resort,
 To note the trappings of her mimic court.
 But she appears ! Verona sees her shorn
 Of all her beams—while nations gaze and mourn—

Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
 To chill in their inhospitable clime ;
 (If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold ;—
 But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould ;)
 She comes !—the Andromache (but not Racine's,
 Nor Homer's,)—Lo, on Pyrrhus' arm she leans !
 Yes ! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
 Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,
 Is offer'd and accepted ? Could a slave
 Do more ? or less ?—and *he* in his new grave !
 Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
 And the *ex*-empress grows as *ex* a wife !
 So much for human ties in royal breasts !
 Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests ?

XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
 And sketch the group—the picture 's yet to come.
 My muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
 She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt !
 While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan
 To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman !
 Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
 While all the Common Council cry “Claymore !”
 To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
 Gird the gross surloin of a city Celt,
 She burst into a laughter so extreme,
 That I awoke—and lo ! it was *no* dream !

Here, reader, will we pause :—if there 's no harm in
 This first—you'll have, perhaps, a second “Carmen.”

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

A ROMAUNT.

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

PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.

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

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds

for such a notion ; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

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

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

LONDON, *February*, 1812.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I HAVE now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object : it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone

* Beattie's Letters.

shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique," flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse" had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar."* By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights "sans peur," though not "sans reproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

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

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties

* The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement.

of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close, for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

LONDON, 1813.

TO IANTHE.

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

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

Young Peri of the West !—'t is well for me
 My years already doubly number thine ;
 My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
 And safely view thy ripening beauties shine ;
 Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline ;
 Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
 Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
 To those whose admiration shall succeed, [creed.
 But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours de-

Oh ! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,

Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
 Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
 That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh
 Could I to thee be ever more than friend :
 This much, dear maid, accord ; nor question why
 To one so young my strain I would commend,
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

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

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

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

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight ;
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.

Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight
 Save concubines and carnal companie,
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
 'T is said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee:

Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun ;
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun :

If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel :
 Ye, who have known what 't is to dote upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

I.

ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

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

9.

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

IO.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

Enough of battle's minions ! let them play
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame :
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
 Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
 In sooth 't were sad to thwart their noble aim
 Who strike, blest hirelings ! for their country's good,
 And die, that living might have proved her shame ;
 Perish'd perchance, in some domestic feud,
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII.

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

LIV.

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

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
 But form'd for all the witching arts of love :
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
 'T is but the tender fierceness of the dove,
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate :
 In softness as in firmness far above
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate ;
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

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

LIX.

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

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

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

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly ;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian shades ! the reason why ?
'T is to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray :
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand :
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'t is past—he sinks upon the sand !

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

TO INEZ.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

Through many a clime 't is mine to go,
 With many a retrospection curst ;
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

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

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

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

XCI.

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

XCII.

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

XCIII.

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

 CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

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

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal, [were:

They won, and pass'd away—in this the whole?
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
 Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:

Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd control:
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
 Have left me here to love and live in vain—
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead
 When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
 Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
 If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
 Be as it may Futurity's behest,
 For me 't were bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
 The marble column's yet unshaken base;
 Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne:
 Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace

The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be : nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh ;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

Where was thine *Ægis*, Pallas ! they appall'd
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ?
Where Peleus' son ? whom Hell in vain enthrall'd,
His shade from Hades upon that dread day

Bursting to light in terrible array !
 What ! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
 To scare a second robber from his prey ?
 Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
 Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within !
 The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
 The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
 When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high :

Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry !
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides ;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore,
Europe and Afric on each other gaze !
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze :

How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
 Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase ;
 But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;

Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone :
 But trust not this : too easy youth, beware !
 A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
 — And thou mayst find a new Calypso there.

Sweet Florence ! could another ever share
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine :
 But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
 Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,
 One who, 't was said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
 Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
 Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
 Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law ;
 All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims :
 And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
 Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
 Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger
 dames.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

Not much be kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs ;
 What careth she for hearts when once possess'd !
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes ;

But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes :
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise ;
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes : [hopes.
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania ! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise :

— Land of Albania ! let me bend mine eyes
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men !
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
 Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

Morn dawns : and with it stern Albania's hills,
 Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
 Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
 Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,

Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer ;
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales ;

Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
 Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast
 A charm they know not ; loved Parnassus fails,
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze ;

The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII.

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

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
 As ever Spring yelad in grassy dye:

Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
 And woods along the banks are waving high,
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
 And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see ;
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;

The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
 And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

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

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
 Of living water from the centre rose,
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,

ALI reclined, a man of war and woes :
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
 Along that aged/venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

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

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower,
 Thronging to war in splendour and success ;
 And after view'd them when, within their power,
 Himself awhile the victim of distress ;

That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press :
 But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
 When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,
 —And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—
 In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,

As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene :—
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest ;
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
 For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

1.

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

2.

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

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?

Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase;
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

8.

— Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conqueror's yell;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spared.

9.

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

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped, [dread;
— Let the yellow-hair'd Giaours view his horse-tail with
— When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

II.

- Selictar! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar;
 Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war,
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!

True they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echo'd back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:

The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
 'T was, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
 Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,

Then may'st thou be restored ; but not till then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
 An hour may lay it in the dust : and when
 Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
 Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate ?

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

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

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground ;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,

Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon ;
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone :
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

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

XCI.

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

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.

Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth :
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

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

XCIV.

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

XCV.

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

XCVI.

Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and beloved !
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed !
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.

All thou could'st have of mine, stern Death ! thou hast ;
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend ;
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII.

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

XCVIII.

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

CANTO THE THIRD.

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

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

I.

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

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
 So that no wonder waits him ; nor below
 Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,

Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
 With airy images and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
 The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!

Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam ;

The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship ; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tome
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
 With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom ;
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
 That all was over on this side the tomb,
 Had made despair a smilingness assume,
 Which, though 't were wild,—as on the plunder'd wreck
 When mariners would madly meet their doom
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XVII.

Stop !—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?

None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 The Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 — And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come !
 they come !"

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine :
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,

And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant
 Howard !

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies ; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;

And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
 Living in shatter'd guise ; and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,

Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
 A god unto thyself; nor less the same
 To thee astounded kingdoms all inert,
 Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock;
 But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy
 throne,

Their admiration thy best weapon shone :
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;
— For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,

Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide ;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us ; the heart must

Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
 Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
 For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
 In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV.

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

LV.

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

I.

— The castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert *thou* with me.

2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,

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

3.

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

4.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

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

LIX.

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

LX.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !
 There can be no farewell to scene like thine ;
 The mind is colour'd by thy every hue ;
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine !
 'T is with the thankful heart of parting praise ;
 More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
 But none unite in one attaching maze
 The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

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

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar, [star.
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty ;—'t would disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

XCI.

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

XCII.

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

XCIII.

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

XCIV.

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

XCV.

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

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

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

XCVIII.

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

XCIX.

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

C.

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

CI.

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

CII.

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

CIII.

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

CIV.

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

CV.

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

CVI.

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

CVII.

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

CVIII.

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

CIX.

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

CX.

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

CXI.

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

CXII.

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

CXIII.

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

CXIV.

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

CXV.

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

CXVI.

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

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
 I know that thou wilt love me ; though my name
 Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
 With desolation, and a broken claim :
 Though the grave close between us,—’t were the same,
 I know that thou wilt love me ; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
 And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain.

CXVIII.

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

CANTO THE FOURTH.

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

Ariosto, Satira iii.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S.,
 &c. &c. &c.

VENICE, *January 2, 1818.*

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold*, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am

far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting ;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth ; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded, state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery ; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship ; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,* but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy ; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last ; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe ; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate

* His marriage.

impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

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

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

It is also a delicate and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer, our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più

nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l' antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

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

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

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

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

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

BYRON.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest,—till—'t is gone—and all is gray.

XXX.

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

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years ; and 't is their pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
 And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
 With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
 If from society we learn to live,
 'T is solitude should teach us how to die;
 It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
 No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive:

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII.

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

LIV.

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

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

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

LIX.

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

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

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

LXV.

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

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

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

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

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

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

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

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

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

LXXXVII.

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

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

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

XCI.

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

XCII.

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

XCIII.

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

XCIV.

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

XCV.

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

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

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

XCVIII.

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

XCIX.

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

C.

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

CI.

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

CII.

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

CIII.

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

CIV.

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

CV.

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

CVI.

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

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steep'd
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls?
 Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reap'd
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 't is thus the mighty falls.

CVIII.

— There is the moral of all human tales ;
 'T is but the same rehearsal of the past,
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
 And History, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but *one* page,—'t is better written here
 Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear, [draw near,
 Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words !

CIX.

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

CX.

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

CXI.

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

CXII.

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

CXIII.

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

CXIV.

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

CXV.

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

CXVI.

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

CXVII.

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

CXVIII.

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

CXIX.

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

CXX.

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

CXXI.

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

CXXII.

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

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'t is youth's frenzy—but the cure
 Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds
 Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
 Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
 Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
 Sick—sick ; unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
 But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'t is the same,
 Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—
 For all are meteors with a different name,
 And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

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

CXXVI.

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

CXXVII.

— Yet let us ponder boldly—'t is a base
 Abandonment of reason to resign
 Our right of thought—our last and only place
 Of refuge ; this, at least, shall still be mine :
 Though from our birth the faculty divine
 Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
 And bred in darkness lest the truth should shine
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
 The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
 As 't were its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here to illumine
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

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

CXXX.

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

CXXXI.

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

CXXXII.

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

CXXXIII.

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

CXXXIV.

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

CXXXV.

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

CXXXVI.

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

CXXXVII.

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

CXXXVIII.

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

CXXXIX.

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

CXL.

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

CXLI.

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

CXLII.

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

CXLIII.

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

CXLIV.

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

CXLV.

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

CXLVI.

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

CXLVII.

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

CXLVIII.

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

CXLIX.

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

CL.

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

CLI.

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

CLII.

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

CLIII.

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

CLIV.

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

CLV.

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

CLVI.

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

CLVII.

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

CLVIII.

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

CLIX.

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

CLX.

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

CLXI.

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

CLXII.

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

CLXIII.

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

CLXIV.

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

CLXV.

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

CLXVI.

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

CLXVII.

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

CLXVIII.

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

CLXIX.

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

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did intrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherd's eyes:—'t was but a meteor beam'd.

CLXXI.

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

CLXXII.

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

CLXXIII.

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

CLXXIV.

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

CLXXV.

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

CLXXVI.

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

CLXXVII.

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

CLXXVIII.

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

CLXXIX.

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

CLXXX.

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

CLXXXI.

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

CLXXXII.

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

CLXXXIII.

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

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'t was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

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

CLXXXVI.

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

Tales.

THE GIAOUR.

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

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

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS, RESPECT
FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

LONDON, *May*, 1813.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the “olden time,” or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise.

The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to

the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea; during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

 THE GIAOUR.

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

* * * * *

Fair clime! where every season smiles
 Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
 And lend to loneliness delight.

There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
 Reflects the tints of many a peak
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave
 These Edens of the eastern wave:
 And if at times a transient breeze
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
 How welcome is each gentler air
 That wakes and wafts the odours there!
 For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
 Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
 Far from the winters of the west,
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by nature given
 In softest incense back to heaven;
 And grateful yields that smiling sky
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.

And many a summer flower is there,
 And many a shade that love might share,
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,
 That holds the pirate for a guest ;
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
 Till the gay mariner's guitar
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
 As if for gods, a dwelling-place,
 And every charm and grace hath mix'd
 Within the paradise she fix'd,
 There man, enamour'd of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
 Strange—that where all is peace beside,
 There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,
 And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell ;
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that 's there,

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

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

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

What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the Muse might soar
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous, save to crime ;
 Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast,
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles and ancient craft ;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,

For this, and this alone, renown'd.
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :
 No more her sorrows I bewail,
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,
 And they who listen may believe,
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
 My gaze of wonder as he flew :
 Though like a demon of the night
 He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,
 His aspect and his air impress'd
 A troubled memory on my breast,
 And long upon my startled ear
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
 He spurs his steed ; he nears the steep,
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep ;
 He winds around ; he hurries by ;
 The rock relieves him from mine eye ;
 For well I ween unwelcome he
 Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee ;
 And not a star but shines too bright
 On him who takes such timeless flight.
 He wound along ; but ere he pass'd,
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
 A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
 A moment breathed he from his speed,
 A moment on his stirrup stood—
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood ?
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still :
 Though too remote for sound to wake
 In echoes of the far tophaike,
 The flashes of each joyous peal
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.
 To-night, set Rhamazani's sun ;
 To-night, the Bairam feast's begun ;
 To-night—but who and what art thou
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow ?
 And what are these to thine or thee,
 That thou shouldst either pause or flee.

He stood—some dread was on his face,
 Soon Hatred settled in its place :
 It rose not with the reddening flush
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed ;
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,

And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly ;
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade ;
 That sound had burst his waking dream,
 As Slumber starts at owlet's scream,
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides ;
 Away, away, for life he rides :
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed
 Springs to the touch his startled steed :
 The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more ;
 The crag is won, no more is seen
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.
 'T was but an instant he restrain'd
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd ;
 'T was but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by death pursued ;
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime.
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
 Such moment pours the grief of years :
 What felt *he* then, at once opprest
 By all that most distracts the breast ?
 That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date !
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,
 It was Eternity to Thought !
 For infinite as boundless space
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,
 Which in itself can comprehend
 Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone ;
 And did he fly or fall alone ?
 Woe to that hour he came or went !
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
 To turn a palace to a tomb ;
 He came, he went, like the simoom,
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,

Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
 The very cypress droops to death—
 Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
 The lonely spider's thin gray pall
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
 The bat builds in his haram bower,
 And in the fortress of his power
 The owl usurps the beacon-tower;
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
 'T was sweet of yore to see it play
 And chase the sultriness of day,
 As springing high the silver dew
 In whirls fantastically flew,
 And flung luxurious coolness round
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
 'T was sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
 To view the wave of watery light,
 And hear its melody by night.
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd
 Around the verge of that cascade;
 And oft upon his mother's breast
 That sound had harmonized his rest;
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
 And softer seem'd each melting tone
 Of Music mingled with its own.
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
 Along the brink at twilight's close:
 The stream that fill'd that font is fled—
 The blood that warm'd his heart is shed!
 And here no more shall human voice
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
 The last sad note that swell'd the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
That quench'd in silence, all is still,
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:

Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
 No hand shall close its clasp again.
 On desert sands 't were joy to scan
 The rudest steps of fellow man,
 So here the very voice of Grief
 Might wake an Echo like relief—
 At least 't would say, "All are not gone ;
 There lingers Life, though but in one"—
 For many a gilded chamber 's there,
 Which Solitude might well forbear ;
 Within that dome as yet Decay
 Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
 But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
 For bounty cheers not his delay ;
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 — To bless the sacred "bread and salt."
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,
 For Courtesy and Pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain-side.
 His roof, that refuge unto men,
 Is Desolation's hungry den.

The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
 — Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre !

* * * * *

I hear the voice of coming feet,
 But not a voice mine ear to greet ;
 More near—each turban I can scan,
 — And silver-sheathed ataghan ;
 The foremost of the band is seen
 — An Emir by his garb of green :
 — "Ho ! who art thou ?"—"This low salam
 Replies of Moslem faith I am."
 "The burthen ye so gently bear
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
 My humble bark would gladly wait."
 "Thou speakest sooth : thy skiff unmoor,
 And waft us from the silent shore ;
 Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
 The nearest oar that 's scatter'd by,

And midway to those rocks where sleep
 The channell'd waters dark and deep.
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
 Our course has been right swiftly run ;
 Yet 't is the longest voyage, I trow,
 That one of— * * *

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect queen of Eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye :
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,

Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'T is left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No: gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 't were vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well;
 As large, as languishingly dark,
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 — Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer nay;
 — Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With Paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris beckoning through.
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
 And keep that portion of his creed
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 — A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?

On her might Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone ;
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 — The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new ;
 — Her hair in hyacinthine flow,
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
 The cygnet nobly walks the water ;
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
 — The loveliest bird of Franguestan !
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
 And spurns the waves with wings of pride,
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide ;
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck :—
 Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
 Shrank from the charms it meant to praise.
 Thus high and graceful was her gait ;
 Her heart as tender to her mate ;
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he ?
 Alas ! that name was not for thee !

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
 With twenty vassals in his train,
 Each arm'd, as best becomes a man
 With arquebuss and ataghan ;
 The chief before, as deck'd for war,
 Bears in his belt the scimitar
 Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
 When in the pass the rebels stood,
 And few return'd to tell the tale
 Of what befell in Parne's vale.
 The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a pasha wore,
 Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
 Even robbers tremble to behold.

'T is said he goes to woo a bride
 More true than her who left his side ;
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,
 And worse than faithless, for a Giaour !

* * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer :
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek
 Find that repose 't were vain to seek
 In cities lodged too near his lord,
 And trembling for his secret hoard—
 Here may he rest where none can see,
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free ;
 And with forbidden wine may stain
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last ;
 —“ Bismillah ! now the peril's past ;
 For yonder view the opening plain,
 And there we'll prick our steeds amain :”
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
 A bullet whistled o'er his head ;

The foremost Tartar bites the ground !
 Scarce had they time to check the rein,
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound ;
 But three shall never mount again :
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
 The dying ask revenge in vain.
 With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
 Half shelter'd by the steed ;
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,
 Nor tamely stand to bleed
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
 Stern Hassan only from his horse
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
 Till fiery flashes in the van
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
 Have well secured the only way
 Could now avail the promised prey ;
 — Then curl'd his very beard with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire :
 " Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."
 And now the foe their covert quit,
 And calls his vassals to submit ;
 But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
 Nor of his little band a man
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
 — Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun !
 In fuller sight, more near and near,
 The lately ambush'd foes appear,
 And issuing from the grove, advance
 Some who on battle-charger prance.
 Who leads them on with foreign brand
 Far flashing in his red right hand ?
 " 'T is he ! 't is he ! I know him now ;
 I know him by his pallid brow ;
 — I know him by the evil eye
 That aids his envious treachery ;
 I know him by his jet-black barb ;
 Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,

Apostate from his own vile faith,
 It shall not save him from the death :
 'T is he ! well met in any hour,
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour !”

As rolls the river into ocean,
 In sable torrent wildly streaming ;
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
 In azure column proudly gleaming,
 Beats back the current many a rood,
 In curling foam and mingling flood.
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
 Roused by the blast of winter, rave ;
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
 The lightnings of the water flash
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar ;
 Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
 With waves that madden as they meet—
 Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
 And fate, and fury, drive along.
 The bickering sabres' shivering jar ;
 And pealing wide or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The deathshot hissing from afar ;
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale :
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
 That neither spares nor speaks for life !
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress ;
 But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes,
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold :
 Friends meet to part ; Love laughs at faith ;
 True foes, once met, are join'd till death !

* * * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt ;

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

* * * * *

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling :
 His mother look'd from her lattice high—
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
 The pasture green beneath her eye,
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling :
 “ 'T is twilight—sure his train is nigh.”
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower :

“Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
 Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
 Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift?
 Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
 Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
 Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
 And warily the steep descends,
 And now within the valley bends;
 And he bears the gift at his saddle-bow—
 How could I deem his courser slow?
 Right well my largess shall repay
 His welcome speed and weary way.”

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

* * * * *

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

Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.

But him the maids of Paradise

Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes

On him shall glance for ever bright ;

— They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,
And welcome with a kiss the brave !
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel ! shalt writhe

— Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe ;

And from its torment 'scape alone

— To wander round lost Eblis' throne ;

And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,

Around, within, thy heart shall dwell ;

Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell

The tortures of that inward hell !

— But first, on earth as Vampire sent,

Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent :

Then ghastly haunt thy native place,

And suck the blood of all thy race ;

There from thy daughter, sister, wife,

At midnight drain the stream of life ;

Yet loathe the banquet which perforce

Must feed thy livid living corse :

Thy victims ere they yet expire

Shall know the demon for their sire,

As cursing thee, thou cursing them,

Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.

But one that for thy crime must fall,

The youngest, most beloved of all,

Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—

That word shall wrap thy heart in flame !

Yet must thou end thy task, and mark

Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,

And the last glassy glance must view

Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue ;

Then with unhallow'd hand shalt tear

The tresses of her yellow hair,

Of which in life a lock when shorn,

Affection's fondest pledge was worn,

But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony !
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
 — Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip ;
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave ;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From spectre more accursed than they !

* * * * *

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

'T is twice three years at summer tide
 Since first among our freres he came ;
 And here it soothes him to abide
 For some dark deed he will not name.
 But never at our vesper prayer,
 Nor e'er before confession chair
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
 Incense or anthem to the skies,
 But broods within his cell alone.
 His faith and race alike unknown.
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,
 And here ascended from the coast ;
 Yet seems he not of Othman race,
 But only Christian in his face :
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,
 Repentant of the change he made,
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
 Great largess to these walls he brought,
 And thus our abbot's favour bought ;
 But were I prior, not a day
 Should brook such stranger's further stay,

Or pent within our penance cell
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
 Much in his visions mutters he
 Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea ;
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 And rave as to some bloody hand
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
 Invisible to all but him,
 Which beckons onward to his grave,
 And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * * *
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Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl.
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by ;
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
 For in it lurks that nameless spell,
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
 A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
 That claims and keeps ascendancy ;
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
 From him the half-affrighted Friar
 When met alone would fain retire,
 As if that eye and bitter smile
 Transferr'd to others fear and guile :
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,
 And when he doth, 't is sad to see
 That he but mocks at Misery.
 How that pale lip will curl and quiver !
 Then fix once more as if for ever ;
 As if his sorrow or disdain
 Forbade him e'er to smile again.
 Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
 From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
 But sadder still it were to trace
 What once were feelings in that face :

Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
 But brighter traits with evil mix'd ;
 And there are hues not always faded,
 Which speak a mind not all degraded
 Even by the crimes through which it waded.
 The common crowd but see the gloom
 Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
 The close observer can espy
 A noble soul, and lineage high :
 Alas ! though both bestow'd in vain,
 Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
 It was no vulgar tenement
 To which such lofty gifts were lent,
 And still with little less than dread
 On such the sight is riveted.
 The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
 Will scarce delay the passer by ;
 The tower by war or tempest bent,
 While yet may frown one battlement,
 Demands and daunts the stranger's eye ;
 Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
 Pleads haughtily for glories gone !

His floating robe around him folding,
 Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle ;
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
 The rites that sanctify the pile.
 But when the anthem shakes the choir,
 And kneel the monks, his steps retire ;
 By yonder lone and wavering torch
 His aspect glares within the porch ;
 There will he pause till all is done—
 And hear the prayer, but utter none.
 See—by the half-illumined wall
 His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
 As if the Gorgon there had bound
 The sablest of the serpent-braid
 That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd :
 For he declines the convent oath,
 And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
 But wears our garb in all beside ;
 And, not from piety but pride,

Gives wealth to walls that never heard
 Of his one holy vow nor word.
 Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony
 Peals louder praises to the sky,
 That livid cheek, that stony air
 Of mix'd defiance and despair!
 Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!
 Else may we dread the wrath divine
 Made manifest by awful sign.
 If ever evil angel bore
 The form of mortal, such he wore;
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!

To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same;
 Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
 'T will serve thee to defend or kill;
 A breastplate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who sharp its edge beware!
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain its slight relief;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share:
 Even bliss—'t were woe alone to bear;

The heart once thus left desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay!
 It is as if the desert bird,
 Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * * *

"Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
 To bid the sins of others cease,
 Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age;
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
 Such as thy penitents unfold,
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 Within thy pure and pitying breast.
 My days, though few, have pass'd below
 In much of joy, but more of woe;

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

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

* * * * *
 * * * * *

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

To me she gave her heart, that all
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall :
 And I, alas ! too late to save !
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,
 'T was some relief, our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly ; but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.

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

* * * * *

“The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 Their love can scarce deserve the name ;
 But mine was like the lava flood
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
 I cannot prate in puling strain
 Of ladye-love and beauty's chain :
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
 Lips taugt to writhe, but not complain,
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
 And all that I have felt, and feel,

Betoken love—that love was mine,
 And shown by many a bitter sign.
 'T is true, I could not whine nor sigh,
 I knew but to obtain or die.
 I die—but first I have possess'd,
 And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
 No—rest of all, yet undismay'd
 But for the thought of Leila slain,
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,
 So would I live and love again.
 I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
 For him who dies, but her who died:
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
 This breaking heart and throbbing head
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.
 She was a form of life and light,
 That, seen, became a part of sight;
 And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
 The Morning-star of Memory!

“Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Alla given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But Heaven itself descends in love;
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought;
 A Ray of him who form'd the whole;
 A Glory circling round the soul!
 I grant *my* love imperfect, all
 That mortals by the name miscall;
 Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
 But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!
 She was my life's unerring light:
 That quench'd, what beam shall break my night?
 Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
 Although to death or deadliest ill!
 Why marvel ye, if they who lose
 This present joy, this future hope,
 No more with sorrow meekly cope;

In phrensy then their fate accuse ;
 In madness do those fearful deeds
 That seem to add but guilt to woe ?
 Alas ! the breast that inly bleeds
 Hath nought to dread from outward blow :
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
 Cares little into what abyss.
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture 's now
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear :
 I read abhorrence on thy brow,
 And this too I was born to bear !
 'T is true, that, like that bird of prey,
 With havoc have I mark'd my way :
 But this was taught me by the dove,
 To die—and know no second love.
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn :
 The bird that sings within the brake,
 The swan that swims upon the lake,
 One mate, and one alone, will take.
 And let the fool still prone to range,
 And sneer on all who cannot change,
 Partake his jest with boasting boys ;
 I envy not his varied joys,
 But deem such feeble, heartless man
 Less than yon solitary swan ;
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid
 He left believing and betray'd.
 Such shame at least was never mine—
 Leila ! each thought was only thine !
 My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
 My hope on high—my all below.
 Earth holds no other like to thee,
 Or, if it doth, in vain for me :
 For worlds I dare not view the dame
 Resembling thee, yet not the same.
 The very crimes that mar my youth,
 This bed of death—attest my truth !
 'T is all too late—thou wert, thou art
 The cherish'd madness of my heart !

“ And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
 But not the breath of human life :

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

“ In earlier days, and calmer hours,
 When heart with heart delights to blend,
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers,
 I had—Ah ! have I now ? a friend !
 To him this pledge I charge thee send,
 Memorial of a youthful vow ;
 I would remind him of my end :
 Though souls absorb'd like mine allow
 Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
 Yet dear to him my blighted name.
 'T is strange—he prophesied my doom,
 And I have smiled—I then could smile—
 When Prudence would his voice assume,
 And warn—I reck'd not what—the while :
 But now remembrance whispers o'er
 Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
 Say—that his bodings came to pass,
 And he will start to hear their truth,

And wish his words had not been sooth :
 Tell him, unheeding as I was,
 Through many a busy bitter scene
 Of all our golden youth had been,
 In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
 To bless his memory ere I died ;
 But Heaven in wrath would turn away
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
 I do not ask him not to blame,
 Too gentle he to wound my name ;
 And what have I to do with fame ?
 I do not ask him not to mourn,
 Such cold request might sound like scorn ;
 And what than friendship's manly tear
 May better grace a brother's bier ?
 But bear this ring, his own of old
 And tell him what thou dost behold !
 The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
 The wrack by passion left behind,
 A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
 Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief !

* * * * *

"Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
 No, father, no, 't was not a dream ;
 Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,
 I only watch'd and wish'd to weep,
 But could not, for my burning brow
 Throbb'd to the very brain as now :
 I wish'd but for a single tear,
 As something welcome, new, and dear ;
 I wish'd it then, I wish it still ;
 Despair is stronger than my will.
 Waste not thine orison, despair
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer :
 I would not, if I might, be blest ;
 I want no paradise, but rest.
 'T was then, I tell thee, father ! then
 I saw her ; yes, she lived again ;
 — And shining in her white symar,
 As through yon pale gray cloud the star
 Which now I gaze on, as on her,
 Who look'd and looks far lovelier ;

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

“Such is my name, and such my tale.

Confessor! to thy secret ear

I breathe the sorrows I bewail,

And thank thee for the generous tear

This glazing eye could never shed.

Then lay me with the humblest dead,

And, save the cross above my head,

Be neither name nor emblem spread,

By prying stranger to be read,

— Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread.”

He pass'd— nor of his name and race

Hath left a token or a trace,

Save what the father must not say

Who shrived him on his dying day ;

This broken tale was all we knew

Of her he loved, or him he slew.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS:
A TURKISH TALE.

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

TO
THE RIGHT HON. LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED,
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT,
BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,
BYRON.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
— Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?

'T is the clime of the East ; 't is the land of the Sun—
 —Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell.
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
 Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
 Awaiting each his lord's behest
 To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
 Old Giaffir sate in his Divan :
 Deep thought was in his aged eye ;
 And though the face of Mussulman
 Not oft betrays to standers-by
 The mind within, well skill'd to hide
 All but unconquerable pride,
 His pensive cheek and pondering brow
 Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

“ Let the chamber be cleared.”—The train disappear'd.—

“ Now call me the chief of the Haram guard.”

With Giaffir is none but his only son,

And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.

“ Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
 Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
 (Woe to the head whose eye beheld
 My child Zuleika's face unveil'd !)
 Hence, lead my daughter from her tower ;
 Her fate is fix'd this very hour :
 Yet not to her repeat my thought ;
 By me alone be duty taught !”

“ Pacha ! to hear is to obey.”

No more must slave to despot say—
 Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
 But here young Selim silence brake,

 First lowly rendering reverence meet ;
 And downcast look'd, and gently spake,

 Still standing at the Pacha's feet :

For son of Moslem must expire,
 Ere dare to sit before his sire !

“ Father ! for fear that thou shouldst chide
 My sister, or her sable guide,
 Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
 Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me—
 So lovelily the morning shone,
 That—let the old and weary sleep—
 I could not ; and to view alone
 The fairest scenes of land and deep,
 With none to listen and reply
 To thoughts with which my heart beat high
 Were irksome—for whate’er my mood,
 In sooth I love not solitude ;

I on Zuleika’s slumber broke,
 And, as thou knowest that for me
 Soon turns the Haram’s grating key,
 Before the guardian slaves awoke
 We to the cypress groves had flown,
 And made earth, main, and heaven our own !
 There linger’d we, beguiled too long
 — With Mejnoun’s tale, or Sadi’s song ;
 — Till I, who heard the deep tambour
 Beat thy Divan’s approaching hour,
 To thee, and to my duty true,
 Warn’d by the sound, to greet thee flew :
 But there Zuleika wanders yet—
 Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget
 That none can pierce that secret bower
 But those who watch the women’s tower.”

IV.

“ Son of a slave ”—the Pacha said—
 “ From unbelieving mother bred,
 Vain were a father’s hope to see
 Aught that beseems a man in thee.
 Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
 And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
 Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
 Must pore where babbling waters flow,
 And watch unfolding roses blow.
 Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
 Thy listless eyes so much admire,
 Would lend thee something of his fire !

Thou, who wouldst see this battlement
 By Christian cannon piecemeal rent ;
 Nay, tamely view old Stamboul's wall
 Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
 Nor strike one stroke for life and death
 Against the curs of Nazareth !
 Go—let thy less than woman's hand
 Assume the distaff—not the brand.
 But, Haroun !—to my daughter speed ;
 And hark—of thine own head take heed—
 If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
 Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string !”

v.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
 At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
 But every frown and every word
 Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
 “Son of a slave !—reproach'd with fear !
 Those gibes had cost another dear.
 Son of a slave !—and *who* my sire ?”
 Thus held his thoughts their dark career ;
 And glances ev'n of more than ire
 Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
 Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
 And started ; for within his eye
 He read how much his wrath had done ;
 He saw rebellion there begun :
 “Come hither, boy—what, no reply ?
 I mark thee—and I know thee too ;
 But there be deeds thou dar'st not do :
 But if thy beard had manlier length,
 And if thy hand had skill and strength,
 I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
 Albeit against my own perchance.”
 As sneeringly these accents fell,
 On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed :
 That eye return'd him glance for glance,
 And proudly to his sire's was raised,
 Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk askance—
 And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
 “Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
 Will one day work me more annoy :

I never loved him from his birth,
 And—but his arm is little worth,
 And scarcely in the chase could cope
 With timid fawn or antelope,
 Far less would venture into strife
 Where man contends for fame and life—
 I would not trust that look or tone :
 No—nor the blood so near my own.
 That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
 I'll watch him closer than before.
 — He is an Arab to my sight,
 Or Christian crouching in the fight—
 But hark !—I hear Zuleika's voice ;
 Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear :
 She is the offspring of my choice ;
 Oh ! more than ev'n her mother dear,
 With all to hope, and nought to fear—
 My Peri ! ever welcome here !
 Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave
 To lips just cool'd in time to save—
 Such to my longing sight art thou ;
 Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
 More thanks for life, than I for thine,
 Who blest thy birth and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
 Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—
 But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling ;
 Dazzling, as that, oh ! too transcendent vision
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven ;
 Soft, as the memory of buried love ;
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above,
 Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray ?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,

His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might, the majesty of Loveliness?
 Such was Zuleika, such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone—
 The light of love, the purity of grace,
 — The mind, the Music breathing from her face,
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
 And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul;

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

VII.

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

And now thou know'st thy father's will :
 All that thy sex hath need to know :
 'T was mine to teach obedience still—
 The way to love, thy lord may show."

VIII.

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

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

IX.

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

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke !
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke :
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
But little from his aspect learn'd :
Equal her grief, but not the same ;
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame :
But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.

Yet speak she must—but when essay ?

“ How strange he thus should turn away !

Not thus we e'er before have met ;

Nor thus shall be our parting yet.”

Thrice paced she slowly through the room,

And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd :

She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd

— The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,

And sprinkled all its odours o'er

— The pictured roof and marble floor :

The drops, that through his glittering vest

The playful girl's appeal address'd,

Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,

As if that breast were marble too.

“ What, sullen yet ? it must not be—

Oh ! gentle Selim, this from thee !”

She saw in curious order set

The fairest flowers of eastern land—

“ He loved them once ; may touch them yet,

If offer'd by Zuleika's hand.”

The childish thought was hardly breathed

Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed ;

The next fond moment saw her seat

Her fairy form at Selim's feet :

“ This rose to calm my brother's cares

— A message from the Bulbul bears ;

It says to-night he will prolong

For Selim's ear his sweetest song ;

And though his note is somewhat sad,

He'll try for once a strain more glad,

With some faint hope his alter'd lay

May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
 Nay then I am indeed unblest:
 On me can thus thy forehead lower?
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
 Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
 Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 And I will kiss thee into rest,
 Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
 Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.
 I knew our sire at times was stern,
 But this from thee had yet to learn:
 Too well I know he loves thee not;
 But is Zuleika's love forgot?
 Ah! deem I right?—the Pacha's plan—
 This kinsman Bey of Carasman
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.
 If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,—
 If shrines that ne'er approach allow
 To woman's step admit her vow,—
 Without thy free consent, command,
 The Sultan should not have my hand!
 Think'st thou that I could bear to part
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
 Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide?
 Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
 The hour that tears my soul from thee:
 — Ev'n Azrael, from his deadly quiver
 When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
 That parts all else, shall doom for ever
 Our hearts to undivided dust!"

XII.

He lived, he breathed, he moved, he felt;
 He raised the maid from where she knelt;
 His trance was gone, his keen eye shone
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
 With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt
 As the stream late conceal'd
 By the fringe of its willows,

When it rushes reveal'd
 In the light of its billows ;
 As the bolt bursts on high
 From the black cloud that bound it,
 Flash'd the soul of that eye
 Through the long lashes round it.
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
 A lion roused by heedless hound,
 A tyrant waked to sudden strife
 By graze of ill-directed knife,
 Starts not to more convulsive life
 Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,
 And all, before repress'd, betray'd :
 " Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
 With life to keep, and scarce with life resign ;
 Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
 Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
 Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done ;
 That vow hath saved more heads than one :
 But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
 Claims more from me than tenderness ;
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,
 For all the treasures buried far
 — Within the caves of Istakar.
 This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
 Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
 And Giaffir almost call'd me coward !
 Now I have motive to be brave ;
 The son of his neglected slave,
 Nay, start not, 't was the term he gave,
 May show, though little apt to vaunt,
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
His son, indeed ! yet, thanks to thee,
 Perchance I am, at least shall be ;
 But let our plighted secret vow
 Be only known to us as now.
 I know the wretch who dares demand
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand ;
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
 — Holds not a Musselim's control ;
 — Was he not bred in Egripo ?
 A viler race let Israel show !

But let that pass—to none be told
 Our oath: the rest shall time unfold.
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
 I've partisans for peril's day:
 Think not I am what I appear;
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed:
 This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;
 But now thou 'rt from thyself estranged.
 My love thou surely knew'st before,
 It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
 To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
 And hate the night I know not why,
 Save that we meet not but by day;
 With thee to live, with thee to die,
 I dare not to my hope deny:
 Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
 Like this—and this—no more than this,
 For, Allah! sure thy lips are flame:
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?
 My own have nearly caught the same,
 At least I feel my cheek, too, blushing.
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
 Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
 And lighten half thy poverty;
 Do all but close thy dying eye,
 For that I could not live to try;
 To these alone my thoughts aspire:
 More can I do? or thou require?
 But, Selim, thou must answer why
 We need so much of mystery?
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
 But be it, since thou say'st 't is well;
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'
 Beyond my weaker sense extends.
 I meant that Giaffir should have heard
 The very vow I plighted thee;
 His wrath would not revoke my word:
 But surely he would leave me free.

Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
 To be what I have ever been ?
 What other hath Zuleika seen
 From simple childhood's earliest hour ?
 What other can she seek to see
 Than thee, companion of her bower,
 The partner of her infancy ?
 These cherish'd thoughts with life begun,
 Say, why must I no more avow ?
 What change is wrought to make me shun
 The truth ; my pride, and thine till now ?
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
 Our law, our creed, our God denies ;
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
 At such, our Prophet's will, repine :
 No ! happier made by that decree,
 He left me all in leaving thee.
 Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld :
 This wherefore should I not reveal ?
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal ?
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood
 To thee hath never boded good ;
 And he so often storms at nought,
 Allah ! forbid that e'er he ought !
 And why I know not, but within
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.
 If then such secrecy be crime,
 And such it feels while lurking here ;
 Oh, Selim ! tell me yet in time,
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
 — Ah ! yonder see the Tchocadar,
 My father leaves the mimic war ;
 I tremble now to meet his eye—
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why ? ”

XIV.

“ Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
 Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet :
 And now with him I fain must prate
 Of firmans, imposts, levies, state.
 There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
 Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,

For which the Giaour may give him thanks !
 Our Sultan hath a shorter way
 Such costly triumph to repay.
 But, mark me, when the twilight drum
 Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep,
 Unto thy cell will Selim come :
 Then softly from the Haram creep
 Where we may wander by the deep :
 Our garden battlements are steep ;
 Nor these will rash intruder climb
 To list our words, or stint our time ;
 And if he doth, I want not steel
 Which some have felt, and more may feel.
 Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
 Than thou hast heard or thought before ;
 Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me !
 Thou know'st I hold a Haram key.”
 “ Fear thee, my Selim ! ne'er till now
 Did word like this——”

“ Delay not thou ;

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

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh ! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home ;
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,

He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear ;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above ;
His ears but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon, which shone on his high theme :
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow :
That mighty heap of gather'd ground
— Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,

Is now a lone and nameless barrow !
 Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow !
 Without—can only strangers breathe
 The name of him that *was* beneath :
 Dust long outlasts the storied stone ;
 But Thou—thy very dust is gone !

v.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
 The swain, and chase the boatman's fear ;
 Till then—no beacon on the cliff
 May shape the course of struggling skiff ;
 The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
 All, one by one, have died away ;
 The only lamp of this lone hour
 Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.
 Yes ! there is light in that lone chamber,
 And o'er her silken ottoman
 Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
 — O'er which her fairy fingers ran ;
 Near these, with emerald rays beset,
 (How could she thus that gem forget ?)
 — Her mother's sainted amulet,
 Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
 Could smooth this life, and win the next ;
 — And by her comboloio lies
 A Koran of illumined dyes ;
 And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
 By Persian scribes redeem'd from time ;
 And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
 Reclines her now neglected lute ;
 And round her lamp of fretted gold
 Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould ;
 The richest work of Iran's loom,
 And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume ;
 All that can eye or sense delight
 Are gather'd in that gorgeous room :
 But yet it hath an air of gloom.
 She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
 What doth she hence, and on so rude a night ?

vi.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
 Which none save noblest Moslem wear,

To guard from winds of heaven the breast
As heaven itself to Selim dear,
With cautious steps the thicket threading
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide ;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side ?
How teach her tender lips to chide ?

VII.

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

VIII.

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

A cup too on the board was set
 That did not seem to hold sherbet.
 What may this mean? she turn'd to see
 Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
 His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
 But in its stead a shawl of red,
 Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
 Were worthy of a diadem,
 No longer glitter'd at his waist,
 Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;
 And from his belt a sabre swung,
 And from his shoulder loosely hung
 The cloak of white, the thin capote
 That decks the wandering Candiote;
 Beneath—his golden plated vest
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
 The greaves below his knee that wound
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
 But were it not that high command
 Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
 All that a careless eye could see
 — In him was some young Galiongée.

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

“ My slave, Zuleika !—nay, I'm thine :
 But, gentle love, this transport calm,
 Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine ;
 I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
 And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
 — So may the Koran verse display'd
 Upon its steel direct my blade,
 In danger's hour to guard us both,
 As I preserve that awful oath !
 The name in which thy heart hath prided
 Must change ; but, my Zuleika, know
 That tie is widen'd, not divided,
 Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
 My father was to Giaffir all
 That Selim late was deem'd to thee :
 That brother wrought a brother's fall,
 But spared, at least, my infancy ;
 And lull'd me with a vain deceit
 That yet a like return may meet.

He rear'd me, not with tender help,
 — But like the nephew of a Cain ;
 He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,
 That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
 My father's blood in every vein
 Is boiling ; but for thy dear sake
 No present vengeance will I take ;
 Though here I must no more remain.
 But first, beloved Zuleika ! hear
 How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear

XIII.

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

XIV.

“ When Paswan, after years of strife,
 At last for power, but first for life,
 In Widdin's walls too proudly sate,
 Our Pachas rallied round the state ;
 Nor last nor least in high command,
 Each brother led a separate band ;
 — They gave their horse-tails to the wind,
 And mustering in Sophia's plain
 Their tents were pitch'd, their post assign'd ;
 To one, alas ! assign'd in vain !
 What need of words ! the deadly bowl,
 By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,
 With venom subtle as his soul,
 Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.

Reclined and feverish in the bath,
He, when the hunter's sport was up,
But little deem'd a brother's wrath
To quench his thirst had such a cup:
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
— He drank one draught, nor needed more!
If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

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

XVI.

“Within thy father's house are foes;
Not all who break his bread are true:
To these should I my birth disclose,
His days, his very hours were few:
They only want a heart to lead,
A hand to point them to the deed.

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

XVII.

“All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds ;
 But harsher still my tale must be :
 Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
 Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
 I saw thee start this garb to see,
 Yet is it one I oft have worn,
 And long must wear : this Galiongée,
 To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
 Is leader of those pirate hordes,
 Whose laws and lives are on their swords ;
 To hear whose desolating tale
 Would make thy waning cheek more pale :
 Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
 The hands that wield are not remote ;

This cup too for the rugged knaves
 Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er repine:
 Our Prophet might forgive the slaves;
 They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

“The shallop of a trusty Moor
 Convey'd me from this idle shore;

I long'd to see the isles that gem
 Old Ocean's purple diadem :
 — I sought by turns, and saw them all ;
 But when and where I join'd the crew,
 With whom I 'm pledged to rise or fall,
 When all that we design to do
 Is done, 't will then be time more meet
 To tell thee, when the tale 's complete.

XX.

"'T is true, they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood ;
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them hath found—may find a place :
 But open speech, and ready hand,
 Obedience to their chief's command ;
 A soul for every enterprise,
 That never sees with terror's eyes ;
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than ev'n my own intents.
 And some—and I have studied all
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
 But chiefly to my council call
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,
 — The last of Lambro's patriots there
 Anticipated freedom share ;
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate,
 — To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.
 So let them ease their hearts with prate
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew ;
 I have a love for freedom too.

— Ay ! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam,
 — Or only know on land the Tartar's home !
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
 Are more than cities and Serais to me :
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
 Across the desert, or before the gale,
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb ! or glide, my prow !

But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou !
Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark ;
The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark !
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life !
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray !
Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call ;
Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise :
Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
— Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command !
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The Haram's languid years of listless ease
Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these :
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumber'd perils—but one only love !
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still !
Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown ;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own ;
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
Blend every thought, do all—but disunite !
Once free, 't is mine our horde again to guide ;
Friends to each other, foes to aught beside :
Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind :
Mark ! where his carnage and his conquests cease !
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace !
I, like the rest, must use my skill or strength,
But ask no land beyond my sabre's length :
Power sways but by division—her resource
The blest alternative of fraud or force !
Ours be the last ; in time deceit may come
When cities cage us in a social home ;

There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the heart
 Corruption shakes which peril could not part !
 And woman, more than man, when death or woe,
 Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,
 Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—
 Away suspicion !— *not* Zuleika's name !
 But life is hazard at the best ; and here
 No more remains to win, and much to fear :
 Yes, fear ! the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail :
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms ;
 Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms !
 Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck :
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be,
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee !
 The war of elements no fears impart
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art :
There lie the only rocks our course can check ;
Here moments menace—*there* are years of wreck !
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape :
 This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.
 Few words remain of mine my tale to close ;
 Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes ;
 Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline ?
 And is not Osman, who would part us, thine ?

XXI.

“ His head and faith from doubt and death
 Return'd in time my guard to save ;
 Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
 From isle to isle I roved the while ;
 And since, though parted from my band
 Too seldom now I leave the land,
 No deed they 've done, nor deed shall do,
 Ere I have heard and doom'd it too :
 I form the plan, decree the spoil,
 'T is fit I oftener share the toil.

But now too long I've held thine ear ;
 Time presses, floats my bark, and here
 We leave behind but hate and fear.
 To-morrow Osman with his train
 Arrives—to-night must break thy chain :
 And wouldst thou save that haughty Bey,—
 Perchance *his* life who gave thee thine,—
 With me this hour away—away !
 But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
 Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,
 Appall'd by truths imparted now,
 Here rest I—not to see thee wed :
 But be that peril on *my* head !”

XXII.

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

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—“’T is come—soon past—
 One kiss, Zuleika—’t is my last :
 But yet my band not far from shore

May hear this signal, see the flash ;
 Yet now too few—the attempt were rash :
 No matter—yet one effort more.”
 Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ;
 His pistol's echo rang on high,
 Zuleika started not, nor wept,
 Despair benumb'd her breast and eye !—
 “ They hear me not, or if they ply
 Their oars, 't is but to see me die ;
 That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
 Then forth my father's scimitar,
 Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war !
 Farewell, Zuleika !—sweet ! retire :
 Yet stay within—here linger safe,
 At thee his rage will only chafe.
 Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
 Some erring blade or ball should glance.
 Fear'st thou for him ?—may I expire
 If in this strife I seek thy sire !
 No—though by him that poison pour'd ;
 No—though again he call me coward !
 But tamely shall I meet their steel ?
 No—as each crest save *his* may feel !”

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand :
 Already at his feet hath sunk
 The foremost of the prying band,
 A gasping head, a quivering trunk :
 Another falls—but round him close
 A swarming circle of his foes ;
 From right to left his path he cleft,
 And almost met the meeting wave :
 His boat appears—not five oars' length—
 His comrades strain with desperate strength—
 Oh ! are they yet in time to save ?
 His feet the foremost breakers lave ;
 His band are plunging in the bay,
 Their sabres glitter through the spray ;
 Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
 They struggle—now they touch the land !
 They come—'t is but to add to slaughter—
 His heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,
To where the strand and billows met;
There as his last step left the land—
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah ! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain ?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain.
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will Lover's hope remain !
His back was to the dashing spray ;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—
" So may the foes of Giaffir fall !"
Whose voice is heard ? whose carbine rang ?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err ?
'T is thine—Abdallah's Murderer !
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate :
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone !

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ;
Few trophies of the fight are there :
The shouts that shook the midnight bay
Are silent ; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shiver'd brand ;
Steps stamp'd ; and dash'd into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be mark'd ; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat ;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote !

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

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale :
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late :
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face !
 Can he not hear
 — The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear ?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale !
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill :
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all,

And that last thought on him thou couldst not save
Sufficed to kill ;

Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.

Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave !

Ah ! happy ! but of life to lose the worst !

That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first !

Thrice happy ne'er to feel nor fear the force

Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse !

And, oh ! that pang where more than madness lies !

The worm that will not sleep—and never dies ;

Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,

That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,

That winds around, and tears the quivering heart !

Ah ! wherefore not consume it—and depart !

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief !

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,

Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread :

By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief :

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

She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,

Thy Daughter's dead !

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

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

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

Hark ! to the hurried question of Despair :

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

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs

That shine beneath, while dark above

The sad but living cypress glooms

And withers not, though branch and leaf

Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,

Like early unrequited Love,

One spot exists, which ever blooms,

Ev'n in that deadly grove—

A single rose is shedding there

Its lonely lustre, meek and pale :

It looks as planted by Despair—

So white—so faint—the slightest gale

Might whirl the leaves on high ;
 And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky
 May wring it from the stem—in vain—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again :
 The stalk some spirit gently rears,
 And waters with celestial tears ;
 For well may maids of Helle deem
 That this can be no earthly flower,
 Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
 And buds unshelter'd by a bower ;
 Nor droops though Spring refuse her shower,
 Nor woos the Summer beam :
 To it the livelong night there sings
 A bird unseen—but not remote :
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that Houris strings
 His long entrancing note !
 It were the Bulbul ; but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain :
 For they who listen cannot leave
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain !
 And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
 'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,
 They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
 And longer yet would weep and wake
 He sings so wild and well !
 But when the day-blush bursts from high
 Expires that magic melody.
 And some have been who could believe,
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
 Yet harsh be they that blame,)
 That note so piercing and profound
 — Will shape and syllable its sound
 Into Zuleika's name.
 'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
 That melts in air the liquid word ;
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth.
 There late was laid a marble stone ;
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow, gone !

It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep-fix'd pillar to the shore ;
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 't was found where Selim fell ;
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave :
 And there by night, reclined, 't is said,
 Is seen a ghastly turban'd head :
 And hence extended by the billow,
 'T is named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow !"
 Where first it lay that mourning flower
 Hath flourish'd ; flourisheth this hour,
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale ;
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale !

THE CORSAIR:

A TALE.

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

TO

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR MOORE,

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years ; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots ; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit me, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship to the voice

of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality are part of your national claim of Oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of “Gods, men, nor columns.” In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart: Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future, regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes

criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of “drawing from self,” the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than “The Giaour,” and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever “alias” they please.

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,
And affectionately,
His obedient servant,

BYRON.

January 2, 1814.

CANTO THE FIRST.

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

I.

“O’ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
 Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
 Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
 Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
 The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
 That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
 And turn what some deem danger to delight;
 That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
 And where the feebler faint, can only feel—
 Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
 No dread of death if with us die our foes—
 Save that it seems even duller than repose:
 Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
 When lost—what reck's it but disease or strife?
 Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,
 Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
 Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
 And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
 For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 When those who win at length divide the prey,
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*"

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle
 Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while:
 Such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
 And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song!

In scatter'd groups upon the golden sand,
 They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand :
 Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
 And careless eye the blood that dims its shine ;
 Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
 While others straggling muse along the shore ;
 For the wild bird the busy springes set,
 Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net ;
 Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
 With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise ;
 Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
 And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil :
 No matter where—their chief's allotment this ;
 Theirs, to believe no prey nor plan amiss.
 But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore
 Is famed and fear'd—they ask and know no more.
 With these he mingles not but to command ;
 Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
 Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
 But they forgive his silence for success.
 Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
 That goblet passes him untasted still—
 And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
 Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too ;
 Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
 And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
 His short repast in humbleness supply
 With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
 But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
 His mind seems nourish'd by that abstinence. [done.
 "Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—'t is
 "Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won.
 Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
 And all obey and few inquire his will ;
 To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
 Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

III.

"A sail!—a sail!"—a promised prize to Hope!
 Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
 No prize, alas! but yet a welcome sail :
 The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.

Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—
 Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.
 Already doubled is the cape—our bay
 Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
 How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
 Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
 She walks the water like a thing of life,
 And seems to dare the elements to strife.
 Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
 To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

"Where is our chief? for him we bear report—
 And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short;
 Yet thus sincere, 't is cheering, though so brief;
 But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief:
 Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return,
 And all shall hear what each may wish to learn."

Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
 To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,
 By bushy brake, and wild-flowers blossoming,
 And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
 Whose scatter'd streams from granite basins burst,
 Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst ;
 From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder cave,
 What lonely straggler looks along the wave ?
 In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
 Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand ?
 " 'T is he—'t is Conrad—here, as wont, alone ;
 On—Juan !—on—and make our purpose known.
 The bark he views—and tell him we would greet
 His ear with tidings he must quickly meet :
 We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood
 When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

VII.

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

" In the anchor'd bark."

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

" To-night, Lord Conrad !"

" Ay ! at set of sun :

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

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

VIII.

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

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
 Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,
 In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
 Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire :
 Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
 No giant frame sets forth his common height ;

Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men ;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil ;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen :
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined ;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye ;
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
— Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell !

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within—within—'t was there the spirit wrought !
Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile ;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions ; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.
Then—with the hurried tread, the upward eye,
The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
That listens, starting, lest the step too near
Approach intrusive on that mood of fear ;

Then—with each feature working from the heart,
 With feelings, loosed to strengthen—not depart,
 That rise, convulse, contend—that freeze or glow,
 Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow ;
 Then, Stranger ! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
 Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot !
 Mark how that lone and blighted bosom sears
 The scathing thought of execrated years !
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
 Man as himself—the secret spirit free ?

XI.

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

Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,
And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings!

XII.

None are all evil—quickenings round his heart
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
By passions worthy of a fool or child:
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And even in him it asks the name of Love!
Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by;
Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd bower,
None ever sooth'd his most unguarded hour.
Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh more than all! untired by time;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were she near to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love!
He was a villain—ay, reproaches shower
On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

XIII.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.
“Strange tidings!—many a peril have I pass'd,
Nor know I why this next appears the last!
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
’Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait
Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;

And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
 We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.
 Ay, let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams!
 Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams
 As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)
 To warm these slow avengers of the seas.
 Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,
 Long may her own be lighter than thou art!
 Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are brave!
 Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.
 This common courage which with brutes we share,
 That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
 Small merit claims—but 't was my nobler hope
 To teach my few with numbers still to cope;
 Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed:
 No medium now—we perish or succeed;
 So let it be—it irks not me to die;
 But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.
 My lot hath long had little of my care,
 But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
 Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
 Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?
 Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly, not thy fate!
 She may redeem thee still, nor yet too late."

XIV.

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

I.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

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

“In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad?
 Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
 Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
 Still must each action to my bosom suit,
 My heart unhush'd, although my lips were mute!
 Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
 My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,
 And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail
 The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
 Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,
 That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge;
 Still would I rise to rouse the beacon-fire,
 Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;
 And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
 And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
 Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
 And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
 And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
 Was granted to my tears, my truth, my vow!
 At length 't was noon—I hail'd and blest the mast
 That met my sight—it near'd—Alas! it pass'd!
 Another came—Oh God! 't was thine at last!
 Would that those days were over! wilt thou ne'er,
 My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
 Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a home
 As bright as this invites us not to roam:
 Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
 I only tremble when thou art not here;

Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will !”

“Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been
changed ;

Worm-like ’t was trampled, adder-like avenged,
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love mankind :
Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last ;
But—oh, Medora ! nerve thy gentler heart :
This hour again—but not for long—we part.”

“ This hour we part—my heart foreboded this :
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away !
Yon bark hath hardly anchor’d in the bay :
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew :
My love ! thou mock’st my weakness ; and would’st steel
My breast before the time when it must feel ;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad !—dearest ! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare ;
Light toil ! to cull and dress thy frugal fare !
See, I have pluck’d the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplex’d, but pleased, I guess’d
At such as seem’d the fairest ; thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill ;
Yes ! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow !
The grapes’ gay juice thy bosom never cheers ;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears :
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread ; our silver lamp
Is trimm’d, and heeds not the sirocco’s damp :

Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
 And join with me the dance, or wake the song;
 Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
 Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
 We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
 — Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.
 Why, thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
 To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;
 Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
 When the clear sky show'd Ariadne's Isle,
 Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while:
 And thus half sportive, half in fear, I said,
 Lest time should raise that doubt to more than dread,
 Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main;
 And he deceived me—for he came again!"

"Again, again—and oft again—my love!
 If there be life below, and hope above,
 He will return—but now, the moments bring
 The time of parting with redoubled wing:
 The why, the where—what boots it now to tell?
 Since all must end in that wild word—farewell!
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes;
 And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
 For sudden siege and long defence prepared:
 Nor be thou lonely, though thy lord's away,
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;
 And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
 Security shall make repose more sweet.
 List!—'t is the bugle!"—Juan shrilly blew—
 "One kiss—one more—another—Oh! Adieu!"

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face:
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
 Which downcast droop'd in tearless agony.
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
 In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms;
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
 So full—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt!
 Hark! peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
 It told 't was sunset, and he cursed that sun.

Again—again—that form he madly press'd,
 Which mutely clasp'd imploringly caress'd !
 And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
 One moment gazed, as if to gaze no more ;
 Felt that for him earth held but her alone,
 Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone ?

XV.

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

XVI.

From crag to crag descending, swiftly sped
 Stern Conrad down, nor once he turn'd his head ;
 But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
 Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
 His lone but lovely dwelling on the steep,
 That hail'd him first when homeward from the deep :
 And she—the dim and melancholy star,
 Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from afar,

On her he must not gaze, he must not think,
There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink :
Yet once almost he stopp'd, and nearly gave
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave :
But no—it must not be—a worthy chief
May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.
He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,
And sternly gathers all his might of mind :
Again he hurries on—and as he hears
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar ;
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,
The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
That mute adieu to those who stem the surge ;
And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
He marvell'd how his heart could seem so soft.
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possest ;
He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach.
There checks his speed ; but pauses less to breathe
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statelier step renew ;
Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view :
For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud ;
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen :
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy ;
All these he wielded to command assent :
But where he wish'd to win, so well unbent,
That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,
And others' gifts show'd mean beside his word,
When echo'd to the heart as from his own
His deep yet tender melody of tone :
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
He cared not what he soften'd, but subdued :
The evil passions of his youth had made
Him value less who loved—than what obey'd.

XVII.

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

"My sword, and my capote."

Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
 His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung:
 "Call Pedro here!" He comes—and Conrad bends,
 With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends;
 "Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
 Words of high trust and truth are graven there;
 Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark
 Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:
 In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
 On our return—till then all peace be thine!"
 This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,
 Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.
 Flash'd the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke,
 — Around the waves' phosphoric brightness broke;
 They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,—
 Shrieks the shrill whistle, ply the busy hands—
 He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
 How gallant all her crew, and deigns to praise.
 His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—
 Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
 Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
 And live a moment o'er the parting hour;
 She—his Medora—did she mark the prow?
 Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
 But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—
 Again he mans himself and turns away;
 Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
 And there unfolds his plan, his means, and ends;
 Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
 And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
 They to the midnight watch protract debate;
 To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
 Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,
 And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;
 Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering isle,
 To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile:

And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
 Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
 Count they each sail, and mark how there supine
 The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
 Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,
 And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie ;
 Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,
 That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.
 Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—
 Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep ;
 While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,
 And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of blood !

CANTO THE SECOND.

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

I.

IN Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
 Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
 For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night :
 A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
 When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers home ;
 This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,
 And faithful to his firman and his word,
 His summon'd prows collect along the coast,
 And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast ;
 Already shared the captives and the prize,
 Though far the distant foe they thus despise ;
 'T is but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun
 Will see the Pirates bound, their haven won !
 Meantime the watch may slumber if they will,
 Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
 Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
 To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek ;
 How well such deed becomes the turban'd brave—
 To bare the sabre's edge before a slave !
 Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
 Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
 And do not deign to smite because they may !

Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
 To keep in practice for the coming foe.
 Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
 And they who wish to wear a head must smile ;
 For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
 And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd ;
 Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
 Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
 Forbidden draughts, 't is said, he dared to quaff,
 — Though to the rest the sober berry's juice
 The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use ;
 — The long chibouque's dissolving cloud supply,
 — While dance the Almas to wild minstrelsy.
 The rising morn will view the chiefs embark ;
 But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark :
 And revellers may more securely sleep
 On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep :
 Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,
 And less to conquest than to Korans trust :
 And yet the numbers crowded in his host
 Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate
 Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
 Bows his bent head, his hand salutes the floor,
 Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore :
 “ A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
 — Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.”
 He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
 And led the holy man in silence nigh.
 His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
 His step was feeble, and his look deprest ;
 Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.
 Vow'd to his God—his sable locks he wore,
 And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er :
 Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
 And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone ;

Submissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,
 He calmly met the curious eyes that scann'd ;
 And question of his coming fain would seek,
 Before the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

IV.

“ Whence com'st thou, Dervise ? ”

“ From the outlaw's den,

A fugitive—”

“ Thy capture where and when ? ”

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

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

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

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

'T were vain to guess what shook the pious man,
Who look'd not lovingly on that Divan;
Nor show'd high relish for the banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow-guest.

'T was but a moment's peevish hectic pass'd
Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:
He sate him down in silence, and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook:
The feast was usher'd in, but sumptuous fare
He shunn'd as if some poison mingled there.
For one so long condemn'd to toil and fast,
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.

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

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

“Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—
One question answer; then in peace depart.
How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?
What star—what sun is bursting on the bay?
It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!

The galleys feed the flames—and I afar !
Accursed Dervise !—these thy tidings—thou
Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now !”
Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight ;
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray !
His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below ;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell —
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell !
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves ;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
— *They* seize that Dervise !—seize on Zatanai !
He saw their terror—check'd the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obey'd,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made ;
He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew ;
'T is answer'd—“ Well ye speed, my gallant crew !
Why did I doubt their quickness of career ?
And deem design had left me single here ?”
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay ;
Completes his fury what their fear begun,
And makes the many basely quail to one.
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head :
Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelm'd, with rage, surprise,
Retreats before him, though he still defies.
No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
So much Confusion magnifies his foe !
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
— He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight ;

For now the pirates pass'd the Haram gate,
 And burst within—and it were death to wait.
 Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling throws
 The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows !
 The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within
 Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
 Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
 Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.
 They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
 A glutt'd tiger mangling in his lair !
 But short their greeting, shorter his reply—
 " 'T is well—but Seyd escapes, and he must die—
 Much hath been done, but more remains to do—
 Their galleys blaze—why not their city too ? "

V.

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

Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd!

VI.

— Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,
Few words to re-assure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,
The foe before retiring, fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
First slower fled—then rallied—then withstood.
This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,
Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flow'd too well—
When wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life.
Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld
His followers faint by freshening foes repell'd:
“One effort—one—to break the circling host!”
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,
Hemm'd in, cut off, cleft down, and trampled o'er,
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome,
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,
Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,
Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,
By Conrad's mandate safely were bestow'd,
And dried those tears for life and fame that flow'd:
And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in despair,

Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
 That smooth'd his accents ; soften'd in his eye :
 'T was strange—*that* robber thus with gore bedew'd
 Seem'd gentler than Seyd in fondest mood.
 The Pacha woo'd as if he deem'd the slave
 Must seem delighted with the heart he gave ;
 The Corsair vow'd protection, soothed affright,
 As if his homage were a woman's right.
 "The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain :
 Yet much I long to view that chief again ;
 If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
 The life my loving lord remember'd not !"

VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,
 But gather'd breathing from the happier dead ;
 Far from his band, and battling with a host
 That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
 Fell'd—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought,
 And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought ;
 Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
 While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of pain,
 And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed again—
 But drop for drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
 Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die !
 Can this be he ? triumphant late she saw,
 When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law !
 'T is he indeed—disarm'd but undeprest,
 His sole regret the life he still possess ;
 His wounds too slight, though taken with that will,
 Which would have kiss'd the hand that then could kill.
 Oh were there none, of all the many given,
 To send his soul—he scarcely ask'd to heaven ?
 Must he alone of all retain his breath,
 Who more than all had striven and struck for death ?
 He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel,
 When thus reversed on faithless fortune's wheel,
 For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
 Of lingering tortures to repay the debt—
 He deeply, darkly felt ; but evil pride
 That led to perpetrate, now serves to hide.
 Still in his stern and self-collected mien
 A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,

Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
 But few that saw—so calmly gazed around :
 Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
 Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
 The better warriors who beheld him near,
 Insulted not the foe who taught them fear ;
 And the grim guards that to his durance led,
 In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

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

X.

'T were vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
 It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
 There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
 When all its elements convulsed, combined,
 Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
 And gnashing with impenitent Remorse—
 That juggling fiend, who never spake before,
 But cries " I warn'd thee ! " when the deed is o'er.
 Vain voice ! the spirit burning but unbent,
 May writhe, rebel—the weak alone repent !
 Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
 And, to itself, all, all that self reveals,—
 No single passion, and no ruling thought
 That leaves the rest, at once, unseen, unsought,

But the wild prospect when the soul reviews,
 All rushing through their thousand avenues.
 Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
 Endanger'd glory, life itself beset ;
 The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
 'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate ;
 The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
 Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven ;
 Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remember'd not
 So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot ;
 Things light or lovely in their acted time,
 But now to stern reflection each a crime ;
 The withering sense of evil unreveal'd,
 Not cankering less because the more conceal'd—
 All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
 That opening sepulchre—the naked heart
 Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
 To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.
 Ay, Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all—
 All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
 Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
 The only hypocrite deserving praise :
 Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies ;
 But he who looks on death—and silent dies.
 So steel'd by pondering o'er his far career,
 He half-way meets him should he menace near !

XI.

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

“ And now come torture when it will—or may,
More need of rest to nerve me for the day ! ”
This said, with languor to his mat he crept,
And whatso'er his visions, quickly slept.
'T was hardly midnight when that fray begun,
For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done :
And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd—
Disguised, discover'd, conquering, ta'en, condemn'd—
A chief on land, an outlaw on the deep—
Destroying, saving, prison'd, and asleep !

XII.

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

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep,
 While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
 And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
 What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
 True—'t is to him my life, and more, I owe,
 And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:
 'T is late to think—but soft, his slumber breaks—
 How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"

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

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

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

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief
 Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
 That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
 And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
 And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
 — Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest!

Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
 It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
 Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now
 A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:
 And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
 As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
 Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short life,
 Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.

XIV.

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

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

“ Thou lov’st another then ?—but what to me
Is this—’t is nothing—nothing e’er can be :
But yet—thou lov’st—and—Oh ! I envy those
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
Who never feel the void—the wandering thought
That sighs o’er visions—such as mine hath wrought.”

“ Lady, methought thy love was his, for whom
This arm redeem’d thee from a fiery tomb.”

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—not my love—
 Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
 To meet his passion—but it would not be.
 I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.
 I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,
 To share his splendour, and seem very blest!
 Oft must my soul the question undergo,
 Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer, 'No!'
 Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
 And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
 But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
 And hide from one—perhaps another there.
 He takes the hand I give not, nor withhold—
 Its pulse nor check'd nor quicken'd—calmly cold:
 And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
 From one I never loved enough to hate.
 No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
 And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
 Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
 The change to hatred were at least to feel:
 But still he goes unmourn'd, returns unsought,
 And oft when present—absent from my thought.
 Or when reflection comes—and come it must—
 I fear that henceforth 't will but bring disgust;
 I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
 'T were worse than bondage to become his bride.
 Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease,
 Or seek another and give mine release,
 But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!
 Yes, if unwonted fondness now I feign,
 Remember, captive! 't is to break thy chain;
 Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
 To give thee back to all endear'd below,
 Who share such love as I can never know.
 Farewell, morn breaks, and I must now away:
 'T will cost me dear—but dread no death to-day!"

XV.

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,
 And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to depart,
 And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
 And was she here? and is he now alone?

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
 The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain.
 That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine,
 Already polish'd by the hand divine!

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

XVI.

'T is morn, and o'er his alter'd features play
 The beams—without the hope of yesterday.
 What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
 O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing,
 By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt;
 While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
 Chill, wet, and misty round each stiffen'd limb,
 Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!

CANTO THE THIRD.

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

I.

— SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
 Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!
 O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
 On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle,
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;

O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more divine.
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
 When—Athens ! here thy Wisest look'd his last.
 How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
 — That closed their murder'd sage's latest day !
 Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
 The precious hour of parting lingers still ;
 But sad his light to agonising eyes,
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes :
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
 The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before ;
 But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled ;
 The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die !

But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain,
 — The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form ;
 With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,
 And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret :
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
 Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
 — The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
 All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.
 Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war ;

Again his waves in milder tints unfold
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

II.

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

III.

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

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

It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,
 Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought;
 Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
 Scarce knew how they escaped—*this* all they knew.

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

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

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

She heard no further—'t was in vain to strive— [stood ;
 So throbb'd each vein—each thought—till then with-
 Her own dark soul these words at once subdued :
 She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave
 Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave,
 But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
 They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies :
 Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
 Raise, fan, sustain—till life returns anew ;
 Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave
 That fainting form o'er which they gaze and grieve ;
 Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report
 The tale too tedious—when the triumph short.

IV.

In that wild council words wax'd warm and strange
 With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge ;
 All, save repose or flight : still lingering there
 Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair ;

Whate'er his fate—the breasts he form'd and led
 Will save him living, or appease him dead.
 Woe to his foes ! there yet survive a few,
 Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

v.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate
 Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate ;
 His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
 Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell ;
 Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
 Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of mind ;
 While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
 Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
 — *His* only bends in seeming o'er his beads,
 But inly views his victim as he bleeds.
 “ Pacha ! the day is thine ; and on thy crest
 Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest !
 His doom is fix'd—he dies : and well his fate
 Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for thy hate :
 Methinks, a short release, for ransom told
 With all his treasure, not unwisely sold ;
 Report speaks largely of his pirate-ward—
 Would that of this my Pacha were the lord !
 While baffled, weaken'd by this fatal fray—
 Watch'd—follow'd—he were then an easier prey ;
 But once cut off—the remnant of his band
 Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand.”

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

“ Nay, Seyd ! I seek not to restrain thy rage,
 Too justly moved for mercy to assuage
 My thoughts were only to secure for thee
 His riches—thus released, he were not free :

Disabled, shorn of half his might and band,
His capture could but wait thy first command."

"His capture *could*!—and shall I then resign
One day to him—the wretch already mine?
Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—thine!
Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude,
That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood,
Which thee and thine alone of all could spare,
No doubt—regardless if the prize were fair,
My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear!
I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.
Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Thou need'st not answer—thy confession speaks,
Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:
'T is not *his* life alone may claim such care!
Another word and—nay—I need no more.
Accursed was the moment when he bore
Thee from the flames, which better far—but no—
I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—
Now 't is thy lord that warns—deceitful thing!
Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
Look to thyself, nor deem thy falsehood safe!"

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

VI.

Meanwhile long, anxious, weary, still the same
Roll'd day and night : his soul could terror tame—
This fearful interval of doubt and dread,
When every hour might doom him worse than dead,
When every step that echo'd by the gate,
Might entering lead where axe and stake await ;
When every voice that grated on his ear
Might be the last that he could ever hear ;
Could terror tame—that spirit stern and high
Had proved unwilling as unfit to die ;
'T was worn—perhaps decay'd—yet silent bore
That conflict, deadlier far than all before :
The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail ;
But bound and fix'd in fetter'd solitude,
To pine, the prey of every changing mood ;
To gaze on thine own heart, and meditate
Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—
Too late the last to shun—the first to mend ;
To count the hours that struggle to thine end,
With not a friend to animate, and tell
To other ears that death became thee well ;
Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
And blot life's latest scene with calumny ;
Before thee tortures, which the soul can dare,
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear ;
But deeply feels a single cry would shame,
To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim ;
The life thou leav'st below, denied above
By kind monopolists of heavenly love ;
And more than doubtful paradise—thy heaven
Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven.
Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain :
And those sustain'd he—boots it well or ill ?
Since not to sink beneath, is something still !

VII.

The first day pass'd—he saw not her—Gulnare ;
The second, third—and still she came not there ;
But what her words avouch'd her charms had done,
Or else he had not seen another sun.

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

VIII.

The midnight pass'd, and to the massy door
 A light step came—it paused—it moved once more;
 Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:
 'T is as his heart foreboded—that fair she!
 Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
 And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;
 Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
 More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame:
 On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,
 Which spoke before her accents—"Thou must die!
 Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
 The last—the worst—if torture were not worse."

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

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

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

“Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain’d the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain:
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—’t is none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
I see thee shudder, but my soul is changed—
Wrong’d, spurn’d, reviled, and it shall be avenged—
Accused of what till now my heart disdain’d—
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain’d.
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,
I was not treacherous then, nor thou too dear:
But he has said it—and the jealous well—
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel—
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.

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

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

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

IX.

She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could reply,
 But his glance follow'd far with eager eye;
 And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
 His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
 Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
 He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.
 'T was dark and winding, and he knew not where
 That passage led; nor lamp nor guard was there:
 He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
 Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
 Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
 Full on his brow, as if from morning air;
 He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye
 Gleam'd the last star of night, the clearing sky:
 Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
 From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
 Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing door
 Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.
 With hasty step a figure outward pass'd,
 Then paused, and turn'd—and paused—'t is she at last!
 No poniard in that hand, nor sign of ill—
 "Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!"
 Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye
 Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.

She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-floating hair,
 That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair,
 As if she late had bent her leaning head
 Above some object of her doubt or dread.
 They meet—upon her brow—unknown, forgot—
 Her hurrying hand had left—'t was but a spot—
 Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
 Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'t is blood!

X.

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

XI.

“'T is done—he nearly waked—but it is done.
 Corsair! he perish'd—thou art dearly won.
 All words would now be vain—away—away!
 Our bark is tossing—'t is already day.
 The few gain'd over, now are wholly mine,
 And these thy yet surviving band shall join:
 Anon, my voice shall vindicate my hand,
 When once our sail forsakes this hated strand.”

XII.

She clapp'd her hands, and through the gallery pour,
 Equipp'd for flight, her vassals—Greek and Moor;
 Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;
 Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!
 But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
 As if they there transferr'd that iron weight.
 No words are utter'd—at her sign, a door
 Reveals the secret passage to the shore:
 The city lies behind—they speed, they reach
 The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;

And Conrad following, at her beck, obey'd,
 Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd ;
 Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
 Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself upbraid
 Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he made ;
 But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpressed,
 They bleed within that silent cell—his breast.
 Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
 The blue waves sport around the stern they urge ;
 Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,
 A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck !

Their little bark her men of watch descry,
 And ampler canvas woos the wind from high ;
 She bears her down majestically near,
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier ;
 A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow
 Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.
 Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance ;
 “’T is mine—my blood-red flag ! again—again—
 I am not all deserted on the main !”
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
 “’T is Conrad ! Conrad !” shouting from the deck,
 Command nor duty could their transport check !
 With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
 They view him mount once more his vessel’s side ;
 A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
 Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.
 He, half forgetting danger and defeat,
 Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,
 Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo’s hand,
 And feels he yet can conquer and command !

XVI.

These greetings o’er, the feelings that o’erflow,
 Yet grieve to win him back without a blow ;
 They sail’d prepared for vengeance—had they known
 A woman’s hand secured that deed her own,
 She were their queen—less scrupulous are they
 Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
 With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,
 They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare ;
 And her—at once above—beneath her sex,
 Whom blood appall’d not, their regards perplex.
 To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
 She drops her veil, and stands in silence by ;
 Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
 Which—Conrad safe—to fate resign’d the rest.
 Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,
 Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,
 The worst of crimes had left her woman still !

XVII.

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

XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.
To them the very rocks appear to smile;
The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!

Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.
 Oh ! what can sanctify the joys of home,
 Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam ?

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
 And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower :
 He looks in vain—'t is strange—and all remark,
 Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
 'T is strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,
 Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.
 With the first boat descends he for the shore,
 And looks impatient on the lingering oar.
 Oh ! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
 To bear him like an arrow to that height !
 With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
 He waits not, looks not—leaps into the wave,
 Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high
 Ascends the path familiar to his eye.
 He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no sound
 Broke from within ; and all was night around.
 He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply
 Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh ;
 He knock'd, but faintly—for his trembling hand
 Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
 The portal opens—'t is a well-known face,
 But not the form he panted to embrace.
 Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,
 And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd ;
 He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—
 It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.
 He would not wait for that reviving ray—
 As soon could he have linger'd there for day ;
 But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,
 Another chequers o'er the shadow'd floor ;
 His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
 All that his heart believed not—yet foretold !

XX.

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,
 And set the anxious frame that lately shook :

He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain !
In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there ;
— And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep :
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—
Oh ! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light ;
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wish'd repose,—but only for a while ;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long, fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind ;
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here ?

XXI.

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

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest
 The indistinctness of the suffering breast ;
 Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
 Which seeks from all the refuge found in none ;
 No words suffice the secret soul to show,
 For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
 On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
 And stupor almost lull'd it into rest ;
 So feeble now—his mother's softness crept
 To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept :
 It was the very weakness of his brain,
 Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
 None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
 That useless flood of grief had never been :
 Nor long they flow'd—he dried them to depart,
 In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart :
 The sun goes forth, but Conrad's day is dim ;
 And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.
 There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
 On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind !
 Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside
 To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide !

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

LARA.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

And Lara left in youth his father-land ;
 But from the hour he waved his parting hand
 Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all
 Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
 His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,
 'T was all they knew, that Lara was not there ;
 Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
 Cold in the many, anxious in the few.
 His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,
 His portrait darkens in its fading frame,
 Another chief consoled his destined bride,
 The young forgot him, and the old had died ;
 " Yet doth he live ! " exclaims the impatient heir,
 And sighs for sables which he must not wear.
 A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace
 The Laras' last and longest dwelling-place ;
 But one is absent from the mouldering file,
 That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,
 And whence they know not, why they need not guess ;
 They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,
 Not that he came, but came not long before :
 No train is his beyond a single page,
 Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.

Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away
 To those that wander as to those that stay ;
 But lack of tidings from another clime
 Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.
 They see, they recognise, yet almost deem
 The present dubious, or the past a dream.

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

V.

And they indeed were changed—'t is quickly seen,
 Whate'er he be, 't was not what he had been :
 That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
 And spake of passions, but of passion past :
 The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
 Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise ;
 A high demeanour, and a glance that took
 Their thoughts from others by a single look ;
 And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
 The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
 That darts in seeming playfulness around,
 And makes those feel that will not own the wound ;
 All these seem'd his, and something more beneath
 Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.
 Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,
 That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
 Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
 Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive ;
 And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
 At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

VI.

Not much he loved long question of the past ;
 Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,

In those far lands where he had wander'd lone,
 And—as himself would have it seem—unknown ;
 Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,
 Nor glean experience from his fellow man ;
 But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,
 As hardly worth a stranger's care to know ;
 If still more prying such inquiry grew,
 His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

VII.

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

VIII.

'T was strange—in youth all action and all life,
 Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife ;
 Woman, the field, the ocean, all that gave
 Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
 In turn he tried—he ransack'd all below,
 And found his recompense in joy or woe,
 No tame, trite medium ; for his feelings sought
 In that intensesness an escape from thought :
 The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
 On that the feebler elements had raised ;

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

IX.

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

X.

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
 The stars are studding, each with imaged beam;
 So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
 And yet they glide like happiness away;
 Reflecting far and fairy-like from high
 The immortal lights that live along the sky:
 Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
 And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;

Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
 And Innocence would offer to her love.
 These deck the shore; the waves their channel make
 In windings bright and mazy like the snake.
 All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
 Secure that nought of evil could delight
 To walk in such a scene, on such a night!
 It was a moment only for the good:
 So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,
 But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate;
 Such scene his soul no more could contemplate:
 Such scene reminded him of other days,
 Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,
 Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now—
 No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,
 Unfelt, unsparing—but a night like this,
 A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as his.

XI.

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

XII.

'T was midnight—all was slumber; the lone light
 Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd
 To know the import of the words they heard ;
 And, by the changes of his cheek and brow,
 They were not such as Lara should avow,
 Nor he interpret,—yet with less surprise
 Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes,

But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
 And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied,
 And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem
 To soothe away the horrors of his dream—
 If dream it were that thus could overthrow
 A breast that needed not ideal woe.

XV.

Whate'er his frenzy dream'd or eye beheld,—
 If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,—
 Rests at his heart : the custom'd morning came,
 And breathed new vigour in his shaken frame ;
 And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,
 And soon the same in movement and in speech,
 As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,
 Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lowers,
 Than these were wont ; and if the coming night
 Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,
 He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,
 Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot.
 In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl
 The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall ;
 The waving banner, and the clapping door,
 The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor ;
 The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,
 The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze ;
 Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,
 As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

XVI.

Vain thought ! that hour of ne'er unravell'd gloom
 Came not again, or Lara could assume
 A seeming of forgetfulness, that made
 His vassals more amazed nor less afraid.
 Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored ?
 Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord
 Betray'd a feeling that recall'd to these
 That fever'd moment of his mind's disease.
 Was it a dream ? was his the voice that spoke
 Those strange wild accents ; his the cry that broke
 Their slumber ? his the oppress'd, o'erlabour'd heart
 That ceased to beat, the look that made them start ?

Could he who thus had suffer'd so forget,
 When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?
 Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd
 Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd
 In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
 The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
 Not so in him; his breast had buried both,
 Nor common gazers could discern the growth
 Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;
 They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

XVII.

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd
 Much to be loved and hated, sought and fear'd;
 Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,
 In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot:
 His silence form'd a theme for others' prate—
 They guess'd, they gazed, they fain would know his fate.
 What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,
 Who walk'd their world, his lineage only known?
 A hater of his kind? yet some would say,
 With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;
 But own'd that smile, if oft observed and near,
 Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer;
 That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not by,
 None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:
 Yet there was softness too in his regard,
 At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
 But once perceived, his spirit seem'd to chide
 Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
 And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem
 One doubt from others' half withheld esteem;
 In self-inflicted penance of a breast
 Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest;
 In vigilance of grief that would compel
 The soul to hate for having loved too well.

XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:
 As if the worst had fall'n which could befall.
 He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
 An erring spirit from another hurl'd;
 A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped

By choice the perils he by chance escaped ;
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult and half regret :
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth ;
With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent ;
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life ;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm ;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will :
Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good,
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
To do what few or none would do beside ;
And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
Mislead his spirit equally to crime ;
So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath,
The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,
And long'd by good or ill to separate
Himself from all who shared his mortal state ;
His mind abhorring this, had fix'd her throne
Far from the world, in regions of her own :
Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow :
Ah ! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,
But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd !
'T is true, with other men their path he walk'd,
And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
His madness was not of the head, but heart ;
And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering fair,
 Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there :
 He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh,
 With folded arms and long attentive eye,
 Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on his—
 Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this :
 At length he caught it, 't is a face unknown,
 But seems as searching his, and his alone ;
 Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,
 Who still till now had gazed on him unseen :
 At length encountering meets the mutual gaze
 Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze ;
 On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,
 As if distrusting that the stranger threw ;
 Along the stranger's aspect, fix'd and stern,
 Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could learn.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by
 Such questions, so repeated fierce and high ;
 With look collected, but with accent cold,
 More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
 He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone—
 " My name is Lara !—when thine own is known,
 Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
 The unlook'd for courtesy of such a knight.
 'T is Lara !—further wouldst thou mark or ask ?
 I shun no question, and I wear no mask."

“Thou shunn’st no question! Ponder—is there none
 Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?
 And deem’st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!
 At least thy memory was not given in vain.
 Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,
 Eternity forbids thee to forget.”

With slow and searching glance upon his face
 Grew Lara’s eyes, but nothing there could trace
 They knew, or chose to know—with dubious look
 He deign’d no answer, but his head he shook,
 And half contemptuous turn’d to pass away;
 But the stern stranger motion’d him to stay.

“A word!—I charge thee stay and answer here
 To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,
 But as thou wast and art—nay, frown not, lord,
 If false, ’t is easy to disprove the word—
 But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,
 Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
 Art thou not he? whose deeds——”

“Whate’er I be,

Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,
 I list no further; those with whom they weigh
 May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
 The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,
 Which thus begins so courteously and well.
 Let Otho cherish here his polish’d guest,
 To him my thanks and thoughts shall be express’d.”
 And here their wondering host hath interposed—
 “Whate’er there be between you undisclosed,
 This is no time nor fitting place to mar
 The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.
 If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show
 Which it befits Count Lara’s ear to know,
 To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
 Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;
 I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,
 Though, like Count Lara, now return’d alone
 From other lands, almost a stranger grown.
 And if from Lara’s blood and gentle birth
 I augur right of courage and of worth,
 He will not that untainted line belie,
 Nor aught that knighthood may accord, deny.”

"To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,
 "And here our several worth and truth be tried ;
 I gage my life, my falchion to attest
 My words, so may I mingle with the blest !"
 What answers Lara ? to its centre shrunk
 His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk ;
 The words of many, and the eyes of all
 That there were gather'd, seem'd on him to fall ;
 But his were silent, his appear'd to stray
 In far forgetfulness away—away—
 Alas ! that heedlessness of all around
 Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

XXIV.

"To-morrow !—ay, to-morrow !" further word
 Than those repeated none from Lara heard :
 Upon his brow no outward passion spoke ;
 From his large eye no flashing anger broke ;
 Yet there was something fix'd in that low tone,
 Which show'd resolve, determin'd, though unknown.
 He seized his cloak—his head he slightly bow'd,
 And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd ;
 And as he pass'd him, smiling met the frown
 With which that chieftain's brow would bear him down :
 It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride
 That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide ;
 But that of one in his own heart secure
 Of all that he would do, or could endure.
 Could this mean peace ? the calmness of the good ?
 Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood ?
 Alas ! too like in confidence are each,
 For man to trust to mortal look or speech ;
 From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern
 Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to learn.

XXV.

And Lara call'd his page, and went his way—
 Well could that stripling word or sign obey :
 His only follower from those climes afar,
 Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star ;
 For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
 In duty patient, and sedate though young ;

Silent as him he served, his faith appears
 Above his station, and beyond his years.
 Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,
 In such from him he rarely heard command ;
 But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
 When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home :
 Those accents, as his native mountains dear,
 Awake their absent echoes in his ear,
 Friends', kindred's, parents' wonted voice recall,
 Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all :
 For him earth now disclosed no other guide ;
 What marvel then he rarely left his side ?

XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
 But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through ;
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow ;
 But 't was a hectic tint of secret care
 That for a burning moment fever'd there ;
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught
 From high, and lighten'd with electric thought,
 Though its black orb those long low lashes' fringe
 Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge ;
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
 Or, if 't were grief, a grief that none should share :
 And pleased not him the sports that please his age,
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page ;
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance ;
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wander'd lone,
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none ;
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ;
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook ;
 He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart
 From all that lures the eye and fills the heart ;
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

XXVII.

If aught he loved, 't was Lara ; but was shown
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ;

In mute attention ; and his care, which guess'd
 Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue express'd.
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
 A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid ;
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ;
 As if 't was Lara's less than *his* desire
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire.
 Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his lord,
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword ;
 To tune his lute, or, if he will'd it more,
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore ;
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
 To whom he show'd nor deference nor disdain,
 But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew
 No sympathy with that familiar crew :
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
 Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
 So femininely white it might bespeak
 Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek,
 But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays ;
 A latent fierceness that far more became
 His fiery climate than his tender frame :
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
 But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
 Another ere he left his mountain-shore ;
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
 That name repeated loud without reply,
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,
 Start to the sound, as but remember'd then ;
 Unless 't was Lara's wonted voice that spake,
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

XXVIII.

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,
 And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all :
 And when the crowd around and near him told
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,

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

XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest ;
 The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
 Again to that accustom'd couch must creep
 Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
 And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
 Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life :
 There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
 Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile ;

O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
 And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
 What better name may slumber's bed become?
 Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
 Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
 Alike in naked helplessness recline;
 Glad for a while to heave unconscious breath,
 Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
 And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,
 That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

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

II.

'T is morn—'t is noon—assembled in the hall,
 The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's call;
 'T is now the promised hour that must proclaim
 The life or death of Lara's future fame;
 When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,
 And whatso'er the tale, it must be told.

His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,
 To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.
 Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,
 Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

III.

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

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

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

And from his lips those words of insult fell—
His sword is good who can maintain them well.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

But where was he ? that meteor of a night,
Who menaced but to disappear with light.
Where was this Ezzelin ? who came and went,
To leave no other trace of his intent.

He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn
He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;
But there he was not, and with coming day
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought,
Except the absence of the chief it sought.
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,
His host alarm'd, his murmuring squires distress'd:
Their search extends along, around the path,
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath:
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
Which still retains a mark where murder was;
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
When agonised hands that ceased to guard,
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.
Some such had been, if here a life was left,
But these were not; and doubting hope is left;
And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name.
Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame;
Then sudden silent when his form appear'd,
Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd;
Again its wonted wondering to renew,
And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are heal'd,
But not his pride; and hate no more conceal'd:
He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,
The friend of all who sought to work him woe,
And from his country's justice now demands
Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.
Who else than Lara could have cause to fear
His presence? who had made him disappear,
If not the man on whom his menaced charge
Had sate too deeply were he left at large?
The general rumour ignorantly loud,
The mystery dearest to the curious crowd;
The seeming friendlessness of him who strove
To win no confidence, and wake no love;

The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,
The skill with which he wielded his keen blade ;
Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art ?
Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart
For it was not the blind capricious rage
A word can kindle and a word assuage ;
But the deep working of a soul unmix'd
With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd ;
Such as long power and overgorged success
Concentrates into all that 's merciless :
These, link'd with that desire which ever sways
Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,
'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,
Such as himself might fear, and foes would form,
And he must answer for the absent head
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent ;
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law ;
Long war without and frequent broil within
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That waited but a signal to begin
New havoc, such as civil discord blends,
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends ;
Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,
In word and deed obey'd, in soul abhor'd.
Thus Lara had inherited his lands,
And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands ;
But that long absence from his native clime
Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,
And now, diverted by his milder sway,
All dread by slow degrees had worn away.
The menials felt their usual awe alone,
But more for him than them that fear was grown ;
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,
And each long restless night, and silent mood,
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude :
And though his lonely habits threw of late

Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate ;
For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew,
For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,
The humble pass'd not his unheeding eye ;
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.
And they who watch'd might mark that, day by day,
Some new retainers gather'd to his sway ;
But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,
He play'd the courteous lord and bounteous host :
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head ;
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.
If this were policy, so far 't was sound,
The million judg'd but of him as they found ;
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven
They but required a shelter, and 't was given.
By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,
And scarce the serf could murmur o'er his lot ;
With him old avarice found its hoard secure,
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor ;
Youth present cheer and promised recompense
Detain'd, till all too late to part from thence :
To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,
The deep reversion of delay'd revenge ;
To love, long baffled by the unequal match,
The well-won charms success was sure to snatch.
All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim
That slavery nothing which was still a name.
The moment came, the hour when Otho thought
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought :
His summons found the destined criminal
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.
That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves,
Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves !
Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right ;
Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
A word 's enough to raise mankind to kill ;

Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

But more preferr'd the fury of the strife,
 And present death, to hourly suffering life :
 And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away
 His numbers, melting fast from their array ;
 Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,
 And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent :
 But few remain to aid his voice and hand,
 And thousands dwindled to a scanty band :
 Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd
 To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd.
 One hope survives, the frontier is not far,
 And thus they may escape from native war ;
 And bear within them to the neighbouring state
 An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate :
 Hard is the task their father-land to quit,
 But harder still to perish or submit.

XII.

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night
 Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight ;
 Already they perceive its tranquil beam
 Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream ;
 Already they descry—Is yon the bank ?
 Away ! 't is lined with many a hostile rank.
 Return or fly !—What glitters in the rear ?
 'T is Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear !
 Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height ?
 Alas ! they blaze too widely for the flight :
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,
 Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil !

XIII.

A moment's pause—'t is but to breathe their band,
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand ?
 It matters little—if they charge the foes
 Who by their border-stream their march oppose,
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,
 However link'd to baffle such design.
 "The charge be ours ! to wait for their assault
 Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed :

In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
How many shall but hear the voice of death !

XIV.

His blade is bared,—in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair ;
A something of indifference more than then
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.
He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,
And still too faithful to betray one fear :
Perchance 't was but the moon's dim twilight threw
Along his aspect an unwonted hue
Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint express'd
The truth, and not the terror of his breast.
This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his :
It trembled not in such an hour as this ;
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
His eye alone proclaim'd, " We will not part !
Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee ! "

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

XV.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.
None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain ;
But those that waver turn to smite again,
While yet they find the firmest of the foe
Recoil before their leader's look and blow :
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,
He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own ;
Himself he spared not—once they seem'd to fly—
Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,

And shook—Why sudden droops that plumed crest?
 The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast!
 That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
 And Death has stricken down yon arm of pride.
 The word of triumph fainted from his tongue;
 That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!
 But yet the sword instinctively retains,
 Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;
 These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,
 And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
 Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
 Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:
 Meantime his followers charge, and charge again;
 Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

XVI.

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

XVII.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
 Where but for him that strife had never been,
 A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
 'T was Lara bleeding fast from life away.

His follower once, and now his only guide,
 Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
 And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush,
 With each convulsion, in a blacker gush ;
 And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
 In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow :
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 't is vain,
 And merely adds another throb to pain.
 He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
 And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,
 Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
 Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees ;
 Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
 Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,
 Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield :
 They would remove him, but they see 't were vain,
 And he regards them with a calm disdain,
 That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
 And that escape to death from living hate :
 And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,
 Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
 And questions of his state ; he answers not,
 Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
 And turns to Kaled :—each remaining word
 They understood not, if distinctly heard ;
 His dying tones are in that other tongue,
 To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.
 They spake of other scenes, but what—is known
 To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone ;
 And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
 While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round :
 They seem'd even then—that twain—unto the last
 To half forget the present in the past ;
 To share between themselves some separate fate,
 Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

XIX.

Their words though faint were many—from the tone
 Their import those who heard could judge alone ;

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

XX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew ;
 His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er
 The weak yet still untiring knee that bore ;
 He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part

With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
 For that faint throb which answers not again.
 "It beats!"—Away, thou dreamer! he is gone—
 It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

And when they love, your smilers guess not how
 Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
 They were not common links, that form'd the chain
 That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain ;
 But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,
 And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
 A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,
 When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
 And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn ;
 A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
 And hew the bough that brought his children's food,
 Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain :
 He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak
 Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
 Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
 Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,
 And some foreboding that it might be crime,
 Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
 Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
 And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,
 Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,
 Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd to
 watch,
 And still another hurried glance would snatch,
 And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
 As if even yet too much its surface show'd ;

At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown
The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone ;
Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,
And slung them with a more than common care.
Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen
Himself might safely mark what this might mean ;
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
And something glitter'd starlike on the vest ;
But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk :
It rose again, but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,
Then deeply disappear'd : the horseman gazed
Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised ;
Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.
His face was mask'd—the features of the dead,
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread ;
But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,
Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
And such 't is known Sir Ezzelin had worn
Upon the night that led to such a morn.
If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul !
His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll ;
And charity upon the hope would dwell
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

XXV.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone !
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been :
Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud ;
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire ;
But left to waste her weary moments there,
She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,
And woos to listen to her fond complaints :

And she would sit beneath the very tree
 Where lay his drooping head upon her knee :
 And in that posture where she saw him fall,
 His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall ;
 And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,
 And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
 And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
 As if she staunch'd anew some phantom's wound.
 Herself would question, and for him reply ;
 Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
 From some imagined spectre in pursuit ;
 Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
 And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
 Or trace strange characters along the sand.
 This could not last—she lies by him she loved ;
 Her tale untold, her truth too dearly proved.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY HIS

January 22nd, 1816.

FRIEND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

“The grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,* thought it best in the

* Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11 ; and, in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains ; or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of

first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 151.

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

Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different; that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poros, &c., and the coast of the Continent.

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

But those hardy days flew cheerily !
 And when they now fall drearily,
 My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
 And bear my spirit back again
 Over the earth, and through the air,
 A wild bird and a wanderer.
 'T is this that ever wakes my strain,
 And oft, too oft, implores again
 The few who may endure my lay,
 To follow me so far away.
 Stranger—wilt thou follow now,
 And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow ?

I.

Many a vanish'd year and age,
 And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
 Have swept o'er Corinth ; yet she stands,
 A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.
 The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
 Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,
 The keystone of a land, which still,
 Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
 The landmark to the double tide
 That purpling rolls on either side,
 As if their waters chafed to meet,
 Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
 But could the blood before her shed
 Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
 Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
 Arise from out the earth which drank
 The stream of slaughter as it sank,

That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
 Her isthmus idly spread below ;
 Or could the bones of all the slain,
 Who perish'd there, be piled again,
 That rival-pyramid would rise
 More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
 Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
 Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

II.

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

III.

But near and nearest to the wall
 Of those who wish and work its fall,
 With deeper skill in war's black art
 Than Othman's sons, and high of heart
 As any chief that ever stood
 Triumphant in the fields of blood,

From post to post, and deed to deed,
 Fast spurring on his reeking steed,
 Where sallying ranks the trench assail,
 And make the foremost Moslem quail ;
 Or where the battery, guarded well,
 Remains as yet impregnable,
 Alighting cheerly to inspire
 The soldier slackening in his fire ;
 The first and freshest of the host
 Which Stamboul's sultan there can boast,
 To guide the follower o'er the field,
 To point the tube, the lance to wield,
 Or whirl around the bickering blade ;—
 Was Alp, the Adrian renegade !

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,
 Alone did Alp, the renegade,

The Moslem warriors sternly teach
 His skill to pierce the promised breach :
 Within these walls a maid was pent
 His hope would win, without consent
 Of that inexorable sire,
 Whose heart refused him in its ire,
 When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
 In happier mood, and earlier time,
 While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,
 Gayest in gondola or hall,
 He glitter'd through the Carnival ;
 And tuned the softest serenade
 That e'er on Adria's waters play'd
 At midnight to Italian maid.

VIII.

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

IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land,
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
 While Sobieski tamed his pride
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away
 From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)

Minotti held in Corinth's towers
 The Doge's delegated powers,
 While yet the pitying eye of Peace
 Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece:
 And ere that faithless truce was broke
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,
 With him his gentle daughter came;
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
 Forsook her lord and land, to prove
 What woes await on lawless love,
 Had fairer form adorn'd the shore
 Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

X.

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

XI.

'T is midnight: on the mountains brown
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright;
 Who ever gazed upon them shining
 And turn'd to earth without repining,
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.

The winds were pillow'd on the waves ;
 The banners droop'd along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling ;
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
 And echo answer'd from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer ;
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain :
 'T was musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seem'd to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall :
 It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed ;
 Such as a sudden passing-bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore ;
 The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er ;
 The watch was set, the night-round made,
 All mandates issued and obey'd :
 'T is but another anxious night,
 His pains the morrow may requite
 With all revenge and love can pay,
 In guerdon for their long delay.
 Few hours remain, and he hath need
 Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
 Of slaughter ; but within his soul
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll.

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

XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse
 The quick successive throbs convulse :
 In vain from side to side he throws
 His form, in courtship of repose ;

Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
 Awoke him with a sunken heart.
 The turban on his hot brow press'd,
 The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,
 Though oft and long beneath its weight
 Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
 Without or couch or canopy,
 Except a rougher field and sky
 Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
 Than now along the heaven was spread.
 He could not rest, he could not stay
 Within his tent to wait for day,
 But walk'd him forth along the sand,
 Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand.
 What pillow'd them? and why should he
 More wakeful than the humblest be,
 Since more their peril, worse their toil?
 And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
 While he alone, where thousands pass'd
 A night of sleep, perchance their last,
 In sickly vigil wander'd on,
 And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
 Beneath the freshness of the night.
 Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
 And bathed his brow with airy balm:
 Behind, the camp—before him lay,
 In many a winding creek and bay,
 Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
 Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
 High and eternal, such as shone
 Through thousand summers brightly gone,
 Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
 It will not melt, like man, to time:
 Tyrant and slave are swept away,
 Less form'd to wear before the ray;
 But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
 Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
 While tower and tree are torn and rent,
 Shines o'er its craggy battlement;

In form a peak, in height a cloud,
 In texture like a hovering shroud,
 Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
 As from her fond abode she fled,
 And linger'd on the spot, where long
 Her prophet spirit spake in song.
 Oh ! still her step at moments falters
 O'er wither'd fields and ruin'd altars,
 And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
 By pointing to each glorious token :
 But vain her voice, till better days
 Dawn in those yet remember'd rays,
 Which shone upon the Persian flying,
 And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times
 Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes ;
 And through this night as on he wander'd,
 And o'er the past and present ponder'd,
 And thought upon the glorious dead
 Who there in better cause had bled,
 He felt how faint and feebly dim
 The fame that could accrue to him,
 Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword,
 A traitor in a turban'd horde ;
 And led them to the lawless siege,
 Whose best success was sacrilege.
 Not so had those his fancy number'd,
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd ;
 Their phalanx marshall'd on the plain,
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
 They fell devoted, but undying ;
 The very gale their name seem'd sighing ;
 The waters murmur'd of their name ;
 The woods were peopled with their fame ;
 The silent pillar, lone and grey,
 Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay ;
 Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.

Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still and theirs !
 'T is still a watchword to the earth :
 When man would do a deed of worth
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head :
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

XVI.

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

He wander'd on along the beach,
 Till within the range of a carbine's reach
 Of the leaguer'd wall ; but they saw him not,
 Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot ?
 Did traitors lurk in the Christian's hold ?
 Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts wax'd cold ?
 I know not, in sooth ; but from yonder wall
 There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,
 Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
 That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town ;
 Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
 The sullen words of the sentinel,
 As his measured step on the stone below
 Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro ;
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
 Hold o'er the dead their carnival,

Gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb ;
 They were too busy to bark at him !
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;
 — And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,
 As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
 When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed ;
 So well had they broken a lingering fast
 With those who had fall'n for that night's repast,
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,
 The foremost of these were the best of his band :
 Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
 — And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,
 All the rest was shaven and bare.
 The scalps were in the wild hog's maw,
 The hair was tangled round his jaw :
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
 Who had stol'n from the hills, but kept away,
 Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
 Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

He started up with more of fear
 Than if an armed foe were near.
 "God of my fathers ! what is here ?
 Who art thou ? and wherefore sent
 So near a hostile armament ?"
 His trembling hands refused to sign
 The cross he deem'd no more divine :
 He had resumed it in that hour,
 But conscience wrung away the power.
 He gazed, he saw : he knew the face
 Of beauty, and the form of grace ;
 It was Francesca by his side,
 The maid who might have been his bride !

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

XXI.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
 That I may be happy, and he may be bless'd.
 I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall ;
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
 'T is said the lion will turn and flee
 From a maid in the pride of her purity ;
 And the Power on high, that can shield the good
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood,

Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
 From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
 I come—and if I come in vain,
 Never, oh never, we meet again !
 Thou hast done a fearful deed
 In falling away from thy fathers' creed :
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ;
 Wring the black drop from thy heart,
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal couch be spread?
 In the midst of the dying and the dead?
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.
 None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
 Shall be left upon the morn :
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
 Where our hands shall be join'd, and our sorrow forgot.
 There thou yet shalt be my bride,
 When once again I've quell'd the pride
 Of Venice ; and her hated race
 Have felt the arm they would debase
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
 Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
 Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,
 And shot a chillness to his heart,
 Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
 He could not loose him from its hold ;
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
 As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
 As he look'd on the face and beheld its hue,
 So deeply changed from what he knew :
 Fair but faint—without the ray
 Of mind, that made each feature play
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;

And her motionless lips lay still as death,
 And her words came forth without her breath,
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
 And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,
 And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream ;
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
 Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;
 As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown ;
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

“ If not for love of me be given
 Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—
 Again I say—that turban tear
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,
 Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—
 Not earth—that 's past—but heaven or me.
 If this thou dost accord, albeit
 A heavy doom 't is thine to meet,
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
 And mercy's gate may receive thee within :
 But pause one moment more, and take
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake ;
 And look once more to heaven, and see
 Its love for ever shut from thee.

— There is a light cloud by the moon—
 'T is passing, and will pass full soon—
 If, by the time its vapoury sail
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 Then God and man are both avenged ;
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 Thine immortality of ill.”

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky ;

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

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

XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun
 As if that morn were a jocund one.
 Lightly and brightly breaks away
 The Morning from her mantle gray,
 And the noon will look on a sultry day.
 Hark to the trump, and the drum,
 And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
 And the clash, and the shout, "They come! they come!"
 — The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword
 From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
 Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
 Strike your tents, and throng to the van;

Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
 That the fugitive may flee in vain,
 When he breaks from the town ; and none escape,
 Aged or young, in the Christian shape ;
 While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
 The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein ;
 Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane ;
 White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;
 The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;
 The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before :
 Forms in his phalanx each janizar ;
 Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,
 So is the blade of his scimitar ;
 The khan and the pachas are all at their post ;
 The vizier himself at the head of the host.
 When the culverin's signal is fired, then on ;
 Leave not in Corinth a living one—
 A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
 A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
 God and the prophet—Alla Hu !
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo !
 “ There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale ;
 And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail ?
 He who first downs with the red cross may crave
 His heart's dearest wish ; let him ask it, and have ! ”
 Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier ;
 The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
 And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire :—
 Silence—hark to the signal—fire !

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go
 On the stately buffalo,
 Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
 And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
 He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
 The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die :
 Thus against the wall they went,
 Thus the first were backward bent ;
 Many a bosom sheathed in brass,
 Strew'd the earth like broken glass,

Shiver'd by the shot that tore
 The ground whereon they moved no more :
 Even as they fell, in files they lay,
 Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
 When his work is done on the levell'd plain ;
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

Hark to the haste of flying feet,
 That splash in the blood of the slippery street ;
 But here and there, where 'vantage ground
 Against the foe may still be found,
 Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
 Make a pause, and turn again—
 With banded backs against the wall,
 Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
 But his veteran arm was full of might :
 So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
 The dead before him on that day,
 In a semicircle lay ;
 Still he combated unwounded,
 Though retreating, unsurrounded.
 Many a scar of former fight
 Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright ;
 But of every wound his body bore,
 Each and all had been ta'en before :
 Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
 Few of our youth could cope with him,
 And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
 Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver gray.
 From right to left his sabre swept ;
 Many an Othman mother wept
 Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd
 His weapon first in Moslem gore,
 Ere his years could count a score.
 Of all he might have been the sire
 Who fell that day beneath his ire :
 For, sonless left long years ago,
 His wrath made many a childless foe ;
 — And since the day, when in the strait
 His only boy had met his fate,
 His parent's iron hand did doom
 More than a human hecatomb.
 If shades by carnage be appeased,
 Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
 Than his, Minotti's son, who died
 Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
 Buried he lay, where thousands before
 For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore ;

What of them is left, to tell
 Where they lie, and how they fell?
 Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout! a band
 Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand;
 Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
 Swifter to smite, and never to spare—
 Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;
 Thus in the fight is he ever known:
 Others a gaudier garb may show,
 To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;
 Many a hand's on a richer hilt,
 But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;
 Many a loftier turban may wear,—
 Alp is but known by the white arm bare;
 Look through the thick of the fight 't is there!
 There is not a standard on that shore
 So well advanced the ranks before;
 There is not a banner in Moslem war
 Will lure the Delhis half so far;
 It glances like a falling star!
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
 The bravest be, or late have been;
 There the craven cries for quarter
 Vainly to the vengeful Tartar;
 Or the hero, silent lying,
 Scorns to yield a groan in dying;
 Mustering his last feeble blow
 'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,
 Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
 Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
 And Alp's career a moment check'd.
 "Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,
 For thine own, thy daughter's sake."
 "Never, renegado, never!
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."

“Francesca!—Oh, my promised bride!
Must she too perish by thy pride?”

“She is safe.”—“Where? where?”—“In heaven;
From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
Far from thee, and undefiled.”

Grimly then Minotti smiled,
As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words, as with a blow.

“Oh God! when died she?”—“Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit’s flight:
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on!”—That challenge is in vain—
Alp’s already with the slain!
While Minotti’s words were wreaking
More revenge in bitter speaking
Than his falchion’s point had found,
Had the time allow’d to wound,
From within the neighbouring porch
Of a long defended church,
Where the last and desperate few
Would the failing fight renew,
The sharp shot dash’d Alp to the ground;
Ere an eye could view the wound
That crash’d through the brain of the infidel,
Round he spun, and down he fell;
A flash like fire within his eyes
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
And then eternal darkness sunk
Through all the palpitating trunk;
Nought of life left, save a quivering
Where his limbs were slightly shivering:
They turn’d him on his back; his breast
And brow were stain’d with gore and dust,
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
From its deep veins lately loosed:
But in his pulse there was no throb,
Nor on his lips one dying sob;
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
Heralded his way to death;
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unaneled he pass’d away,

Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
To the last a Renegade.

XXVIII.

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

Whence issued late the fated ball
That half avenged the city's fall.
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell :
Thither bending sternly back,
They leave before a bloody track ;
And with their faces to the foe,
Dealing wounds with every blow,
The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the fane ;
There they yet may breathe awhile,
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time ! the turban'd host,
With added ranks and raging boast,
Press onwards with such strength and heat,
Their numbers balk their own retreat ;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not ;
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
Through the massy column to turn and fly ;
They perforce must do or die.
They die ; but ere their eyes could close,
Avengers o'er their bodies rose ;

Fresh and furious, fast they fill
 The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still;
 And faint the weary Christians wax
 Before the still renew'd attacks:
 And now the Othmans gain the gate;
 Still resists its iron weight,
 And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,
 From every crevice comes the shot;
 From every shatter'd window pour
 The volleys of the sulphurous shower:
 But the portal wavering grows and weak—
 The iron yields, the hinges creak—
 It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;
 Lost Corinth may resist no more!

XXX.

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

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
 Contain'd the dead of ages gone;
 Their names were on the graven floor,
 But now illegible with gore;
 The carved crests, and curious hues
 The varied marble's vein diffuse,

Were smear'd, and slippery,—stain'd, and strown
 With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown :
 There were dead above, and the dead below
 Lay cold in many a coffin'd row ;
 You might see them piled in sable state,
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate ;
 But War had enter'd their dark caves,
 And stored along the vaulted graves
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
 In masses by the fleshless dead :

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

Save a scatter'd scalp or bone :
And down came blazing rafters, strown
Around, and many a falling stone,
Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blacken'd there and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd :
The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein ;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
— The jackals' troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound :
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun ;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !

Notes.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Page 18.

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

Page 21.

“On Marston.”] The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

Page 21.

“With Rupert, 'gainst traitors contending.”] Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

Page 35.

“TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.”] In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines and most probably never will. As, on a reperusal,

I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them for the first time, after a slight revision.

Page 35.

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

Page 35.

“Though passive tutors, fearful to dispraise.”] Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant. I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

Page 38.

“Oh! could Le Sage's demon's gift.”] The *Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

Page 39.

“Who reads false quantities in Seale.”] Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

Page 39.

“In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle.”] The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

Page 39.

“The square of the hypothenuse.”] The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

Page 40.

“A numerous crowd, array'd in white.”] On a saint's day the students wear surplices in chapel.

Page 42.

“I fancied that Mossop himself was outshone.”] Mossop, a contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

Page 43.

“Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.”]

“Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Page 43.

“Woman, thy vows are traced in sand.”] The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

Page 46.

“And hurtling o’er thy lovely head.”] This word is used by Gray in his poem to the Fatal Sisters:—

“Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken’d air.”

Page 49.

“In law an infant, and in years a boy.”] In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

Page 51.

“To form the place of assignation.”] In the above little piece the author has been accused by some *candid readers* of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in “the tomb of all the Capulets,” has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of *December*, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candour of some ingenious critics. He would advise these *liberal* commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read *Shakspeare*.

Page 52.

“But curse my fate for ever after.”] Having heard that a very severe and indelicate censure has been passed on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotation from an admired work, “Carr’s Stranger in France:”—“As we were contemplating a painting on a large scale, in which, among other figures, is the uncovered whole length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed to have touched the age of desperation, after having attentively surveyed it through her

glass, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum in that picture. Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear 'that the indecorum was in the remark.'

Page 52.

"OSCAR OF ALVA,"] The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronyme and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's "Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer." It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."

Page 66.

"Creusa's style but wanting to the dame."] The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

Page 72.

"Ah! hapless dame! no sire bewails."] Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus, from which this is taken, here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

Page 72.

"Who ne'er unlocks with silver key."] The original is "Καθαρὰν ἀνοίξαντι κληῖρα φρενῶν;" literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."

Page 72.

"MAGNUS his ample front sublime uprears."] No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.

Page 73.

"Th' ATHENIAN'S glowing style, or Tully's fire."] Demosthenes.

Page 74.

"Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's note."] The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man

whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.

Page 74.

“Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour.”] Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty [now Marquis of Lansdowne] has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honour of representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment.

Page 80.

“Sweet scene of my youth! seat of Friendship and Truth.”] Harrow.

Page 83.

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

Page 83.

“My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid.”] This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.

Page 83.

“Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding.”] I allude here to my maternal ancestors, “the *Gordons*,” many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James I. of Scotland. By her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

Page 83.

“Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden.”] Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain;

but, as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "*pars pro toto*."

Page 84.

"You rest with your clan in the caves of Bræmar.]" A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a Castle of Bræmar.

Page 84.

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

Page 87.

"ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.]" As one poem on this subject is already printed, the author had, originally, no intention of inserting the following. It is now added at the particular request of some friends.

Page 87.

"Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S Pride!]" Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Page 87.

"No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord.]" This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman;" synonymous with vassal.

Page 87.

"In grim array the crimson cross demand.]" The red cross was the badge of the Crusaders.

Page 88.

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

Page 88.

“Or matin orisons to Mary paid.”] The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

Page 88.

“Another HENRY the kind gift recalls.”] At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

Page 89.

“An abbey once, a regal fortress now.”] Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.

Page 89.

“Trembling she snatch'd him from th' unequal strife.”] Lord Byron and his brother Sir William held high commands in the royal army. The former was general-in-chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II. ; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

Page 89.

“To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND fell.”] Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of Cavalry.

Page 90.

“Loathing the offering of so dark a death.”] This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers : both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition ; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

Page 90.

“The legal ruler now resumes the helm.”] Charles II.

Page 94.

“PROBUS, the pride of science, and the boast.”] Dr. Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March, 1805, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow ;

the last twenty as head-master; an office he held with equal honour to himself and advantage to the very extensive school over which he presided. Panegyric would here be superfluous: it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place between three rival candidates for his vacant chair: of this I can only say,

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi?
Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres.

Page 99.

“As speakers each supports an equal name.”] This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

Page 101.

“And Love, without his pinion, smiled on Youth.”] “L’Amitié est l’Amour sans ailes,” is a French proverb.

Page 101.

“ENTITLED ‘THE COMMON LOT.’”] Written by James Montgomery, author of the “Wanderer in Switzerland,” &c.

Page 102.

“The hero rolls the tide of war.”] No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince, and, in more modern times, the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, &c., are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

Page 105.

“AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON’S OSSIAN.”] It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from “Nisus and Euryalus,” of which episode a translation is already given in the present volume.

Page 108.

“Tears of the storm.”] I fear Laing’s late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson’s Ossian might prove the translation of a series of poems complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults—particularly,

larly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.—The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

Page 109.

“Seat of my youth! thy distant spire.”] Harrow.

Page 117.

“The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride.”] Sassenach, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

Page 118.

“To flee away and be at rest.”] “And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest.”—*Psalm* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

Page 118.

“And climb’d thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow!”] Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. “Gormal of snow” is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

Page 118.

“Or the mist of the tempest that gather’d below.”] This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, &c., to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

Page 119.

“I breasted the billows of Dee’s rushing tide.”] The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

Page 119.

“I think of the rocks that o’ershadow Colbleen.”] Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

Page 122.

“As void of wit and moral.”] These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique in a northern review on a new publication of the British Anacreon.

Page 122.

“I really will not fight them.”] A bard [Moore] (*horresco referens*) defied his reviewer [Jeffrey] to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx: for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

Page 126.

“His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.”]

IMIT. “Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne, reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?”—

Juv. Sat. I.

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

Page 127.

“Our task complete, like Hamet’s shall be free.”] Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen, in the last chapter of *Don Quixote*. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli!

Page 128.

“Fail’d to preserve the spurious farce from shame.”] This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

Page 128.

“No matter, George continues still to write.”] In the Edinburgh Review.

Page 128.

“By Jeffrey’s heart, or Lambe’s Bœotian head.”] Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the alpha and omega, the first and last, of the Edinburgh Review; the others are mentioned hereafter.

Page 128.

“While these are censors, ’t would be sin to spare.”]

IMIT. “Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
——occurras perituræ parcere chartæ.”

Juv. Sat. I.

Page 129.

“Then should you ask me, why I venture o’er.”]

IMIT. “Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis edam.”

Juv. Sat. I.

Page 130.

“From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.”] Stott, better known in the “Morning Post” by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special ode of Master Stott’s, beginning thus:—
(*Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia*)—

“Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza,” &c.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows:—

“Oh! for a Lay! loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland’s sounding shore.”

Lord have mercy on us! the “Lay of the Last Minstrel” was nothing to this.

Page 130.

“Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the last!”]—See the “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning, prologuising to Bayes’ tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from

the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark moss-trooper," videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, "'t was his neck-verse at Harribee," i.e. the gallows. —The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.

Page 131.

"And bid a long 'good night to Marmion.'" "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

Page 131.

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

Page 131.

"Next see tremendous Thalaba come on." "Thalaba," Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of

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

Page 132.

"Oh, Southey! Southey! cease thy varied song!"] We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: "Madoc disdains the degrading title of epic." See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romaunts of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse; but, as Mr. Southey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted anything better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

Page 132.

"Thou wilt devote old women to the devil."] See "The Old Woman of Berkeley," a ballad, by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high-trotting horse."

Page 132.

"'God help thee,' Southey, and thy readers too."] The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-Jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dactyls.

Page 132.

"And quit his books for fear of growing double."] Lyrical Ballads, p. 4.—"The Tables Turned." Stanza 1.

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

Page 132.

"And, like his bard, confounded night with day."] Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove, that prose and verse are much the same; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable:—

"And thus to Betty's questions he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
The cock did crow, to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold." &c. &c., p. 129.

Page 133.

“To him who takes a pixy for a muse.”] Coleridge’s Poems, p. 11, “Songs of the Pixies, i. e. Devonshire Fairies;” p. 42 we have “Lines to a young Lady;” and p. 52, “Lines to a young Ass.”

Page 133.

“All hail, M.P. ! from whose infernal brain.”] “For everyone knows little Matt’s an M.P.” See a poem to Mr. Lewis, in “The Statesman,” supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

Page 134.

“Hibernian Strangford ! with thine eyes of blue.”] The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to “Strangford’s Camoëns,” p. 127, note to p. 56, or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of Strangford’s Camoëns.

Page 134.

“By dressing Camoëns in a suit of lace?”] It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as poems of Camoëns are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon.

Page 134.

“That luckless music never triumph’d there.”] Hayley’s two most notorious verse productions are “Triumphs of Temper,” and “The Triumph of Music.” He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope’s advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.’s consideration, viz. “to convert poetry into prose,” which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

Page 134.

“Sepulchral Grahame pours his notes sublime.”] Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of “Sabbath Walks,” and “Biblical Pictures.”

Page 134.

“What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells.”] See Bowles’s “Sonnet to Oxford,” and “Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend.”

Page 135.

“Awake a louder and a loftier strain.”] “Awake a louder,” &c., is the first line in Bowles’s “Spirit of Discovery;” a very

spirited and pretty dwarf-epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following :

—“A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard ; they trembled even as if the power,” &c. &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss ; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

Page 135.

“The bard sighs forth a gentle episode.”] The episode above alluded to is the story of “Robert à Machin” and “Anna d’Arfet,” a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

Page 135.

“Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll.”] Curll is one of the heroes of the *Dunciad*, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of “Lines to the Imitator of Horace.”

Page 135.

“And do from hate what Mallet did for hire.”] Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke—the “Patriot King,”—which that splendid but malignant genius had ordered to be destroyed.

Page 135.

“To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme.”] Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymester,—

“Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous : answer him, ye owls !”

DUNCIAD.

Page 136.

“And link’d thee to the *Dunciad* for thy pains.”] See Bowles’s late edition of Pope’s works, for which he received three hundred pounds. Thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

Page 136.

“Had Cottle still adorn’d the counter’s side.”] Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don’t know which, but one or both, once

sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell, have publish'd a pair of epics—"Alfred," (Poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!)—"Alfred," and the "Fall of Cambria."

Page 136.

"Dull Maurice all his granite weight of leaves!"] Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like:—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammer-smith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

Page 136.

"May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!"] Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "degraded epics."

Page 137.

"Nor hunt the blood-hounds back to Arthur's Seat?"] Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

Page 138.

"When Little's leadless pistol met his eye."] In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.

Page 138.

"The other half pursued its calm career."] The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

Page 138.

"If Jeffrey died, except within her arms."] This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be appre-

hended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

Page 139.

“The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.”] His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of “Gell's Topography of Troy.”

Page 139.

“Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer, and sometimes.”] Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a “Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer:” the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

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

Page 139.

“Smug Sidney too thy bitter page shall seek.”] The Rev. Sidney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.

Page 139.

“And classic Hallam, much renown'd for Greek.”] Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's “Taste,” and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.—*Note added to second edition.* The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad; because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse: till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better.

Page 139.

“And paltry Pillans shall traduce his friend.”] Pillans is a tutor at Eton.

Page 139.

“While gay Thalia’s luckless votary, Lambe.”] The Hon. George Lambe reviewed “Beresford’s Miseries,” and is, moreover, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled “Whistle for it.”

Page 139.

“Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy the sale.”] Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.—Here followed in the first edition,—“The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and *musical* pronunciation is BROUGH-AM, in two syllables;” but for this, Lord B. substituted in the second edition:—“It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom from Trent to Tay:—so be it.”

Page 139.

“Her son, and vanish’d in a Scottish mist.”] I ought to apologise to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia’s genius, it being well known there is no such genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national “kelpies” are too unpoetical, and the “brownies” and “gude neighbours” (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goodess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with anything heavenly.

Page 139.

“This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.”] See the colour of the back binding of the Edinburgh Review.

Page 140.

“Declare his landlord can at least translate!”] Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are depraised by his *disinterested* guests.

Page 140.

“Reforms each error, and refines the whole.”] Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review. However that may be, we know from good authority that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt, for correction.

Page 140.

“Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent.”] In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes.

Page 140.

“While Reynolds vents his ‘dammes!’ ‘poohs!’ and ‘zounds!’”] All these are favourite expressions of Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.

Page 140.

“A tragedy complete in all but words?”] Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane theatre, stripped the tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

Page 141.

“Her flight to garnish Greenwood’s gay designs.”] Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury Lane theatre—as such Mr. Skeffington is much indebted to him.

Page 141.

“In five facetious acts comes thundering on.”] Mr. (afterwards Sir Lumley) Skeffington is the illustrious author of the “Sleeping Beauty;” and some comedies, particularly “Maids and Bachelors:” *Baccalaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni.*

Page 141.

“And worship Catalani’s pantaloons.”] Naldi and Catalani require little notice; for the visage of the one, and the salary

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

Page 142.

“Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!”] To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state that it is the institution, and not the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to. A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon. It is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of misapprobation was manifested: but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connexions, to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

Page 142.

“Behold the new Petronius of the day.”] Petronius, “Arbiter elegantiarum” to Nero, “and a very pretty fellow in his day,” as Mr. Congreve’s “Old Bachelor” saith of Hannibal.

Page 143.

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

Page 143.

“From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles.”] What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise

from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz (where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Catullus), and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

Page 144.

“Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, and pamphleteer!”] The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward anything for the stage—except his own tragedies.

Page 144.

“And hang a calf-skin on these recreant lines.”]

“Doff that lion’s hide,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.”

Shak. King John.

Lord Carlisle’s works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:—

“The rest is all but leather and prunella.”

Page 144.

“And Melville’s Mantle prove a blanket too!”] “Melville’s Mantle,” a parody on “Elijah’s Mantle,” a poem.

Page 145.

“Leave wondering comprehension far behind.”] This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

Page 145.

“Chain’d to the signature of O. P. Q.”] These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers

Page 145.

“And Capel Lofft declares ’t is quite sublime.”] Capel Lofft, Esq., the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen: a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth.

Page 145.

“Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?”] See Nathaniel Bloomfield’s ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosures of “Honington Green.”

Page 146.

“May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric skill.”] Vide “Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire.”

Page 146.

“Recall the pleasing memory of the past.”] It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of “The Pleasures of Memory” and “The Pleasures of Hope,” the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope’s “Essay on Man:” but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.

Page 146.

“Bear witness, Gifford.”] Gifford, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and translator of *Juvenal*.

Page 146.

“Sotheby.”] Sotheby, translator of *Wieland’s Oberon* and *Virgil’s Georgics*, and author of “*Saul*,” an epic poem.

Page 146.

“Macneil.”] *Macneil*, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly “*Scotland’s Scaith*,” and the “*Waes of War*,” of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

Page 146.

“Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.”] Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works: let him remember, “*Mox in reluctantes dracones.*”

Page 146.

“Unhappy White! while life was in its spring.”] *Henry Kirke White* died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than

subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

Page 147.

“And here let Shee and Genius find a place.”] Mr. Shee [afterwards President of the Royal Academy], author of “Rhymes on Art,” and “Elements of Art.”

Page 148.

“Wright! ’t was thy happy lot at once to view.”] Walter Rodwell Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published: it is entitled “*Horæ Ionicae*,” and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

Page 148.

“And you, associate bards! who snatch’d to light.”] The translators of the Anthology, Bland and Merivale, have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

Page 148.

“False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.”] The neglect of the “Botanic Garden” is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

Page 148.

“Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd.”] Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

Page 148.

“And thou, too, Scott! resign to minstrels rude.”] By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott’s next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to “Gramarye,” and more to grammar, than the Lady of the Lay and her bravo, William of Deloraine.

Page 149.

“Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest.”] It may be asked, why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago?—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot

help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl: no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said anything in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark:—

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

So says Pope. Amen!

Page 150.

"Requires no sacred theme to bid us list."] The "Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "plagues of Egypt."

Page 150.

"Himself a living libel on mankind."] This person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the "Art of Pleasing," as "lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the "Satirist." If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it

might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

Page 150.

“Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!”] “Into Cambridge-shire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals.”—Gibbon’s “Decline and Fall,” vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

Page 150.

“So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson’s verse.”] This gentleman’s name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which, it is to be hoped, we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

Page 150.

“Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson’s worse.”] Hewson Clarke, *Esq.*, as it is written.

Page 150.

“And modern Britons glory in their sires.”] The “Aboriginal Britons,” an excellent poem, by Richards.

Page 151.

“And old dame Portland fills the place of Pitt.”] A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, “he supposed it was because he was past bearing.”—His Grace is now gathered to his grandmothers, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues’ waking. 1811.

Page 151.

“Thence shall I stray through beauty’s native clime.”] Georgia.

Page 151.

“Where Kaff is clad in rocks, and crown’d with snows sublime.”] Mount Caucasus.

Page 151.

“Let Aberdeen and Elgin still pursue.”] Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the works of Phidias! “Credat Judæus!”

Page 151.

“Gell.”] Mr. Gell’s Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to insure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. Gell conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

HINTS FROM HORACE.

Page 154.

“Or low Dubost—as once the world has seen.”] In an English newspaper, which finds its way abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an account of this dirty dauber’s caricature of Mr. H—— as a “beast,” and the consequent action, &c. The circumstance is, probably, too well known to require further comment.

Page 155.

“To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames.”] “Where pure description held the place of sense.”—POPE.

Page 156.

“But coats must claim another artisan.”] Mere common mortals were commonly content with one tailor and with one bill, but the more particular gentlemen found it impossible to confide their lower garments to the makers of their body clothes. I speak of the beginning of 1809: what reform may have since taken place I neither know, nor desire to know.

Page 156.

“As Pitt has furnish’d us a word or two.”] Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary tongue; as may be seen in many publications, particularly the Edinburgh Review.

Page 157.

“True, some decay, yet not a few revive.”] Old ballads, old plays, and old women’s stories, are at present in as much

request as old wine or new speeches. In fact, this is the millennium of black letters; thanks to our Hebers, Webers, and Scotts!

Page 157.

“You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick’s dean.”] “Mac Flecknoe,” the “Dunciad,” and all Swift’s lampooning ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings, and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal, character of the writers.

Page 157.

“For jest and *pun* in very middling prose.”] With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have Aristotle on their side: who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.

Page 158.

“To ‘hollowing Hotspur’ and the sceptred sire.”]

“And in his ear I’ll hollow, ‘Mortimer!’”—*1 Henry IV.*

Page 159.

“Beware—for God’s sake, don’t begin like Bowles!”] About two years ago a young man, named Townsend, was announced by Mr. Cumberland, in a review (since deceased), as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled “Armageddon.” The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. Townsend, nor his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If Mr. Townsend succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr. Cumberland for bringing him before the public! But, till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not,—by raising expectations too high, or diminishing curiosity, by developing his argument,—rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr. Townsend’s future prospects. Mr. Cumberland (whose talents I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. Townsend must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it lies sunken with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham), Ogilvy,

Wilkie, Pye, and all the “dull of past and present days.” Even if he is not a *Milton*, he may be better than *Blackmore*; if not a *Homer*, an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself presumptuous as a young man, in offering advice, were it not addressed to one still younger. Mr. Townsend has the greatest difficulties to encounter; but in conquering them he will find employment; in having conquered them, his reward. I know too well “the scribbler’s scoff, the critic’s contumely;” and I am afraid time will teach Mr. Townsend to know them better. Those who succeed, and those who do not, must bear this alike, and it is hard to say which have most of it. I trust that Mr. Townsend’s share will be from *envy*; he will soon know mankind well enough not to attribute this expression to malice.

Page 160.

“O’er Virgil’s devilish verses and—his own.”] Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration and say, “the book had a devil.” Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public school penance of “Long and Short” is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man’s life, and, perhaps, so far may be an advantage.

Page 160.

“Unlucky Tavell! doom’d to daily cares.”] “Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.” I dare say Mr. Tavell (to whom I mean no affront) will understand me; and it is no matter whether any one else does or no.—To the above events, “quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui,” all *times* and *terms* bear testimony.

Page 160.

“Master of arts! as *hells* and *clubs* proclaim.”] “Hell,” a gaming-house so called, where you risk little, and are cheated a good deal. “Club,” a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.

Page 161.

“A halter’d heroine Johnson sought to slay.”] “Irene had to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck; but

the audience cried out 'Murder!' and she was obliged to go off the stage alive."—*Boswell's Johnson*.

Page 161.

"Whose postscripts prate of dyeing 'heroines blue'?"] In the postscript to the "Castle Spectre," Mr. Lewis tells us, that though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action, yet he has made the anachronism to set off the scene: and if he could have produced the effect "by making his heroine blue,"—I quote him—"blue he would have made her!"

Page 162.

"Ere scenes were play'd by many a reverend clerk."] "The first theatrical representations, entitled 'Mysteries and Moralities,' were generally enacted at Christmas, by monks (as the only persons who could read), and latterly by the clergy and students of the universities. The dramatis personæ were usually Adam, Pater Cœlestis, Faith, Vice," &c. &c.—See Warton's History of English Poetry.

Page 162.

"'Tis strange Benvolio suffers such a show."] Benvolio does not bet: but every man who maintains race-horses is a promoter of all the concomitant evils of the turf. Avoiding to bet is a little pharisaical. Is it an exculpation? I think not. I never yet heard a bawd praised for chastity, because *she herself* did not commit fornication.

Page 163.

"But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed."] Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophron was found the day he died.—*Vide* Barthélémi, De Pauw, or Diogenes Laërtius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cumberland, in his Observer, terms it moral, like the sayings of Publius Syrus.

Page 163.

"Yet Chesterfield, whose polish'd pen inveighs."] His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts.

Page 163.

"And 'Estifania' gull her 'Copper' spouse."] Michael Perez, the Copper Captain, in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."

Page 163.

“And, spite of puritans and Collier’s curse.”] Jerry Collier’s controversy with Congreve, &c. on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.

Page 164.

“And Simeon kicks.”] Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of “good works.” He is ably supported by John Stickle, a labourer in the same vineyard:—but I say no more, for, according to Johnny in full congregation, “*No hopes for them as laughs.*”

Page 164.

“Where Baxter only ‘shoves.’”] “Baxter’s Shove to heavy-a—d Christians,” the veritable title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again.

Page 166.

“And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake.”] As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qualification than one half of the heads he crops, viz.—independence.

Page 167.

“For poets (says this sage, and many more).”] I have not the original by me, but the talian Itranslation runs as follows:—“E una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desidera, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento.” A little further on: “Si trovano di rado nel Parnaso le miniere d’oro e d’argento.”—*Educazione dei Fanciulli del Signor Locke.*

Page 167.

“Is poor as Irus.”] “Iro pauperior:” this is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of kid’s fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides.—See *Odyssey*, b. 18.

Page 167.

“Or an Irish mine.”] The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.

Page 168.

“And double-barrels (damn them !) miss their mark.”] As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he

was under great obligations—"And Homer (*damn him!*) calls"—it may be presumed that anybody or anything may be damned in verse by poetical license; and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

Page 168.

"Let Havard's fate o'ertake him, who, for once."] For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see "Davies's Life of Garrick." I believe it is "Regulus," or "Charles the First." The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.

Page 169.

"Or mild Eclectics, when some, worse than Turks."] To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1809, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend lips. I refer them to their own pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those "Elegies" they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except indeed "upon compulsion, Hal;" but if, as David says in the "Rivals," it should come to "bloody sword and gun fighting," we "won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?" I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them: but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong:" and now, as these Christians have "smote me on one cheek," I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled, and left them to the "recording angel;" but from the pharisees of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated "mine enemy's dog thus." To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested

me to fall, I hope they may escape with being "winged" only, and that Heaviside may be at hand to extract the ball.

Page 170.

"From Corydon unkind Alexis turns."] *Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin.*

Page 171.

"And hark ye, Southey! pray—but don't be vex'd."] Mr. Southey has lately tied another canister to his tail in the "Curse of Kehama," maugre the neglect of Madoc, &c., and has in one instance had a wonderful effect. A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of "one in jeopardy;" he rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on butter-milk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one eel-spear, and a landing-net, and at last (*horresco referens*) pulled out—his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its "alacrity of sinking" was so great that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "*Felo de bibliopolâ*" against a "quarto unknown;" and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the "Curse of Kehama" (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grubstreet—Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de Lion, Exodus Exodia, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bell-man of St. Sepulchre's. The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir F. Burdett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxiously await the result, and all *live* publishers will be subpoenaed as witnesses.—But Mr. Southey has published the "Curse of Kehama,"—an inviting title to quibblers. By-the-by, it is a good deal beneath Scott and Campbell, and not much above Southey, to allow the booby Ballantyne to entitle them in the Edinburgh Annual Register (of which, by-the-by, Southey is editor), "the grand poetical triumvirate of the day." But, on second thoughts, it can be

no great degree of praise to be the one-eyed leaders of the blind, though they might as well keep to themselves "Scott's thirty thousand copies sold," which must sadly discomfit poor Southey's unsaleables. Poor Southey, it should seem, is the "Lepidus" of this poetical triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him in such good company.

"Such things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil *he* came there."

The trio are well defined in the sixth proposition of Euclid:—"Because, in the triangles $D B C$, $A C B$, $D B$ is equal to $A C$, and $B C$ common to both; the two sides $D B$, $B C$, are equal to the two $A C$, $C B$, each to each, and the angle $D B C$ is equal to the angle $A C B$: therefore, the base $D C$ is equal to the base $A B$, and the triangle $D B C$ (Mr. Southey) is equal to the triangle $A C B$, the *less* to the *greater*, which is *absurd*," &c.—The editor of the Edinburgh Register will find the rest of the theorem hard by his stabling; he has only to cross the river; 't is the first turnpike t' other side "Pons Asinorum."*

Page 171.

"Though 'Madoc,' with 'Pucelle,' instead of punk."] Voltaire's "Pucelle" is not quite so immaculate as Mr. Southey's "Joan of Arc," and yet I am afraid the Frenchman has both more truth and poetry too on his side—(they rarely go together)—than our patriotic minstrel, whose first essay was in praise of a fanatical French strumpet, whose title of witch would be correct with the change of the first letter.

Page 171.

"May travel back to Quito—on a trunk!"] Like Sir Bland Burgess's "Richard;" the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunk of Eyre's, 19, Cockspur-street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from.

Page 172.

"Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head."]

* This Latin has sorely puzzled the University of Edinburgh. Ballantyne said it meant the "Bridge of Berwick," but Southey claimed it as half English; Scott swore it was the "Brig o' Sterling;" he had just passed two King Jameses and a dozen Douglases over it. At last it was decided by Jeffrey that it meant nothing more nor less than the "counter of Archy Constable's shop."

“Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus,
Volveret Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua;
Ah, miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat;
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.”

Georgic., iv. 523.

Page 172.

“The cobbler-laureats.”] I beg Nathaniel’s pardon: he is not a cobbler; *it* is a *tailor*, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta—psha!—of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers.—Merry’s “Moorfield’s whine” was nothing to all this. The “Della Cruscans” were people of some education, and no profession; but these Arcadians (“Arcades ambo”—bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and smallclothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Elegies on Enclosures and Pæans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shop-board, they describe the fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an “Essay on War” is produced by the ninth part of a “poet.”

“And own that *nine* such poets made a Tate.”

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and if he did, why not take it as his motto?

Page 172.

“Sing to Capel Lofft!”] This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessory to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of “Remains” utterly destitute. The girl, if she don’t take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoe-making Sappho, may do well; but the “tragedies” are as ricketty as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Seatonian prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done: for, by a refinement of bar-

barity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of "Remains" come under the statute against "resurrection men." What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? Is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo? We know what we are, but we know not what we may be; and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of *éclat* is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and made, like poor Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this "Sutor ultra Crepidam's" friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling Pratt into biography? And then his inscription split into so many modicums!—"To the Duchess of So-much, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are," &c. &c.—why, this is doling out the "soft milk of dedication" in gills,—there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think six families of distinction can share this in quiet? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her Grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the devil.

Page 173.

"There's plenty of the sort"]—Here will Mr. Gifford allow me to introduce once more to his notice the sole survivor, the "ultimus Romanorum," the last of the Cruscanti—"Edwin" the "profound," by our Lady of Punishment! here he is, as lively as in the days of "well said Baviad the Correct." I thought Fitzgerald had been the tail of poesy; but, alas! he is only the penultimate.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING
CHRONICLE.

"What reams of paper, floods of ink,"
Do some men spoil, who never think!
And so perhaps you 'll say of me,
In which your readers may agree.
Still I write on, and tell you why;
Nothing's so bad, you can't deny,

But may instruct or entertain
Without the risk of giving pain, &c. &c.

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMERS.

In tracing of the human mind
Through all its various courses,
Though strange, 't is true, we often find
It knows not its resources :

And men through life assume a part
For which no talents they possess,
Yet wonder that, with all their art,
They meet no better with success, &c. &c.

Page 174.

“If you will breed this bastard of your brains.”] Minerva being the first by Jupiter’s head-piece, and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions upon earth, such as Madoc, &c. &c.

Page 174.

“And furnish food for critics, or their quills.”] “A crust for the critics.”—*Bayes, in the “Rehearsal.”*

Page 174.

“As yawning waiters fly.”] And the “waiters” are the only fortunate people who can “fly” from them; all the rest, viz. the sad subscribers to the “Literary Fund,” being compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation without a hope of exclaiming, “Sic” (that is, by choking Fitz. with bad wine, or worse poetry) “me servavit Apollo!”

Page 175.

“To die like Cato, leapt into the Thames!”] On his table were found these words: “What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong.” But Addison did not “approve;” and if he had, it would not have mended the matter. He had invited his daughter on the same water-party; but Miss Budgell, by some accident, escaped this last paternal attention. Thus fell the sycophant of “Atticus,” and the enemy of Pope.

Page 175.

“Dosed with vile drams on Sunday he was found.”] If “dosed with,” &c. be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to

the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate "Minxerit in patrios cineres," &c., into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

Page 176.

"That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!"]—Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Page 177.

"The queen of night asserts her silent reign."] The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

Page 177.

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

Page 178.

"*These* Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd."] This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.

Page 179.

"When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."] His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso-relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

Page 179.

“And well I know within that bastard land.”] “Irish bastards,” according to Sir Callaghan O’Brallaghan.

Page 180.

“And own himself an infant of fourscore.”] Mr. West, on seeing the “Elgin Collection” (I suppose we shall hear of the “Abershaw” and “Jack Sheppard” collection) declared himself “a mere tyro” in art.

Page 180.

“And marvel at his lordship’s ‘stone shop’ there.”] Poor Cribb was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House; he asked if it was not “a stone shop?”—He was right; it *is* a shop.

Page 182.

“‘Blest paper credit;’ who shall dare to sing?”]

“Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly.”—POPE.

Page 182.

“And pirates barter all that’s left behind.”] The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

THE WALTZ.

Page 186.

“Muse of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms.”]

“Glance their many-twinkling feet.”—GRAY.

Page 186.

“On Hounslow’s heath to rival Wellesley’s fame.”] To rival Lord Wellesley’s, or his nephew’s, as the reader pleases:—the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for, and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, “by Shrewsbury clock,” without gaining anything in *that*

country but the title of "the Great Lord," and "the Lord;" which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being to whom "*Te Deums*" for carnage are the rankest blasphemy.—It is to be presumed the general will one day return to his Sabine farm: there

"To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain!"

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

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

Page 187.

"While unburnt Moscow yet had news to send."] The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commended—nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C——, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable) that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows:—In General Rostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great, that the market was inadequate to the demand:

and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death by being reduced to wholesome diet! The lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) a piece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians;—the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meal to our suffering manufacturers.

Page 189.

“Can Egypt's Almas—tantalising group.”] Dancing girls—who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

Page 189.

“Goats in their visage, women in their shape.”] It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time, of the “Sieur de la Croix,” that there be “no whiskers;” but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may *still* be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none—Scipio himself was shaven—Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide)—Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none—Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; “*argal*” greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together; but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anslem did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I.—Formerly *red* was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of “Ram Alley,” 1661; Act I. Scene 1.

“*Taffeta*. Now for a wager—What coloured beard comes next by the window?”

“*Adriana*. A black man's, I think.

“*Taffeta*. I think not so: I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion.”

There is “nothing new under the sun;” but *red*, then a *favourite*, has now subsided into a *favourite's* colour.

Page 189.

“The court, the Regent, like herself, were new.”] An anachronism—Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz are before said to have opened the ball together; the bard means (if he means anything), Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Regent attained the acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, much about the same time: of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still.—*Printer's Devil*.

Page 190.

“New coins (most new) to follow those that fled.”] Amongst others a new ninepence—a creditable coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation.

Page 190.

“Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks).”] “Oh that *right* should thus overcome *might!*” Who does not remember the “delicate investigation” in the “Merry Wives of Windsor?”—

“*Ford*. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

“*Mrs. Ford*. What have you to do whither they bear it?—you were best meddle with buck-washing.”

Page 190.

“So saith the muse: my ——, what say you?”] The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases—there are several dissyllabic names at *his* service (being already in the Regent's); it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes;—a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones*.

Page 190.

“That spot where hearts were once supposed to be.”] “We have changed all that,” says the Mock Doctor—’t is all gone—Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are

also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; *viz.* a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and when divided, you discover a *toad* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

Page 191.

“If ‘nothing follows all this palming work?’”] In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and superfluous, question—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a Waltz in Pera.—*Vide* Morier’s Travels.

THE BLUES.

Page 199.

“*Ink.* I shan’t go so far—I can have them at Grange’s.”] Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and fruiterer in Piccadilly.

Page 202.

“I feel so elastic—‘*so buoyant—so buoyant!*’”] Fact from life, with the *words*.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

Page 229.

“Reviewing ‘the ungentle craft,’ and then.”] See “Life of Henry Kirke White.”

Page 229.

“Like King Alfonso. When I thus see double.”] 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.”

Page 230.

“Like lightning, off from his ‘melodious twang.’”] See Aubrey’s account of the apparition which disappeared “with a curious perfume, and a *most melodious twang* ;” or see the “Antiquary,” vol. i. p. 225

Page 230.

“For all corrupted things are buoy’d like corks.”] A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten ; it then floats, as most people know.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.

Page 237.

“Hear ! hear Prometheus from his rock appeal.”] I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in Æschylus, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the chorus of Sea-nymphs.

Page 240.

“The knife of Arragon, Toledo’s steel.”] The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

Page 242.

“Many an old woman, but no Catherine.”] The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy), when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the river Pruth.

Page 244.

“That nose, the hook where he suspends the world !”]

“Naso suspendit adunco.”—HORACE.

The Roman applies it to one who merely was imperious to his acquaintance.

Page 249.

“There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs.”] Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in

the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign: "Ah! Monsieur C., are you related to that Chateaubriand who—who—who has written *something?*" (*écrit quelque chose!*) It is said that the author of *Atala* repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Page 255.

"Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine."] The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock:—"One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His Majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."

Page 262.

"And rest ye at 'Our Lady's house of woe.'"] The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Señora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.—*Note to 1st Edition.* Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed [by Walter Scott] of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Señora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of the *tilde* or mark over the *ñ*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Peña* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. I do not think it necessary to

alter the passage; as though the common acceptation affixed to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there.—*Note to 2nd Edition.*

Page 263.

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

Page 263.

"Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!"] The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.

Page 265.

"But here the Babylonian whore hath built."] The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal.

Page 266.

"'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low."] As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.—1812.

Page 266.

"That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?"] Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius pre-

served his independence in the fastness of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggles by the conquest of Granada.

Page 269.

“No! as he speeds, he chants ‘Vivā el Rey!’”] “Vivā el Rey Fernando!” Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen’s eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, &c. &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

Page 270.

“Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet.”] The red cockade, with “Fernando Septimo” in the centre.

Page 270.

“The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match.”] All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

Page 271.

“Foil’d by a woman’s hand, before a batter’d wall.”] Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

Page 272.

“Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch.”]

“Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.”—AUL. GEL.

Page 272.

“Match me, ye harems of the land! where now.”] This stanza was written in Turkey.

Page 272.

“Oh, thou Parnassus ! whom I now survey.”] These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called *Λιακυρα* (Liakura), Dec. 1809.

Page 274.

“Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.”] Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

Page 275.

“Ask ye, Bœotian shades ! the reason why ?”] This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question ; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

Page 278.

“Full from the fount of Joy’s delicious springs.”]

“Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.”

LUC.

Page 280.

“A traitor only fell beneath the feud.”] Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

Page 280.

“War, war is still the cry, War even to the knife !”] “War to the knife.” Palafox’s answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.

Page 281.

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

“Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?

Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill’d her horn.”

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired; while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority.

Page 282.

“And is, despite of war and wasting fire.”] Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

Page 282.

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

of worship thrice sacred to devotion : its violation is a triple sacrifice. But—

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

Page 283.

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

Page 284.

“Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne.”] The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive ; originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

Page 285.

“And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.”] The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago,

Page 285.

“To rive what Goth, and Turk, and time hath spared.”] At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation ; and like the Greek *finder* of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it!—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord

Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna), till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful; but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox hunting, maiden speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities; when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go further than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

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

Another noble Lord has done better, because he has done less: but some others, more or less noble, yet "all honourable men," have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed and wine-shed, which almost ended in bloodshed! Lord E.'s "prig"—see Jonathan Wild for the definition of "priggism"—quarrelled with another *Gropius** by name (a very good name

* This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels; but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr. Lusieri.—A shipful of his trophies was detained, and I believe confiscated, at Constantinople, in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that "this was not in his blood;"

too for his business), and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian: this was stated at table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

Page 285.

“Yet felt some portion of their mother’s pains.”] I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines:—“When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, Τέλος!—I was present.” The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.

Page 285.

“Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?”] According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.

Page 286.

“The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy.”] To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

Page 289.

“But not in silence pass Calypso’s isles.”] Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connexion with him, except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment’s pain, I am very sorry for it: Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent; and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed, I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it.—*Note to 3rd edition.*

Page 292.

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

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

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the text. The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form, their dialect,

in its Celtic sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory—all are armed; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messolonghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When, in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization. They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stamboul, because it had once been a place of his worship. On

remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves:" and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the *ci-devant* Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "Μ' αφειλεν," "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for anything less than the loss of a *para* (about the fourth of a farthing), melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even Sterne's "foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fishkettle" to sympathise with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation "to a milliner's," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected; when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away

the affront, which produced the following answer:—I *have been* a robber; I *am* a soldier: no captain ever struck me; *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread, but by *that* bread! (a usual oath,) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog, your servant, and gone to the mountains." So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika, the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling* the *road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman; my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

Page 292.

"Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave."] Ithaca.

Page 292.

"Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar."] Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

Page 292.

"Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar."] Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.

Page 293.

"Did many a Roman chief and Asian king."] It is said,

that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levée.

Page 293.

“Look where the second Cæsar’s trophies rose.”] Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

Page 294.

“He pass’d bleak Pindus, Acherusia’s lake.”] According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina: but Pouqueville is always out.

Page 294.

“To greet Albania’s chief, whose dread command.”] The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville’s Travels.

Page 294.

“Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.”] Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

Page 294.

“Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow.”] The convent and village of Zitza are four hours’ journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Rapti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

Page 294.

"Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he."] The Greek monks are so called.

Page 295.

"Nature's volcanic amphitheatre."] The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

Page 295.

"Nodding above; behold black Acheron."] Now called Kalamas.

Page 295.

"The little shepherd in his white capote."] Albanese cloak.

Page 296.

"The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit."] Anciently Mount Tomarus.

Page 296.

"And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by."] The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

Page 299.

"And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—"] Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

Page 300.

"The feast was done, the red wine circling fast."] The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others.

Page 300.

"Each Palikar his sabre from him cast."] Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικαρι, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese, who speak Romaic: it means, properly, "a lad."

“While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream’d.”] As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs, which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,
Naciarura, popuso. | 1. Lo, Lo, I come, I come ;
be thou silent. |
| 2. Naciarura na civin
Ha pen derini ti hin. | 2. I come, I run ; open the
door that I may enter. |
| 3. Ha pe uderi escrotini
Ti vin ti mar servetini. | 3. Open the door by halves,
that I may take my
turban. |
| 4. Caliriote me surme
Ea ha pe pse dua tive. | 4. Caliriotes* with the dark
eyes, open the gate that
I may enter. |
| 5. Buo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,
Gi egem spirta esimiro. | 5. Lo, Lo, I hear thee, my
soul. |
| 6. Caliriote vu le funde
Ede vete tunde tunde. | 6. An Arnaout-girl, in costly
garb, walks with graceful
pride. |
| 7. Caliriote me surme
Ti mi put e poi mi le. | 7. Caliriot maid of the dark
eyes, give me a kiss. |
| 8. Se ti puta citi mora
Si mi ri ni veti udo gia. | 8. If I have kissed thee, what
hast thou gained? My
soul is consumed with
fire. |
| 9. Va le ni il che cadale
Celo more, more celo. | 9. Dance lightly, more gently,
and gently still. |
| 10. Plu hari ti tirete
Plu huron cia pra seti. | 10. Make not so much dust
to destroy your embroid-
ered hose. |

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator ; the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Arnaout girls are much

* The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed “Caliriotes,” for what reason I inquired in vain.

handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a *written* language: the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa
Vettimi upri vi lofsa.</p> | <p>1. I am wounded by thy love,
and have loved but to
scorch myself.</p> |
| <p>2. Ah vaisisso mi privi lofse
Si mi rini mi la vosse.</p> | <p>2. Thou hast consumed me!
Ah, maid! thou hast
struck me to the heart.</p> |
| <p>3. Uti tasa roba stua
Sitti eye tulati dua.</p> | <p>3. I have said I wish no
dowry, but thine eyes
and eyelashes,</p> |
| <p>4. Roba stinori ssidua
Qu mi sini vetti dua.</p> | <p>4. The accursed dowry I want
not, but thee only.</p> |
| <p>5. Qurmini dua civileni
Roba ti siarmi tildi eni.</p> | <p>5. Give me thy charms, and
let the portion feed the
flames.</p> |
| <p>6. Utara pisa vaisisso me simi
rin ti hapti
Eti mi bire a piste si gui
dendroi tiltati.</p> | <p>6. I have loved thee, maid,
with a sincere soul, but
thou hast left me like a
withered tree.</p> |
| <p>7. Udi vura udorini udiri
cicova cilti mora
Udorini talti hollna u ede
caimoni mora.</p> | <p>7. If I have placed my hand
on thy bosom, what have
I gained? my hand is
withdrawn, but retains
the flame.</p> |

I believe the last two stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his "*ὑποκόλπιοι*," Critobulus or Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

Page 300.

"TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar.]" Drummer.

Page 300.

“Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!”] These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.

Page 301.

“Remember the moment when Previsa fell.”] It was taken by storm from the French.

Page 301.

“Let the yellow hair'd.”] Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.

Page 301.

“Giaours.”] Infidel.

Page 301.

“View his horsetail with dread.”] The insignia of a Pacha.

Page 301.

“When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks.”] Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

Page 302.

“Selictar! unsheathe then oru chief's scimitar.”] Sword-bearer.

Page 302.

I.

“Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!”] Before I say anything about a city of which everybody, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson, when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a “Disdar Aga” (who by the by is not an Aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I

was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado; and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife; so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida, to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might "damn the climate, and complain of spleen," five days out of seven.

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter.

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglioneria." It was impossible to think better of him for this; but for a Bœotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Chæronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and anybody who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villainous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr Chandler.

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the Plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the Monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

“Sternitur, et *dulces* moriens reminiscitur Argos.”

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius, “*In mediis audit duo litora campis,*” did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

“Athens,” says a celebrated topographer, “is still the most polished city of Greece.” Perhaps it may of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks*; for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with the “Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont.”

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, &c., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their “national and individual depravity!” while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, “Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed *in the days of Themistocles!*” an alarming remark to the “*Laudator temporis acti.*” The

ancients banished Themistocles ; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque ; thus great men have ever been treated !

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, &c. of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey and overcharged by his washer-woman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "*nulla virtute redemptum*" of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular.

For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular common-place books : but, if I may say this without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Sonnini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects : but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent ; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should ! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth ; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. "They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful !" — This is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis ! for what are they to be grateful ? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks ? They are to be grateful to the Turks for

their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them. This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

II.

FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS, *January 23, 1811.*

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren; but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous: as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after re-asserting the sovereignty of Greece; but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state, with a proper guarantee;—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the

dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans; they cannot expect it from the Giaours.

But instead of considering what they have been, and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions: some, particularly the merchants, decrying the Greeks in the strongest language; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person term them the "natural allies of Englishmen;" another, no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the ancients; a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catherine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenious as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus.

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy; it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them, viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera; perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her

inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal; and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentleman boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Groat's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men, of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr. Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature, nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence confirmed. The relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.*

* A word *en passant* with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish.

Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of "*Suleyman Yeyen*," i.e. quoth the Doctor, "*Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate.*" "Aha," thinks Mr. Thornton, (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time,) "have I caught you?"—Then, in a note twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote, he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own.—"For," observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than '*Suleyman the eater*,'" and quite cashiers the supplementary "*sublimate.*" Now both are right, and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides "fourteen years in the factory," will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stamboline acquaintance, he will discover that "*Suleyma'n yeyen*," put together discreetly, mean the "*Swallower of sublimate*," without any "*Suleyman*" in the case; "*Suleyma*" signifying "*corrosive sublimate*," and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the field, betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical." It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks; and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

III.

ATHENS, FRANCISCAN CONVENT, *March 17, 1811.*

"I must have some talk with this learned Theban."

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city I received the thirty-first number of the Edinburgh Review as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a short account of Coray, a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations; and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was

enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such pæans over Dr. Pouqueville.

After this, I think "*Travellers versus Factors*" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "*hoc genus omne*," for mistake and misrepresentation. "*Ne Sutor ultra crepidam.*" "No merchant beyond his bales." N.B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "*Sutor*" is not a proper name.

born at Scio (in the Review, Smyrna is stated, I have reason to think, incorrectly), and besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romaic and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zolikogloou.* Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with M. Gail,† a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates "*Περὶ ὑδάτων*," &c., to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure, of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due; but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris, and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries; more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius terms him "*Μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφώντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων*." (P. 224, Ecclesiastical History, vol. iv.)

Panagiotes Kodrikas, the translator of Fontenelle, and Kamarases, who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus, and more particularly Psalida, whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on "True Happiness," dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois, who is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic, if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotes of Yanina, who has published a number of

* I have in my possession an excellent lexicon "*τριγλωσσον*," which I received in exchange from S. G—, Esq. for a small gem; my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it, or forgiven me.

† In Gail's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of "throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows." On this a French critic exclaims, "Ah, my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege!" It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics; but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries: London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

editions in Romaic, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title-page, placed there to secure his property in the publication; and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be met with; their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackbey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession; to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally unpleasing to the ear of a Frank; the best is the famous "*Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων*," by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors, now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Barthelemi's Anacharsis in Romaic, as he has no other opportunity, unless he despatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

The Reviewer mentions a school established at Hecatonesi, and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani: he means Cidonies, or, in Turkish, Haivali; a town on the continent, where that institution for a hundred students and three professors still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a fortress instead of a college; but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Ueniamin (i. e. Benjamin), is stated to be

a man of talent, but a freethinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages: besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter farther on this topic than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the Reviewer's lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words: "*The change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any 'physical degradation.'*" It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained on the day when it changed masters as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern politics instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigour and independence; and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connexion between moral degradation and national decay.

The Reviewer mentions a plan "*we believe*" by Potemkin for the purification of the Romaic; and I have endeavoured in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburg for the Greeks; but it was suppressed by Paul, and has not been revived by his successor.

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. 31 of the "*Edinburgh Review*," where these words occur:—"We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*"—It may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II.*

* In a former number of the *Edinburgh Review*, 1808, it is observed: "Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *pibroch* does not mean a *bagpipe*, any more than *duet* means a *fiddle*." Query,—Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the *Edinburgh Review* learned that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II.* any more than *criticism* means *infallibility!*—but thus it is,

"Cædimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis."

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words, and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the *Edinburgh Review* much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The *gentlemen*, having enjoyed many a *triumph* on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight *ovation* for the present.

The "ladies of Constantinople," it seems, at that period spoke a dialect, "which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian." I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:—

“Ω Αθηνα, Προτη χωρα,
Τι γαιδαρους τρεφεις τωρα.”

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence:—“The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models.” Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the “ladies of Constantinople,” in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena wrote three centuries before: and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess *γλωτταν ειχεν ακριβωσ Αττικιζουσαν*. In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks.

The Reviewer mentions Mr. Wright, the author of the beautiful poem “*Horæ Ionicæ*,” as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks; and also of their language: but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic; for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest), although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania, but Epirus; and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha) praised

for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pacha's absence), are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolic style, but in the true antique character.

The Reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romaic, as "a powerful auxiliary," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to everybody except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses; and by a parity of reasoning, our old language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by "foreigners" than by ourselves! Now, I am inclined to think, that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with "Sir Tristrem," or any other given "Auchinleck MS.," with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident, that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago, who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible; but if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student.—Here the Reviewer proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole, and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of

my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the Edinburgh Review; not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. "Ay," but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well! and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts, he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography: and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder, then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius' Ecclesiastical History.

Page 302.

“Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle’s brow.”] Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

Page 302.

“Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand.”] The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished, of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me, I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might also say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Veli Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to “receive masks,” than any dowager in Grosvenor-square.

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse, or a shawl.

In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or

Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country-towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism, may be found in D'Ohsson's French; of their manners, &c. perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal, at least, to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly, accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed, or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded, as he had been, entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd); nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacan and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth,—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

Page 303.

"Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest."] When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.

Page 303.

"The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil."] Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

Page 305.

"Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow."] On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

Page 305.

"Above its prostrate brethren of the cave."] Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed

the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.

Page 305.

“Colonna’s cliff, and gleams along the wave.”] In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato’s conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over “Isles that crown the Ægean deep;” but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer’s shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:—

“Here in the dead of night by Lonna’s steep,
The seaman’s cry was heard along the deep.”

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards, by one of their prisoners subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Arnaouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

“The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,
And makes degraded nature picturesque.”

(See Hodgson’s *Lady Jane Grey*, &c.)

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist; and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

Page 306.

“When Marathon became a magic word.”] “Siste Viator—heroa calcas!” was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci;—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, &c. were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas! “Expende—quot *libras* in duce summo—invenies!” was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by *weight*.

Page 313.

“In ‘pride of place’ here last the eagle flew.”] “Pride of place” is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See Macbeth, &c.:—

“An eagle towering in his pride of place,” &c.

Page 313.

“Such as Harmodius drew on Athens’ tyrant lord.”] See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in Bland’s Anthology, by Mr. (since Lord Chief Justice) Denman:—

“With myrtle my sword will I wreathe,” &c.

Page 314.

“And all went merry as a marriage-bell.”] On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.

Page 315.

“And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s ears.”] Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the “gentle Lochiel” of the “forty-five.”

Page 315.

“And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves.”] The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo’s Orlando, and immortal in Shakespeare’s “As You Like It.” It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as

being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

Page 316.

“I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.”] My guide from Mount St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, “Here Major Howard lay; I was near him when wounded.” I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mount St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned.

Page 317.

“Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore.”] The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltites were said to be fair without, and, within, ashes. *Vide Tacitus, Histor. lib. v. 7.*

Page 319.

“For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.”] The great error of Napoleon, “if we have writ our annals true,” was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious

tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

Page 320.

"What want these outlaws conquerors should have?"] "What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

Page 322.

"The castled crag of Drachensfels.]" The castle of Drachensfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river; on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

Page 324.

"The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.]" The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, *he* had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing

a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing:—"The Army of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief, Hoche." This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

Page 324.

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall."] Ehrenbreitstein, *i. e.* "the broad stone of honour," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time, and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

Page 325.

"Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost."] The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France; who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles; a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

Page 326.

"Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands."]

Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

Page 326.

“And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.”] Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago;—it is thus:—“Julia Alpinula: Hic jaceo. Infelicis patris, infelix proles. Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fatis ille erat. Vixi annos XXIII.”—I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

Page 326.

“In the sun’s face, like yonder Alpine snow.”] This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3rd), 1816, which even at this distance dazzles mine.—(July 20th.) I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

Page 327.

“By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.”] The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

Page 329.

“This hallow’d, too, the memorable kiss.”] This refers to the account in his “Confessions” of his passion for the Comtesse d’Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau’s description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expres-

sion of love that ever kindled into words ; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation ; a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

Page 332.

“ Of earth-o’ergazing mountains, and thus take.”] It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*. To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence,—the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers, may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the *Iliad* at Sigæum and on the tumuli, or by the springs with Mount Ida above, and the plain and rivers and Archipelago around you ; and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library—*this* I know. Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass nor to question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers. The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherever they may be, at the stated hours—of course, frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion as required) ; the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication : nothing can disturb them. On me the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun ; including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan. Many of the negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are

idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites; some of these I had a distant view of at Patras; and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.

Page 332.

“The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night!”] The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen, among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari, several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

Page 334.

“And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought.”] Rousseau's *Héloïse*, Lettre 17, Part IV., note. “Ces montagnes sont si hautes qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couche, leurs sommets sont éclairés de ses rayons; dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches *une belle couleur de rose*, qu'on aperçoit de fort loin.”—This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie.—“J'allai à Vevay loger à la Clef, et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirais volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature, n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas.”—*Les Confessions*, livre iv. p. 306, Lyon, ed. 1796.—In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva: and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his “*Héloïse*,” I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Bôveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivan, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all; the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there.

more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole.—If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them.—I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a lake storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore of St. Gingo, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height of Clarens is a château. The hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the “Bosquet de Julie;” and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the “local habitations” he has given to “airy nothings.” The Prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one; but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made, that “La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs.”

Page 336.

“Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name.”] Voltaire and Gibbon.

Page 338.

“Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.”]

———“If it be thus,
For Banquo's issue have I *filed* my mind.”—*Macbeth*.

Page 338.

“O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve.”] It is said by Rochefoucault that “there is *always* something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them.”

Page 343.

“She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean.”] Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true.—“Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere.”

Page 345.

“‘Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.’”] The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

Page 346.

“The ‘Planter of the Lion,’ which through fire.”] That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

Page 347.

“Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse.”] The story is told in Plutarch's Life of Nicias.

Page 347.

“And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art.”] “Venice Preserved;” “Mysteries of Udolpho;” “The Ghost-Seer, or Armenian;” “The Merchant of Venice;” “Othello.”

Page 348.

“But from their nature will the tannen grow.”] *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

Page 349.

“Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!”] The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to

those who have never seen an Oriental or an Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira.

Page 351.

“Or, it may be, with demons, who impair.”] The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

Page 353.

“Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.”] The two stanzas XLII. and XLIII. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja :—“Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte !”

Page 354.

“Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him.”] The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages. “On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me : Ægina was behind, Megara before me ; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left : all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas ! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view.”—See Middleton's “Cicero,” vol. ii. p. 371.

Page 354.

“The skeleton of her Titanic form.”] It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, “Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi.”

Page 355.

"Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are."]

'Οφθαλμοῖς ἐστιᾶν.

"Atque oculos pascat uterque suos."—OVID, *Amor.* lib. ii.

Page 360.

"Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract." I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice, at different periods—once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, &c. are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

Page 361.

"An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge." Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of iris, the reader will see a short account in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like "the hell of waters," that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake called *Piè' di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe (Cicer. *Epist. ad Attic.* xv. lib. iv.), and the ancient naturalists (Plin. *Hist. Nat.* lib. ii. cap. lxii.), amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus. A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone. See Ald. Manut. "De Reatina Urbe Agroque," ap. Sallengre, *Thesaur.* tom. i. p. 773.

Page 361.

"Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar." In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine.

Page 361.

"The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word." These stanzas may probably remind the reader of *Ensign*

Northerton's remarks, "D—n Homo," &c. ; but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty ; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart ; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason, we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakspeare ("To be, or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind, but of memory : so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy ; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason ;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life ; and my preceptor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury, was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred,—and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

Page 362.

"The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now."] For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult "Historical Illustrations," p. 46.

Page 363.

"The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day."] Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius ; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

Page 364.

“Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.”] On the 3rd of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar; a year afterwards he obtained “his crowning mercy” of Worcester; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

Page 366.

“Our senses narrow, and our reason frail.”]——“Omnes pene veteres; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percepit, nihil sciri posse dixerunt; angustos sensus; imbecillos animos, brevia curricula vitæ; in profundo veritatem demersam; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri; nihil veritati relinqui: deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt.”]—Academ. l. 13. The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity: and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may, without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

Page 367.

“There is a stern round tower of other days.”] Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove. See “Historical Illustrations,” p. 200.

Page 368.

“Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed.”]

Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος
Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ αἰσχρὸν ἀλλ’ αἰσχρῶς θανεῖν.

Rich. Franc. Phil. Brunck. Poetæ Gnomici, p. 231, edit. 1784.

Page 370.

“There is the moral of all human tales.”] The author of the Life of Cicero, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage:—“From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture; while

this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline, and corruption of morals: till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and with the loss of liberty, losing everything that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism." (See "History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero," sec. vi. vol. ii. p. 102.)

Page 370.

"To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime."] The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul. See "Historical Illustrations," p. 214.

Page 371.

"Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree."] The name and exploits of Rienzi must be familiar to the reader of Gibbon. Some details and inedited manuscripts, relative to this unhappy hero, will be seen in the "Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto," p. 248.

Page 374.

"Yet let us ponder boldly—'t is a base."] "At all events," says the author of the "Academical Questions," "I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous sources of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other: he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave."—Vol. i., pref., pp. 14, 15.

Page 379.

“Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar’s head.”] Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

Page 379.

““While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.”] This is quoted in the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” as a proof that the Coliseum was entire, when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the “Historical Illustrations,” p. 263.

Page 379.

“From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time.”] “Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church.”—FORSYTH’S *Italy*, p. 137, 2nd edit.

Page 379.

“Their eyes on honour’d forms, whose busts around them close.”] The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished, men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen. For a notice of the Pantheon, see “Historical Illustrations,” p. 287.

Page 380.

“There is a dungeon, in whose dim, drear light.”] This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman

daughter, which is recalled to the traveller by the site, or pretended site, of that adventure, now shown at the church of St. Nicholas *in Carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in "Historical Illustrations," p. 295.

Page 381

"Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high."] The castle of St. Angelo. See "Historical Illustrations."

Page 381.

"But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome."] This and the six next stanzas have a reference to the church of St. Peter's. For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St. Peter's, and the "Classical Tour through Italy," vol. ii. p. 125 et seq., chap. iv.

Page 385.

"Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate."] Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety: and, "the greatest is behind," Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

Page 386.

"Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills."] The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

THE GIAOUR.

Page 391.

“That tomb which, gleaming o’er the cliff.”] A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Page 391.

“Sultana of the Nightingale.”] The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the “Bulbul of a thousand tales” is one of his appellations.

Page 392.

“Till the gay mariner’s guitar.”] The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night; with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Page 393.

“Where cold Obstruction’s apathy.”]

“Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction?”

Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. I.

Page 393.

“The first, last look by death reveal’d!”] I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with but few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after “the spirit is not there.” It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer’s character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Page 394.

“Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave.”] Athens is the property of the Kislak Aga (the slave of the seraglio and

guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and a eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now *governs* the *governor* of Athens.

Page 396.

“In echoes of the far tophaike.”] “Tophaike,” musket. The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset: the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small-arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

Page 397.

“Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed.”] Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople. I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

Page 397.

“He came, he went, like the simoom.”] The blast of the desert, fatal to everything living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

Page 399.

“To bless the sacred ‘bread and salt.’”] To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

Page 399.

“Since his turban was cleft by the infidel’s sabre!”] I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

Page 399.

“And silver-sheathed ataghan.”] The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

Page 399.

“An Emir, by his garb of green.”] Green is the privileged colour of the prophet’s numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

Page 399.

“‘Ho! who art thou?’—‘This low salam.’”] “Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam!” peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful:—to a Christian, “Urlarula,” a good journey; or “saban hiresem, saban serula;” good morn, good even; and sometimes, “may your end be happy;” are the usual salutes.

Page 400.

“The insect-queen of Eastern spring.”] The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Page 401.

“Is like the Scorpion girt by fire.”] Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict “Felo-de-se.” The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

Page 401.

“When Rhamazan’s last sun was set.”] The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan.

Page 402.

“By pale Phingari’s trembling light.”] Phingari, the moon.

Page 402.

“Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.”] The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, “the torch of night;”

also, "the cup of the sun," &c. In the first edition, "Giam-schid" was written as a word of three syllables; so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

Page 402.

"Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood."] Al-Sirat, the bridge of breath, narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "*facilis descensus Averni*," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

Page 402.

"A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?"] A vulgar error: the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

Page 403.

"The young pomegranate's blossoms strew."] An Oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "*plus Arabe qu'en Arabie*."

Page 403.

"Her hair in hyacinthine flow."] Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul;" as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

Page 403.

"The loveliest bird of Franguestan!"] "Franguestan," Circassia.

Page 404.

"Bismillah! now the peril's past."] "In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Page 405.

“Then curl'd his very beard with ire.”] A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

Page 405.

“Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!”] “Amaun,” quarter, pardon.

Page 405.

“I know him by the evil eye.”] The “evil eye,” a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

Page 407.

“A fragment of his palampore.”] The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

Page 408.

“His calpac rent—his castan red.”] The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

Page 408.

“A turban carved in coarsest stone.”] The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

Page 408.

“At solemn sound of ‘Alla Hu!’”] “Alla Hu!” the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a fine evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Page 409.

“They come—their kerchiefs green they wave.”] The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—“I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, ‘Come, kiss me, for I love thee,’” &c.

Page 409.

“Beneath avenging Monkir’s scythe.”] Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full. See Relig. Ceremon. and Sale’s Koran.

Page 409.

“To wander round lost Eblis’ throne.”] Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

Page 409.

“But first, on earth as Vampire sent.”] The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes, about these “Vroucolochas,” as he calls them. The Romaic term is “Vardoulacha.” I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that “Broucolokas” is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

Page 410.

“Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip.”] The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Page 414.

“It is as if the desert bird.”] The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

Page 417.

“Deep in whose darkly boding ear.”] This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. “We are in peril,” he answered. “What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves.”—“True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—“The shot! not a tophaike has been fired this morning.”—“I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.”—“Psha!”—“As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.”—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English, were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “*Palaoastro*” man? “No,” said he, “but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2nd. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in “villainous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.

Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains. —I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow; in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me."—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, "in the mean time he will join the Klephtes" (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

Page 420.

"Looks not to priesthood for relief."] The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

Page 421.

"And shining in her white symar."] "Symar," a shroud.

Page 423.

"Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."] The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror, at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly

forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliothèque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

Page 424.

"Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom."] "Gúl,"
the rose.

Page 425.

"Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?"]

"Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."—YOUNG'S *Revenge*.

Page 426.

"With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song."] Mejnoun and
Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet
of Persia.

Page 426.

"Till I, who heard the deep tambour."] Tambour, Turkish
drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

Page 428.

“He is an Arab to my sight.”] The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred-fold) even more than they hate the Christians.

Page 429.

“The mind, the Music breathing from her face.”] This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to “Him who hath not Music in his soul,” but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between “painting and music,” see vol. iii. cap. 10, DE L’ALLEMAGNE. And is not this connexion still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination, but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!

Page 429.

“But yet the line of Carasman.”] Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia: those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

Page 429.

“And teach the messenger what fate.”] When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan’s respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In

1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

Page 430.

“Thrice clapp’d his hands, and call’d his steed.”] Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

Page 430.

“Resign’d his gem-adorn’d chibouque.”] “Chibouque,” the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

Page 430.

“With Maugrabee and Mamaluke.”] “Maugrabee,” Moorish mercenaries.

Page 430.

“His way amid his Delis took.”] “Delis,” bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

Page 430.

“Careering cleave the folded felt.”] A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

Page 430.

“Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud.”] “Ollahs,” Alla il Allah, the “Leilies,” as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios, form an amusing contrast.

Page 431.

“The Persian Atar-gul’s perfume.”] “Atar-gul,” ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

Page 431.

“The pictured roof and marble floor.”] “The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly-coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, &c., are, in general, fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

Page 431.

“A message from the Bulbul bears.”] It has been much doubted whether the notes of this “*Lover of the rose*” are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox’s remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the “*errare mallet*,” &c., *if* Mr. Fox *was* mistaken.

Page 432.

“Ev’n Azrael, from his deadly quiver.”] “Azrael,” the angel of death.

Page 433.

“Within the caves of Istakar.”] The treasures of the Pre-Adamite Sultans. See D’Herbelot, article *Istakar*.

Page 433.

“Holds not a Musselim’s control.”] “Musselim,” a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.

Page 433.

“Was he not bred in Egripo?”] “Egripo,” the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

Page 435.

“Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar.”] “Tchocadar”—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

Page 437.

“Thine own ‘broad Hellespont’ still dashes.”] The wrangling about this epithet, “the broad Hellespont” or the “bound-

less Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word "*απειρος*:" probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a figure, when he says *eternal* attachment simply specifies three weeks.

Page 437.

"Which Ammon's son ran proudly round."] Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurels, &c. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of *Æsietes* and *Antilochus*: the first is in the centre of the plain.

Page 438.

"O'er which her fairy fingers ran."] When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight, but *not* disagreeable.

Page 438.

"Her mother's sainted amulet."] The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

Page 438.

"And by her comboloio lies."] "Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "*blues*" might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

Page 440.

“In him was some young Galiongée.”] “Galiongée”—or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha, more than once, wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaout robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

Page 441.

“So may the Koran verse display’d.”] The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction: it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was “*piu feroce*.” I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

Page 442.

“But like the nephew of a Cain.”] It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew: indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar’s wife; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

Page 442.

“And Paswan’s rebel hordes attest.”] Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widdin; who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

Page 442.

“They gave their horse-tails to the wind.”] “Horse-tail,” the standard of a Pacha.

Page 443.

“He drank one draught, nor needed more!”] Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath keeper, after dressing.

Page 446.

“I sought by turns, and saw them all.”] The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

Page 446.

“The last of Lambro’s patriots there.”] Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

Page 446.

“To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.”] “Rayahs,”—all who pay the capitation tax, called the “Haratch.”

Page 446.

“Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam.”] This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

Page 446.

“Or only know on land the Tartar’s home!”] The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turcomans, will be found

well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture which was indescribable.

Page 447.

“Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.”] “Jannat al Aden,” the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.

Page 452.

“And mourn’d above his turban-stone.”] A turban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only.

Page 452.

“The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear.”] The death-song of the Turkish women. The “silent slaves” are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public*.

Page 453.

“Where is my child?”—an Echo answers—“Where?”] “I came to the place of my birth, and cried, ‘The friends of my youth, where are they?’ and an Echo answered, ‘Where are they?’”—*From an Arabic MS.* The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader: it is given in the first annotation, p. 67, of “The Pleasures of Memory;” a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.

Page 454.

“Will shape and syllable its sound.”]

“And airy tongues that *syllable* men’s names.”

MILTON.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttelton’s ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see “Orford’s Reminiscences”), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a

singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see "Orford's Letters."

THE CORSAIR.

Page 455.

"The Corsair."] The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

Page 463.

"Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell."] That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature, I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing "The Corsair."

"Eccelin prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant, il fixoit sur la terre son visage féroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes partes cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes partes. * * * * Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat.—Son langage étoit amer, son déportement superbe—et par son seul égard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis."—*Sismondi*, tome iii. p. 219.

Again, "Gizericus (Genseric, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome), staturâ mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxuriæ contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad solicitandas gentes providentissimus," &c. &c.—*Jornandes de Rebus Geticis*, c. 33.

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities to keep in countenance my Giaour and Corsair.

Page 469.

“Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.”] Orlando Furioso, Canto x.

Page 472.

“Around the waves’ phosphoric brightness broke.”] By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.

Page 474.

“Though to the rest the sober berry’s juice.”] Coffee.

Page 474.

“The long chibouque’s dissolving cloud supply.”] “Chibouque,” pipe.

Page 474.

“While dance the Almas to wild minstrelsy.”] Dancing girls.

Page 474.

“Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.”] It has been observed, that Conrad’s entering disguised as a spy is out of nature. Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history.—“Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero.”—See GIBBON’S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 180.

Page 476.

“And my stern vow and order’s laws oppose.”] The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

Page 477.

“They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!”] “Zatanai,” Satan.

Page 477.

“He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight.”] A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene’s Memoirs, page 24. “The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field.”

Page 479.

“Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare.”] Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate.

Page 484.

“Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest!”] In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn, in the Tower, when, grasping her neck, she remarked, that it “was too slender to trouble the headsman much.” During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some “*mot*” as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

Page 487.

“Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run.”] The opening lines, as far as section ii., have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem, [“The Curse of Minerva”]; but they were written on the spot, in the Spring of 1811, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here—if he can.

Page 488.

“That closed their murder’d sage’s latest day!”] Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Page 488.

“The queen of night asserts her silent reign.”] The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

Page 488.

“The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk.”] The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house: the palm is without the present walls

of Athens, not far from the Temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes.—Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

Page 491.

“*His* only bends in seeming o'er his beads.”] The comboloio, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.

Page 503.

“And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd.”] In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

Page 505.

“Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.”] That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother buccaneer in the year 1814:—“Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barrataria; but few, we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information of such as were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers:—Barrataria is a bay, or a narrow arm, of the Gulf of Mexico; it runs through a rich but very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. The bay has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can lie concealed from the severest scrutiny. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the south-west side, and these, with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and the sea. The east and west points of this island were fortified, in the year 1811, by a band of pirates, under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large majority of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the state of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba; and when the last war between

France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony they entered the United States, the most of them the State of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified by the Governor of that State of the clause in the constitution which forbade the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, received the assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the General Government for their retaining this property.—The island of Barrataria is situated about lat. 29 deg. 15 min., lon. 92. 30.; and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shell fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Moor, had, mixed with his many vices, some virtues. In the year 1813, this party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attention of the Governor of Louisiana; and to break up the establishment he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore offered a reward of 500 dollars for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inhabitants of the city of New Orleans, from his immediate connexion, and his once having been a fencing-master in that city of great reputation, which art he learnt in Buonaparte's army, where he was a captain. The reward which was offered by the Governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of 15,000 for the head of the Governor. The Governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's island, and to burn and destroy all the property, and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his banditti. This company, under the command of a man who had been the intimate associate of this bold Captain, approached very near to the fortified island, before he saw a man, or heard a sound, until he heard a whistle, not unlike a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men who had emerged from the secret avenues which led into Bayou. Here it was that the modern Charles de Moor developed his few noble traits; for to this man, who had come to destroy his life and all that was dear to him, he not only spared his life, but offered him that which would have made the honest soldier easy for the remainder of his days; which was indignantly refused. He then, with the approbation of his captor, returned to the city. This circumstance, and some concomitant events, proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter, exertions for

the destruction of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented: for an officer of the navy, with most of the gun-boats on that station, had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorized an attack, one was made; the overthrow of this banditti has been the result: and now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans is clear of an enemy, it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong military force."—*American Newspaper*.

In Nobles continuation of "Granger's Biographical History" there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne; and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it.—"There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted he was a buccaneer; and that one of his brethren in the profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are informed that Blackbourne was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694, which office he resigned in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year he became dean; and in 1714 held with it the archdeanery of Cornwall. He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716; and translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians), as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Skakspeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages; and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College, Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man; this,

however, was turned against him, by its being said, 'he gained more hearts than souls.'"

"The only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage (Alphonso III.) was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his love: the voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and the granddaughter of Philip II. King of Spain.—Her dying words sunk deep into his memory; his fierce spirit melted into tears; and, after the last embrace, Alphonso retired into his chamber to bewail his irreparable loss, and to meditate on the vanity of human life."—GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 473.

LARA.

Page 505.

"The Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain."] The reader is apprised, that the name of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local and natural description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word "Serf," which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain.

Page 536.

"A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale."] The event in this section was suggested by the description of the death, or rather burial, of the Duke of Gandia. The most interesting and particular account of it is given by Burchard, and is in substance as follows:—"On the eighth day of June the Cardinal of Valenza and the Duke of Gandia, sons of the pope, supped with their mother, Vanozza, near the church of *S. Pietro ad vincula*; several other persons being present at the entertainment. A late hour approaching, and the cardinal having reminded his brother that it was time to return to the apostolic palace, they mounted their horses or mules, with only a few attendants, and proceeded together as far as the palace of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, when the duke informed the cardinal

that, before he returned home, he had to pay a visit of pleasure. Dismissing therefore all his attendants, excepting his *staffiero*, or footman, and a person in a mask, who had paid him a visit whilst at supper, and who, during the space of a month or thereabouts, previous to this time, had called upon him almost daily at the apostolic palace, he took this person behind him on his mule, and proceeded to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his servant, directing him to remain there until a certain hour; when, if he did not return, he might repair to the palace. The duke then seated the person in the mask behind him, and rode, I know not whither; but in that night he was assassinated, and thrown into the river. The servant, after having been dismissed, was also assaulted and mortally wounded; and although he was attended with great care, yet such was his situation, that he could give no intelligible account of what had befallen his master. In the morning, the duke not having returned to the palace, his servants began to be alarmed; and one of them informed the pontiff of the evening excursion of his sons, and that the duke had not yet made his appearance. This gave the pope no small anxiety; but he conjectured that the duke had been attracted by some courtesan to pass the night with her, and, not choosing to quit the house in open day, had waited till the following evening to return home. When, however, the evening arrived, and he found himself disappointed in his expectations, he became deeply afflicted, and began to make inquiries from different persons, whom he ordered to attend him for that purpose. Amongst these was a man named Giorgio Schiavoni, who, having discharged some timber from a bark in the river, had remained on board the vessel to watch it; and being interrogated whether he had seen any one thrown into the river on the night preceding, he replied, that he saw two men on foot, who came down the street, and looked diligently about to observe whether any person was passing. That seeing no one, they returned, and a short time afterwards two others came, and looked around in the same manner as the former: no person still appearing, they gave a sign to their companions, when a man came, mounted on a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung on one side, and the feet on the other side of the horse; the two persons on foot supporting the body, to prevent its falling. They thus proceeded towards that part where the filth of the city is usually discharged into the river, and turning the horse, with his tail towards the water,

the two persons took the dead body by the arms and feet, and with all their strength flung it into the river. The person on horseback then asked if they had thrown it in ; to which they replied, *Signor, si* (yes, Sir). He then looked towards the river, and seeing a mantle floating on the stream, he inquired what it was that appeared black, to which they answered it was a mantle ; and one of them threw stones upon it, in consequence of which it sunk. The attendants of the pontiff then inquired from Giorgio, why he had not revealed this to the governor of the city ; to which he replied, that he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place, without any inquiry being made respecting them ; and that he had not, therefore, considered it as a matter of any importance. The fishermen and seamen were then collected, and ordered to search the river, where on the following evening, they found the body of the duke, with his habit entire, and thirty ducats in his purse. He was pierced with nine wounds, one of which was in his throat, the others in his head, body, and limbs. No sooner was the pontiff informed of the death of his son, and that he had been thrown, like filth, into the river, than, giving way to his grief, he shut himself up in a chamber, and wept bitterly. The Cardinal of Segovia, and other attendants on the pope, went to the door, and after many hours spent in persuasions and exhortations, prevailed upon him to admit them. From the evening of Wednesday till the following Saturday the pope took no food ; nor did he sleep from Thursday morning till the same hour on the ensuing day. At length, however, giving way to the entreaties of his attendants, he began to restrain his sorrow, and to consider the injury which his own health might sustain by the further indulgence of his grief."—Roscoe's *Leo Tenth*, vol. i. p. 265.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

Page 540.

“And some are rebels on the hills.”] The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnaouts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble.

Page 541.

“The Turcoman hath left his herd.”] The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

Page 543.

“Counourgi—he whose closing scene.”] Ali Counourgi, the favourite of three Sultans, and Grand Vizier to Achmet III., after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz), in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners; and his last words, “Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!” a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption: on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, “was a great general,” he said, “I shall become a greater, and at his expense.”

Page 550.

“There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea.”] The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

Page 551.

“And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull.”] This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall

of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's Travels. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

Page 551.

“And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair.”] This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into Paradise by it.

Page 552.

“Sent that soft and tender moan?”] I must here acknowledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem to Mr. Coleridge, called “Christabel.” It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr. Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr. Coleridge, whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production, of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.

Page 555.

“There is a light cloud by the moon.”] I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable. I am glad of it: but it is not original—at least not mine; it may be found much better expressed in pages 182-3-4 of the English version of “Vathek” (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred; and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.

Page 556.

“The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword.”] The horsetails, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard.

Page 559.

“And since the day, when in the strait.”] In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and Turks.

Page 566.

“The jackals’ troop, in gather’d cry.”] I believe I have taken a poetical licence to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins, and follow armies.

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